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THE
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A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CV



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TRUST REGULATION TO-DAY

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

For nearly twenty years it has been a crime against the United States to make a contract which shall in any degree restrain trade among the several states. For nearly thirteen years the interpretation of this statute by the courts has tended to show that two-thirds of the business of the country is being carried on in defiance of law, and that a strict enforcement of the law would prohibit the normal growth of large commercial enterprise.

The purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was the prevention of monopoly; and one clause of the act effectively accomplished this. The defect of the act has been its sweeping denunciation of "*every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise . . . in restraint of trade . . . among the several states, or with foreign nations. . . .*"

This defect escaped notice when the bill was under discussion in Congress. Senator Edmunds and Senator Hoar, who together had most to do with the framing of the bill, were both of the opinion that this form of language merely described such contracts and combinations as were made for the express purpose of preventing competition and thereby controlling prices and unduly enhancing profits.

For seven years, this construction of the act was generally accepted. In 1897, however, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *United States vs. Trans-Missouri Freight Association*, adopted a literal construction of the broad prohibition of the act. No doubt the court expected that its clear exposition of the significance of the act would induce an amendment of the law.

The reasons why the act has not yet been amended are involved with the most important political and financial developments of the past thirteen years.

I

The Harrison administration, which was the first to execute the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, began seven proceedings — four to dissolve combinations, and three to punish combinations with criminal penalties. The three criminal actions were all unsuccessful. Minor successes were achieved in the dissolution proceedings, but the more important suits were still pending when the Harrison administration expired.

Until 1897, the act had proved efficacious in only two directions: the dissolution of several oppressive trade agreements, and — "strikingly illus-

trating the perversion of a law from the real purpose of its authors," to quote Attorney-General Olney's sardonic comment — the punishment of various lawless combinations of laborers and railroad employees. In remarkable prophecy of his subsequent career, William H. Taft, then a federal circuit judge in Ohio, interpreted and applied the law in the two most conspicuous cases of this description. In the Freight Association case, finally, the Supreme Court showed that the statute contained real terrors.

The immediate result of this decision was a rush to consolidation in every branch of industry. If contracts, associations, and loose combinations restraining trade in the slightest degree, be illegal, — the corporation lawyers reasoned, — then contracts, associations, and loose combinations should be discarded for consolidations under single ownership in "holding corporations." Gigantic "holding corporations," designed to concentrate in single control power which previously had been diffused among large groups of concerns, were formed on every hand. Before 1897, there existed scarcely sixty concerns that were dominant in their respective trades. During the next three years, one hundred and eighty-three such corporations were organized, — seventy-nine in the year 1899 alone, — with a total capitalization of over four billion dollars. These enormous combinations comprised one-seventh of the manufacturing industry of the United States, one-twentieth of the total wealth of the nation, nearly twice the amount of money in circulation in the country, and more than four times the capitalization of all the manufacturing consolidations organized between 1860 and 1893.

Throughout this period there was little desire on the part of the administration or the community to prevent

this rush toward consolidation. The defeat of free silver and the election of McKinley in 1896 had diffused a sense of relief, which expressed itself in a resolute effort to hasten business prosperity. The forces that assisted McKinley to the presidency and directed his policy during his first administration were not favorable to any statute that stood as an obstacle to the most conspicuous economic movement of the generation. For the first time since the enactment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the administration in power was relieved from the clamor of discontent which had forced the passage of the act and had compelled repressive measures against various forms of aggregated capital. The Spanish War and the subsequent occupation of the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba, diverted still further the attention of the community from thoughts of controlling industrial development. Had the corporation managers realized at that time that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act really forbade every combination in restraint of trade between the states, — whether in the form of a loose association, as in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, or in the form of "holding corporations," such as they were busily organizing, — the act would certainly have been repealed, or at least amended; and this could doubtless have then been accomplished with as little commotion as the final establishment of the gold standard; but while the "holding corporation" held out safe refuge from the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the repeal or amendment of the act seemed unnecessary. The McKinley administration closed with a record of only three inconspicuous prosecutions under the act.

By 1902, however, commercial forces were fast losing political dominance. The advent in 1901 of an accidental president, who owed nothing to the in-

fluences that had controlled the government since 1897, brought into power an administration less trammled by practical considerations, and more responsive to moral and sentimental impulses, than any previous administration. These impulses, while still unexpressed, were, nevertheless, close to the surface of events. An acrimonious opposition to McKinley's policy of territorial expansion, while unsuccessful in its avowed purpose, had sown grave doubts respecting the justice of trade aggression and the perfection of economic success. The reaction from the commercial prosperity immediately following the Spanish War had disproved the claim that combinations could make business depression impossible. A decline in the securities of certain ill-advised mergers, which quickened in 1903 into a brief panic, had discredited the idea that combination was a universal solvent. Finally, the strain of increasing prices and living expenses upon families sustained by wages, salaries, and fixed incomes — a strain incident to every period of prolonged prosperity — had induced discontent in the most thoughtful portion of the community. While popular attention was still focused upon vast industrial consolidations, upon the vicissitudes of their securities in the market, and the effect of their operation on their competitors, their consumers, and the public generally, it was but natural that an alert president should turn in that direction the impulses which he felt stirring vaguely about him.

By 1903, proceedings against the Northern Securities Company had been begun; various bills to increase the penalties and enlarge the scope of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act had been introduced and favorably considered by the judiciary committees of both branches of Congress; and five hundred thousand dollars had been

appropriated, to be expended by the Attorney-General of the United States in prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the Interstate Commerce Act. In 1904, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Northern Securities Company was in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and declared illegal all combinations in restraint of trade effected through the device of "holding corporations."

This decision, which had been vaguely foreshadowed in the Freight Association case, produced widespread consternation. Its effect, to borrow a phrase of Edmund Burke, was to indict the whole American people. It outlawed almost every industrial concern of first importance. To falter in the enforcement of the act would condone crime and foster the most insidious lawlessness. The administration made haste to assure the business community, through the press, that it would not "run amuck," but would merely enforce the law against "bad" trusts. The misfortune of the business community lay in the fact that the criterion of "good" and "bad" trusts lay not in the statute but in the mind of the administration, and that the administration might determine, without the formality of a trial, that the object of its disfavor was a "bad" trust, and might boldly attack any trust in the public prints or in the courts, in the confident assurance that, whether it was a "bad" trust or a "good" trust, it was guilty before the law.

In 1905, the government procured an injunction restraining Swift & Company and several other large meat-packers from combining, and began similar proceedings against combinations of paper-manufacturers, grocers, beef-packers, transportation companies, and lumber-dealers, widely scattered throughout the United States,

from Alaska to Florida and from Hawaii to Missouri.

During the following year, proceedings were begun to dissolve three of the largest railroad systems of the country. Before its close in 1909, the administration had started thirty-seven proceedings under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Court-dockets, however, are inadequate to portray the fury of this anti-trust crusade. Newspapers and magazine writers fed the popular imagination with sensational stories of industrial leaders and business enterprises. The chief burden of the President's political utterances was the subject of trusts. A decision unfavorable to the government made by a federal judge was denounced by the President, in a special message to Congress, as "measurably near making the law a farce." A well-known corporation, in advance of trial and even of indictment, was denounced by the President, in a special message to Congress, as having "benefited enormously, up almost to the present time, by secret rates, many of those rates being clearly unlawful." After a subsidiary company of this corporation had been tried on account of these rates, while public attention was still fastened upon this trial, and before the court had rendered its decision, the administration published another report accusing this corporation of "crippling existing rivals, and preventing the rise of new ones, by vexatious and offensive attacks upon them, and by securing for itself most unfair and wide-reaching discriminations in transportation facilities and rates." Having found that the unpopular corporation owned stock in the defendant company, the trial judge, voicing the popular clamor, declared that the unpopular corporation was the real defendant, and fined the defendant \$29,240,000. Two days after the fine

was announced, the administration published another report, declaring that the unpopular corporation had used "power unfairly gained to oppress the public through highly extortionate prices." Several days later, after the president of the defendant company had ventured to express his belief that his company was really not guilty of the offense for which it was so roundly fined, the administration published still another report devoted entirely to a defense of the fine. Several months later the President, in a special message to Congress, transmitted a collection of newspaper-clippings commenting unfavorably upon the fine, and denounced the authors as "writers and speakers who, consciously or unconsciously, act as the representatives of predatory wealth — of wealth accumulated on a giant scale by all forms of inequity, ranging from the oppression of wage-workers to unfair and unwholesome methods of crushing out competition, and to defrauding the public by stock-jobbing and the manipulation of securities." When the appellate court subsequently set aside this enormous fine, and rebuked the trial court for its abuse of discretion, the President promptly announced: "The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case, excepting in so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendant or of the exceptionally grave character of the offense." The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, however, persisted in the contrary opinion, and denied a reargument of the appeal; and the United States Supreme Court, in declining to hear the appeal, apparently shared the same belief.

State legislatures, meanwhile, rivaled one another in harassing large corporations. In 1903, Texas passed laws re-

lieving persons buying goods from a trust from liability to pay the purchase price, and requiring every corporation that owned or leased the patent on a machine to offer such machines for sale, instead of reserving them for exclusive use. In 1905, Arkansas not only relieved persons purchasing goods from a trust from liability to pay therefor, but also authorized such persons to recover from the trust any money or value which they had paid on account of the purchase price of such goods. Arkansas also enacted that, in the prosecution of any trust, the prosecuting attorney might compel any non-resident officer to appear with his books and papers within six days and the necessary time required to travel; and in the event of his failure to appear, judgment on default might be rendered against the trust. In many states, laws were passed forbidding the sale of goods at prices above or below the "cost of production" or the "normal price."

II

In the midst of this widespread crusade against large corporations, the administration, which had roused the country to the fray, sounded the first warning note.

In his annual message to Congress in 1906, President Roosevelt discussed the working of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as follows:—

"The actual working of our laws has shown that the effort to prohibit all combination, good or bad, is noxious where it is not ineffective. Combination of capital, like combination of labor, is a necessary element in our present industrial system. It is not possible completely to prevent it; and if it were possible, such complete prevention would do damage to the body politic. What we need is not vainly to try to prevent all combination, but

to secure such rigorous and adequate control and supervision of the combinations as to prevent their injuring the public, or existing in such forms as inevitably to threaten injury. . . . It is unfortunate that our present laws should forbid all combinations, instead of sharply discriminating between those combinations which do good and those combinations which do evil. . . .

"It is a public evil to have on the statute-books a law incapable of full enforcement, because both judges and juries realize that its full enforcement would destroy the business of the country; for the result is to make decent men violators of the law against their will, and to put a premium on the behavior of the willful wrongdoers. Such a result in turn tends to throw the decent man and the willful wrongdoer into close association, and in the end to drag down the former to the latter's level; for the man who becomes a law-breaker in one way unhappily tends to lose all respect for law and to be willing to break it in many ways. No more scathing condemnation could be visited upon a law than is contained in the words of the Interstate Commerce Commission when, in commenting upon the fact that the numerous joint-traffic associations do technically violate the law, they say: 'The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Trans-Missouri case and the Joint-Traffic Association case has produced no practical effect upon the railway operations of the country. Such associations, in fact, exist now as they did before these decisions, and with the same general effect. In justice to all parties we ought probably to add that it is difficult to see how our interstate railways could be operated with due regard to the interest of the shipper and the railway without concerted action of the kind afforded through these associations.' This means

that the law, as construed by the Supreme Court, is such that the business of the country cannot be conducted without breaking it."

This intolerable condition of affairs, in which a highly penal statute was daily violated by the normal transactions of business, and business men enjoyed liberty only as the executive power indulged them in the open breach of law, was never better illustrated than in the throes of the panic of 1907. Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mr. Henry C. Frick, representing the United States Steel Corporation, desired to take over the holdings of a group of speculators in the securities of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, and accordingly hastened to Washington to obtain a dispensation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act for that purpose. The administration, acting under the belief that it was saving the stability of a great financial institution, without further inquiry promptly promised amnesty, and thereby sealed with its approval the combination of the United States Steel Corporation and its great competitor.

In 1908, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, Judge Gary, Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation, and Mr. Victor Morawetz, prepared for the National Civic Federation a bill to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. This bill was introduced into Congress by Representative Hepburn. The act of 1890 had left it to the courts to define what combinations were guilty of crime. The bill proposed in 1908 left it to the Bureau of Corporations to define what combinations were guilty of crime. The original mischief of the act in outlawing organized capital and organized labor was sought to be tempered by a system of special immunity. The dispensation of this immunity, it was suggested, should

not be intrusted to the courts, nor even to that branch of the government concerned in the administration of justice, but rather to a bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. Under such a statute, every business man making a contract relating to interstate commerce — and such contracts are made by scores and hundreds every day in every large business — and desiring to make sure of escaping the penalties of the law, would have had to file a copy of the contract with a government bureau, and thereafter wait patiently for sixty days before completing or executing the contract.

Fortunately, a kindly Providence overcame this bill. In the House, it died in committee. In the Senate, the Judiciary Committee returned a ringing adverse report, in which the bill was denounced as "a course of procedure that would not be tolerated in any court in our country," a resurrection of the hated dispensing power which led to the fall of the Stuarts and the English Revolution of 1688, and a violation of the Bill of Rights and of the fundamental principles of free government.

III

The purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was to further free competition. The defect of the act consists in its sweeping prohibitions, which nullify this purpose by preventing certain of the most normal agencies of competition.

Competition, the law says, increases trade; and to acquire a portion of trade every one may use competition. The word itself means strife — struggles with others — warfare for the same thing — "endeavoring to gain what another is striving to gain at the same time." The strife is always to own exclusively the thing sought, and to own it to the exclusion of everybody

else. If it is the intangible thing called trade, each competitor strives for the whole, and the law does not limit the reward of any. The reason is that trade is not stationary but absolutely changing, shifting with the numbers and movements and wants of customers. So changeful, indeed, is trade, that it is axiomatic that monopoly is not dangerous so long as competition is free.

Freedom of competition presumes the freest possible choice of competitive methods short of the use of force, fraud, or similar unlawful means. Such conceptions as *undue* competition, or *unreasonable* competition, or any other limitations upon free competition, short of *unlawful means*, have no place in the business economy. They raise artificial barriers in the strife "to gain what another is striving to gain at the same time," behind which lurks every form of monopoly. No one can determine what is *undue* competition or *unreasonable* competition. In attempting such a determination, each judge and each jurymen would have his own standard. Under such imaginary standards, no trader could regulate his own competition or anticipate the competition of his competitor.

The law protects the winner in the ownership of the prize which he gains by competition. Unless this were so, competition would fail; for no one would endure the strife of competition without the assurance that he would have the prize that he wins. No matter how great the prize, the winner must own it, subject only to the chance of losing it through the same rigor of competition by which he won it. The same rule holds, when the subject of the competition is trade. The legitimate growth and lawful extension of the business of the successful trader is protected by law.

Large business — the reward of success in competition, which the law eag-

erly protects in the successful competitor — presumes the disappointment of unsuccessful competitors. Essentially, it is the subjugation of competition and the victorious appropriation of the prize, the removal of it from the arena of competition, and the exclusive enjoyment of it under the protection of law. "According to popular speech," said Mr. Justice Holmes in the Northern Securities case, "every concern monopolizes whatever business it does, and if that business is trade between two states, it monopolizes a part of the trade among the states. Of course, the statute does not forbid that. It does not mean that all business must cease." As one of the judges forcibly expressed it in his opinion in the "Tobacco Trust" case: "It has never been held that the mere fact that a business is large and is extended over a wide territory renders its promoters amenable to the statute. Success is not a crime."

In this apparent antinomy of large business and competition lies most of the misapprehension of the subject.

Large business is not really the bane of competition, any more than the bestowal of the prize at the close of the game is the death of the sport. The trophy must be defended next season, or be forfeited to the field; and the greater the value of the trophy, the keener will be the rivalry to regain it from the holder. Large business must be defended, not next season, but every moment. Its magnitude merely proves the worth of the prize, and stimulates keener competition. So long as the lists are kept open to entrants, and the freest play is allowed within the rules of the game, none but good can result from the enhancement of the prize.

Large business, and the temporary triumph over competition which it implies, is the crown of competition. The exclusive enjoyment which the success-

ful competitor for the moment seizes is monopoly only in the Pickwickian sense that the fleeting ownership of the trophy-winner is monopoly. Even though the skill of the successful competitor lengthen the span of enjoyment, it is at the cost of defending his prize, and not in any true sense through monopoly.

The defect of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act has been that it has sought to stimulate competition by punishing the normal forms of large business which naturally develop out of competition. In the fatuous belief that the success of the winner was a discouragement to sport, it has sought to encourage the field by penalizing the winner. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act should prohibit only those combinations which, by unlawful means, repress concerns desirous of entering the market. The act should not punish combinations which, by adaptations of normal competitive methods, have fairly and justly excelled their rivals in competition. The prohibition should apply, not to the *form* which the combination may assume, nor yet to the *power* which its efficiency may develop; but should only forbid the use of unlawful means to attain such form, or to increase such power.

The monopolist seeks to suppress competition, and thereby to control prices. The legitimate competitor, however, seeks to extend his trade, and thereby to maintain his prices throughout the trade. Each seeks ultimately to affect prices. The monopolist, however, seeks to accomplish his purpose through preventing, by unlawful means, other concerns from entering the trade in competition with him; while the legitimate competitor seeks to accomplish his purpose by excelling his rivals in competition. Coercion, force, and fraud are the means by which the monopolist endeavors to accomplish his pur-

pose. "Destroying or restricting free competition," "smothering competition," "extinguishing competition," "stifling competition," "eliminating competition," "preventing competition," "annihilating competition," and "suppression of competition," are a few of the phrases which the courts have used to describe the operation of these unlawful monopolistic methods. None of these are methods evolved out of normal competition. Each of them is as truly anarchistic in the realm of business as "fouling" is in the field of sport. Each of them, unless specifically forbidden and punished, must tend to destroy the fundamental conditions of healthy rivalry. Each of them is sometimes resorted to by the obscure and unsuccessful competitor, as well as by his conspicuous and successful rival. In sport, the harm from the foul play by which an obscure contestant may seek to overcome his fellows and push himself into prominence, is just as despicable as the foul play, by which a prominent contestant may seek to maintain his position. The rules very properly forbid foul play, without regard to the position or attainments of the contestants. In business the same doctrine should obtain. The prohibition should apply specifically to the unlawful practice. Whether the contract, combination, or trust exerts any dominance or "restraint," great or small, upon commerce should be entirely immaterial.

"Coercion," "force," and "fraud" are well-established terms in law. They are capable of definition and application by courts and juries to varying states of fact. They are sufficiently definite to serve in penal statutes. Together, they include practically every offense against legitimate competition. "Destroying or restricting free competition," and the other phrases above quoted, are of more recent usage. In

common speech, and as used by the courts, they include practically every phase of coercion, force, and fraud, as applied to competition. In a statute defining a violation of law and providing only the remedy of injunction, — the most effective remedy against unlawful combinations, as already has appeared, — these phrases would, it is believed, be sufficiently definite and inclusive to define every real offense against competition. Indeed, it may well be contended that these phrases are sufficiently definite to serve in a statute providing for a criminal penalty.

Much of the anti-trust legislation of the various states, and many of the remedies recently proposed, are a misapplication to private businesses of regulations which are properly applicable only to public-service businesses. This was the defect of the Hepburn Bill proposed in 1908, and is the defect of the numerous state anti-trust laws that forbid the sale of goods at prices above or below the ordinary cost of production. The duty to serve everybody, without discrimination, at a reasonable price that may be regulated and determined by the state, is properly enforceable upon railroads, lighting and watering companies, and other corporations which perform a public service, and in most cases enjoy exclusive powers from the state. This duty arises from the fact that the business

of such companies is naturally and unavoidably a monopoly, in which competition does not exist, and, in fact, should be discouraged. The duty and purposes of such companies are best fulfilled under state regulation. In the great majority of businesses, however, no public service is performed or professed, and no exclusive powers are obtained from the state. In these businesses, competition naturally exists, and should be encouraged in order to maintain a healthy condition. Remedial legislation regarding such businesses should seek to assure freedom of competition. Interference with prices and with the organization of such businesses misses the real evil, and only creates artificial barriers behind which lurk dangerous forms of privilege.

If the Sherman Anti-Trust Act were amended, so as merely to forbid contracts and combinations made for the purpose of stifling competition, or of committing any of the practices defined in one or more simple phrases above quoted, well-nigh every improper method of competition would be made illegal and every healthy agency of free competition would be relieved from its present embarrassments.

[The decision by the United States Circuit Court in the Standard Oil case, which is announced as these pages go to press, seems merely to confirm Mr. Montague's argument.—THE EDITORS.]

ON DOGS AND MEN

BY HENRY C MERWIN

THERE are men and women in the world who, of their own free will, live a dogless life, not knowing what they miss; and for them this essay, securely placed in the dignified *Atlantic*, there to remain so long as libraries and books shall endure, is chiefly written. Let them not pass it by in scorn, but rather stop to consider what can be said of the animal as a fellow-being entitled to their sympathy, and having, perhaps, a like destiny with themselves.

As to those few persons who are not only dogless but dog-haters, they should excite pity rather than resentment. The man who hates a good dog is abnormal, and cannot help it. I once knew such a man, a money-lender long since passed away, whose life was largely a crusade against dogs, carried on through newspapers, pamphlets, and in conversation. He used to declare that he had often been bitten by these animals, and that, on one occasion, a terrier actually jumped on the street-car in which he was riding, took a small piece out of his leg (a mere soupçon, no doubt), and then jumped off, — all without apparent provocation, and in a moment of time. Probably this story, strange as it may sound, was substantially true. The perceptions of the dog are wonderfully acute. A recent occurrence may serve as the converse of the money-lender's story. A lost collie, lame and nearly starved, was taken in, fed, and cared for by a household of charitable persons, who, however, did not like or understand dogs, and were anxious to

get rid of this one, provided that a good home could be found for him. In the course of a week there came to call upon them in her buggy an old lady who is extremely fond of dogs, and who possesses that combination of a masterful spirit with deep affection which acts like witchcraft upon the lower animals. The collie was brought out, and the story of his arrival was related at length. Meanwhile the old lady and the dog looked each other steadfastly in the eye. "Do you want to come with me, doggie?" she said at last, not really meaning to take him. Up jumped the dog, and sat down beside her, and could not be dislodged by any entreaties or commands, — and all parties were loath to use force. She took him home, but brought him back the next day, intending to leave him behind her. Again, however, the dog refused to be parted from his new and real friend. He bestowed a perfunctory wag of the tail upon his benefactors, — he was not ungrateful; but, like all dogs, he sought not chiefly meat and bones and a comfortable place by the fire, but affection and caresses. The dog does not live that would refuse to forsake his dinner for the companionship of his master.

The mission of the dog — I say it with all reverence — is the same as the mission of Christianity, namely, to teach mankind that the universe is ruled by love. Ownership of a dog tends to soften the hard hearts of men. There are two great mysteries about the lower animals: one, the suffering which

they have to endure at the hands of man; the other, the wealth of affection which they possess, and which for the most part is unexpended. All animals have this capacity for loving other creatures, man included. Crows, for example, show it to a remarkable degree. "As much latent affection goes to waste in every flock of crows that flies overhead as would fit a human household for heaven."¹ A crow and a dog, if kept together, will become almost as fond of each other as of their master. Surely this fact, this capacity of the lower animals to love, not only man, but one another, is the most significant, the most deserving to be pondered, the most important in respect to their place in the universe, of all the facts that can be learned about them. Compared with it how trivial is anything that the zoologist or biologist or the physiologist can tell us about the nature of the lower animals!

The most beautiful sight in the world, I once heard it said (by myself, to be honest), is the expression in the eyes of an intelligent, sweet-tempered pup, — a pup old enough to take an interest in things about him, and yet so young as to imagine that everybody will be good to him; so young as not to fear that any man or boy will kick him, or that any dog will take away his bone. In the eyes of such a pup there is a look of confiding innocence, a consciousness of his own weakness and inexperience, a desire to love and beloved, which are irresistible. In older dogs one is more apt to notice an eager, anxious, inquiring look, as if they were striving to understand things which the Almighty had placed beyond their mental grasp; and the nearest approach to a really human expression is seen in dogs suffering from illness. Heine, who, as the reader well knows, served a long apprenticeship to pain, some-

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 89, p. 322.

where says that pain refines even the lower animals; and all who are familiar with dogs in health and in disease will see the truth of this statement. I have seen in the face of an intelligent dog, suffering acutely from distemper, a look so human as to be almost terrifying; as if I had accidentally caught a glimpse of some deep-lying trait in the animal which nature had intended to conceal from mortal gaze.

The dog, in fact, makes a continual appeal to the sympathies of his human friends, and thus tends to prevent them from becoming hard or narrow. There are certain families, especially perhaps in New England, and most of all, no doubt, in Boston, who need to be regenerated, and might be regenerated by keeping a dog, provided that they went about it in the proper spirit. A distinguished preacher and author, himself a Unitarian, remarked recently in an address to Unitarians that they were usually the most self-satisfied people that he ever met. It was a casual remark, and perhaps neither he nor those who heard it appreciated its full significance. However, the preacher was probably thinking not so much of Unitarians as of a certain kind of person often found in this neighborhood, and not necessarily professing any particular form of religion. We all know the type. When a man *invariably* has money in the bank, and is respectable and respected, was graduated at Harvard, has a decorous wife and children, has never been carried away by any passion or enthusiasm, knows the right people, and conforms strictly to the customs of good society; and when this sort of thing has been going on for, perhaps, two or three generations, then there is apt to creep into the blood a coldness that would chill the heart of a bronze statue. Such persons are really degenerates of their peculiar kind, and need to be saved, perhaps by,

desperate measures. Let them elope with the cook; let them get religion of a violent Methodist, or of an intense Ritualistic, kind (the two have much in common); or if they cannot do that, let them get a dog, give him the run of the house, love him and spoil him, and so, by the blessing of Providence, their salvation may be effected.

Reformers and philanthropists should always keep dogs, in order that the spontaneous element may not wholly die out of them. Their tendency is to regard the human race as a problem, and particular persons as "cases" to be dealt with, not according to one's impulses, but according to certain rules approved of by good authority, and supposed to be consistent with sound, economic principles. To my old friend —, who once liked me for myself, without asking why, I have long ceased to be an individual, and am now simply an item of humanity to whom he owes such duty as my particular wants or vices would seem to indicate. But if he had a dog he could not regard him in that impersonal way, or worry about the dog's morals; he would simply take pleasure in his society, and love him for what he was, without considering what he might have been.

I know and honor one philanthropist who, in middle life or thereabout, became for the first time the possessor of a dog; and thenceforth there was disclosed in him a genuine vein of sentiment and affection which many years of doing good and virtuous living had failed to eradicate. Often had I heard of his civic deeds and of his well-directed charities, but my heart never quite warmed toward him, until I learned that, with spectacles on nose and comb in hand, he had spent three laborious hours in painfully going over his spaniel, and eliminating those parasitic guests which sometimes infest the coat of the cleanest and most aristo-

cratic dog. I am not ashamed to say that I have a confidence in his wisdom now which I did not have before, knowing that his head will never be allowed to tyrannize over his heart. His name should be recorded here, were it not that his modesty might be offended by the act. (Three letters would suffice to print it.)

In speaking of the dog as a kind of missionary in the household, I mean, it need hardly be said, something more than mere ownership of the animal. It will not suffice to pay a large sum for a dog of fashionable breed, to equip him with a costly collar, and then to relegate him to the stable or the kitchen. He should be one of the family, living on equal terms with the others, and their constant companion. The dog's life is short at the best, and every moment of it will be needed for his development. It is wonderful how year by year the household pet grows in intelligence, how many words he learns the meaning of, how quick he becomes in interpreting the look, the tone of voice, the mood of the person whom he loves. He is old at ten or eleven, and seldom lives beyond thirteen or fourteen. If he lived to be fifty, he would know so much that we should be uneasy, perhaps terrified, in his presence.

A certain amount of discipline is necessary for a dog. If left to his own devices, he is apt to become somewhat dissipated, to spend his evenings out, to scatter among many the affection which should be reserved for a few. But, on the other hand, a dog may easily receive too much discipline; he becomes like the child of a despotic father. A dog perfectly trained, from the martinet point of view, — one who never "jumps up" on you, never lays an entreating paw upon your arm, never gets into a chair, nor enters the drawing-room, — such a dog is a sad sight to one who really

knows and loves the animal. It is against his nature to be so repressed. Over-careful housewives, and persons who are burdened with costly surroundings, talk of injury to carpets and other furniture if the dog has a right of entry everywhere in the house. But what is furniture for? Is it for display, is it a guaranty of the wealth of the owners, or is it for use? Blessed are they whose furniture is so inexpensive or so shabby that children and dogs are not excluded from its sacred precincts. Perhaps the happiest household to which I ever had the honor of being admitted was one where it was sometimes a little difficult to find a comfortable vacant chair: the dogs always took the arm-chairs. Alas, where are those hospitable chairs now? Where the dogs that used to sit up in them, and wink and yawn, and give their paws in humorous embarrassment?

"The drawing-room was made for dogs, and not dogs for the drawing-room," would be Lady Barnes's thesis, did she formulate it." It was this same Lady Barnes (Rhoda Broughton's) who once said, "I have no belief in Eliza, the housemaid I leave in charge here. When last I came down from London the dogs were so unnaturally good that I felt sure she bullied them. I spoke very seriously to her, and this time, I am glad to say, they are as disobedient as ever, and have done even more mischief than when I am at home." And she laughs with a delicate relish of her own folly."

Of all writers of fiction, by the way, is there any whose dogs quite equal those of Rhoda Broughton? Even the beloved author of *Rab and His Friends*, even Sir Walter himself, with his immortal Dandie Dinmonts, has not, it seems to me, given us such life-like and home-like pictures of dogs as those which occur in her novels. They seem to be there, not of set purpose,

but as if dogs were such an essential part of her own existence that they crept into her books almost without her knowing it. No room in her novels is complete without a dog or two; and every remark that she makes about them has the quality of a caress. Even in a tragic moment, the heroine cannot help observing, that "Mink is lying on his small hairy side in a sunpatch, with his little paws crossed like a dying saint's." "Mr. Brown," that dear, faithful mongrel, is forever associated with the unfortunate Joan; and Brenda's "wouff" will go resounding down the halls of time so long as novels are read.

Perhaps the final test of anybody's love of dogs is willingness to permit them to make a camping-ground of the bed. There is no other place in the world that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon; he is out of the way of draughts; he has a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world; and, above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks.

Some persons object to having a dog on the bed at night; and it must be admitted that he lies a little heavily upon one's limbs; but why be so base as to prefer comfort to companionship! To wake up in the dark night, and put your hand on that warm soft body, to feel the beating of that faithful heart, — is not this better than undisturbed sloth? The best night's rest I ever had was once when a cocker spaniel puppy, who had just recovered from stomach-ache (dosed one to two soda-mints), and was a little frightened by the strange experience, curled up on my shoulder like a fur tippet, gently pushed his cold, soft nose into my neck, and there slept sweetly and soundly until morning.

Companionship with his master is the dog's remedy for every ill, and only an extreme case will justify sending him away or boarding him out. To put a dog in a hospital, unless there is some surgical or other necessity for doing so, is an act of doubtful kindness. Many and many a dog has died from homesickness. If he is ill, keep him warm and quiet, give such simple remedies as you would give a child, pour beef tea or malted milk down his throat, or even a little whiskey, if he is weak from want of food; and let him live or die, as did our fathers and our fathers' dogs,—at home.

The worst evil that can befall a dog, it need not be said, is to be lost. The very words "lost dog" call up such pictures of canine misery as can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. I have seen a lost dog, lame, emaciated, wounded, footsore, hungry, and thirsty, and yet suffering so intensely from fear, and loneliness, and despair,—from the mere sense of being lost,—as to be absolutely unconscious of his bodily condition. The mental agony was so much greater that it swallowed up the physical pain. A little Boston terrier, lost in a large city for two or three days, became so wrecked in his nervous system that no amount of care or petting could restore him to equanimity, and it was found necessary to kill him. Oh, reader, pass not by the lost dog! Succor him if you can; preserve him from what is worse than death. It is easy to recognize him by the look of nervous terror in his eye, by his drooping tail, by his uncertain movements.

There is a remorseful experience of my own, of which I should be glad to unburden myself to the reader. It once became my duty to kill a dog afflicted with some incurable disease. Instead of doing it myself, as I should have done, I took him to a place where

lost dogs are received, and where those for whom no home can be found are mercifully destroyed. There, instead of myself leading him to the death-chamber, as, again, I should have done, I handed him over to the executioner. The dog was an abnormally nervous and timid one; and as he was dragged most unwillingly away, he turned around, as nearly as he could, and cast back at me a look of horror, of fear, of agonized appeal,—a look that has haunted me for years.

Whether he had any inkling of what was in store for him, I do not know, but it is highly probable that he had. Dogs and other animals are wonderful mind-readers. I have known two cases in which some discussion about the necessity of killing an old dog, held in his presence, was quickly followed by the sudden, unaccountable disappearance of the animal; and no tidings of him could ever be obtained, although the greatest pains were taken to obtain them. Horses are inferior only to dogs in this capacity. Often, especially in the case of vicious or half-broken horses, an intention will flash from the mind of the horse to the mind of the rider or driver, and *vice versa*, without the slightest indication being given by horse or man. Men who ride race-horses have told me that a sudden conviction in their own minds, in the course of a race, that they could not win has passed immediately to the horse, and caused him to slacken his speed, although they had not ceased to urge him. It is notorious that faint-hearted and pessimistic drivers often lose races which they ought to win.

As to the remarkable stories about this or that animal, perhaps it might be said that they are probably true when they illustrate the animal's perceptive abilities, and are probably false when they depend upon his power to originate. There appeared lately

an account of a race between loons in the wild state. how the loons got together and arranged the preliminaries (whether they made books on the event or adopted the pool system of betting was not stated), how the race was run, or rather flown, amid intense loon excitement, and how the victor was greeted with screams of applause!

Some power of origination animals, and dogs especially, certainly have. There is the familiar trick which dogs play when one, to get a bone away from another, rushes off a little space, gives the bark which signifies the presence of an intruder, then comes back and quietly runs away with the bone which the other dog, in his curiosity to see who is coming, has impulsively dropped. This is an example not only of reasoning, but of origination.

In general, however, when dogs surprise us, as they frequently do, it is by the delicacy and acuteness of their perceptive powers. How unerringly do they distinguish between different classes of persons, as, for example, between the members of the family and the servants; and again, between the servants and the friends of the household! Unquestionably the dog has three sets of manners for these three classes of persons. He will take liberties in the kitchen that he would never dream of taking in the dining-room. We have known our cook to fly in terror from the kitchen because Figaro, a masterful cocker spaniel, threatened to bite her, if she did not give him a piece of meat forthwith. Figaro reasoned that the cook was partly *his* cook, and that he had a right to bully her if he could.

As for the different members of the family, the dog will "size them up" with an unerring instinct. It is impossible to conceal any weakness of character from him; and if you are strong, he will know that too. As I

write these lines, the vision of "Mr. Guppy" rises before me. Mr. Guppy was a very small Boston terrier with a white head, but otherwise of a brindle color. He had a beautiful "mug," much like that of a bull dog, with a short nose, wide jaws, and plenty of loose skin hanging about his stout little neck. It must be admitted that he was somewhat self-indulgent, being continually on the watch for a chance to lie close by the fire, — a situation considered by his friends to be unwholesome for him. Mr. Guppy understood me very well. He knew that I was a poor, weak, easy-going, absent-minded creature, with whom he could take liberties; and accordingly, when we were alone together, the rogue would lie sleeping with his head on the hearth, while I was absorbed in my book. But hark! there is a step on the stairs, of one whom Mr. Guppy both loved and feared more than any dog ever loved or feared me; and forthwith the little impostor would rise, and crawl softly back to his place on a rug in the corner; and there he would be found lying and winking, with an expression of perfect innocence, when the disciplinarian entered the room.

Dogs have the same sensitiveness that we associate with well-bred men and women. Their politeness is remarkable. Offer a dog water when he is not thirsty, and he will almost always take a lap or two, just out of civility, and to show his gratitude. I know a group of dogs that never forget to come and tell their mistress when they have had their dinner, feeling sure that she will sympathize with them; and if they have failed to get it, they will notify her immediately of the omission. If you happen to step on a dog's tail or paw, how eagerly — after one irrepressible yelp of pain — will he tell you by his caresses that he knows you did not mean to hurt him and forgives you!

In their relations with one another, also, dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. A well-known traveler makes this unexpected remark about a tribe of naked black men, living on one of the South Sea Islands: "In their every-day intercourse there is much that is stiff, formal, and precise." Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Unless they are on very intimate terms, they take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person, and live in the same house, and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head on him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.

Often canine etiquette is so subtle that one has much difficulty in following it out. In our household are two uncongenial dogs, who, in ordinary circumstances, completely ignore each other, and between whom any familiarity would be resented fiercely. And yet, when we are all out walking, if I am obliged to scold or punish one of these two, the other will run up to the offender, bark at him, and even jostle him, as if he were saying, "Well, old man, you got it that time; are n't you ashamed of yourself?" And the other dog, feeling that he is in the wrong, I suppose, submits meekly to the insult.

A family of six dogs used to pair off in couples, each couple being on terms of special intimacy and affection; and besides these relationships there were many others among them. For example, they all deferred to the oldest dog, although he was smaller and weaker

than the rest. If a fight began, he would jump in between the contestants and stop it; if a dog misbehaved, he would rush at the offender with a warning growl; and this exercise of authority was never resented. The other dogs seemed to respect his weight of years, his character, which was of the highest, and his moral courage, which was undoubted. This same dog had many human traits. He and his companions slept together on a sofa upstairs, where, of a cold night, they would curl up together in an indistinguishable heap. Sometimes the old dog would put himself to bed before the others, and then, finding that he needed the warmth and companionship of their presence, he would go into the hall, put his head between the balusters, and whine softly until they came upstairs to join him.

Have dogs any sense of right and wrong? They have, as every one agrees, a sense of humor, and they have also a sense of shame, perfectly distinct from the fear of punishment. Of their sense of shame let me give one example. The dog's eyesight, so far at least as stationary objects are concerned, is very poor, his real reliance being upon his sense of smell, and I have often seen a dog mistake one of his own family for a strange animal, run toward him, with every sign of hostility, and then, when he came within a few feet of the other dog, suddenly drop his tail between his legs, and slink away, as if he feared that somebody had noticed his absurd mistake.

Can it be that an animal should possess a sense of humor and a sense of shame, without having also some elementary sense of right and wrong? But even if it be thought that he is devoid of that sense, it is certain that he has those kindly impulses from which it has been developed. All that is best

in man springs from something which is practically the same in the dog that it is in him, namely, the instinct of pity or benevolence. To that instinct, as it exists in the lower animals, Darwin attributed the origin of conscience in man; and there are now few, if any, philosophers who would give a different account of it. I have seen a pup not six months old run to comfort another pup that cried out from pain; and the impulse that prompted this act was essentially the same which impels the noblest of mankind when they befriend the poor or the afflicted. We are akin to the lower animals morally, as well as physically and mentally.

But this is a modern discovery. It is astonishing and confusing to realize how little organized Christianity has done for the lower animals. The ecclesiastical conception of them was simply that they were creatures without souls, and therefore had no rights as against, or at the hands of, mankind. To this day that conception remains, although it is qualified, of course, by other and more humane considerations. Even Cardinal Newman said, —

“We have no duties toward the brute creation; there is no relation of justice between them and us. Of course, we are bound not to treat them ill, for cruelty is an offense against the holy law which our Maker has written on our hearts, and it is displeasing to Him. But they can claim nothing at our hand; into our hand they are absolutely delivered. We may use them, we may destroy them at our pleasure: not our wanton pleasure, but still for our own ends, for our own benefit and satisfaction, provided that we can give a rational account of what we do.”

This position, though not perhaps cruel in itself, inevitably results in unlimited cruelties. When an English traveler remonstrated with a Spanish lady for throwing a sick kitten out of

the window, she justified herself by saying that the kitten had no soul; and that is the national point of view.

Protestantism has been almost as indifferent as Catholicism to the lower animals. In fact, the conscience which exists outside of the church, Catholic or Protestant, has in this matter, outstripped the conscience of the church. “Cruelty,” said Du Maurier, “is the only unpardonable sin”; and the world is slowly but surely coming to that opinion. The long deferred awakening of mankind to the sufferings of dumb animals was not due to a decline of the ecclesiastical conception of them, although it has declined; nor even to the new knowledge concerning the common origin of man and beast; indeed, it slightly preceded that knowledge; but it was due to the gradual enlightenment and moral improvement of the race, especially of the English-speaking race. The nineteenth century, as we are often told, saw more discoveries and inventions than had been made in the preceding six thousand years; but I believe that in future ages not one of those discoveries and inventions, nor all together, will bulk so large as factors in the development and uplifting of man, as will those humane laws and societies which first came into existence in that century.

The progress of mankind is far more moral than intellectual. Competent authorities tell us that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day is mentally inferior to the Greek who lived two thousand years ago; and if the human race has improved during that time it is not so much because man has advanced in knowledge as because he has acquired more sympathy with his inferiors, be they brute or human, more generosity, more mercy toward them. Not Stevenson, nor Faraday, nor Morse, nor Fulton, nor Bell, did so much for the human race, to say nothing of the

brutes, as did that dueling Irishman who, in the year 1822, proposed in the English Parliament, amidst howls and shrieks of derision, what afterward became the first law for the protection of dumb animals ever placed on the statute-book of any country. Every movement for the relief of the brute creation has originated in England; and when we damn John Bull for one thing and another, let us remember this fact to his eternal honor!

It is hard to part from an old dog-friend with no hope of ever meeting him again, hard to believe that the spirit of love which burned so steadfastly in him is quenched forever. But for those who hold what I have called the ecclesiastical conception of the lower animals, no other view is possible. That devout Catholic and exquisite poet, Dr. Parsons, has beautifully expressed this fact:—

When parents die there's many a word to say —
Kind words, consoling — one can always pray;
When children die 't is natural to tell
Their mother, "Certainly with them 't is well!"
But for a dog, 't was all the life he had,
Since death is end of dogs, or good or bad.
This was his world, he was contented here;
Imagined nothing better, naught more dear,
Than his young mistress; sought no higher
sphere;
Having no sin, asked not to be forgiven;
Ne'er guessed at God nor ever dreamed of
heaven.

Now he has passed away, so much of love
Goes from our life, without one hope above!

But is there no hope? Is there not as much — or, if the reader prefers, as little — hope for the dog as there is for man? Years ago I remember reading in a prominent magazine the statement that doubtless a few men, the very wickedest, will become extinct at death, whereas the rest of mankind will be immortal. This view had some adherents then, but would now be regarded by almost everybody as irrational. Who can believe that between the best and the worst man there is any such gulf as would justify so diverse a fate!

Moreover we have learned that there are no chasms or jumps in nature. One thing slides into another; every creature is a link between two other, and man himself can be traced back physically, mentally, and morally, to the lower animals. Is it not then reasonable to suppose that immortality belongs to all forms of life or to none, that if man is immortal, the dog is immortal, too? Even to speculate upon this subject seems almost ridiculous, our knowledge is so limited; and yet it is hard to refrain from speculating. The transmigration of souls may be a fact, or men and dogs and all other forms of life may be simply forms, temporary phases, proceeding from one source, and returning thereto. But alas, every supposition that we can make is rendered almost, if not quite untenable, by the mere fact that the human intellect has conceived of it, — it is so unlikely that we should hit upon the right solution!

In this situation, what we seem bound to do is to refrain from hasty, and especially from egotistic conclusions, to keep our minds open, to regard the lower animals not only with pity but with a certain reverence. We do not know what or whence they are; but we do know that their nature resembles ours; that they have individuality, as we have it; that they feel pain, both physical and mental, that they are capable of affection; that, although innocent, as we believe, their sufferings have been, and are, unspeakable. Is there no mystery here?

To many men, to most men, perhaps, a dog is simply an animated machine, developed or created for the convenience of the human race. It may be so; and yet again it may be that the dog has his own rightful place in the universe, irrespective and independent of man, and that an injury done to him is an insult to the Creator.

JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

II

EDITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

ONE of the intimate charms of letters lies in their freedom from any "body of doctrine." Through all the more formal literature a man may create runs instinctively, and of necessity, a thread of consistency. Having maintained a certain thesis, a consciousness of once having assumed an attitude constrains the omission of any expression of a contradiction of it. Yet the very act of announcing and defending a position exhausts the impulse momentarily, and a reaction inevitably ensues. In the selections here made from Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese letters this apparent inconsistency is frankly displayed. Having written two volumes of his first impressions and de-

lights in the land of his adoption, one sees him stretch himself after the long, cramping task, and exclaim with whimsical heartiness, "D—n the Japanese!"

How little he ever anticipated publicity for these frank outpourings of his feelings and thoughts is proved by just such outbursts. And, no doubt for that very reason, it has been through these fluent, unbridled expressions of the mutabilities of his moods that he has found so much wider and more appreciative an audience than he was able to reach in his lifetime. Those who have come to know the richly human nature of the man have turned with new appetite to his serious, purposeful works.

KUMAMOTO, *September 23, 1893*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... The other night we had a singular festival next door. A teacher of dancing — an old woman of our neighborhood — died last year; and on the anniversary of her death, her *ihai* were placed on a platform erected for the occasion next door, and offerings set before it. Then all the little girls she had taught, from four years up, were brought to dance before the *ihai* to please her spirit. The dainty little fairy darlings! I went behind the scenes and saw all the dressing. The children were all faultless till the dance was over — but then, being tired, they would cry a

little; and their mothers would carry them home, — looking like wonderful dolls in their tiny gorgeous Kagura-dresses. Surely a Japanese baby-girl is the sweetest thing in all this world.

Beyond the other side of the garden I hear and see something much less pleasing — the training of a little *geisha*. The child is very young; but she is obliged to sing nearly seven hours every day. I can tell what time it is by the tone of weariness in her voice. Sometimes she breaks down and cries to be let alone, in vain. They do not beat her — but she must sing. Some day she will revenge herself on the world for this — and "sarve it right"!

The *tsuki-tsuku-boshi* is not yet dead; but it sings only at long intervals. There is great heat still — alternating with spells of sudden cold — each a little bit sharper than the last. Here winter and summer come and go by sudden jerks. What a funny country it is. There is nothing steady or permanent in nature. There is nothing steady or permanent in the race-character. And for fear that anything should be allowed to evolve and crystallize into anything resembling order, everything is being constantly remodelled and removed and reformed! What, *what* can come out of all this artificial fluidity!

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, September 24, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

The pendulum has swung to the right again; and the blue devils have vanished; and Kumamoto seems a good place to stay in for another two years. What do you think of that! I wonder whether Watson's poems had anything to do with it. I have by no means read them all yet. This poetry is like wedding-cake: one must eat only a little at a time. The "Dream of Man" is high sublimity; and urged me to fresh work at once on my "Stone Buddha." I was considering exactly the same puzzle; but my theory, luckily, is quite the reverse. It is that the motive and creative power of the universe are burnt-out passions and fears and sorrows, which are only transformed as forces by death, and must continue to make birth and rebirth till such times as they reach a second and supreme form of transformation by the triumph in all worlds of Buddha's own theory. Alas! I can't write poetry.

Reading the introduction, or dedication to London, there flashed to me memory of a mightier poem of the same kind by a smaller poet; — do you re-

member the colossal power of Alexander Smith's "Edinburgh"? Smith could not have written "The Dream of Man"; but he felt the grim heart of a city as I think no one else — certainly no Latin — ever felt it. Indeed Latin lands have not yet developed that awful thing, an industrial center, as the English and the Americans have, the industrial center, whose blood is steam, whose nerves are steel, — devouring the weak, consuming the strong, — the machine in whose cogwork each man knows himself caught and doomed to whirl forever

There are bits here and there that made me think of Villon. (Of course you know Payne's wonderful translations.) I was a little startled by the verses on Oscar Wilde. Why do we feel that a poet like Watson has no right to be a mocker, to say cruel things to his fellow man? We feel the same in reading Tennyson's terrible satire on Bulwer Lytton, and Browning's brutal anger at Edward Fitzgerald. I think we regard it as we regard an obscene poem by a priest, or in other words a sort of sacrilege to self. We have not yet learned (as I think we shall some day) to confess aloud that the highest poetry is Religion, and its world-priests the true prophets and teachers. But we feel it. Therefore we are shocked and pained when these betray any sign of those paltry or mean passions above which their art at other times lifts us.

To-day I must tell you the Legend of my house. There are, you know, two kinds of Haunters in Japan — the Living and the Dead. He who built this house to spend his age in was happy in all things, except a child. So he and his wife made agreement with a girl to bear a child for them, under certain conditions: Rachael and her handmaid. She gave him a boy; and he sent her away, — hiring a nurse for

the boy. But he did not keep his promise in all things, — and even his wife blamed him. Whereat he said nothing. Presently, for the first time in his life, he fell ill. The physician (a garrison doctor), after trying what could be done, declared he must die. The Kan-nushi told him why — “there was an *iki-ryō* in his home.” So others said. Then remorse seized him. They tried to find the girl. She was gone — lost in the forty millions, God knows where. And the days dragged in uttermost pain. Then came a *hyakushō* saying he had heard where the woman was; he might be able to bring her back within a week. But the sick man said: “No, she would not forgive *in her heart*, it is too late.” And he returned his face to the wall and died. Then the widow, and the little boy, and the pet cat went away; and I took up my dwelling in the house. The *iki-ryō* has passed.

Ever faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *September 27, 1893.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . I have conquered the first vexation of licking my cubs into shape. They are good boys, as a whole; but each new class comes in absolutely savage. Only the Gods know how they have been trained. It takes real trouble for a while to get them into the regular drill. And you know how a foreign teacher is placed — he has no moral support whatever, and must smooth everything himself. I have never been obliged to complain — but I feel, if I did, that the blame of the result would be rather for me than for the offenders. The whole idea is that a good teacher should be able to keep his crew in hand; if he complains, it is a sign that ~~he~~ is wrong! There *is* some sense in the policy, but it is too d——bly *general*.

Speaking of the oddity of the reception of our guests from Horai reminds

me of another queer fact I want to chat with you about. It affords a striking proof of the fact that any foreigner who, without very considerable experiences, ventures to draw inferences about Japanese conduct is sure to be dead wrong.

You remember my story about the *iki-ryō*. It is true, of course. Now listen to the odd sequel. The people blamed the girl very much. They attributed to her the death of the man who had been unkind to her. They sympathized with her, but they blamed her.

Here comes the puzzle. Why did they blame her? Perhaps you don't perceive the whole face of the puzzle yet. She was not blamed as a witch. She was not blamed for sorcery. But she was blamed for the death — caused by the haunting of the *iki-ryō*.

Now the sending of an *iki-ryō* is not *voluntary* at all. Other Things (with a capital “T”) may be sent. But an *iki-ryō* goes forth quite independently of the will of the person from whom it emanates, and even without the knowledge of that person.

How then could the people blame the woman for the coming of the *iki-ryō* and the death of the man?

Well, they blamed her for being too angry, — because anger secretly nursed *may* cause an *iki-ryō* to form, and therefore she ought to have known better than to allow herself to be so angry!

Who could divine such an explanation of the facts in the case? Eh?

Faithfully ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *October 11, 1893.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I am thinking it is time to write you — though there is no news. Suppose I write you of one day of my life as a sample. I don't see why I should n't

— though I would not write it to anybody else on either side the world.

Morning, 6 A. M. The little alarm clock rings. Wife rises and wakes me, — with the salutation *de rigueur* of old Samurai days. I get myself into a squatting posture, draw the never-extinguished *hibachi* to the side of the *futons*, and begin to smoke. The servants enter, prostrate themselves, and say good morning to the *damasama*, and proceed to open the *to*. Meanwhile in the other chambers the little oil lamps have been lighted before the tablets of the ancestors, and the Buddhist — (not the Shinto deities) — and prayers are being said, and offerings to the ancestors made. (Spirits are not supposed to eat the food offered them, — only to absorb some of its living essence. Therefore the offerings are very small.) Already the old men are in the Garden, saluting the rising sun, and clapping their hands, and murmuring the Izumo prayers. I stop smoking, and make my toilet on the *Engawa*.

7 A. M. — Breakfast. Very light — eggs and toast. Lemonade with a spoonful of whiskey in it, and black coffee. Wife serves; and I always make her eat a little with me. But she eats sparingly, — as she must afterward put in an appearance at the regular family breakfast. — Then Kurumaya comes. — I begin to put on my *yofuku*. I did not at first like the Japanese custom, — that the wife should give each piece of clothing in regular order, see to the pockets, etc.; — I thought it encouraged laziness in a man. But when I tried to oppose it, I found I was giving offense and spoiling pleasure. So I submit to the ancient rule.

7:30 A. M. — All gather at the door to say *Sayonara*; but the servants stand outside, — according to the new custom requiring the servants to stand when the master is in *yofuku*. I light a

cigar, — kiss a hand extended to me (this is the only imported custom), and pass to the school.

BLANK of 4 to 5 hours.

Returning, at the call of the Kurumaya, — all come to the door again as before, to greet me with the O-Kacri; and I have to submit to aid in undressing, and in putting on the kimono, *obi*, etc. The kneeling cushion and *hibachi* are ready. There is a letter from Chamberlain San, or Mason San. Dinner.

The rest eat only when I am finished; because there are two *ukyo*, but I am the worker. The principle is that the family supporter's wants are first to be considered, — though in other matters he does not rank first. For instance, the place of honor when sitting together is always by age and parentage. I then take the fourth place, and wife the fifth. And the old man¹ is always then served the first.

During the repast there is a sort of understanding that the rest of the family and the servants are not to be disturbed without necessity. There is no rule; but the custom I respect. So I never go into that part of the house unnecessarily till they have finished. There is also some etiquette about favorite places, — which is strictly observed.

3 P. M.—4. — If very hot, everybody sleeps, — the servants sleeping by turns. If cool and pleasant, all work. The women make clothes. The men do all kinds of little things in the garden and elsewhere. Children come to play. The *Asahi Shimbun* arrives.

6 P. M. — Bath hour.

6:30—7:30. — Supper.

8 P. M. — Everybody squats round the *hako-hibachi* to hear the *Asahi Shimbun* read, or to tell stories. Sometimes the paper does not come, — then curious games are played, in which the girls join. The mother sews at intervals.

¹ Hearn's father-in-law.

But if the night is very fine, we sometimes go out — always taking turns so that the girls get their share of the outing. Sometimes the theatre is the attraction. Sometimes there are guests. I think the greatest joy, though, is the discovery and purchase of odd or pretty things in some lamp-lit shop at night. It is brought home in great triumph, and all sit round it in a circle to admire. My own evening, however, is generally passed in writing. If guests come for me, the rest of the family remains invisible till they go away, — except wife, — that is, if the guests are important. Then she sees to their comfort. Ordinary guests are served only by the girls.

As evening wanes, the turn of the *Kami-Sama* comes. During the day, they receive their usual offerings, but it is at night the special prayers are made. The little lamps are lighted; and each of the family in turn, except myself, says the prayers and pays reverence. These prayers are always said standing, but those to the *hotoke* are said kneeling. Some of the prayers are said for me. I was never asked to pray but once — when there was grief in the house; and then I prayed to the Gods, repeating the Japanese words one by one as they were told to me. — The little lamps of the *Kami* are left to burn themselves out.

All wait for me to give the signal of bed-time, — unless I should become so absorbed in writing as to forget the hour. Then I am asked if I am not working too hard. The girls spread the *futons* in the various rooms; and the *hibachi* are replenished, so that we — *i. e.* I and the men only — may smoke during the night if we wish. Then the girls prostrate themselves with an *o-yasumi!* and all becomes quiet.

Sometimes I read till I fall asleep. Sometimes I keep on writing — with a pencil in bed, — but always, accord-

ing to ancient custom, the little wife asks *pardon for being the first to go to sleep*. I once tried to stop the habit — thinking it too humble. But after all it is pretty, — and is so set into the soul that it could not be stopped. And this is an ordinary day in outline. Then we sleep.

Faithfully ever,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, December 14, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

What you said in your last letter about the effect of darkness upon you in childhood, haunted me: I thought I would revert to it another time. And now that about 100 compositions have been corrected, I can find a chance to chat about it.

You specified nothing: I understand the feeling itself was vague, — like many other feelings of childhood, of which the indefiniteness itself is a fear, — a sort of mysterious depression of which you could not yourself have told the cause. (This I also remember, — but it became coupled with other unpleasant sensations of which I shall speak presently.) It seems to me these feelings of earliest childhood — so intense and yet so vague — are the weirdest in all human experience, and that for the best of reasons: *they are really ghostly*. Not of our own experience are these; — they are of the dead — of the vanished generations behind us; — and I am not sure but that our pleasures are equally weird at that age. I remember crying loudly at an air played upon the piano, — in the midst of a fashionable gathering; — and I remember people (long buried) whose names I have quite forgotten, making their voices and faces kind, and trying to coax me to tell what was the matter. Naturally I could not tell; — I can only vaguely guess now; I know the emotions stirred within my child-heart

were not of me — but of other lives. But *then* I had to give a reason: so I lied. I said I was thinking of my uncle who was dead (though I never really cared for him at all). Then I got petting, and cake, and wondered, young as I was, how I had been able to deceive.

Have you not noticed how utterly the psychologists have failed to explain the Fear that comes in dreams? The suspension of will-power is given as an explanation; but that will not do, — because there is frequently loss of will-power in dreams unaccompanied by the *real* fear of nightmare. The real fear of nightmare is greater than any fear possible to experience in waking moments; it is the highest possible form of mental suffering; it is so powerful that were it to last more than a few instants it would cause death; and it is so intimately linked to feelings of which we know nothing in waking hours — feelings not belonging to life at all — that we cannot describe it. It is certainly well that we cannot. Now I have long fancied that this form of fear also is explainable only by the inheritance of ancestral memories, — not any one painful experience, but the multitudinous fears of a totally unknown past, which the Gods have otherwise mercifully enabled us to forget. The memories themselves are indeed gone — only the sensations of them remain — stir into life at vague moments of sleep, and especially in the sleep of sickness, when the experiences of real life grow faintest in recollection.

Well, when I was a child, bad dreams took for me real form and visibility. In my waking hours *I saw* them. They walked about noiselessly and made hideous faces at me. Unhappily I had no mother then — only an old grand-aunt who never had children of her own, and who hated superstition. If I cried for fear in the dark, I only got whipped for it; but the fear of ghosts was greater

than the fear of whippings — *because I could see the ghosts*. The old lady did not believe me; but the servants did, and used to come and comfort me by stealth. As soon as I was old enough to be sent to a child-school, I was happier, — because, though badly treated there, I had companions at night who were not ghosts. Gradually the phantoms passed — I think when I was about ten or eleven I had ceased to fear. It is only in dreams now that the old fear ever comes back.

Now I believe in ghosts. Because I saw them? Not at all. I believe in ghosts though I disbelieve in souls. I believe in ghosts because there are no ghosts in the modern world. And the difference between a world full of ghosts and another kind of world shows us what ghosts mean — and gods.

The awful melancholy of that book of Pearson's may be summed up in this, I think: "The Aspirational has passed forever out of life." It is horribly true. What made the aspirational in life? Ghosts. Some were called Gods, some Demons, some Angels; — they changed the world for man; they gave him courage and purpose and the awe of Nature that slowly changed into love; — they filled all things with a sense and motion of invisible life, — they made both terror and beauty.

There are no ghosts, no angels and demons and gods: all are dead. The world of electricity, steam, mathematics, is blank and cold and void. No man can even write about it. Who can find a speck of romance in it? What are our novelists doing? Crawford must write of Italy or India or ancient Persia; Kipling of India; Black of remote Scotch country life; James lives only as a marvellous psychologist, — and he has to live and make his characters live on the Continent; Howells portrays the ugliest and harshest commonplaces of a transient democracy;

— what great man is writing, or can write of fashionable society anything worth reading, or of modern middle life, — or of the poor of cities, — unless after the style of *Ginx's Baby*? No! those who write must seek their material in those parts of the world where ghosts still linger, — in Italy, in Spain, in Russia, in the old atmosphere of Catholicism. The Protestant world has become bald and cold as a meeting-house. The ghosts are gone; and the result of their departure proves how real they were. The Cosacking of Europe might have one good result, — that of bringing back the ghosts, — with that Wind of the Spirit which moves the ocean of Russian peasant life for the gathering storm. Sometimes I think of writing a paper to be called "The Vanishing of the Gods."

Perhaps you are tired of theories. But I want to speak of one thing more, — a *theorizer*, a beautiful French boy of seventeen, whose name was Henry Charles Reade. He died at seventeen. Friends who loved him collected his boyish poems, and printed them in a little book, — seven or eight years ago. One of these poems expresses a sensation only a psychologist of power could explain. It relates to what Spencer tells us is relative to all antecedent experience. I offer my own "overdone" translation of it — because I have not the original. The original was more simple, and in all respects worthy of a better rendering, but the idea is as follows:—

I think that God resolved to be
 Ungenerous when I came on earth,
 And that the heart He gave to me
 Was old already ere my birth.

He placed within my childish breast
 A worn-out heart, — to save expense! —
 A heart long tortured by unrest
 And torn by passion's violence.

Its thousand tender scars proclaim
 A thousand episodes of woe; —

And yet I know not how it came
 By all those wounds which hurt it so!

Within its chambers linger hosts
 Of passion-memories never mine, —
 Dead fires, — dreams faded out, — the ghosts
 Of suns that long have ceased to shine.

Perfumes, deliciously sweet,
 Of loves that I have never known
 It holds, — and burns with maddening heat
 For beauty I may never own.

O weirdest fate! — O hopeless woe!
 Anguish unvalled! — peerless pain! —
 To wildly love, — and never know
 The object wildly loved in vain!

Certainly the lad who could write such a poem at sixteen might have been a poet if he lived, — don't you think so?

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *January 12, 1894.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . Mason's criticism is partly right from his point of view as expressed in his letter, I think. But I also think that neither in this article nor in a previous one did he quite understand my drift, which was psychological. I still think, as you say, the foreigner does not see the real Japanese life, even under the most favoured conditions. Only the other day, at a Japanese house, my host, drawing his child to his breast, and caressing it, said to me, "We cannot do that among ourselves, and the little fellow knows he has not any right to come near me [meaning cuddle up to him] when there are guests. But as you are a foreigner, you will excuse him." In Izumo, I noticed contrary signs, proving that the conduct of husband and wife to each other is by rigid rule purely formal under observation; even the pretended throwing aside of formality is formal. Of course I have learned something of other lives, — but not by my own observation. The emotional side, — even in the case of death, is forever hidden, not from us

alone, but from all. I heard the other day of tragedies that astounded me. The sufferers — fellow teachers — never interrupted duty, nor hinted of their loss or suffering in any possible way. They would have thought themselves degraded to have done so.

And now for the big? — Are you really surprised that I think evolutionary philosophy has enormously spiritualized our idea of woman and made her infinitely more precious? Well, it is true I have seen no books written upon the subject, but the doctrine entails the result I specify. Here I would wish to be able to talk; to explain my thoughts on paper fully would take too long. I can only suggest. The physical or material facts of evolution are terribly beautiful and wonderful. But what is infinitely more terrible, and beautiful, and wonderful, is the psychological story of evolution. Let us think of a sweet young pure girl, with the mother-soul (*mutter seele*?) in her but half fledged. According to theology what does she represent? A freshly created being, moulded by an imaginary God. According to materialism what is she? A perfect female body, brought into existence by material laws, and destined to live and perish like a plant, a human polycotyledon. According to evolutionary philosophy what is she? Not ONE, — but countless myriads of millions of dead in ONE LIFE MANIFESTATION, — an incomprehensible Multiple, that has appeared but once in the order of the Cosmos, and never can appear again.

But that is only the barest definition. Why is she beautiful? Because in the struggles of unknown millions of years between the tendency to beauty and the tendency to ugliness, the beautiful triumphed over unspeakable obstacles and won. Why is she good and sweet and lovable? Because by the sacrifices, and the love, and the sense

of goodness acquired by countless millions of mothers, — in spite of all conceivable suffering and pain and terror and fear and wickedness, — the sum of all the unthinkable multitude of tendencies in the race to goodness triumphed to appear in her. A good man, a good woman, seemed a small matter a century ago, — men and women were, as for Heine, Nos. 1, 2, 3 . . . 11, 12. But when we learn scientifically at what an awful cost of suffering and struggle and death any single moral being is evolved, surely the sense of the value of a life is increased unspeakably. And on the other hand, — how much more terrible does a crime appear! For of old a crime was a violation of the laws of a country, a particular society, a particular theology. But in the light of the new philosophy, a real crime becomes a crime against not only the totality of all human experience with right and wrong, but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things, — a crime against not humanity only but the entire Cosmos, — against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds.

Years ago I wrote a story I am now ashamed of; but I cut out a paragraph and send it, because it embodies some of my fancies on this topic. Still, I can't write my thoughts to you; they are things to talk over only. Thousands of illustrations only could satisfy me.

Then there is this other very awful thing. Here is a woman, for example, who is good, sweet, beautiful. Since the beginning of the world, all life, all humanity, all progress, has been working against evil and death in one line. The end of the line only is visible. It is that girl. She represents the supreme effort. But she is a creator. Her place is to continue the infinite work of the dead. He who weds her has an awful responsibility both to the dead and to

the unborn. To the dead, if he should mar their work. To the future, if he plant in that bosom a life incapable of continuing the progress of the past. But this is too long. Are you not tired?

Ever most truly,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, (no date)

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... But about Japanese art. I, too, thought of the anatomy question. It did not solve the question for me. Why? Because *I don't believe the Greeks knew anything about anatomy*. I say this after a careful study of Winkelmann and the monuments so matchlessly engraved by the Society of Dilettanti (what would I not give to have the edition I saw), and the engravings of gems, etc., etc. The astounding thing is that the great Italians who studied osteology, — who drew the skeleton before covering it with painted flesh, — never approached the commonest Greek outline. Did the Greeks ever dissect? It strikes me their religion would have rendered that impossible, and their humanity. How did they manage? What is the awful, — really *awful* secret of their knowledge of grace? We know the geometrical rules for the face. But those for the limbs, — those long, lithe, light, wondrous limbs! and the torso; — and the divine symmetry of the rest, — we cannot find. We know they drew by rule, squaring off the surface with cross-lines first. But what was the rule? And how did they find it? And the muscles of the Farnese, — the supplement of the miraculous Aphrodite, — the abdominal lines of the Apollo, — nay, the more set of the limbs of the smallest nude figure on a gem! Yet they cannot have studied anatomy at all in the modern sense. No; they loved the body, — they found the secrets of the divine geometrical idea of it through the intui-

tion of that love, possible only in a time when there was no sense of shame or shyness, or what we call conscience, about sexual matters in themselves. I can't think scientific knowledge of anatomy could have helped them much in groping for the pure ideal which they found; it would rather have balked them. And I don't think ignorance of the subject would alone explain the Japanese incapacity in the anatomical direction.

Strange to say, however, yesterday I saw an inartistic cow. Really! I had been invited to look at some kakemono by Ippo, and lo! — the first was a *running* cow. It was very good. But why? Curiously enough the cow had been drawn *exactly like an insect*; the figure was about as large as this sheet, and foreshortened, — the hindquarters being turned toward the gazer. What the artist had caught was the motion, — the queer crooked lumbering knock-kneed motion of the cow. I don't believe he could have done it on a bigger scale at all; he could not have then given the sense of the gawky movement.

KUMAMOTO, January 30, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... The secret of many enthusiasms evoked by national song must be, I imagine, hidden from those of alien race and experience. I was horribly disappointed by the *Ranz des Vaches*; perhaps one must have lived in Switzerland to understand it. Songs there are, like the Marschallaise, which explain their history by the melody alone; so powerfully do they reflect the emotion of an hour. But I doubt whether even so splendid a song as the *Death of Nelson*, with its shouting lines, —

England expects
That every man
This day will do his duty, —

could be fully understood by any Latin.

And what would an Irish or Scotch air mean to an Italian or a Spaniard, in most cases? Association is the great witchcraft. Still there are songs which combine the triple charm of poetry, melody, and association.

"Patti is going to sing at the St. Charles," said a friend to me years ago. "I know you hate the theatre, but you *must* go." (I had been surfeited with drama by old duty as a dramatic reporter, and had vowed not to enter a theatre again.) I went. There was a great dim pressure, a stifling heat, a whispering of silks, a weight of toilet-perfumes. Then came an awful hush; all the silks stopped whispering. And there suddenly sweetened out through that dead hot air a clear, cool, tense thread-gush of melody unlike any sound I had ever heard before save — in tropical nights — from the throat of a mocking-bird. It was *Auld Lang Syne* only — but with never a *tremolo* or artifice, a marvellous, audacious simplicity of utterance. The silver of that singing rings in my heart still.

There is no song which moves me so much, — not because of the "intolerable pathos" only (as Matthew Arnold calls it) of the words, nor only because of the souvenir of the divine voice. But there is a dream fastened to that song — the dream of an Indian city stifling in reek of pestilence and smoke of battle, — trenches piled with sweltering corpses, — grim preparation against worse than death, — the sense of vast remoteness from all dear things, — and the sudden lighting up of all those memories which grow vivid only at the last hour. And then, like one of those memories itself, — startling beyond all startlingness, — the Highland piping beyond the walls, —

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid have roared
Sin Auld Lang Syne."

I believe it was first the Clan call of the MacGregors; then Auld Lang Syne. What was Beethoven to *that*?

Well, your mere statement of the history of the existing military songs of course kills all hope of finding in them anything corresponding to sincerity of thought and true emotional art. Such merits belong only to spontaneous work, and especially to the creations of the people. Only the melodies and the historical or local suggestions can therefore account for the excitement these new songs produce; — and the most one could attempt would be to give the lilt and an occasional suggestive fragment, — in a purely literary study of them. On the other hand, their *Zeit-geist* quality is of the most extraordinary, and worthy of a very elaborate essay. The idea of "Supensa" and "Dawin" is too enormously grotesque! — what a study you *could* make! The romance would n't be on the surface, — but deep down under the whole thing there is certainly the broad interest of a race-effort for independence. It would apologize for the atrocities of many an utterance. "Supensa"!! "Dawin"!!!

I read Kipling's ballad three times last night, and every time I found new surprises in it. Queer how he hits the local color and the exact human tone always. I used to chat while stopping at Carey's in Yokohama with just such men as the sealers. I rather like seamen, engineers, — all that hard class. They can tell you wonderful things; and their talk is never dull. But to use it like Kipling one must have worked with them, lived their life. I always fail in trying to work out one of their yarns; the stage of the action is too unfamiliar to me.

Ever faithfully,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *February 16, 1894.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... Perhaps the condition of the Japanese dog is one thing which tells powerfully against our beliefs about the influence of Buddhism upon the treatment of animals. The Japanese dog remains very close to the primitive wolf or jackal. The *chin* makes only an exception to the rule. We must talk of the *dog* in general. What a difference between the Western and the Japanese dog! How different the gaze, the intuition, the memory! And how utterly deficient the Japanese dog in gratitude! And how indifferent to the question of who owns him! He is still pretty savage, — occasionally shows it in very ugly ways. He feeds his young exactly like a wolf, — chewing up, half-digesting, and then regorging for the benefit of the pup. He is curiously cunning, — but in a savage sneaking way.

A great russet brute lies on the sunny half of the street facing the college. He lets the children play about him, but is n't demonstrative; Japanese dogs never are. He is apathetic in demeanor. I notice his sharp ears suddenly prick, and his sharp eyes aim for a minute far down the road. That means inward emotion, but what it is I can't imagine, because he deliberately turns his head the other way, and stares at the smoke of the *Aso-San*. Presently I discern, far, far away, the cause of the momentary emotion, coming at a lope. It is a dog of foreign breed, — setter build, — long, light, with silky drooping ears. Approaching, his very large eyes get bigger. He sees the red bulk lying in the middle of the road. A moment he hesitates; but the wolfish muzzle is pointed toward *Aso-San*. There is a chance. The *Gwai-koku-jiu* "spurts" to pass. But at exactly the right moment the red jaws take him by the back. Oh!

the agony and the howling! The foreigner howls, yelps, desperately fights. The native does n't make a sound, — he only bites. For half-a-mile he follows the fugitive, — rolls him over, turns him in circles, — torments him into frenzy. At last he comes back slowly, and lies down again, without a sign of excitement, among the children. A peasant strides along with his horse, and scowls at the dog. The late warrior suddenly changes to jackal, — because the peasant happens to have a bamboo. Such a combination of cunning, ferocity, and cowardice, is not of the civilized dog.

I have not yet been able to find a civilized cat. There must be some, but they are very rare. Shyness and treachery characterize most of them.

The horses I don't understand at all. Never have I seen one struck. The peasant marches along with them, speaks gently to them, does not ask them to labor harder than himself. I followed one day, for fully two miles, a peasant who walked behind his horse, holding the ends of two heavy planks fastened to the animal's back. The motion of the horse caused them to oscillate; — so the peasant held the ends and handled them in such a manner as to prevent the horse's back from being rubbed. I see lots of such actions. But why are these horses so horribly afraid? They actually whinny with fear when they hear a *kuruma* coming. It gives one an awful suspicion that they must have been started out in life with a sufficient experience of pain to render all further correction unnecessary. They give one the same unpleasant impression as performing dogs do — which is unspeakable.

This brings me to Buddhism. Surely, as you say, it were better for Japan to have any civilized religion than none, — and the danger is that of having

none. You can't imagine how many compositions I get containing such words as — "Is there a God? — I don't know" — which, strange as it may seem to you, does n't rejoice me at all. I am agnostic, atheist, anything theologians like to call me; but what a loss to the young mind of eighteen or twenty years must be the absence of all that sense of reverence and tenderness which the mystery of the infinite gives. Religion has been very much to me, and I am still profoundly religious in a vague way. It will be a very ugly world when the religious sense is dead in all children. For it is the poetry of the young, that should color all afterthought, — or at least render cosmic emotions possible later on.

The *Shinshu* does seem to hold its own, or to gain. But there are curious obstacles. The students of its schools are obliged to reverence the Head of the sect as a living Buddha, — wherefore modern teaching must be tabooed, or modified and distorted. (The same thing, I believe, in the University; for at one time it was seriously proposed to secure John Fiske for the chair of Philosophy, but the discovery that the evolution theory assailed the Imperial prerogatives ended *that* project. I am also told there is no chance of having the Spencerian or any other form of Western philosophy ably taught in Japan for similar reasons — much as they pretend to follow Spencer.) But, as I was saying, what of the other sects of Buddhism? — the enormous ignorance, the hideous poverty, the corruption?

Shinto, on the other hand, has native nobility. It seems to me in many ways a noble creed; and the absurdities of its records of the Gods are not, after all, greater than those of other faiths, — either Indian or Hebrew or

Moslem. But the fox-temples and fox-rites and divinations and exorcism mixed up with it, seem to have much more influence than the real thing.

Finally, Christianity offers the small choice of thirty-two different creeds. And the young man of the twenty-seventh year of Meiji is disgusted. He thinks of all these beliefs as various forms of mental disease, and cannot naturally be expected to believe, without a study in advance of his years, that all — even the most corrupt — are growths rooted in universal truth.

For the educated classes no religion seems to be the certain goal. This means, not only that the whole moral experience of the past is being thrown overboard by that class, with nothing to replace it; but it means the rapid widening of an impassable gulf between the educated and the common people — the total separation of the head from the body — or at best a sort of *nike-kubi* future. A ghastly business!

What is there, after all, to love in Japan except what is passing away? There are fairer lands and skies; — there is a larger — a vastly larger life — as much larger as Sirius is larger than the moon. The charm was the charm of nature in human nature and in human art, — simplicity, — mutual kindness, — child-faith, — gentleness, — politeness. These are evaporating more rapidly than ether from an uncorked bottle. And then what will there be but memories? The one tolerably good thing yet is the cottony softness of all this life, — the let-alone spirit of it, — for even hates work with smiles and pretty words. This is good, — although it means the absence of large feelings, sympathies, comprehensions. As the stronger the light, the blacker the shadow it casts, so are our highest feelings offset by evil ones of startling power. One does not meet these in Japan. But how long will this

condition last? The bonds are only now being cast off; — the cage doors opened. By and by the games will begin — *circenses*.

I am through most of the indexing. Really it was more pleasant than I had anticipated — gives one such an ex-

aggerated idea of the extent of one's work. The book seemed to be enormous by the time I got to "Zuijin." An enormous illusion — or, rather, evocation of the ghost of old Japan.

Ever most truly,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MASQUERADE

BY ALICE BROWN

THE summer boarders had gone, and Marshmead was settling down to a peace enhanced by affluence. Though the exodus had come earlier than usual this year, because the Hiltons were sailing for Germany and the Dennys due at the Catskills, not one among their country entertainers had complained. Marshmead approved, from a careless dignity, when people brought money into the town, but it always relapsed into its own customs with a contented sigh after the jolt of inexplicable requirements and imported ways.

This year had been an especially fruitful one. The boarders had given a fancy-dress party with amateur vaudeville combined, for the benefit of the old church, and Martha Waterman now, as she toiled up the hill to a meeting of the Circle, held the resultant check in one of her plump freckled hands. Martha was chief mover in all capable deeds, a warm, silent woman who called children "lambs," plied them with pears, and knew the inner secrets of rich cookery. She was portly, and her thin skin

gave confirmation to her own frequent complaint of feeling the heat; but though the day had been more sultry than it was, she would not have foregone the pleasure of endowing the Circle with its new accession toward the meeting-house fund.

The Circle had been founded in wartime, when women scraped lint and sewed with a passionate zeal. Martha was a little girl then, wondering what the excitement was really about, although, since it had lasted through her own brief period, she took it that war was a permanent condition, like bread or weather. Now she often mused over those old days and thought how marvelous it was that she could ever have been young enough to see no significance in that time of blood and pain. In these middle years of hers the Circle was a different affair, but it kept its loyal being. To-day it met in the basement of the church, and there, when Martha went plodding in, nearly all the other members were assembled. Sometimes they sewed for sufferers from varying disasters, but to-day their hands were idle, and a buzz of

talk saluted her. They looked up as one woman when she entered.

"There she is," called two or three, and Lydia Vesey, the little dressmaker, as sharp and unexpected as the slash of her own too-impulsive scissors, came forward with a little run.

"You got it?" she inquired.

Mrs. Waterman laughed richly, and set her umbrella in the corner. Then, still holding one hand closed upon the check, she untied her hat and fanned herself with it during the relief of sinking into a seat.

"Do let me get my breath," she besought, yet as if she prolonged the moment for the sake of the dramatic weight the tale demanded. "Seems if I never experienced such a day as this. It's hotter'n any fall I ever see."

"You look very warm, Martha," said Ellen Bayliss, in her quiet, gentle way.

She was sitting by the window, bending over an embroidered square, the sun on her soft curls and delicate cheek unveiling the look of middle life, yet doing something kindly, too; for although he showed the withered texture of her skin, he brought out the last fleck of gold in her hair, and balanced sadness with some bloom. Ellen had been accounted a beauty, and her niece Nellie was a beauty now, of a more radiant type. She was the rose of life, but Aunt Ellen had the fragrance of roses in a jar.

"You sewin', Ellen?" Martha inquired, as if she were willing to shift the topic from what would exact continued speech from her, and at least defer her colleagues' satisfaction. "You're the only one that's brought their thimble, I'll be bound."

"It's only this same centrepiece," Ellen answered, holding it up. "Mrs. Hilton told me if I'd send it after her, she'd give me three dollars for it. I

thought I could turn the money into the fund."

"You got it?" Lydia Vesey cried again, as if she could not possibly crowd her interest under; and this time she had reinforcements from without. Mrs. Daniel Pray, who was almost a giantess and bent laboriously over to accommodate her height to her husband's, took off her glasses and laid them on her declivitous lap, the better to fix Martha with her dull, small eyes.

"I'll be whipped if I believe you've got it, after all," she offered discontentedly. "Mebbe they're goin' to send it by mail."

Martha looked at her a moment, apparently in polite consideration, but really wondering, as she often did, if anything would thicken the hair at Mrs. Pray's parting. She frequently, out of the strength of her address and capability, had these moments of musing over what could be done.

"Speak up, Marthy, can't ye?" ended Mrs. Pray irritably, now putting on her glasses again as if, having tried one way, she would essay another. "Did n't you see Mis' Hilton at the last, or did n't they give it to you?"

Martha unclosed her hand and extended it to them impartially, the check, face uppermost, held between thumb and finger. They bent forward to peer. Some rose and looked over the shoulders of the nearer ones, and glasses were sought and hastily mounted upon noses.

"Well, there," said Mrs. Manscom, the wife of the grain-dealer who always stipulated for cash payment before he would deliver a bag at the barn-door, "it ain't bills, as I see."

"It's just as good," Ellen Bayliss looked up from her sewing to throw this in, with her air of deprecating courtesy. "A check's the same as

money any day. I have two, twice a year, from my stock. All you have to do is to write your name on the back and turn 'em into the bank."

"Well, all I want to know is, what's it come to?" Lydia Vesey said. "Course it's just the same as money. I've had checks myself, days past. Once I done over Miss Tenny's black mohair an' sent it after her, an' she mailed me back a check, — same day, I guess it was. How much's it come to, Marthy?"

"See for yourself," said Martha. She laid it, still face upward, on the table. "It's as much yours as 't is mine, I guess, if I be treasurer. Forty-three dollars an' twenty-seven cents."

There was a chorused sigh.

"Well, I call that a good haul," said Ann Bartlett, whose father had been sexton for thirty-eight years, and who, in consequence, looked upon herself as holding some subtly intimate relation with the church, so that when the old carpet was "auctioned off" she insisted on darning the breadths before they were put up for sale. "What money can do! Just one evenin', an' them few folks dressed up to kill an' payin' that in for their ice cream an' tickets at the door."

"We made the ice cream," said Martha, as one stating a fact to be justly remembered.

"We paid ourselves in, too," said Lydia sharply. "I guess our money's good as anybody's, an' I guess it'll count up as quick an' go as fur."

"Course it will," said Martha, in a mollifying tone. "But 't is an easy way of makin' a dollar, just as Ann says. There they got up a fancy-dress party an' enjoyed themselves, an' it's brought in all this. 'Twa'n't hard work for 'em. 'T was a kind o' play."

"Well I guess they did enjoy it," said Mrs. Pray gloomily. She had settled her glasses on her nose again, and now, with her finger, went follow-

ing the bows round under her hair, to be sure they "canted right." "I guess they would n't ha' done it if they had n't."

"There's one thing Mis' Hilton says to me when she passed me the check," Martha brought out, in sudden recollection. "'Now here's this money we made for you,' she says. 'Use it any-ways you want, so's you use it for the church. But,' she says, 'why don't you make up your minds now you'll give some kind of an entertainment after we're gone, a harvest festival,' she says, 'or the like o' that? Then you could do your paintin',' she says, 'an' get you a new melodeon for the Sunday School, or whatever 't is you want. We've showed you the way,' she says. 'Now you go ahead an' see what you can do.'"

Lydia Vesey looked as if she might, in another instant, cap the suggestion by a satirical climax, and Ellen Bayliss rested her sewing hand on her knee and glanced thoughtfully about as if to ask, in her still, earnest way, what her own part could be in such an enterprise. But a step came hurrying down the stairs, the step of a heavy body lightly carried, and Caddie Musgrave came in at a flying pace. It was Caddie who, with the help of her silent husband, kept the big boarding-house on the hill. No need to talk to her about summer boarders, she was wont to say. She knew 'em, egg an' bird. Take 'em as folks an' nobody was better, but 't was boarders she meant. They might seem different, fust sight, but shake 'em up in a peck measure, an' you could n't tell t' other from which.

"I guess you're tired," said Ellen Bayliss, in her gentle fashion, taking a stolen glance from the embroidery and returning again at once to her careful stitches.

"Tired!" said Caddie. She dropped into a chair and leaned her head back

with ostentatious weariness, "I guess I be. An' yet I told Charlie 'fore they went I never 'd say I was tired again in all my born days, only let me get rid of 'em this time."

"How'd you manage with 'em this season?" asked Mrs. Pray, as if her question concerned the importation of some alien plant.

Caddie opened her eyes and came to a posture more adapted to sustaining her end of the conversational burden.

"Why, they're all right," she owned, "good as gold, take 'em on their own ground. I found out they were good as gold that winter I went up an' passed Sunday with Mis' Denny. But take 'em together, boardin', an' what one don't think of t' other will. This summer 't was growin' fleshy, an' if they did n't harp on that one string—well, suz!"

Mrs. Pray nodded her head solemnly.

"I said that," she returned. "I said that to Jonathan when I come home from the Circle the day they was here talkin' over the fund an' settlin' what they 'd do. I come home an' says to Jonathan wipin' his hands on the roller towel there by the back door, I says, 'What's everybody got ag'inst growin' old, an' growin' hefty, too, for that matter?' I says, 'Seems if folks don't talk about nothin' else.'"

Martha put in her assuaging word.

"Well, I guess human natur' ain't changed much. I guess nobody ever hankered much after gettin' stiff j'int's an' losin' their eyesight an' so. 'T would be a queer kind of a shay that was lookin' for'ard to goin' to pieces while 't was travelin' along. Mis' Denny's niece that reads in public read me that piece once. I thought 't was about the cutest that ever was."

Ellen Bayliss had laid her sewing on her knee, and now she looked up in an impulsive haste, the color in her

cheeks and a quick moving note in her voice.

"It is n't growing old that's the trouble. It's talking about it. Why, the night after that meeting of the Circle—" She stopped here, and her eyes, widening and growing darker in a way they had, gave her face almost a look of terror.

"What is it, Ellen?" asked Martha Waterman kindly. "You tell it right out."

"Why," said Ellen, "this is all 't was. That night at supper, my Nellie kept staring at me across the table. 'What is 't, Nellie?' I says, at last. Then she colored up and says, not as if she wanted to, but as if she could n't help it, 'I hope I shall look like you sometime, Aunt Ellen.' You see how 't was. She meant, when she was old. She never in her life had thought anything about me being old, and they'd put it into her head."

A pained look settled upon her face, and before she took up her sewing again she glanced from one to another as if to ask them if they really understood. There was a little warm murmur of assent. Ellen was beloved, and there was, besides, a concurrent strain of sympathy through the assembly, who had known all her past. They remembered how Colonel Hadley had "gone with her" awhile when she was teaching school at District Number Four, and how Ellen had faded out the summer he was married to Kate Leighton, of the Leightons on the hill. Now his nephew, Clyde, was going with Ellen's niece in a way that vividly mirrored the old time, and they had heard the colonel, when he came for one of his brief visits in the summer, had somehow put a check to love's beginning. At least, Clyde had seen Nellie only once after his uncle went away, and had speedily closed the old house and followed him.

"There, Ellen," said Lydia Vesey, from a rare softness. "I guess nobody'd ever say't you was growin' old. They'd only think you was sort o' palin' out, that's all, same's a white dress is different from a pink one."

"Well, now, I'll say my say, an' done with it," remarked Caddie Musgrave, with her accustomed violence. "I'm ready to grow old when my time comes, an' if I get there by the road some have took before me, I guess I sha'n't be put under the sod by any vote o' town-meetin'. As I look back, seems to me 'most all them that's gone before us has had their uses to the last. Think o' Gramma Jakes! Why, she had'n't chick nor child of her own left to bless her, an' see how she was looked up to, an' how every little tot in town thought he's made if he could be sent to Gramma Jakes's to do an arrant, an' she give him a pep'mint or a cooky. 'T wa'n't the pep'mint, though. 'T was because she was a real sweet nice old lady, that's what 't was."

"Yes, I remember Gramma Jakes," said Anna Dutton, from the corner. She was a round, pink, near-sighted little person, who had tried to cure herself of stammering by speaking very slowly, and now scarcely spoke at all because she had found how unwilling her more robust and loquacious neighbors were to give her the right of way in her hindering course. "Seems if I could see her now standin' there on her front porch, her little handkercher round her neck —"

Caddie broke in upon this reminiscence, according to a custom so established that Anna Dutton only kept her mouth open for an instant, as if the opportunity for speech might return to her, and then quite calmly settled back with an air of pleased attention.

"They're afraid o' gettin' old and

they're afraid o' gettin' fleshy," Caddie announced. "Well, there's no crime in gettin' old, now is there? An' if there is, you can't put a stop to't in any court o' law. An' as for bein' fleshy, if you be you be, an' you might as well turn to an' have your clo'es made bigger an' say no more."

Mrs Pray presented her mite with her accustomed severity of gloom, as if she had selected the words most carefully and wished to have it understood that they were the choicest she had to offer.

"I was fryin' doughnuts, a week ago Saturday, an' Mis' Denny come along with that lady friend o' hers that's down here over Sunday. I offered 'em each a warm doughnut, an' they was possessed to take it. They'd been walkin' quite a spell, an' they'd called for a drink o' water. They said 't was the time in the forenoon when they drinked. But they looked at the doughnuts good an' hard, an' they says, 'No. It's fattenin',' says they. 'It's fattenin'.'"

"Yes," said Caddie, with a scornful cadence, "I'll warrant they did. That's what they said about two things out o' three, soon's the hands moved round to meal time. 'It's fattenin'!' Oh, I'm sick an' tired to death of it! I ain't goin' to be dead till I be dead, thinkin' about it all the time, not if I can keep my thoughts inside o' me an' my tongue in my head. So there!"

"Well, now," said Martha Waterman, with the mildness calculated to smooth a troubled situation, "had n't we better be gettin' round to thinkin' what we'll do to earn us a mite more money for the fund? Seems if, now they've done so well by us, we'd ought to up an' show what we can do — a harvest festival, mebbe, or a sociable for all, an' charge for tickets."

One woman had not spoken. She

was a thin, dark-eyed creature, with a gypsy face and a quantity of gray hair wound about on the top of her head. This was Isabel Martin, who was allowed her erratic way because she took it, and because it had always been said, "You never could tell what Isabel would do next, only she never meant the least o' harm." She had come softly in while the others were talking, and drawn Ellen's work out of her hand, with a swift, pretty smile at her. "Rest your eyes," she had whispered her, and sat by, taking quick, deft stitches, while Ellen, unconscious until then of being tired, had closed her eyes and leaned her head against the casing, with a faint smile of pleasant restfulness. Now Isabel put the work back into Ellen's hand with an accurate haste, and looked up at the group about her.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said. Her voice thrilled with urging and suggestive mischief. It was a compelling voice, and they turned at once at the sound of it.

"If there ain't Isabel," said Martha Waterman. "I did n't see you come in."

"Le's give a fancy-dress party of our own," said Isabel.

"Dress ourselves up to the nines, an' put on paint an' powder, an' send off to the stores to hire clo'es an' wigs?" inquired Caddie. "No, sir, none o' that for me. I've seen what it comes to, money an' labor, too. I've just been through it, lookin' on, an' I would n't do it, not if the church never see a brush o' paint nor a shingle, an' we had to play on a jew's-harp 'stead of a melodeon. No!"

Ann Bartlett gave a little murmur here.

"I never heard of anybody's bringin' a jew's-harp into the meetin'-house," she said, as a kind of official protest. "I guess we could get us some kind of

a melodeon, 'fore we done such a thing as that."

Isabel was going on in that persuasive voice; it seemed to call the town to her to do her bidding.

"No, we ain't goin' to do it their way. We're goin' to do it our way. They've set out to see how young they can be. Le's see 'f we can't beat 'em seein' how old we can be. Le's dress up like the oldest that ever was, an' act as if we liked it."

The electrifying meaning ran over them like a wave. They caught the splendid significance of it. They were to offer, in the guise of jesting, their big protest against the folly of sickening over youth by showing how fearlessly they were dancing on toward age. It was more than bravado, more than repudiation of the cowards who hesitated at the onward step. It was loyal and passionate upholding of the state of those who were already old, and of those who had continued their beneficent lives into the time when there is no pleasure in the years and yet had given honor and blessing through them all. They fell to laughing together, and two or three cried a little on the heels of their merriment.

"I dunno what mother 'd say," whispered Hannah Call, whose mother, old and yet regnant as the best housekeeper in town and a repository of all the most valuable recipes, had died that year. "I guess she'd say we was possessed."

"We be," said Isabel recklessly. "That's the only fun there is, bein' possessed. If you ain't one way, you'd better be another. It's the way 's the only thing to see to."

"I said I was sick o' paint an' powder," said Caddie. "Well, so I be, but I'll put flour in my hair so 't 's as white as the drifted snow. I've got Aunt Hope's gre't horn spe'tacles."

"I guess I could borrer one o'

Gramma Ellsworth's gounds," said Mrs. Pray. A light rarely seen there had come into her dull eyes. Isabel, with that prescience she had about the minds of people, knew what it meant. Mrs. Pray, though she was contemplating the garb of eld, was unconsciously going back to youth and the joy of playing. "She ain't quite my figger, but I guess 't will do."

Lydia Vesey gave her a kindly look, yet scathing in its certainty of professional strictures.

"There ain't nobody that ever I see that's anywhere near your figger," she said, in the neighborly ruthlessness that was perfectly understood among them. "But you hand the gound over to me, an' I can fix it."

"Everybody flour their hair," cried Isabel, with the mien of inciting them deliriously.

"Everybody that's got plates, take 'em out," added Martha, the administrative, catching the infection and going a step beyond.

"Why, we can borrar every stitch we want," said Lydia Vesey. "Borrar of the dead an' borrar of the livin'. I know every rag o' clo'es that's been made in this town, last thirty years. There's enough laid away in camphire, of them that's gone, to fit out three-four old ladies' homes."

"It'll be like the resurrection," said Ellen Bayliss, with that little breathless catch in her voice.

"What you mean by that, Ellen?" asked Martha gently.

"I know what she means," said Isabel, while Ellen, the blood running into her cheeks, looked helplessly as if she wished she had not spoken. "She means we're goin' to dress ourselves up in the things of them that's gone, a good many of 'em, an' we can't help takin' on the ways of folks that wore 'em. We can't anyways help glancin' back an' kinder formin' our-

selves on old folks we've looked up to. Seems if the dead would walk."

Sometimes people shuddered at Isabel's queer sayings, but at this every one felt moved, in a solemn way. It seemed beautiful to have the dead walk, so it was in the remembrance of the living.

"Shall we let the men in?" asked Caddie anxiously. "I dunno what they'll say 'f we don't." Her silent husband was the close partner of her life. To Marshmead it seemed as if he might as well have been born dumb, but Caddie never omitted tribute to his masterful qualities.

"Mercy, yes," said Isabel, "if they'll dress up. Not else. They've got to be gran'ther Graybeards every one of 'em, or they don't come. You tell 'em so."

"You going home, Aunt Ellen?" came a fresh voice from the doorway. "I've been staying after school, and I thought maybe you'd be tired and like me to call for you."

It was Nellie Lake, a vision of youth and sweet unconsciousness. She stood there in the doorway, hat and parasol in hand, crowned by her yellow hair, and in the prettiest pose of deprecating grace. Aunt Ellen smiled at her with loving pride, and yet wistfully, too. Nellie had called for her many times, just to walk home together, but never because Aunt Ellen might be tired. The infection of age was in the air and Nellie Lake had caught it.

"Come in, Nellie," she said. "No, I don't feel specially tired, but maybe I'll go along in a minute."

"Want to come to an old folks' party?" called Isabel, who was reading all these thoughts as swiftly as if they were signals to herself alone. "Want to dress up, an' flour your hair, an' put on spe'tacles, an' come an' play with us old folks?"

The girl's face creased up delightfully.

"A fancy dress!" she said. "What can I be?"

"You'll be an old lady," said Isabel, "or you won't come."

"Is it for the fund?" asked Nellie.

"Well, yes, I suppose it's for the fund, some," Isabel conceded. "But take it by an' large, it's for fun."

The night of the masquerade was soft and still, lighted by the harvest moon. Everywhere the fragrance of grapes enriched the air, and the dusty bitterness of things ripening. The little town hall was gay with lights, a curious blending of the West and East; for the boarders had left Japanese lanterns behind them, and their grotesque prettiness contrasted strangely with bowery goldenrod and asters and the red of maple leaves. Colonel Hadley, standing a moment at the doorway in his evening walk, this first night of his stay, when he had come with his nephew to look out some precious old books in the attic, and perhaps the more actually to draw Clyde away again after the errand was done, thought he had never seen such abandonment to a wild pleasure, even in his early days at Marshmead. For it was pleasure, though it seemed to be the festival of the old. Men and women bent with years, yet straightening themselves when their muscles ached, were promenading the hall, not sedately, according to the wont of Marshmead social gatherings, to fulfill a terrifying rite, but gayly, as if only by premeditation did they withstand the beckoning of the dance.

At the end of the hall, in a bower of light and greenery, sat a row of others who were apparently set apart for some honor or special service. From time to time the ranks broke, and one group after another stayed to talk with them, and always with the air of giving pleasure by their deference

and heartening. Suddenly the colonel's eyes smarted with the sudden tears of a recognition which seemed to touch not only life as it innocently rioted here to-night, but all life, his own in the midst of it. At once he knew. These were the very old, and those who had lived through their fostering were paying them beautiful tribute. At that moment his nephew, boyishly changed, but not disguised, in old Judge Hadley's coat and knee-breeches, stepped out of the moving line, a lady with him, and came to him. Clyde, too, was flushed with the strangeness of it all, and the joyous certainty that now for an evening, if only that, Nellie Lake was with him. The colonel looked at her and looked again, and she dropped her eyes in a pretty, serious modesty.

"Ellen!" he said involuntarily.

Then she laughed.

"That's my aunt," she told him. "I'm Elinor. I'm Nell. I tried to look like auntie. I guess I do."

"No," said the colonel sharply, "you don't look like Ellen Bayliss. You've made up too old."

Yet she had not, and he knew it. She had only put a little powder on her hair and drawn its curling richness into a seemly knot. She had whitened the bloom of her cheeks, and taken on that little pathetic droop of the shoulders he remembered in Ellen Bayliss the day he saw her in his last hurried trip to Marshmead. He had not spoken to her then. She had passed the station as he was driving away, and he had felt a pang that he deadened with some anodyne of grim endurance, to see how youth could wilt into a dowerless middle age.

"I guess you have n't seen Aunt Ellen," said Nellie innocently. "I'm just as she is every day, but she's made up to-night to be like grandma, or the picture of Aunt Sue that died."

There she was. She had left the moving line for a moment, and the minister, in robe and bands of an ancient time, devised by Ann Bartlett and made by Lydia Vesey, had bowed and left her for some of his multifarious social claims. A chair was beside her, but she only rested one hand on the back of it and leaned her head against the wall. She was in a faded brocade unearthed from some dark corner Lydia Vesey knew the secret of, and she was age itself, beautiful, delicate, acquiescent age, all sadness and a wistful grace.

The colonel looked at her, savagely almost, with the pain of it, and then back again at the girl who seemed to be picturing the first sad stage of undefended maidenhood. At that moment he knew that he had put something wonderful away from him, those years ago, when he ceased to court the look in Ellen's eyes and turned to a robust fortune. At the time, he had told himself, in his way of escaping the difficult issue, that the pang of leaving her was his alone. She, in her innocence of love, could hardly feel the death of what lived so briefly. Now, as it sometimes happened when his anodyne ceased to work, he knew he had snipped the blossom of her life and she had borne no fruit of ecstasy; and in the instant of sharp regret it came upon him that no other woman, through him, should tread the way of love denied. He stooped to Nellie, standing there before him, and kissed her on the cheek. Whether in this blended love and pain he was kissing Ellen or the girl, he did not know; but he saw how Clyde started and grew luminous, and what it meant to both.

"How did you know it?" Clyde was asking. "We are engaged. I wrote to her to-day. I was going to tell you, but I could n't. You knew it, did n't you? You're a brick."

The girl flushed through her powder, and her eyes sent him a starry gratitude. But now the colonel hardly cared whether they had acted without his knowledge or whether they were grateful for his sanction. He and they and Ellen Bayliss seemed to be in a world alone, bound together by ties that might last — would last, he knew; but the mist cleared away from his eyes and the vision of life to come faded, and he saw things as they were before, and chiefly Ellen standing there unconscious of him. He walked over to her.

"Ellen," he said bluffly, holding out his hand, "I've got only a minute, but I want to speak to you if I don't to anybody else."

She straightened and stared at him, startled out of her part into a life half joy, half terror. He had taken her hand and held it warmly.

"Ellen," he said, "they're engaged, that boy and girl. Did you know it?"

"No," she answered faintly, but with candor. "No, I've discouraged it. I thought of you." She paused, too kind to him for more.

"I did n't know," he said. "I had n't seen her. How should I know she was like you? How should I know if he lost her he might n't be making a mistake? Yes, they're engaged. I sha'n't be at the wedding. I'm going abroad, but I shall send my blessing. To you, too, Ellen. Good-by. God bless you."

Then he had walked out of the hall, as alien, with his middle-aged robustness, as the mortal in fairy revelry: and Ellen, knowing her townspeople were looking at her in kindly interest, stood with dignity and yet a curious new consciousness of treasured happiness, as if she had a secret to think over, and a solving of perplexities. Isabel Martin dropped out of her place, where she had been talking with Andrew

Hall, and, forgetting in her haste the consistency of her part, ran over to her. Isabel, out of her abiding mischievousness, had dressed herself for a dullard's part. She had thought at first of being an old witch-woman and telling fortunes; but instead she had put on pious black alpaca and a portentous cap, and dropped her darting glances. To Andrew Hall, who was a portly Quaker in the dress of Uncle Ephraim long since dead, she seemed as sweet as girlhood and as restful as his own mother. Andrew had been her servitor for almost as many years as they had lived, but she had so flouted him, so called upon him for impossible chivalries, out of the wantonness of her fancy, that he had sometimes confided to himself, in the darkest of nights, when he woke to think of her, that Isabel Martin was enough to make you hang yourself, and he wished he never had set eyes on her. Yet she was the major part of his life, and Andrew knew it. Now he followed her more slowly, and was by at the instant of her saying, —

“O Ellen, you couldn't go over across the orchard, could you, an' see if Maggie L.'s got the water boilin' for the coffee? I'm 'most afraid to go alone.”

Ellen, waking from her dream, looked at her and smiled. She knew Isabel's tender purposes. This was meant to take her away from curious though tolerant eyes and give her a moment to wipe out the world of dreaming for the world of men.

“No,” she said softly. “You don't need to.”

“You let me go,” said Andrew gallantly. “I can see if it's bilin' an' come back an' tell ye.”

“You!” said Isabel, abjuring her disguise, to rally him. “You'd be afraid. Come, Ellen.”

She linked an arm in Ellen's, and falling at once into her part of sober age, paced with her from the hall.

Andrew, constrained in a way he hardly understood himself, was following them; but in their woman's community of silent understanding they took no notice of him. Outside, the night was soft and welcoming, unreal after the light and color, an enchanted wilderness of moonlight splendor. They had crossed the road to the bench under the old poplar, and there Ellen sat down and drew a breath of excitement and gladness to be free to think. The moonlight seemed still brighter there, sifting down the sky-spaces, and the two women together looked up at it through the poplar branches, and both were exalted by that inexplicable sense of the certainty that things come true. Dreams — that was what their minds were seeking passionately — and dreams come true.

“Ain't it wonderful?” Isabel asked softly.

“Yes,” said Ellen, in the same hushed tone, “it's wonderful.”

“I'll leave you here by yourself an' run acrost the orchard,” said Isabel, in her other careless voice. “When I come back, I'll stop here an' we'll go in together. Why, Andrew, you here?”

“You said you was afraid,” he answered. “I'll go acrost with you.”

“All right,” said Isabel, with her kindest laugh, not the teasing one that made him hate her while he thought how bright and dear she was. “Come take gran'ma acrost the orchard. Don't let anything happen to her.”

They stopped over the wall and made their way along the little path by the grape-arbor. The fragrance of fruit was sweet, and the world seemed filled with it.

“It's a pretty time of year,” said Andrew tremblingly.

“Yes.”

“A kind of a time same's this is to-night makes it seem as if life was

pretty short. Be past before you know it."

"Yes."

She, too, spoke tremulously, and his heart went out to her.

"O Isabel," he said, "when you're like this, same as you are to-night, there ain't a livin' creatur' that's as nice as you be."

Isabel laughed. It was an echo of her flouting laugh, yet there was a little catch in the middle of it.

"There!" he said, with discontentment. "Now you're just as you be half the time, an' I could shake you for it. Sometimes seems to me I could kill you."

"Why don't you?" Isabel asked him, softly yet teasingly too, in a way that suddenly made her dearer. "If you don't see no use o' my livin', why don't you kill me?"

"What you cryin' for?" Andrew besought her, in an agony of trouble. "O Isabel, what you cryin' for?"

"I ain't cryin'," she said, "but if I am, I guess it's for Ellen Bayliss, an' things —" She had never heard of "the tears of mortal things," and so she could not tell him.

"Ellen Bayliss? What's the matter of Ellen Bayliss?"

"Oh, she gets tired so quick, that's all."

"Don't you get tired," said Andrew.

"Don't you let anything happen to you. O Isabel!"

The moonlight and the fragrance and old love constrained them, and they had kissed each other, and each knew they were to live together now, and sharpness would be put away perhaps, or, if it were not quite, Andrew would understand, knowing other things, too, and smile at it.

When they went back to the bench Ellen was gone, but in the hall they found her dancing with Clyde, and almost, it seemed, clad in the flying mantle of her youth.

"It's Virginny reel!" cried Andrew, the infection of the night upon him. "There's another set here. Come."

"Wait a minute," said Isabel, her hand upon his arm. "Look at the platform. Where's the old folks gone?"

The platform was deserted. The old folks, too, were dancing. Martha Watterman caught the recognition of it in Isabel's eyes, pointed at the empty seats of old, and nodded gayly. She sped out of her place and, losing no step, danced up to Isabel and Andrew.

"I dunno which's the youngest, old or young," she cried, "nor they don't either. We're goin' to have some countr'y dancin' an' then serve the coffee an' sing Auld Lang Syne, an' it's my opinion we sha'n't be home 'fore two o'clock. Ain't it just grand!"

MODERNISM IN MUSIC

BY REDFERN MASON

I

Quo musa tendis? The question rises to the lips whenever we contemplate the development of modern music. If we are young and radical, we welcome enthusiastically the innovations of Strauss and Debussy. If, however, the confidence of youth is ours no longer, if the blood in our veins begins to chill, we are apt to shrink from the musical manifestations of modernism as from something uncanny and repellent.

Is the modern movement in musical art what theologians would call a true development; or is it the luxuriant growth of corruption? If it is a true development, the principles which underlie all great art will be manifestly operative in it. If the inward grace of order is lacking, it must be a corruption.

Fortunately for truth, the issue is one which we can put to the test. If modern music is æsthetically sound, its distinctive notes will ring clear and true.

What are those notes?

The first concerns the material of which music is made, the sounds through which the art manifests itself, as poetry manifests itself in words and architecture in stone. Musicians are beginning to feel that the tonal equipment which has served the craft since Bach and Rameau, — the major, minor and chromatic scales, — if not actually outworn, stands in need of the stimulus of novelty. They resent the tyranny of

the piano, with its one key to do service for both a sharp and a flat (D sharp and E flat, for example), though the violin recognizes them as different, and its ability to play in all the keys — none of them in tune.

Musical research among the Arabs and other Oriental peoples reminds us of a fact which the world is apt to overlook, that there are available for music many sounds not used in Western art. The old idea that the Arabs use a scale of quarter-tones has been exploded by Julien Tiersot; but the same careful investigator shows that the Eastern scales of tones and half-tones are not the same as ours. Slight but unmistakable variations of pitch give the Oriental gamut a personality and an expressiveness with which we would fain enrich our own. Even as matters stand, Orientalism is a factor of the first importance in modern music.

The smallest interval that Western music calls on us to distinguish is the semitone. But the trained ear can distinguish the sixteenth part of a tone, and organs exceptionally constituted can appreciate shades of sound still more delicate. We have thus available for the purposes of composition some hundred or more notes, a prismatic series as delicately graded as the hues of the spectrum. With this gamut musicians should be able to rival the achievements of the impressionists in painting or the symbolists in verse. From time to time we hear of the invention of instruments which can be

played in this microtonal scale. Science can readily produce such instruments, and, with their assistance, musicians will be able to give utterance to concerts which the contemporary orchestra would be powerless to realize. The scale of tones and half-tones will always continue to be the norm, however; for, in various forms and with delicate inflections, it is the basis of the musical speech of humanity. But the finely shaded scales of science will endow musicians with sonorities as exquisite as the hues of mother-of-pearl.

The development of art naturally follows the line of least resistance, and modern innovations in tonality largely consist in a return to scales which had fallen into disuse, such as the modes of ancient Greece and the Christian Church. Occasionally, however, the need of new means of expression drives composers to the invention of scales undreamed of before. When Strauss wants to convey the idea of the weakness and depravity of Herod, he does so partly by halting, vacillating rhythms, partly by the use of a theme based on a scale of whole tones. If you play seven successive whole tones — C, D, E, F sharp, G sharp, A sharp, C, you have the scale used by the composer of *Salome* when he wants to portray degeneracy. It jars on the ear, but not more so than the character of Herod on the mind. Strauss is giving expression to the thought which was in the mind of Milton, when he sang how

Disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh
din
Marred the fair music that all creatures made.

Strauss boldly realizes in music the ineuphoniousness of sin. He deems it illogical to portray a moral pervert in an agreeable succession of sounds. He chooses ugliness as a means of musical

conviction. To those who regard beauty as the one and only excuse for music's existence this seems the unpardonable sin, and they would willingly put Strauss under sentence of excommunication. To be logical, however, they could not stop at so doing. They must erase Caliban and Thersites from Shakespeare; eliminate the allegory of Sin and Death from *Paradise Lost*; expunge whole cantos of the *Inferno*; repaint crucifixions and martyrdoms innumerable; and send Rodin's *Belle qui fut Heaulmiere* to be broken up.

Through the use of effects ungrateful to the ear, Strauss deepens the moral significance of music. Here is no seductive portrayal of vice, as in Verdi's *La Traviata*, but a representation of things as they are. The music of John the Baptist is gravely diatonic; that of Salome is chromatic; Herod is portrayed in music as abnormal as his nature.

Debussy also makes use of abnormal aspects of tonality. Like his teachers, the singers of *noels* and *chansons spirituels*, he turns lovingly to the ancient modes of the church, scales of a strange beauty, though long despised by Philistines as barbarous. His predilection for a scale of whole tones manifests itself continually; but with so delicate a garb of harmony does he cloak the strange mode, that the Debussian melody leaves on the mind images of wondrous beauty. Yet he too, when he wishes to suggest the unusual, does not shrink from effects which many musicians condemn as ugly. The most significant episode in *Pelleas et Mélisande* is where Mélisande, leaning out of the window of her tower, suffers her hair to fall in a cascade about the head and shoulders of Pelleas. The occurrence is symbolic. It pictures the envelopment of Pelleas in the personality of Mélisande. The tragedy of the event is darkly hinted at in the music.

With the purpose of gloomy suggestion in mind, Debussy makes use of the succession of four whole tones (B, A, G, F) so detested by mediæval composers and known to them as "the devil in music." Beautiful it may not pretend to be, but impressive it surely is; and the composer, to heighten its impressiveness, multiplies the device in six-fold harmony, each voice singing four successive whole tones. It is impossible to drive home an idea more significantly.

Debussy's harmonies are as remarkable as his melody, and the narrowly orthodox, according to the law and the text-books, regard him as the high priest of decadence. His followers, on the other hand, say that, like Bach and Wagner before him, Debussy is a generation ahead of the schools.

When he was a soldier, in garrison at Evreux, Debussy loved to listen to the bells of the parish church and analyze their strange harmonies. For no musical voice is so complex as that of a bell. Yet the simplest note of the purest instrument contains within its little world of vibrations all the notes of the gamut and many others besides. Strike C in the bass of the piano and keep the key held down. You will hear, not only the fundamental note, but, after a moment, C an octave above, and, if your ear is sharp, the G above that. The note is disintegrating, and the whispered overtones establish the relation of the primary sound with the whole universe of tone. Just as all mankind are related to one another, so are all sounds.

In bells these overtones, or harmonics, are very rich. Sometimes they are more prominent than the basic note itself. That is the case of Big Ben of Oxford. Big Ben's loudest note is B flat in the middle of the piano. But his lowest note is A, an octave lower, sounded much more softly,

however. C sharp and E, above the B flat, are also heard gently murmuring, the five sounds uniting to form the harmony of the dominant ninth. Some bells give discords much more violent; yet so exquisitely proportioned are the constituent elements of tone that the resultant voice is beautiful. Debussy delighted to dwell on these tonal affinities, and it is his ideal to enrich the great normal harmonies by associations, remote, bizarre, and provocative of attention.

Much of the music of both Strauss and Debussy is in no determinate key. Tonality, in the old sense of the word, has ceased to be their object. Their conceit floats hither and thither on the sea of tone. In *Salome* the singers rarely conclude a passage in the key in which it begins. The signature in Strauss's music has humorously been said to be mainly useful as an indication of the key which the composition is not in. Debussy leaps from key to key with a boldness justified only by the felicity of the result.

For extraordinary effects Strauss sometimes writes in two keys at once. He does so in *Also sprach Zarathustra*, which concludes with an equivocal chord, suggestive at one and the same time of the alien keys of C and B. The chord on C typifies the hope of life after death; the chord on B is pessimistic. Together they give the effect of doubt. In *Salome*; when Herod cries out at what seems to him the terrible idea of the raising of the dead, he sings in one key, while the orchestra plays in another. Strauss wished to create the feeling of consternation, of terrified amazement. Could he have gone to work in a more convincing way?

Bach and Wagner saw in vision the realm of tonal freedom; Strauss and Debussy are leading the chosen people into the promised land.

II

The awakening of the race-spirit has greatly furthered the emancipation of tonality. It came as a reaction against the spurious classicism which followed the flowering of German art in Mozart and Beethoven. Instead of being true to their racial idiom, men slavishly copied the Teutonic vernacular, as though it were the one authentic speech of classic art. Even to this day we see men sacrificing their God-given originality, to imitate an idiom which can be creative only when it is the musician's native speech. Taxed with their fault, these misguided persons say that classicism has no nationality. Yet what is Homer if not Greek, Shakespeare if not English, Goethe if not German, Dante if not the voice of mediæval Italy? The classics of music are, in like manner, national monuments. Beethoven is most truly classical when he is singing with the voice of the German people. The slow movement of the C minor Symphony, the Allegretto of the Seventh, the Scherzo of the *Eroica*, the rustic merriment of the *Pastoral*, the choral crown of the Ninth, are impregnated with the spirit of the Volkslied.

But this saving truth was lost sight of in unregulated hero-worship, and whole libraries of ineffectual imitation had to be written before it was rediscovered. It was Schubert who helped to lead people back to artistic sanity. He recognized the beauty of Magyar song, and made use of it in his compositions. Liszt followed where Schubert led, and, in his *Rhapsodies*, gave glowing expression to the Hungarian spirit. This was the revival of nationalism. To-day the race-spirit is recognized as one of the great feeders of art. It manifests itself simply and unmistakably. The case of Hungary is typical. The Hungarian genius is mirrored in tonality and rhythm. The

Hungarians have a scale of their own, which they probably brought with them from the plains of Asia, long ages ago. It is our enharmonic minor mode with the fourth degree raised a half tone. The Magyar scale starting on C would thus be C, D, E flat, F sharp, G, A flat, B, C. Add to these notes the rhythm of the Czardas, and the Magyar feeling is irresistible.

What Liszt did for Hungary, Chopin did for Poland, Grieg for Norway, and Tschaikowsky for Russia. In each case the composer's inspiration was the songs of his people. Grieg started by imitating the colorless Niels Gade. But his friend Nordraak, the poet, drew his attention to Norway's priceless treasure of folk-song. "It was as if the scales had fallen from my eyes," said Grieg, and thenceforward he wrote in the Norse idiom. Of course, he was sharply criticised for so doing. "He stuck in the fjord and never got out of it," said a German critic; and an American writer stigmatized his compositions as "map music." We do not think Homer less classic because his poetry is a literary map of Hellas, or Raphael for painting Italian madonnas. Why then belittle Grieg for being Scandinavian? Edward Macdowell is a map musician in his Indian idylls; yet they will probably prove his most enduring work, and more worthy to live than whole volumes of pseudo-classic oratorio, begotten in the image but not conceived in the spirit of Handel and Mendelssohn.

III

A by-path of nationalism, and equally contributory to the enfranchisement of music, is orientalism — the fecundation of Western art with the spirit of the East. What Loti and Hearn, Burton, Kipling, and Amicis have done for literature, Saint-Saëns, Goldmark,

Rimsky Korsakoff, and others, are doing for music. In vain Kipling says, —

O East is East and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great
judgment seat

Such music as Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and the *Scheherazade* of Rimsky Korsakoff opens doors of intimacy between Orient and Occident which the logic of pure reason would leave closed forever.

Mendelssohn was the first composer of eminence to give his music a distinctively Eastern tinge. Mozart's *Seraglio* and Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* are Eastern in little more than name. But the great chorus in *Elijah*, "Baal, we cry to thee," has a barbaric shudder which could come only from the Orient. Weber coquetted with the East in a comic-opera sort of way; but the first musical Orientalist properly so called was Félicien David, and the work which establishes his right to the title is *Le Désert*. It is a tone-picture of the Sahara. Tremulous harmonies built upon a long-sustained pedal convey the idea of immensity; the *almées* dance to strains as Oriental as the ogive arches and fretwork of the Alhambra. The voice of the Orient had been heard, and, from that day to this, the music of the West has been sympathetically vibrant.

Yet our Orientalism is only a compromise. Eastern rhythms we can faithfully interpret; but the tonal idiom of the Orient we can reproduce only when it happens to coincide with Western conventions. The time is coming, however, when we shall hear the music of the East as Orientals hear it. Then our artistic view will expand as the horizon expands when we climb the side of a mountain. Meanwhile, even within the circumscribed range of Western tonality, Saint-Saëns in his *Samson et Dalila*

ballet, and Puccini in *Madame Butterfly*, delight our senses with tonal beauties undreamed of before. These men do not interpret the East as seen in literature, as Schumann did in his *Oriental Pictures*. Saint-Saëns knows the Mediterranean littoral from Cairo to the Pillars of Hercules; Puccini bases his Japanese music on veritable airs from Nippon.

IV

The complexity of modern life is realistically mirrored in music. The legendary epoch, when music existed as sweet sound and nothing more, eludes discovery. Even the thousand-year-old *Veni Creator Spiritus* of Notker Balbulus imitates the creaking of the abbey mill-wheel. Charpentier's *Louise*, with its reminiscences of the calls of Parisian tradesmen and mendicants, has its prototype in Jannequin's *Cris de Paris*, written in the seventeenth century. The old German composer, Kuhnau, coming a little later, has a realistic portrayal of the combat of David and Goliath, down to the whizzing of the stone from David's sling, thus anticipating by a century or so Wagner's representation of the casting of Klingsor's spear. So far then from being a distinctive mark of modernism, realism is rather a sign of antiquity. Even Bach, long regarded as the abstract musician *par excellence*, is proved by Schweitzer to be a thorough-paced realist, consistently using progressions and figures illustrative of the text. He pictures the flow of water much as Schubert does it in *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*; he has formulae for the representation of a large variety of physical effects and mind-states. It is in its novelty of application, its subtlety, its intensity, that we must seek the modernist trait in realism.

Beethoven was a landscapist in an

idyllic way in the *Pastoral Symphony*. Wagner's *Waldweben* brings us nearer to the actual voices of the woodland. In our own day Hans Huber interprets nature as she appears to him in the paintings of Arnold Böcklin. Every theme in the last movement of Huber's Symphony in E flat is inspired by some example of what has been termed Böcklin's "pantheistic nature poetry." It is a musical representation of an artist's impressions of nature and, delicate and elusive though it is, it is none the less realism; for the full enjoyment of the music depends on something independent of mere sound, some knowledge in the mind of the hearer. Liszt's *Hunnenschlacht*, with its fighting Goths and Huns and vision of the triumph of the Cross, is far more significant than Kuhnau's naive battle-pieces, because it derives its sentiment partly from the Scriptures, partly from the famous painting by Kaulbach, and partly from the religious experience of the musician. The same composer's *Sposalizio* is compact of religious mystery, the Renaissance, and nineteenth-century sensibility.

Handel could be unconsciously humorous at times, as when he accompanied "And He sent them frogs," the great chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, with an undeniably hopping figure for orchestra. But humor does not really come into its musical heritage until Beethoven imitates the tipsy revelry of the Austrian peasants in the *Pastoral Symphony*. In our day we have become more precise. Poldini's *Poupée Val-sante* is a tone-photograph of the stiff-jointed marionette, realistic to the very running-down of the spring. Musicians turn to sorrow, however, far more readily than to merriment, and one result of this cult of gloom is the *macabre*. Saint-Saëns set the example in his tone-poem of the dance of death. With xylophone and flattened E string

on the violins, he mimics the skeleton dance and Satan fiddling with a bow made out of a dead man's arm. Charles Martin Loeffler, American by birth, French by instinct, revels in the *macabre*. His setting of Paul Verlaine's *Cornemuse* is characteristic. The piper is dead; but, in the darkling midnight wood, his pipes make music that sounds like the death-rattle in the throat of a woman expiring at the cross-roads, under the shadow of the crucifix. Verlaine gives the ideas; Loeffler translates them into the language of tone. Compare with this weird music the majestic realism of Macdowell's *Eagle*, with its passages tremulous with aerial buoyancy. In both cases, thoroughly to appreciate the music, we must be familiar with the poem. Yet, even without this knowledge, the music is beautiful.

Strauss imitates the bleating of sheep, the whirling vans of the windmill, the crying baby, and is almost as ingenuous in his Brobdingnagian way as were Jannequin and Kuhnau before him. Nor are the contemptuous cacophony of the squabbling Jews in *Salome*, and the snarling of the "Adversaries" in *Ein Heldenleben*, much more subtle. When Strauss tells the story of the *Hero's Life* in quotations from his own works, he confronts us with a difficult question. Is he or is he not his own hero? When, in *Also sprach Zarathustra*, he wishes to suggest the idea of the Deity, he uses the ancient Gregorian intonation of the *Credo in unum Deum*. To those who have heard that intonation again and again it is a symbol. But what is its meaning to those who never heard it before? Is it a meaningless succession of tones, or is the melody penetrated with the spirituality of the monkish dreamer who composed it long ago?

When Beethoven, in his Fifth Symphony, tells the story of the struggle

of genius against fate, it is the hero as type that interests him. In Tschai-kowsky's *Pathetic Symphony* the struggle becomes personal. Tschai-kowsky admitted that the work had a programme, and that he composed it with sorrow and bitter tears. What the programme was he never told. But the character of the work strengthens the belief in its personal significance. Passion and gruesome mirth are succeeded by the hopelessness of despair. The *Adagio Lamentoso* is a musical death-piece.

No mind-state is so strange, so exceptional, that it may not furnish material for musical inspiration. The buzzing in the ears of the deaf Smetana figures in his autobiographic first string quartette; the melancholy of Stephen Heller gives a gray tone to his *Promenades d'un Solitaire*; Watteau, Prévost, and Massenet collaborate on the score of *Manon*. Debussy leads us to the borderland where the definite blends with the impalpable. His *Afternoon of a Faun* is of "such stuff as dreams are made of." The faun awakens with recollections of a visitation of goddesses, and the music suggests the coming and going of the golden memory. The music would be beautiful, though the hearer had no idea of what the composer was attempting to portray. But, when we link it with Mallarmé's poem, its loveliness deepens ineffably. It is the realization of a vision in a medium almost as subtle and rainbow-hued as the mystery portrayed.

v

Every age has its own way of thinking, and devises art-forms adapted to its peculiar habit of mind. What more natural than that the logical imagination of Bach should flow in the exquisite mould of the fugue? Men have experimented in the fugue since

Bach's day; but, in spite of Mozart and Mendelssohn, it cannot truthfully be said that there has been any essential advance in fugal form since old John Sebastian laid down the pen. Neither the genius of Beethoven nor the erudition of Mozart could make the fugue characteristic of their own day. They were merely men of genius writing in a form which had already been raised to its highest power. The same thing is true of the sonata, though the sonata, with its contrasted themes and threefold development, has a variety of expression of which the fugue is incapable. Nevertheless, when Beethoven tried to make the sonata say the deep things of his nature and reflect the metaphysical genius of the age he lived in, it fused under his touch. That he felt the form unequal to his needs is proved by his attempts to enrich its expressiveness by the addition of fugue, recitative, and operatic aria. The result is beautiful, but of a beauty which does not strictly belong to the sonata. In Beethoven's hands the sonata is in process of disintegration.

The symphony, which is a sonata for orchestra, shows the same unrestful sense as of an organism haunted by a spirit greater than itself, or, at least, of different order. Schumann's use of the same theme in different sections, and his attempts to obliterate the divisions between movements, are vain efforts to adapt to new uses a form which has already done its work. Only when the composer is thinking in the musical speech of yesterday, like the novelist who imitates Smollett or Scott, can he hope to achieve any notable success in symphony form. Brahms, in his symphonies, is more like a belated Viennese than a true modern; Tschai-kowsky's symphonies owe their success to qualities which are not truly symphonic at all.

If Liszt had attempted to express

the Magyar genius in sonata form, he would have failed. He invented the rhapsody and was successful. If he had tried to transcribe the *Preludes* of Lamartine into terms of symphony, he would have been foredoomed to failure. But he turned to the symphonic poem, and success crowned his efforts. Where Liszt made experiments, Richard Strauss works with the assurance of a master. His tone-poems diffuse atmosphere, describe character, tell a story. This the sonata cannot do. Nor is it blasphemy to say so. It is not claimed that the symphonic poem is an advance on the sonata or fugue in point of beauty, only that it says different things equally well. The fugues of Bach, and the *Waldstein* and *Appassionata* of Beethoven, have not been surpassed and probably never will be. But men have other things to say to-day, and they must say them in their own way, or they will be silent among the ages.

Perfect form, rightly understood, is not this or that particular form; it is not the suite, the fugue, the sonata, the symphonic poem; it is congruity between the ideal in the mind of the composer and the way in which he expresses it. Form continues to evolve until the contemporary ideal has been expressed; then the artistic generation turns to something else. It may be that even now the tone-poem has served its usefulness, and that composers will

have to seek a new medium. Some people think they see that medium in the supposedly formless music of Claude Debussy. They do not admit its formlessness, however. They recognize in Debussy the musician of the vague, the intangible, the elusive. His subjects are the aroma of flowers, the mist and the waves, clouds mirrored in the bosom of the lake, the rain falling softly on the grass. If Debussy shrinks from the definite, it is because the prosody of the schools would be as unpardonable a solecism in the music he writes as the use of the lead borders of cathedral stained glass in an impressionist canvas by Renoir.

Art crystallizes only when it has done its work and a change is imminent. Mutability is the principle of its being. Art does not improve from age to age: it changes. The art of to-day has nothing more beautiful to offer than the melody of Arcangelo Corelli, the Prelude in B flat minor in the first book of the *Well-Tempered Clavichord*, the Allegretto in Beethoven's Symphony in A, some of Schubert's songs, and certain elegiac moments in Chopin. And, unless art has finished its task, we may confidently hope that the greater work of the present day will be the classic music of to-morrow. Modernism, rightly understood, is not a menace, but a manifestation of vitality. What is good in it will live; what is bad will sink into oblivion.

THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Yes, Nightingale, through all the summer-time
We followed on, from moon to golden moon;
From where Salerno day-dreams in the noon,
And the far rose of Pæstum once did climb.
All the white way beside the girdling blue,
Through sun-shrill vines and campanile chime,
We listened; — from the old year to the new.
Brown bird, and where were you?

You, that Ravello lured not, throned on high
And filled with singing out of sun-burned throats!
Nor yet Minore of the flame-sailed boats;
Nor yet — of all bird-song should glorify —
Assisi, Little Portion of the blest,
Assisi, in the bosom of the sky,
Where God's own singer thatched his sunward nest;
That little, heavenliest!

And north and north, to where the hedge-rows are,
That beckon with white looks an endless way;
Where, through the fair wet silverness of May,
A lamb shines out, as sudden as a star,
Among the cloudy sheep; and green, and pale,
The may-trees reach and glimmer, near or far,
And the red may-trees wear a shining veil.
— And still, no nightingale!

The one vain-longing, — through all journeyings,
The one: in every hushed and hearkening spot, —
All the soft-swarmling dark where you were not,
Still longed for! Yes, for sake of dreams and wings,
And wonders that your own must ever make

To bower you close, with all hearts' treasurings;
And for that speech toward which all hearts do ache;
Even for Music's sake.

But most, his music whose beloved name
Forever writ in water, of bright tears,
Wins to one grave-side even the Roman years
That kindle there the hallowed April flame
Of comfort-breathing violets. By that shrine
Of Youth, Love, Death, forevermore the same,
Violets still! — When melts, to leave no sign,
The arch of Constantine.

Most for his sake we dreamed. Tho' not as he,
From that lone spirit, brimmed with human woe,
Your song once shook to surging overflow.
How was it, sovran dweller of the tree,
His cry, still throbbing in the flooded shell
Of silence with remembered melody,
Could draw from you no answer to the spell?
— O Voice, O Philomel?

Long time we wondered (and we knew not why): —
Nor dream, nor prayer of wayside gladness born,
Nor vineyards waiting, nor reproachful thorn,
Nor yet the nested hill-towns set so high
All the white way beside the girdling blue, —
Nor olives, gray against a golden sky,
Could serve to wake that rapturous voice of you!
But the wise silence knew.

O Nightingale unheard! — Unheard alone,
Throughout that woven music of the days
From the faint sea-rim to the market-place,
And ring of hammers on cathedral stone! —
So be it, better so: that there should fail
For sun-filled ones, one blessed thing unknown.
To them, be hid forever, — and all hail!
Sing never, — Nightingale.

THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD

Sing, for the others! Sing; to some pale cheek
 Against a window, like a starving flower.
 Loose, with your singing, one poor pilgrim hour
 Of journey, with some Heart's Desire to seek.
 Loose, with your singing, captives such as these
 In misery and iron, hearts too meek,
 For voyage — voyage over dreamful seas
 To lost Hesperides.

Sing not for free men. Ah, but sing for whom
 The walls shut in; and even as eyes that fade,
 The windows take no heed of light nor shade, —
 The leaves are lost in mutterings of the loom.
 Sing near! So in that golden overflowing
 They may forget their wasted human bloom;
 Pay the devouring days their all, unknowing, —
 Reck not of life's bright going!

Sing not for lovers, side by side that hark;
 Nor unto parted lovers, save they be
 Parted indeed by more than makes the Sea.
 Where never hope shall meet — like mounting lark —
 Far Joy's uprising; and no memories
 Abide to star the music-haunted dark: —
 To them that sit in darkness, such as these,
 Pour down, pour down heart's-case.

Not in kings' gardens. No; but where there haunt
 The World's forgotten, both of men and birds;
 The alleys of no hope and of no words,
 The hidings where men reap not, though they plant;
 But toil and thirst — so 'dying' and so born; —
 And toil and thirst to gather to their want,
 From the lean waste, beyond the daylight's scorn,
 — To gather grapes of thorn.

And for those two, your pilgrims without tears,
 Who prayed a largess where there was no dearth,
 Forgive it them, brown music of the Earth!
 Forgive it to their human-happy ears,

Unknowing; though the wiser silence knew!
Forgive it to the music of the spheres
That while they walked together so, the Two
Together, — heard not you.

DR. JOHNSON'S CAMBRIAN EXPERIENCE

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing

EVEN the motion of driving in a post-chaise captivated the fancy of Dr. Johnson, for he said, "If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation." Mrs. Piozzi, who, except for prettiness, fulfilled these requirements, for she was a brilliant conversationalist and the owner of a post-chaise, asked her beloved Doctor why he doted on a coach. Johnson's reply was that, in the first place, the company was shut in with him, "and could not escape as out of a room", and that, in the second place, he could hear all the conversation in a carriage. Any lamentations while traveling thus he considered proof of an empty head or a tongue that wished to talk, and had nothing about which to talk. "A mill that goes without grist," he exclaimed, "is as good a companion as such creatures." As for himself, he felt no inconvenience upon the road, and expect-

ed others to feel none. He allowed nobody to complain of rain, sun, or dust. And so greatly did he love this act of going forward that Mrs. Thrale said she could not tell how far he might be taken before he would think of refreshments.

Yet the impression which Macaulay gave of Johnson's attitude toward traveling is the one generally held: "Of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance. 'What does a man learn by traveling? Is Beauclerk the better for traveling? What did Lord Claremont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt?'" History has proved that Macaulay could be brilliantly inaccurate; certainly in this estimate of Johnson he was so. In still another passage Macaulay says that Johnson "took it for granted that everybody that lived in the country was either stupid or miserable." The first twenty-seven years of his life Johnson spent in small country towns, and although he was sometimes miserable because he was wretchedly poor, yet he was never stupid.

It was the young traveler whom he censured, not the mature traveler or

traveling in general. It was characteristic of him to say, "I never liked young travelers; they go too raw to make any great remarks." Indeed, so grave was his sense of the value of travel, that he took it upon himself to rebuke Boswell, — no uncommon occurrence, however, — as Boswell records: "Dr. Johnson expressed a particular enthusiasm with respect to visiting the Wall of China. I caught it for the moment, and said I really believed I should go and see the Wall of China had I not children, of whom it was my duty to take care. 'Sir,' (said he,) 'by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a lustre reflected upon them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times as the children of a man who had gone to view the Wall of China. I am serious, Sir.'"

In his college days Johnson may not have had the same reasons as the young poet Keats for going "wonderways," but reasons he had. With the Doctor, perhaps even more truly than with Keats, curiosity was "the first passion and the last." While an undergraduate, he was heard to say, "I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the Universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua." Twice he urged Boswell "to perambulate Spain," and of their tour to the Hebrides everybody knows. There was talk of his going to Iceland, and for a time the great Doctor discussed traveling around the world with two friends.

Of the existence of the journal of Johnson's tour taken in North Wales in 1774, even Boswell did not know. It was published for the first time in 1816 by R. Duppa, with the statement at the close of its short preface that if any one doubted the authenticity of the journal the manuscript could be seen

at the printer's. The tour was begun by the Thrals and the Doctor leaving Streatham at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 15. On their way they stopped at Lichfield, at the house of Dr. Darwin, physiologist, poet, and grandfather of Charles Darwin, of whose roses Mrs. Piozzi wrote, "I have no roses equal to those at Lichfield, where on one tree I recollect counting eighty-four within my own reach; it grew against the house of Dr. Darwin."

After passing through several towns on their route to North Wales, they came, a party of four, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, little Queeny, and Johnson, to Chester on July 27. Of Chester the Doctor made short work. He was more interested in a grammar school held in part of the Abbey refectory than in aught else, and wrote particularly, "The Master seemed glad to see me." Of course the master was glad, for was not Johnson the greatest man of his day? There is not one word for the quiet beauty of the Dee, no mention of Cheshire cheese, and nothing about Chester ale, which perhaps Johnson found as bad as did Sion Tudor. Of their sojourn in Chester we get a more lively picture from Mrs. Thrale's comment on the entry in the Doctor's journal than from the journal itself. Johnson wrote, "We walked round the walls, which are compleat." Mrs. Piozzi observed, "Of those *ill-fated* walls Dr. Johnson might have learned the extent from any one. He has since put me fairly out of countenance by saying, 'I have known my mistress fifteen years, and never saw her fairly out of humor but on Chester walls'; it was because he would keep Miss Thrale beyond her hour of going to bed to walk on the wall, where from the want of light, I apprehended some accident to her, — perhaps to him."

Probably nine-year old Miss Thrale did not mind being kept beyond her

hour of going to bed by a stout gentleman who was her devoted slave!

The next day they entered Wales, dined at Mold, and came to Llewenni. Mrs. Thrale's cousin, Robert Cotton, was living at Llewenni Hall, which in 1817, after having been one thousand years in possession of the family, was torn down. At Whitchurch, a few miles away, is an alabaster altar monument to one of the Salusburys who owned this hall, Sir John or Syr John y Bodiau (Sir John of the Thumbs). This ancestor of Mrs. Piozzi's was distinguished not only by two thumbs on either hand, but also by a giant's strength. With his bare fist he is supposed to have slain a white lioness in the Tower of London. Since then white lionesses have all disappeared. Sir John of the Thumbs also killed a mythical beast in a lair below a nearby castle, and overthrew a famous giant. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Thrale, with such a forefather, should sometimes have painted things *plus beau que la vérité*, and that, even as her ancestor was fond of pulling up trees by the roots, when he had nothing better to do, his descendant should once in a while give truth a little tug?

But if Mrs. Thrale had a distinguished progenitor, she had an even more distinguished ancestress, for there at Llewenni Hall lived "Mam Cymru," the Mother of Wales. This Catherine de Berain's first husband was a Salusbury; her second husband was Sir Richard Clough. The second daughter of the second marriage married Salusbury of Bachecraig, and from this marriage Mrs. Piozzi was descended. Later Catherine de Berain became the third wife of Maurice Wynn, who was her third husband. It is said that on the way home from the funeral of her first husband, Wynn asked her to marry him. She had to refuse, however, as Sir Richard Clough had asked her on

the way to the church. But she assured him that she was not superstitious about the number 3, and agreed to give Wynn the next opportunity. She kept her word.

When the Welsh used to speak of a rich person, they did not say "rich as Cræsus," but "rich as a Clough." On July 30, Johnson and the Thrales visited a remarkable house built by Sir Richard, the second husband of "Mam Cymru." On the 31st they drove to the Cathedral of St. Asaph, once the even smaller church of Llanelwy, to which Giraldus Cambrensis, in his tour in 1188, referred as "*paupercula*." About that time this tiny cathedral was changed from wickerwork or wood to stone. On the same day they saw the Chapel of Llewenni, founded by one of the Salusburys, where Johnson was surprised because the service, read thrice on Sundays, was read only once in English.

He was dissatisfied, not only with the order of Welsh services, but also with the behavior of Welsh rivers. On this day he writes, "The rivers here are mere torrents, which are suddenly swelled by the rain to great breadth and great violence, but have very little constant stream; such are the Clwyd and the Elwy." About Welsh rivers Johnson makes a great many remarks. He is as scornful of them as an American of the Thames. Mrs. Piozzi says that his "ideas of anything not positively large were ever mingled with contempt." He asked, of one of the sharp currents in North Wales, "Has this *brook* e'er a name?" "Why, dear Sir, this is the *River Ustrad*." "Let us," said Dr. Johnson, turning to his friend, "jump over it directly, and show them how an Englishman should treat a Welsh river." Johnson was always of the opinion that when one had seen the ocean, cascades were but little things. He used to laugh at Shenstone

most unmercifully for not caring whether there was anything good to eat in the streams he was so fond of, "as if," said Johnson, "one could fill one's belly with hearing soft murmurs, or looking at rough cascades!"

It would be difficult to make a summary of all the objects Johnson called "mean" in North Wales. Among them were towns, rivers, inns, dinners, churches, houses, choirs. It is safe to say that the great Doctor could not rid himself altogether of English prejudice against the Welsh and all things Welsh. George Borrow's experience on the summit of Snowdon was not at all unusual, except that in this instance an Englishman became, before English people, the champion of the Welsh. Undoubtedly Johnson was influenced in his contempt not only by his English feeling but also by the fact that he was a true son of the eighteenth century, with all that century's emphasis on power, on size, on utility.

Yet Johnson was not totally incapable of appreciating the romantic scenery of Wales. Some part of it, the more cultivated, he seems to have felt, for on the very next day there is this record: "The way lay through pleasant lanes, and overlooked a region beautifully diversified with trees and grass." It mortified Mrs. Thrale because Mr. Thrale, a lover of landscapes, could not enjoy them with the great Doctor, who would say, "Never heed such nonsense, a blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another. Let us, if we *do* talk, talk about something; men and women are my subject of enquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind." However, Johnson was certainly not insensible to the beauty of nature. In describing his emotions at the sight of Iona he wrote, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the

distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." On his tour in the Hebrides he welcomed even the inconveniences of traveling, such as wind and rain, when they meant finer scenery and more pictures for the mind.

Much on this same August 2 was found "mean," including Mrs. Thrale's gift to the romantic old clerk of the parish church of Bachecraig where Mrs. Thrale's father was buried. The day following, on their arrival in Holywell, Johnson had to admit that the town was "neither very small nor very mean." He was amazed and impressed by the yield of water from St. Winifred's Well, and the number of mill-wheels the water turned. But when they went down by the stream to see a prospect, Johnson adds very specifically that he "had no part" in it. He was vastly more interested in some brass and copper works, in *lapis calaminaris*, in pigs of copper, and in some iron works where he saw iron half an inch thick "square cut with shears worked by water," and hammers that moved as quick "as by the hand." One has a curious feeling in reflecting that, were the Doctor suddenly translated to this world again, and in particular to this country, the Homestead Foundries would interest him vastly more than any natural panorama of our great continent. In this Johnson was truly a man of his times, which were epoch-making because of their new interest in the mechanics of industry, their gigantic industrial impulse. Without a word for the singular beauties of Holywell, without reference to the legend of St. Winifred, or mention of the ruins of the abbey, he concludes his journal for August 3: "I then saw wire drawn, and gave a shilling. I have enlarged my notions, though, not being able to see the movements, and not having

time to peep closely, I know less than I might."

Another feature of the land impressed him favorably: the houses of country gentlemen. "This country seems full of very splendid houses," he notes on August 4, after visiting a Mr. Lloyd's house near Ruthin, where he had been to see the castle. He writes quite at length on the ruins of Ruthin and ends characteristically, "Only one tower had a chimney, so that there was (little) commodity of living. It was only a place of strength." It was on this day that the keeper of the castle, when he heard that Mrs. Thrale was a native of North Wales, told her that his wife had been a Welsh woman, and had desired to be buried at Ruthin. "So," said the man, "I went with the corpse myself, because I thought it would be a pleasant journey, and indeed I found Ruthin a very beautiful place."

Two days later they dined at Mr. Myddleton's of Gwaenynog, the gentleman who raised the unwelcome monument to Johnson's memory before the Doctor had had a chance to die and while he still considered himself very much alive. This memorial is on the site at Gwaenynog where Johnson used to stroll up and down. It reads: "This spot was often dignified by the presence of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, gave ardour to Virtue and confidence to Truth." Perhaps it is not strange that Johnson was not pleased with the monument. He wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "Mr. Myddleton's intention looks like an intention to bury me alive. I would as willingly see my friend, however benevolent and hospitable, quietly inurned. Let him think, for the present, of some more acceptable memorial." To the Doctor death was always an enemy who would,

he knew, outwit him in the end, a terrifying presence against which he struggled. "But who can run the race with death?" he cries despairingly. This premature memorial must have revolted everything in him, for to him "the whole of life" was but keeping away the thoughts of death. Even a dark road troubled him, and he would have no one remind him of his birthday.

Leaving Llewenni on August 18, they started definitely forward on their journey. They passed through Abergele, "a mean little town," to Bangor, where they found a "very mean inn." Certainly meanness is accumulating in Wales! Johnson had the instinctive contempt for things Welsh which so many English people hold. But, after finding Lord Bulkeley's house at Bangor also "very mean," this is the point in the great Doctor's journal where the lover of Wales may take heart.

There was one contrivance of the hand and mind of man which impressed Dr. Johnson tremendously. Where such works of the Creator as Snowdon, for example, failed; where the mystery of this land of legend passed him by, castles succeeded by virtue of their size, the strength of their walls, the completeness of their equipment. In Denbigh, Johnson had eagerly tried to trace the lines of that "prodigious pile" of a castle. So much of the comment we get in this neglected Welsh journal and in his other writings seems to summarize itself in two words: size and power. He told Mrs. Piozzi to get a book on gardening, since she would stay in the country, feed the chickens, and starve her intellect, "and learn," he said, "to raise the *largest* turnips, and to breed the *biggest* fowls." It was in vain that Mrs. Piozzi told him that the goodness of these dishes did not depend upon their size.

From Beaumaris Castle to Carnarvon there is a crescendo of praise ending in the memorable words about Carnarvon: "To survey this place would take much time: I did not think there had been such buildings; it surpassed my ideas." Of Beaumaris, Johnson wrote: "The Castle is a mighty pile. . . . This Castle corresponds with all the representatives of romancing narratives. Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower. We did not discover the well. This is the most compleat view that I have yet had of an old Castle." And then four last delighted words, "It had a moat."

Nor was the next day, August 20, less of a success. After meeting with some friends, they went to see the castle in Carnarvon which Johnson describes as "an edifice of stupendous magnitude and strength; it has in it all that we observed at Beaumaris, and much greater dimensions: many of the smaller rooms floored with stone are entire; of the larger rooms, the beams and planks are all left: this is the state of all buildings left to time. We mounted the Eagle Tower by one hundred and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches. We did not find the Well; nor did I trace the Moat; but moats there were, I believe, to all castles on the plain, which not only hindered access, but prevented mines. We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old buildings, the subterraneous works are concealed by rubbish."

When Johnson and the Thrals were on their way from Llewenni to Bangor they passed through Conway. The Doctor was much exercised in Conway because of the plight of an Irish gentlewoman and her young family who could get no beds to sleep in; but the one feature in this rare old town which might have impressed him, its castle, he did not notice in the journal. Built

by the same architect who planned Carnarvon, it has much of its grace, and is in some respects even more beautifully placed. With its machicolated towers, its vast banquetting-hall, Queen Eleanor's oratory, and the river washing at its foundations, it is still a wonderful old pile. On the return trip Johnson makes a short practical note to the effect that the castle afforded them nothing new, and that, if it was larger than that of Beaumaris, it was smaller than that of Carnarvon. Carnarvon was the largest, and the Doctor was not to be weaned from it any more than from the idea that Mrs. Thrale ought to raise the largest turnips.

The day following this memorable inspection of Carnarvon Castle they dined with Sir Thomas Wynne and his lady. Johnson's comment was brief, "the dinner mean, Sir Thomas civil, his Lady nothing." It would seem that Lady Wynne failed to recognize the greatness of her visitor, and, being accustomed to a distinguished reception, the great man's vanity was hurt. Afterwards he made remarks about Sir Thomas's lady in which she was compared to "sour small beer," and "run tea." Of a lady in Scotland he had said that "she resembled a dead nettle; were she alive she would sting."

This mean dinner and, we presume, its meaner hostess, were but a sorry prelude to a melancholy journey which the party had to take to Mrs. Thrale's old home at Bodvel. They found nothing there as in Mrs. Thrale's childhood: the walk was cut down, the pond was dry. The nearby churches, which Mrs. Thrale held by impropriation, Johnson thought "mean and neglected to a degree scarcely imaginable. They have no pavement, and the earth is full of holes. The seats are rude benches; the Altars have no rails. One of them has a breach in the roof. On the desk, I think, of each lay a folio Welsh Bible

of the black letter, which the curate cannot easily read." Over one hundred and thirty years later the present writer made a tour of these Welsh churches of early foundation. Mysterious, desolate, dilapidated old places they are; in comparison with the ugly, comfortable non-conformist chapels, spectacles for the prosperous to jeer at.

Mrs. Piozzi tells a story which shows that the great Doctor brought terror to the hearts of the Welsh parsons. "It was impossible not to laugh at the patience Doctor Johnson shewed, when a Welsh parson of mean abilities, though a good heart, struck with reverence at the sight of Dr. Johnson, whom he had heard of as the greatest man living, could not find any words to answer his inquiries concerning a motto around somebody's arms which adorned a tombstone in Ruabon church-yard. If I remember aright, the words were, "*Heb Dw, Heb Dym*" (without God, without all), "*Dw o' diggon*" (God is all sufficient).¹ And though of no very difficult construction, the gentleman seemed wholly confounded, and unable to explain them; till Mr. Johnson, having picked out the meaning by little and little, said to the man, '*Heb* is a preposition, I believe, Sir, is it not?' My countryman, recovering some spirits upon the sudden question, cried out, 'So I humbly presume, Sir,' very comically."

About Bodvel they found the Methodists "prevalent," which could not have been a pleasant circumstance to Johnson. With non-conformity the great Doctor had no sympathy. Boswell says that Johnson thought them "too sanguine in their accounts of their success among savages, and that much of what they tell is not to be believed.

¹ This Welsh epitaph should be written, *Heb Duw, Heb Dym, Duw a diggon*, and is literally translated, Without God, without nothing, God and plenty.

He owned that the Methodists had done good, had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind, but, he said, they had great bitterness against other Christians, and that he never could get a Methodist to explain in what he excelled others."

This unhappy day they concluded suitably by going to Pwllheli, "a mean old town at the extremity of the country," where they bought something by which to remember its meanness. Pwllheli is still mean, but in a different way, for it has become a cheap watering-resort from which one longs to escape at the first moment to quiet Abersoch, or to Llanengan or Aberdaron, where Americans cease from troubling and tourists are at rest.

Nowadays even the most breathless will grant Snowdon a few words of praise, — praise for its lakes, awe for its rock-strewn valleys like the valley of the shadow of death. Of the two lakes, Llyn Peris and Llyn Padarn, which receive the waters on the northern slope of Snowdon, Johnson did not think much, for he complained that "the boat is always near one bank or the other." As for Snowdon itself the record is, "We climbed with great labour. I was breathless and harassed." There is no word for all that is romantic or awe-inspiring, not an exclamation for the summit to which have mounted king, poet, priest, wise man, through countless ages — only a record of Queeny's goats, "one hundred and forty-nine, I think." Queeny's father was near-sighted and could not see the goats, so he had promised the child a penny for every one she showed him. Dr. Johnson, the devoted friend of Queeny, kept the account.

On their way back to the English border again they passed through Bangor, where Johnson must have been happy in finding that "the quire is mean." On August 28, they were once

more with hospitable Mr. Myddleton. Here they stayed for over a week, and the journal contains, among other things, a long note about a Mr. Griffiths. The addition of the name of his estate or village fails to identify him now; looking for a Griffiths or a Jones in Wales is like looking for a needle in a haystack. Perhaps the present limitation to a dozen patronymics is a blessing for courts of law, but it is baffling for the curious, lay-minded man. The historian finds the old Welsh John ap Robert ap David ap Griffith ap Meredith ap David ap Vauchan ap Blethyn ap Griffith ap Meredith, and so on for a dozen more "aps," casier for purposes of identification.

On their homeward way, Johnson was enthusiastic about Wrexham and its "large and magnificent" church, one of the Seven Wonders of Wales. On the 7th of September they came to Chirk Castle, but I cannot find that they went into this residence, a place which undoubtedly would have delighted Johnson more on account of its "commodity of living" and solid grandeur than because one of its heiresses was the unamiable Warwick dowager who had married Addison. They left for Shrewsbury after they had viewed the little waterfall of Pistyll Rhaiadr, where the Doctor remarked only upon its height and the copiousness of its fall. If Johnson had been an up-to-date Cambrian railway tourist he could not have entered and left North Wales in more approved style, for he came in by way of Chester and left by Shrewsbury. Safely out of Wales, they journeyed homeward through Worcester, probably Birmingham, and Oxford. On September 24 there is this simple record: "We went home."

It is to be remembered that on this tour Johnson lacked the companionship of the faithful Boswell. Yet the scantiness of the diary and its critical

attitude cannot be accounted for wholly on this ground, but were due, I think, far more to the fact that the Doctor was thoroughly English in prejudice. Tobias Smollett's feeling in *Humphrey Clinker*, for example, is even more English and uncomplimentary. All through his tour of the Hebrides, although he denounced Scotland and all things Scotch, called the Scotch liars and their country naked, yet the Doctor had an uneasy conviction of their superiority. So far as Wales was concerned, he simply did not consider this country of Arthur, of bard and of poet, this country of an indestructible nationalism, worthy his serious interest. Had he lived in Shakespeare's day his concern would have been much greater, his respect more solicitous.

On the first visit to Mr. Myddleton the preservation of the Welsh language had been discussed. In his journal for that date Dr. Johnson wrote, "Myddleton is the only man, who, in Wales, has talked to me of literature." He was visiting people who, almost universally, were supremely indifferent to Wales and all things Welsh. In other words, he was visiting the upper or ruling classes. Cradock, in his *Letters from Snowdon*, published in 1770, wrote, "There is a certain supineness in the greatest part of country gentlemen, which renders them inattentive even to their own good. They live upon their estates, unsolicitous of what passes in life, and provided they enjoy the dull comforts of an animal existence, they are satisfied. Undisturbed with the spirit of enterprise and ambition, they follow the dull track of their ancestors, without thought, and without reflexion, and live and die unknown." It is not so many years ago that the children of the gentry were not allowed to learn Welsh, for fear their English accent might be spoiled. Now, happily, they are taught Welsh,

a fact which not only improves the relationship between them and the working classes, but also is contributing generously to a revival of all that is best in Welsh song and literature.

Dr. Johnson was in Wales at a time when the intellectual interests of Welshmen were most flagging: that is, just before the introduction of the Welsh Sunday-schools which, with their educational rather than exclusively religious functions, gave impulse to a period of modern Welsh literature. Not only in chronology, but also in importance, the establishment of the Welsh Sunday-school must take precedence of Lady Charlotte Guest's translations of the *Mabinogion*. Yet what Macpherson's *Ossian* did for Scotland in the seventies in arousing interest, Lady Guest did for Wales in 1838. It is possible, if one can presuppose the impossible, that with these translations in hand Dr. Johnson's journal would have been very different. However, one is fearful that, even fortified with Lady Charlotte's beautiful translations, there would have been passages in the authentic Welsh *Mabinogion* as angrily rejected by him as was Macpherson's imposture. Johnson said that he never could get the meaning of an Ersc song explained to him. He asked a young lady who had sung such a song what it was about, and she replied that it was for the entertainment of the company. He explained that it was its meaning he could not understand, whereupon she answered that it was a love-song. And that was all the intelligence, Johnson said, that he could get.

There was strong probability, as a Welsh traveler in 1682 expressed it, of Welsh being "English'd out of Wales, as Latin was barbarously Goth'd out of Italy." From the time of the Great Rebellion, however, the condition of the Welsh language began to improve,

and it is possible greatly to over-rate the difficulties that Johnson met in coming to know the life of the people. Impatiently he had exclaimed, "Let us, if we do talk, talk about something; men and women are my subject of enquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind." But from any evidence in his journal Johnson did not consider it worth his while to discover how much the Welsh really do differ from the English. The visible physical fact with which he was confronted was the dark-haired, dark-eyed Welshman, of dark complexion, of medium stature, very Spanish-looking, sometimes almost Oriental. What he heard were voices quite different from the English, — quiet, and pure in enunciation. What he must have felt — if he felt the Welsh as distinct, except in inferiority — was a race as different as the South is from the North, sensitive, imaginative, excitable, deeply impressionable to everything that is beautiful, as capable of the "howl" as the Irish, yet more critical, of an intellectual independence which makes Roman Catholicism unwelcome to the Welsh, with a shrewdness that is the logic of money-getting; a captive race with minds which can never be servile. Yet in a letter to Boswell announcing that he had visited five out of the six counties of North Wales, Dr. Johnson wrote: "Wales is so little different from England, that it offers nothing to the speculation of the traveler." A strain of contrariness in him — tonic some call it — made him emphasize the undesirable features of a country or a personality. He had taunted Boswell with the sterility of Scotland. Three years after this Welsh journey, forgetting even his interest in castles, he was able to say: "Except the woods of Bachycraigh, what is there in Wales, that can fill the hunger of ignorance, or quench the thirst of curiosity?"

THE VALUE OF POLITICAL EDITORIALS

BY EDWARD PORRITT

THREE events in the political annals of the Anglo-Saxon world, all occurring within the last four years, seem to warrant the inference that the partisan newspaper has sustained an enormous loss of power. Looked at from outside a newspaper office, and disregarding the long-standing traditions of the power of the press, the general election in England in 1906, the general election in the Dominion of Canada in 1908, and the revision of the Dingley tariff at Washington in 1909, are sufficiently significant to raise the question whether it is worth while for any daily newspaper to attach itself to a political party.

Statesmen and politicians still feel the need of a partisan press — of newspaper support that they can rely upon to stand by them through thick and thin, and particularly at election times. This need is perhaps less felt at Washington than at the other political centres of the Anglo-Saxon world; for the Washington government certainly does less for newspaper proprietors and editors than any of the other Anglo-Saxon governments. The need is still felt at Westminster and Ottawa. Otherwise there would be no peerages, baronetcies, or knighthoods, for English newspaper proprietors and editors; and capitalists who incidentally control newspapers in Canada would secure fewer material rewards — tariff and bounty favors and senatorships — than go in the Dominion to men who have had the foresight to secure the control of newspapers in the large cities, and

who are careful that these newspapers shall give a steady support to the government in power.

The recent experience of the Liberal government in England unmistakably suggests that in the past the Liberals have overestimated the support of a partisan press. As regards newspaper support, the Liberals were never in worse plight than they were at the general election of 1906. In the newspaper world they had at that time not even begun to recover from the demoralization and havoc that followed the split in the party on the Home Rule question in 1886. The organs of Whiggism in London, in the provinces, and in Scotland, that in 1886 fell away from Gladstone and the Liberal party, had by 1906 become the editorial exponents of the retrogressive Toryism of the Balfour administration of 1902–05. Two or three new Liberal papers had come into existence. But these new recruits were confined to London; and in January, 1906, when the Campbell-Bannerman government, which had come into power in December, 1905, made its appeal to the constituencies, the number of first-class daily newspapers supporting the Liberal party, all told, did not exceed the number of daily newspapers in London alone that were supporting the cause of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

The Tories in London had the editorial support of no fewer than fourteen morning and evening newspapers. Ten of these were two-cent papers, with constituencies among the wealth-

ier middle classes. The Liberals in London had five daily newspapers with them. Only one of these — the *Westminster Gazette* — is a two-cent paper.

The other four are one-cent papers. In provincial England the Liberals had no morning newspaper support in Birmingham, or anywhere in the wide extent of the Chamberlain zone. In Manchester they had one morning and two evening newspapers. In Liverpool they had a morning and an evening newspaper. In Leeds their only out-and-out supporter was a one-cent evening journal, while in Newcastle they were at this time without any newspaper support. In Scotland they were in an even worse plight; for, in 1886, the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh, the *Herald* and the *Evening Times* in Glasgow, and the *Free Press* in Aberdeen, had gone over to the Tories; and in 1906 there was only one evening newspaper in Edinburgh, one evening paper in Glasgow, and a morning paper in Dundee thirled to the Liberal party.

From 1832 to 1886 the Liberals had had an enormous advantage over the Tories as regards support by the daily and weekly press. This was the heyday of Liberal journalism; for during part of this long period it was only by the aid of subsidies from the Carlton Club that Tory newspapers in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, could be kept on their feet. After 1886 the Tories ceased to need newspapers that required support from the party headquarters. From 1886 to 1906 the conditions of 1832-86 were reversed; and as a result of the Home Rule split it was the Liberals who had to find money to put new daily papers afoot, or to sustain existing newspapers in London, Plymouth, Birmingham, Leeds, New-

castle, and Edinburgh. Not since the old *Morning Chronicle*, under the editorship of James Perry, gave the Radical party a lead in the last two decades of the eighteenth century, were the Liberals in a more distressful plight, as regards newspaper support, than they were when Campbell-Bannerman made his appeal to the constituencies in 1906. Naturally, there was much foreboding as to the effect of this preponderating advantage of the Tories, with regard to newspaper support, on the fortunes of the Campbell-Bannerman government.

But the election proved that these misgivings had been unnecessary, for it resulted in a House of Commons in which the Campbell-Bannerman government had a majority of 135 over every possible combination of Tories, Irish Nationalists, and Labor members, a majority for which there is no precedent since government by party was first established in England.

Nor was the Liberal success the only significant development in the election of 1906 so far as the newspaper press was concerned. The Independent Labor party had not then, and has not now, a single daily newspaper on whose editorial support it can rely. None the less, twenty-nine or thirty of its candidates were returned to the House of Commons; and, in spite of lack of support in the daily press, the Labor party has since 1906 increased its parliamentary strength to thirty-three or thirty-four. Editorial support assuredly did little for the Tory party in 1906; and it accomplished even less for Toryism during the summer and autumn of 1909, when the mind of the English people was focused on the Lloyd George Budget with an intentness unequaled since public attention was riveted on the three bills of 1830-32 out of which there was developed the first great Reform Bill.

At the general election in Canada in October, 1908, the Liberals in Dominion politics were in exactly the opposite position as regards the daily press to that of the Liberals in England at the general election of 1906. Since 1896 the Tories in Canada have been at a disadvantage in the newspaper world of the Dominion. It lies within the power of the government at Ottawa to do more for its newspaper supporters than is possible for any other government in the Anglo-Saxon world. The Dominion government uses printing-ink lavishly. It has an enormous amount of advertising patronage in its bestowal—official notices, advertising for the Intercolonial Railway, the Department of Agriculture, and above all for the Immigration Department; and moreover the government printing-house at Ottawa can handle only part of the work required for the government. Practically all this advertising and printing goes to the newspapers whose proprietors support the Liberal party. Nor is this all the government largesse that finds its way to these newspaper proprietors; for there is a remarkable connection in Canada between the control of Liberal newspapers and directorships in companies which derive enormous advantage from the iron and steel bounties, from the protective duties in the interest of the Nova Scotia coal-mines, and from the high duties on iron and steel and on other products of industrial plants.

Cabinet positions and senatorships have also a frequent connection with the control of newspapers; and generally in Canada it is quite worth while for a capitalist who is interested in industries on which the government bestows largesse to include a daily newspaper or two among his enterprises. It is not necessary that he should know anything about newspaper production. It

is no more necessary than that legislators who are at work on a tariff bill should be able to tell a blast furnace from a brewery. It is not even necessary that the capitalist should be over-careful that his newspaper venture quite pays for itself over the counter. In meal or in malt, provided he stands well with the government, he is almost certain to get an equivalent for any financial loss that his newspaper may entail upon him; and when it has served his ends and he is tired of it, some other capitalist-politician is almost sure to be ready to take it off his hands.

As a result of twelve years of conditions in the newspaper world, largely determined by these influences, the Liberal government at Ottawa, at the general election of 1908, had a great advantage over the Conservatives as regards the daily press. Especially was this the case in the Maritime Provinces, where the newspaper activities of one well-known capitalist, notorious for his part in the exploitation of the highly-protected coal industry and the bounty-supported iron and steel industry in Cape Breton, had left the Conservatives without an organ in the daily press in the city of St. John, and had bestowed on the Liberal party two mechanical thick-and-thin supporters of the Laurier government in Halifax, and a third similarly-controlled newspaper in Cape Breton.

The election in 1908 should have been an easy one for the Laurier government. The opposition in the House of Commons had been led for ten years by a man without any magnetism, who in his personal influence is poles asunder from such leaders as Macdonald and Laurier; while, as regards the Conservative party itself, not since 1896 has it had any policy except a parrot-like cry for more protection and less British preference.

From 1896 to 1908 the opposition at Ottawa was effective to some extent in keeping a check on graft and in bringing graft into daylight. But during these years it was without a constructive policy, or indeed any policy, to offer as an alternative to that of the Laurier government. It gave the country no lead; indeed, between 1896 and 1908, His Majesty's loyal opposition did not earn its carfare to Ottawa. With a weak opposition like this to confront, and with the press so generally on its side, the election of 1908 ought to have been a walk-over for the government. The government was returned to power, but it lost ten or eleven seats; and the remarkable fact about these losses was that the most serious inroad on the strength of the government was in the province of Nova Scotia, where the capitalist friend and patron of the government had been so careful that there should be no shortage of newspaper support for the Liberal party.

The situation in the United States during the revision of the tariff in 1909 was quite different from that in England and Canada at the general elections of 1906 and 1908. In England it was the electorate that ignored the Tory newspapers and their propaganda. To a less degree it was the same in Canada in 1908. In this country it was the President and Congress that snapped their fingers at the press, and proceeded with revision as though newspapers were non-existent. There were many remarkable facts about the revision of 1909. The one of significance here is that, with only here and there an exception, as for instance in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, all the important daily newspapers in the country — Republican as well as Democratic or independent — condemned in outspoken language the action of the Senate on the tariff. There were in the newspapers many expressions

of disappointment and dissatisfaction with the Payne bill as it went from the House to the Senate. It was urged that it embodied few reductions that could by any chance reach the general consumer. But when Senator Aldrich recast the Payne bill and made some of its provisions even more protective than the Dingley rates of 1897, condemnation by the press was almost universal, without regard to party lines.

There can surely never have been a measure for which the dominant party at Washington was responsible, to which more condemnation was meted out by the press than the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. From April to July the daily newspapers of both political parties teemed with condemnation, and with iterated and reiterated declarations that the bill as recast by Senator Aldrich, and complacently accepted by the Republican stand-pat senators, was not embodying the kind of revision to which the Republican party stood committed by its national party platform of 1908, and by the speeches made by Mr. Taft before and after his election as President.

All this outcry was of little avail. Except for the repeal of the duty on hides, which may in time reach buyers of shoes, nothing was done for the general consumer; while, as concerns the textile schedules, and particularly as regards cottons and silks, the consumer is to-day in a worse position than under the Dingley act. It may be that the vigorous condemnation by the press of the late revision will tell at the congressional elections of 1910. It is to be hoped that it will; otherwise there never was such a waste of newspaper space on editorial pages as that between February and September, 1909.

All this editorial writing had scarcely a measurable influence on Mr. Sereno E. Payne, Mr. John Dalzell, Mr. Fordney, and the other members of the

Republican majority in the Committee of Ways and Means when they were drafting the House bill. Senator Aldrich's attitude could not have been more irresponsibly Bourbon if he had been assured that during the whole time that he was revising the tariff all the newspaper editors of the United States were at the North Pole serving as an affidavit-making body-guard for Commander Peary. Even on Mr. Taft all the editorial writing in favor of an honest downward revision had no appreciable effect while the bill was before the House and the Senate — none certainly after the President had confronted and measured Senator Aldrich, and had decided that the summer of 1909 would be more pleasant at the White House if during the hot weather he abandoned the little concern on behalf of the general consumer that he had evinced in the more exhilarating weather of December, 1908

The question naturally arises how we are to account for these remarkable situations in the newspaper world of England, Canada, and the United States. It would need an examination of the political and social anatomy of each country to attempt a detailed explanation. All that can be offered here are a few conjectures. My impression is that President Taft and the Republican stand-pat majorities at Washington ignored the outcry of the press for six reasons: (1) the Republican leaders at Washington know that political meetings in this country are rarely called except by the men in control of the local organizations; (2) they were confident all through the summer of 1909 that no hostile popular action against the Republican majority at Washington would be initiated by men in control of the local political machines; (3) they were aware that tariff legislation in all its dishonest and insidious details can never be popularly

understood; (4) they knew that people in this country have proverbially short memories for political betrayals; (5) they concluded that the Democratic newspapers would find fault with any tariff originating with the Payne and Aldrich committees of Congress; and (6) they were confident that, while Republican newspapers might be hostile to the Republican tariff when it was going through Congress in 1909, they would be back in the fold with a thick-and-thin support of the Republican party before the congressional elections of 1910, and certainly would be in line long before the presidential election of 1912.

In England the explanation of the position of the Tory press in 1906 would seem to be threefold. Toryism at Westminster at the end of the Balfour administration of 1902-05 had exhausted itself, much as Toryism had exhausted itself in 1828 when Wellington was the only man in the party eligible for the premiership. From 1902 to 1905 Toryism had been reactionary. It had tied itself more closely than ever to the sacerdotalists in the Established Church, and to the distilling and brewing interests, and, to crown these reactionary movements, it had committed itself to a revival of protection, and had also permitted itself to be hamstrung on the Chinese coolie question by the mining magnates of the Rand. In 1906 it was a hopeless cause that the Tory journalists had to champion. This may be part of the explanation of the newspaper situation in England four years ago.

Another explanation is forthcoming in the fact that since the opening years of the twentieth century there has been a sweeping and general change in English methods of political propaganda. The platform as an engine of propaganda dates back to the time of Wesley. In politics it came into service

soon after the American Revolution, and increasingly as the Reform acts of 1832, 1867, and 1884-85 enlarged the parliamentary electorate. It was never more in service than it has been since the turn of the century. Again, as in the eighteenth century, political propagandists adopted the methods of religious preachers. The Independent Labor party, which was organized in 1902, followed the example of the Salvation Army. It had not money to hire halls, and it accordingly took its stand on the street-corners and in the market-places. The two older political parties had to follow suit. Unlike the Labor party, the Liberal and Conservative parties had to undertake propaganda work in rural as well as urban England; and the result has been that increasingly since 1904 England has been alive with open-air political meetings, held on village greens and at the cross-roads, as well as at the street-corners and in the market-places, the squares, and the parks of the towns and cities.

This open-air propaganda gave the election of 1906 a new significance in the political history of England; and my impression is that this direct, continuous, and personal appeal by the politicians to the people, which the

newspapers of both parties were compelled to chronicle, accounts in a large measure for the extent to which political editorial writing receded into the background.

Only one explanation of the situation in Canada in 1908 suggests itself to me. Neither the Liberal nor the Conservative party in the Dominion is dominated by any political convictions. Since the Liberals came to an end of their eighteen years of opposition in the House of Commons, in 1896, both parties have stood for little else than opportunism. From Confederation in 1867 to 1896 the Liberal party was a party of convictions and ideals, and in that period of nearly thirty years it accomplished much for the political education of Canada. It bade farewell to convictions and ideals and to the work of popular political education just as soon as it came into power at Ottawa. By 1908 the difference in regard to political principles and convictions between the Liberals and the Conservatives was so extremely microscopic that the task of stimulating enthusiasm for the Laurier Government was about as hopeless for the Canadian Liberal journalists of 1908 as the somewhat similar task which confronted Tory journalists in England in 1906.

JAPAN'S AMBITION

BY ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

THE protest of China against the reconstruction of the Mukden-Antung Railway, and the quiet but determined way in which Japan proceeded in the work in apparent defiance of Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria, have very naturally renewed the discussion concerning the ultimate aims and ambitions of the Japanese which was rife at the close of the late war, when, it will be remembered, the entire civilized world was speculating upon the portent of the great military power rising in the Far Orient. As then, it is now again being seriously asked, whether the signs do not indicate that the virus of modern imperialism has been infused into the veins of the people of the Island Empire.

It was of course inevitable that the enormous triumph of Japan over a first-class Western power should awaken in the Occident a widespread sentiment of jealousy and distrust, and that the universal admiration of the nations evoked by the doughty deeds of the Japanese soldiery while the war was in progress would be followed by the sure reaction of fearsomeness at the advent of so formidable a new power in the family of nations; the dread becoming so pervasive, that even the mighty republic across the seas, the staunchest friend of the new power, yielded to its influence so far as actually to discuss the possibility of war with the nation which it had hitherto regarded with a unique affection and a fostering care.

Were it possible to discuss the question of Japan's imperialistic ambitions

on the basis of ordinary human nature, or on that of the common history and experience of mankind, the fear evinced by the Western powers might in some degree be justified; but the fact cannot be too strenuously insisted upon, or too often dinned into the Occidental mind, that the ambitions of this nation may not, any more than its moralities or its social codes and customs, be judged by Western standards. As its history is unique, so is the essential character which has grown out of that history. Its extraordinary past is by no means so remote that it should not be taken into full account in forming any intelligent judgment concerning its present dispositions and tendencies.

One of the most frequent charges, for example, brought against this nation since the close of its successful war has been that of the "cockiness" imparted to its disposition by the consciousness of its great triumph. Aside from the fact that the reports of such a tendency have emanated mainly from tourists, who have come into contact only with the demoralized coolies of the treaty ports, the sole habitat of the genus hoodlum, there exists, as is well known to every old resident here, a salient and pervading characteristic of Japanese nature, the direct result of age-long influences, which negatives even the possibility of fixing such a charge upon the nation. It is wholly natural for the average Westerner to indulge in the spirit of vainglory over the successes of his nation in the field

of war, whereas the entire training of the Japanese mind has for centuries been in the direction of self-depreciation. So ingrained has that habit become, that to commend one's self, or aught which one has done, is the grossest violation of the social code. The very structure of the language itself is a rebuke to the spirit of vainglory, with the result that in all conversation the idea of merit being involved in one's personality or in one's deeds is kept completely in the background. Boasting of any sort being thus the supreme social offense, it becomes therefore wholly impossible for any one who knows the nation to imagine it given over to priding itself upon its triumphs, even when the fame of them was ringing through the world. However great may have been the actual sense of satisfaction pervading the nation, it simply could not find expression either in the conversation or in the demeanor of the Japanese people.

The facts in the case fully confirm the force of such a *priori* consideration. Apart from the hoodlum element created in the ports by contact with Western civilization, never did a nation in the hour of overwhelming victory, or one in which the sentiment of patriotism is so superlatively developed, bear itself so modestly. The vast army returned from its hard-won fields of battle, without rejoicing parade or outward show of triumph, and straightway melted away into the walks of civil life and industry with even less public notice than that which marked the close of America's Civil War. Even more significant than this is the fact, unprecedented in history, that the war was followed by no slightest hint of wrangling for the proper apportionment of credit or fame between either the different branches of the service or any of the units thereof. Admiral Togo's dispatch announcing the great

victory in the naval battle of Tsushima, and attributing his success to the virtues of the Emperor alone, or, in other words, to the sentiment of patriotism animating the entire force under his command, was the expression of the consciousness of the whole nation, and in the light of it the charge of "cockiness," growing purely out of the Western conception of the attitude a nation must necessarily assume under such circumstances, is the very last which should be brought against the people of Japan.

The ordinary impulses of human nature being thus no criterion by which this peculiar nation should be judged, so likewise its unique history should ever be taken into account in estimating the likelihood of its advent into that field of imperialism toward which the eager nations of the West are to-day striving.

For of this fear, which has found such extensive lodgment in the Occidental mind, it needs but to be said that, if it be in any degree well-founded, it signifies that a change far more wonderful and startling than any at which the Western peoples have hitherto marveled has been wrought upon the inmost spirit of this island nation, — a change compared with which its outward transformations during the last half-century would sink into insignificance.

It is a comparatively easy thing for a nation to change its garb, or to import foreign ways, or even to adopt in its outward forms a foreign religion; but to effect a vital change in its essential character, disposition, and temperament, which are the results of age-long training, is entirely another matter. Only an equally age-long process of evolution could possibly accomplish that result.

It is especially in the case of Japan, a nation whose disposition and tem-

perament are the outcome of centuries of isolation, that this consideration should alone be sufficient to negative the charge that the dream of imperialism is to-day engaging its thought or likely to become its ambition. Aside from all considerations of the inherent folly of entering into a contest with any of the great powers for the acquisition of any part of the territory of a world now so completely absorbed and appropriated by them, it is entirely safe to say, especially in view of the fact that the purely practical problem of room for the surplus population of the islands has been solved by the results of the late war, that whatever ideal of imperialism Japan has now in view, it is plainly not that of territorial aggrandizement. Its vision is now, as it has ever been of old, intensive rather than extensive. It is the preservation and maintenance in dignity and power of the ancient Empire, without a dream of foreign conquest or of the acquisition of new territory, upon which the thought of every true Japanese is now centred. Could the nation be accused of boasting, its pride would be found centred in its hoary antiquity, and in the fact that throughout the ages the foot of the invader has never pressed its soil. To keep that fame intact, as it has ever been in the past, is to-day the vital essence of Japanese ambition.

Such being the *a priori* consideration operative to dispel the fear that Japan may join the ranks of the grasping powers of the world, what now are the actual facts of the situation which would seem to portend a vital change in her attitude and intent?

Although even so intelligent a paper as is the San Francisco *Argonaut* has recently remarked editorially that "the Japanese people look to nothing less than the possession of the Philippine Islands and Hawaii," it is never-

theless high time that the attribution of any such design should be relegated to the category of supreme absurdities. Not only has there never been the slightest hint of such desire on the part of the Japanese public, either in the press or in casual discussion, but every foreign resident here, in the least degree cognizant of the thought of the leaders of the Empire, the only ones whose opinion is worth consideration, knows that, so far from that idea having ever found lodgment in their minds, it is absolutely unthinkable, as is and always has been any possibility of war with the American Republic on any issue.

Were the islands in question unappropriated, or in the possession of any power from which hostility to Japan might be feared, or were such possession to be construed as in any way a menace to the safety or integrity of the island realm, it might be possible for the government to fix longing eyes upon them; but the simple fact that they are in the hands of a power regarded with an amity closely akin to positive affection puts an entirely different complexion upon the matter. They who are talking so glibly of the likelihood of a war for any cause between Japan and the United States can have no conception of the force or universality of the profound regard in which the Western Republic is everywhere held in that empire. Looked upon as the motherland of Japan's new birth among the powers, and of its whole modern career, with Commodore Perry enrolled among its historic saints and saviors, one has but to go anywhere in the land and announce himself an American, and straightway the country is his. Under such conditions and with a government peculiarly alive to the necessity of their continuance, any suggestion of war between the two nations becomes, not

merely supremely foolish, but absolutely unthinkable.

When, however, as "Westward the course of empire" still takes its way, the eyes of modern Japan are seen to be turned in that direction, a different aspect seems given to the question whether the lust of territorial aggrandizement has taken possession of her soul. The results of the late war having given her a vast "sphere of influence," the query becomes entirely legitimate as to her intent to exploit that sphere after the fashion of the powers into whose family she has been admitted, their now familiar method being to overlord the territory of some weaker power or people, the foothold thus gained by a specious phrase being followed up sooner or later by open claimancy, full possession, and the establishment of an alien sovereignty.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that, this having become the confirmed habit of the greater Western powers, the advent of Japan among them should be interpreted as a fearsome indication that an Asiatic nation, having learned their game, is about to play it in alarming fashion, and become the dominating lord over the regions of the East not yet fully appropriated by them, but long regarded as their own ultimate spoil. It is in view of this fear, and of the natural trend of militant powers, that the question of Japan's ambitions in regard to Korea and Manchuria becomes wholly legitimate.

As to the Korean peninsula, not only has it for centuries been traditionally regarded by all Japanese as a part of the sacred soil of their empire, but its strategic position, it being, according to a popular phrase, the "dagger pointed at the heart of Japan," has ever kept the nation alive to the tremendous danger of permitting it to be occupied by any foreign power capable of wielding that dagger. The fortunes

of war having brought it under the nation's direct care, the problem involved in that care, instead of being one of territorial aggrandizement, becomes one of the national safety. The incentive which throbs in every Japanese breast, the preservation of their island home from the clutch of the Northern power (a fate inevitable had that power been permitted to wield the "dagger"), is for the present at least the ruling thought of the Japanese government in its attitude toward its Korean dependency. That the peninsula must be under its direct sovereignty, either in the form of a protectorate held by the firmest of hands, or by open annexation, has become a national necessity. It was not more impossible for America to leave the Philippines as an easy prey to the predatory nations of the West than it is now for Japan to expose Korea to the machinations of European diplomacy. Indeed the barbarous tribes composing the larger part of the population of the southern archipelago might have been much more safely left thus exposed, so far as international interests are concerned, than the moribund and spiritless nation of Korea, whose corrupt and nerveless government offers so easy a mark for the foreign despoiler.

An absolutely effete civilization, such as Korea illustrates, stands in need of the very strongest protection from without which can be given it; and to insure its own safety no mere formal protectorate can be in any way efficient. Japan has just now, in her struggle for her own self-preservation, saved this ancient mother-country of hers from an appalling danger, and the only way to keep it saved is by the strong hand. As the next of kin to a defunct sovereignty, as well as its recent rescuer from the clutches of the Northern bear, she has every right now to assume complete control, her only care being to see to it

that such control be wisely exercised for the benefit of a pathetically despoiled and hopeless people. Whatever the future may develop, there should just now at least be no question raised as to the legitimacy of Japan's ambition anent Korea, nor should her present policy for the redemption of the peninsula be interpreted as evidence that she has joined the greedy nations of the West in their scramble for territorial spoils. The merest glance at the map of eastern Asia, conjoined with the slightest perusal of the recent annals of Korea, should be amply sufficient to disabuse any fair-minded man of the idea that the stigma of modern imperialism should be fastened on Japan because of her treatment of the ward now placed in her keeping.

Of the manner in which she is addressing herself to the task, there has indeed been severe criticism, often justified, but made chiefly, as is the wont in such cases, by those ignorant of the conditions, or unable to realize or appreciate the magnitude of the task in hand. The problem before Japan presenting the same enormous difficulties as those confronting America in dealing with the Philippines, with the exception that Japan, in attempting to revive an effete civilization, has far more intractable material upon which to work, the two cases have also proved almost precisely identical in the fact that the critics of either government, while severe in their strictures upon its action, have as yet suggested no efficient or even possible alternative to such action. That consideration should alone be sufficient to indicate the seriousness of the odds confronting both the protectorates in dealing with their respective wards.

In Japan's case the leading criticism which has been brought against her is the ruthlessness of her treatment of the Koreans, laying her open to the

charge of terrorism, as indicating imperialistic designs and ambitions on her part, and her disposition to regard the peninsula as a conquered province. Such criticism, while justified by the facts, is nevertheless wholly inconclusive as to the motive to be inferred from them. The terrorism to which the Koreans were subjected in the initial stages of Japan's occupation of the country was indeed something almost beyond belief. During a journey there three years ago I again and again saw at many a railway station a whole crowd of the spiritless inhabitants put to flight by a single Japanese simply turning around and looking at them. But what were the facts underlying these distressful conditions? Japan, it will be remembered, took virtual possession of the country at the outset of the war. Being unusually gifted with the sense of proportion, her thought and energies were wholly absorbed in the prosecution of the gigantic struggle; and while it was in progress the inevitable happened. The new field for colonization opened to the Japanese drew to it precisely the same class among them as that which in America flocks into every new mining country. A horde of disreputable adventurers and soldiers of fortune invaded the peninsula, while the government, in its absorption in the greater task upon its hands, placed no check upon the flood until the war came to an end. From the results of that neglect, and from the criticism thereby engendered, Japan is to-day suffering the penalty of losing somewhat of the world's confidence; but from the day the war closed, everything possible has been done by the government to retrieve the distressful situation. The influx of the disreputable class has been stopped, its flow being displaced by that of the quiet, industrious, peace-loving, and cleanly people representative of the pervading

domestic life of the Island Empire. The scenes I have described at the railway station are no longer witnessed. Instead of them, I to-day note an aspect strikingly suggestive of the influences silently at work for the regeneration of the land.

Every traveler in Korea who has recorded his impressions has noted the abjectness of the native life there, as evidenced in the streets and dwellings of the people. A Korean town, even the capital city not excepted, is to all outward appearance hardly more than a collection of dog-kennels. Now, if the Japanese had done no more than to give the inhabitants, as they have done, a striking object-lesson in the ways of civilized life, they would already have sufficiently indicated the necessity of their presence in the centres of Korean population. To-day, along the line of the great railway extending the whole length of the peninsula, at each station, amid the reek and squalor of the Korean town, may be seen a group of the dainty, cleanly, and charming Japanese dwellings, recognized by every traveler in this land as an index of the high civilization here attained, and constituting an invaluable object-lesson for the nation to which it seeks to extend that civilization.

Nor is this by any means the only indication that the ruthlessness which marked the initial stage of the occupation of the peninsula, and which might justifiably have then been interpreted as evidencing an imperialistic motive, has now given place to a disposition more in accord with the kindly and peace-loving nature of Korea's island neighbor. The simple fact that Japan, the moment the war was over, placed at the helm of her new dependency by far the ablest and most distinguished of her statesmen, the recognized leader of the remarkable group of men which for the last forty years has guided her

own empire through the chaos of its regeneration, showed not only that she was fully conscious of the magnitude of the problem confronting her in Korea, but also how far her methods were to diverge from those of imperialism. The whole administration of Prince Ito in the peninsula has shown that his face has been set as a flint against the acquisition by Japan of territory upon the mainland. All the world knows that, when the war closed, Korea was looked upon by the powers as the main reward of the victors. The right to annex it as an integral part of the Japanese Empire would have been universally conceded, and it is moreover beyond question that upon that strictly logical basis the task of Korean regeneration would have been far easier than upon the nebulous and illogical one which has proved the chief stumbling-block in the way there, just as it has in America's administration in the Philippines. And yet, in spite of such obvious advantage to be gained, and in the teeth of urgent counsel, given not only by many of his countrymen, but by foreign advisers of the government, Prince Ito placed himself squarely upon the issue, and has since steadfastly adhered to the principle of maintaining the protectorate until education in self-government should raise the Korean nation to the dignity of independence, and set it again upon its feet.

That such task may indeed prove in the lapse of years to be impossible; that the civilization of Korea may have already become so utterly effete and corrupt as to be incapable of reform; that other counsels may gain sway in the Japanese government when its present wise leaders pass from the scene, are of course among the possibilities which the future may reveal; but for the present the Ito policy, anti-imperialistic in its very essence, is the efficient motive of Japan in her relations with Korea.

How far it has been really efficient, how deeply impressed the Koreans themselves have already become by the sincerity and steadfastness with which Prince Ito has clung to it, may be evidenced from the fact that at the very time of the assassination of the estimable Mr. Stevens in San Francisco, struck down simply because he was a foreign adviser of the Korean government, the prince himself was walking in the streets of Seoul unattended and without fear of harm.

Since the above was written, the lamentable assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin by a Korean zealot has thrown Japan into the deepest mourning. At first sight the deed would seem to indicate the existence of a sentiment of profound hatred on the part of the Koreans as a nation toward the policy with which the prince has been identified. From the steady advance, however, which that policy has of late been making among the native leaders, further evidenced by the grief of the Korean Crown Prince, who is heart-broken at the loss of his cherished guide and mentor, it is far more probable that the deed was that of a youth actuated by the insanity of misguided patriotic feeling, and of the same class as that of the crazy zealot by whom Mr. Stevens met his untoward fate.

However that may be, there is in the minds of all who are cognizant of the actual relations between Japan and Korea, a striking parallelism between this latest assassination and that of President Lincoln. Just as the latter had its most untoward result upon the reconstruction policy by which the South was to be restored, every one now acknowledging that by the assassin's pistol the conquered states had lost their best friend and counselor, so now there is reason to fear that by the untimely death of Japan's leading statesman, whose heart was set upon

the purpose of restoring the independence and autonomy of Korea, the fulfillment of the dream of the nationalists of that distressful land must be greatly deferred, if it be not forever unrealized.

As to Japan's other "sphere of influence," Manchuria, it goes without saying that the difficulties confronting her there from the anomalous status of a country in which the sovereignty of China is nominally recognized, while two foreign powers are in actual control, are of such a character that no definite conclusion can justly be drawn as to the leading motive guiding her actions there. That motive must necessarily change as circumstances develop the extraordinary situation. The plain evidence of her initial motive, however, was her marked spirit of forbearance at the close of her struggle with Russia. According to the rules of war in vogue among the nations who are to-day complaining of the use of undue influence in her "sphere," Manchuria should have been placed in the same category as Korea, and yielded to her as the reward of victory. The fact that, apart from leases of a railway and of a strip of land twice conquered at enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure, she contented herself with the gain of an "open door," its privilege to be shared by all the powers which stood by while she was fighting their battles alone, ought to be sufficiently impressive to still the tongues of those powers now seeking to bring against her the reproach of imperialism. It ought also to reveal and to emphasize the true source and direction of her national ambition, that ambition being to an extraordinary degree insular, and thus directly antagonistic to any thought or dream of imperialism. It is, as I have already said, intensive, not extensive.

The sole aim of Japan is to secure the

future safety and to enhance the prosperity of its own island realm, and of its eminently peace-loving inhabitants. Foreign conquests, or acquisitions of territory, form no part of its dreams. Its intense patriotism, become a veritable religion, is centred upon and bounded by its own beautiful land, and it cares for no other. Its tremendous struggle to secure its safety now over, it is seeking by every possible means its development on industrial and commercial lines through the lawful channels of trade.

Whatever may have been the momentary stimulus given to the military spirit of the people by their two great wars, that spirit is alien, not only to their history, to their habits of life, and to their ingrained love of seclusion, but more than all to their passion for industry and for the peace by which alone it can be fostered. When, conjoined with this, the position of their country, enthroned upon the seas, with the same mighty stimulus to commercial life which has brought Britain its enduring fame, is taken into account, the underlying ambition of the Japanese becomes plainly manifest.

And this, after all, is the real crux of the international situation anent Japan, the vital source of the jealousy and suspicion with which her career is now being watched by the Western powers. A new and formidable competitor in the fields of industry and commerce has appeared on the eastern horizon, and it is of course inevitable that its advent should be viewed with unusual alarm, the whole commercial world being pervaded by the fear that Japan is about to show in the realm of trade the same aptitude and the same marvelous efficiency she developed in the field of war. This is an alarm which, however, in the broader view of the ultimate results of the development of competitive energies

upon the world's civilization, will in due time be completely dissipated.

Though not at first sight wholly germane to the subject in hand, the intensity of Japan's purely national ambition, centred as it is upon home development, and thus differentiated from the imperialistic craze, has also a marked bearing upon another very different Western interest. I have noted in the American and English press of late that for some reason not at all fathomed here, an unusually vivid hope is just now being entertained in the missionary world that the Japanese field has suddenly become ripe for the harvest of conversion to Christianity.

Of this it must be said that, if aught in this hope were being justified or were ever likely to be justified, its realization would run directly counter, not only to the whole course of Japan's ambitions, but also to that of the annals of Christian missions themselves. As Lafcadio Hearn once so clearly pointed out, "never within modern history has Christendom been able to force the acceptance of its doctrines upon a people able to maintain any hope of national existence. The nominal success of missions among savage tribes or the vanishing Maori race only proves the rule." But to-day the consciousness of national existence, the pride of having secured a place among the great powers of the world, the stimulus of patriotic fervor, the passion of loyalty, all centred upon the progress and development of their own fair land, these are the very breath of life to every subject of the Island Realm, and so long as these remain to animate the soul of the people, the realization of the missionary hope is doomed to sure disappointment.

On the other hand, and curiously enough on the self-same ground, there is some justification for the enthusiasm now being shown in the mission

field of Korea, where the hope of a separate national existence is becoming dimmed, through the possibility that the old civilization has grown to be so effete and spiritless that national regeneration will prove to be out of the question. Were the mission boards, taught by the failures of the past, in-

spired now to adopt the only means by which the vital current of thought in any people can be changed, and were they to send there, to reinforce the present band of "workers," only men of mental light and leading, they might indeed find there, but never in Japan, a field ripe for the harvest.

OPPORTUNITY

BY WILLIAM H. EDDY

FOOLISH is he who says that at his door
 I knock but once, a furtive moment stay,
 Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste away,
 Glad to escape him — to return no more.
 Not so, I knock and wait, and o'er and o'er
 Come back to summon him. Day after day
 I come to call the idler from his play,
 Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, haply, now and then,
 One, if he hear again and yet again,
 Will tardy rise and open languidly.
 The rest, half puzzled, half annoyed, return
 To play or sleep, nor seek nor wish to learn
 Who the untimely, clownish guest may be.

THE KINZER PORTRAITS

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I KNEW when I did it that I was doing an inconsiderate thing. It was clearly apparent that the portraits did not wish to be separated. Perhaps I should better convey my sense of the impression of passionate unity they gave me if I said that they willed not to be separated. You may think me talking nonsense, but when I told Schlatter to send me Captain Kinzer's likeness only, I was conscious, even as I spoke, of agitation roused round about me, of active opposition, of indignation waxing to anger. Don't ask me how I knew this. I can only tell you what intelligent people know already, — that those who love and collect "old things" have a kind of sixth sense that enables them to perceive atmosphere where other people see only more or less pleasing shapes of wood, porcelain, metal, canvas, and paint. And sometimes, somehow, this perception of atmosphere, of the aura about old portraits, furniture, jewels, and such-like, is raised to the *n*th power and passes over into a perception of emotion. The experience is as vivid as strange, as convincing as incredible. But you must take my word for it in this case. I have no other proof to offer — save two bits of broken string.

Just this miracle of an enlarged perception took place for me as I stood in the back room of Schlatter's shop, before the pictures of Nicholas Pabodie Kinzer and Susan Woolsey, his wife, appraising them critically with reference to their merits and the needs of my dining-room. I felt the musty,

dusty air of the crowded place throb and stir around me suddenly, and I knew myself in the presence of old passions that, somehow, I had roused.

Schlatter's shop is up a side-street that ascends the hill. You go down a few steps into the front room, dark, and crammed with the most alluring pieces of his old mahogany, pewter, and china. Passing edge-wise and cautiously through this jumble, you enter a larger, lighter place at the back, where everything is dust and disorder. Old pictures on the walls, decrepit furniture piled in stacks awaiting the repairer, mouldy books, tarnished silver, decaying work-baskets where ancient needles are rusting in bits of yellowed flannel — all the heaped-up paraphernalia of forgotten lives is here. You know the kind of room, the sight and the odor of it, or else this tale is not for you. Here, with the rest, on this day were the two portraits I speak of, one of which I meant to possess. I am a mildly obstinate man, and it did not occur to me to wince or retreat before that curious impression I gained of opposition to my will in this matter. Rather, I think, the feeling moved me to be more heady, and I paid no attention to Schlatter's gentle insistence. I think he felt what I did. Certainly he looked disturbed and roused himself to expostulation, an attitude unusual in him toward his patrons.

"I like the man's face," I repeated with decision. "I will take that one, but not the woman."

"O Mr. Raynie, sir — I would

hardly like to separate them," urged Schlatter. "Don't you feel for yourself, sir, that it would be — inadvisable? And the lot ought to go together. I did but get the two portraits at the sale, and Captain Kinzer's chronometer and his wife's writing-case. Besides, of the two portraits, the woman's is the better work."

This was true. Both pictures had been done by some obscure portrait-painter of the early nineteenth century, and were conscientious work for that period; but the artist had a touch of cleverness that came out most strongly in his presentation of the woman's face.

The handsome captain whose likeness I coveted looked wooden in comparison with his wife. He was of the physical type one immediately designates as a "fine man," ruddy, chestnut-haired, clear of eye, and cheerful of countenance. He was arrayed in fine blue cloth and ruffles, obviously his best attire. Apparently he was taller and less squarely-built than the typical sea-captain of a hundred years ago, and his face, while not sensitive, looked as if you might call him interesting if you met him on the street. What I am trying to say is that he did not appear simply full-fed, active, and jolly. There was about him a hint of something finer than the mere animal satisfaction of the typical "fine man," and yet he was also obviously comfortable, sensible, and squarely set upon the earth. It was for just this combination of fine and coarse that I liked him and coveted his portrait. I have coveted that union of qualities for myself all my life long! But I shall go to my grave, as I came from my cradle, lean, inquisitive, thoughtful; over-fragile in body, and over-speculative in mind. Since Plymouth Rock there have been two types of men among my father's people — the red-headed Raynies, and the big-nosed Raynies.

The former are the fighters, the more forceful strain. I myself am a big-nosed Raynie, which means that I was born doomed to an irritable temper, critical tastes, and a somewhat malicious humor. I am a little bald, a little stooped, and much softer-hearted than I seem. But I was not soft-hearted enough to feel sentimental objections about separating the portraits of this once-happy pair, nor were the attractions of Susan Woolsey Kinzer of a kind to melt me. At thirty I admired a woman of that type — who failed to admire me. Ever since I have felt what seems to me a decent and becoming irritation against her like.

Mrs. Kinzer had black hair, opaque gray eyes, an aquiline nose, an air of much breeding and great restlessness. Her face was thin, strong, intense, almost pleading. There is no calm where such women are. They are not comfortable to live with. I said something of this sort to Schlatter.

"Does that matter in a portrait, sir?" he inquired disapprovingly.

"More than anywhere else," I said promptly. "If she were a live woman, she would be out of the house, gadding, half her time, but a picture is at home forever. Really, I can't have her about, Schlatter. She is a Lucifer of a lady, I tell you. She would be stirring up dissensions when she seemed to be hanging quietly on the wall looking down at my guests. She would be working against me behind my back. She is much better off leading a quiet life secluded here in your dusty room, where there is no mischief within her reach. I'll take the captain's portrait, but not hers. Now show me what other relics you have of them."

Schlatter did not think me crazy, because he is used to the prattle of would-be collectors like myself, and has learned to be tolerant of their fancies for the excellent reason that the most

whimsical buy most freely. But he did think me almost indecently regardless of the finer proprieties in thus parting husband and wife. I could see his opinion in the set of his head as he turned away to look in the surrounding piles of junk for the other things that had once belonged to the Kinzers. He was very stiff with me, and obstinate in his haggling.

In the end I bargained and paid for the man's portrait and the lady's writing-case, the latter being an old-fashioned rosewood box such as our grandmothers used. The chronometer and the lady herself were left in Schlatter's back room, but the scamp got from me a check nearly as large as he had intended to ask for the pair of portraits, and so we both were satisfied. If I had outraged the unwritten civilities of collecting, I had at least paid damages.

Schlatter sent home my purchase promptly. The captain's portrait, with its atmosphere of geniality and good comradeship, was destined for the dining-room ultimately; but for the time being, it was hung over the fireplace in the library. I have a trick of liking to live with new belongings for a time; partly, I suppose, from something like a small boy's candid joy in a new possession, and partly from a more sophisticated desire to see if they wear well in close intimacy.

I sat down before the fire that evening in a complacent frame of mind, pleased with my purchases and, within limits, with myself. Had I not stood firm in the face of Schlatter's desire to foist upon my domestic life the simulacrum of an eager, self-centred, agitating woman, whose mere pictured presence was enough to upset the comfort of my bachelor establishment? I leaned back luxuriously in my deep leather chair, lit my cigar, snapped my fingers at the recollection of Mrs. Kinzer's plain but ardent face, and looked,

for sympathy in my mood, up to the portrait of Captain Nicholas Pabodie Kinzer. Doubtless he too had known at times this pleasant sense of escape, this satisfaction that Mrs. Kinzer was not always at his elbow!

The hearth-fire blazed up fitfully and threw intermittent lights and shadows over his handsome face. Yes, I liked the man and felt that I understood him. Probably the lady had liked him too. Even his painted personality was winning, lovable; and yet, with all his cordial, open gaze, there was a something I could not quite make out that seemed enhanced a little now I had him to myself. What was it? a subacid edge? a note of disapproval? or only a natural reserve? He could — if you will pardon the language of the day — he could "keep you guessing." His amiability was no mere stupid, temperamental affair. He would be a man of resource and some subtlety, if driven to the wall.

From studying the captain's comely face I turned, when my cigar was out, to examining Mrs. Kinzer's writing-case. It was a handsome article, the rosewood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver ornaments, opening at an angle to form a sloping desk in the lap. It contained some yellowing stationery headed by elaborately interlaced initials in pale violet; one or two small coins; a withered rose; a bit of bead-work; a tarnished trinket or two — about such a collection, all told, as I imagine would be found in most ladies' writing-cases. The deeper of the two compartments possessed a perfectly obvious and simple-minded false bottom, which I presently removed. Underneath it I found what I had hoped I might — a few of the documents in the case. These were, as might have been expected, a small collection of letters from Captain Kinzer to his wife, written on his various voyages, and each

one apparently preserved for some definite reason. They were rather dry and formal letters, most of them. A number contained explicit directions about matters of business, and had evidently been preserved on that account. But there was one, of many pages and worn with much handling, that was of a different sort. I took it up with a hesitation that I felt to be unduly sentimental. Why should I not hear what they had to say to each other, this long-silent pair? Evidently there was no soul left on earth who cared for them or had an interest in their effects but myself, else these latter would never have come to the auction-room.

I fortified myself with the remembrance that the big-nosed Raynies were always soft-hearted at the wrong time, and unfolded the brittle sheets. After I had once begun reading them, it would have been impossible for me to put them down again, so alive did the letter seem to me, so vital in its survey of the relations of this wedded pair, and—yes, by Heaven!—so true to the hearts of all loving men and women who yet war with one another, as loving men and women have always done and will always do.

The letter was dated in some Brazilian sea-port, and its beginning was as abrupt as a blow on the face from a friendly hand.

MY DEAR WIFE, — God knows what you mean by the letter I found awaiting me here. I do not. What have I done that a man ought not to do? What have I left undone that a man should do? Have I not been faithful to you? Provided for you as comfortably as my means allow? Cherished you in sickness and in health? Reasoned with you in your tantrums and absurdities, and patiently sought to bring you back to the paths of common sense when you wandered from

them, as women will? Not that I consider you more unreasonable than other women, and, indeed, I believe you better than most, more amenable to loving persuasion and less obstinate than the common run. But Heaven knows I do not understand the disposition of a female, nor do I consider it wholly desirable that a man should do so. In that case I think the world would never get forward, nor the business of life be done.

Such things as this are always coming up between you and me. They have clouded our marital happiness from the beginning. I would be thinking that the sun shone and the skies were fair, that we were happy in our circumstances and contented in one another, and, suddenly, as though at some secret signal unheard by me, there would arise a storm, tears and wild reproaches, or, worse, frowns, dark looks, and sulky silences. You would behave as a woman grieved, cut to the heart — and by me! But how, when, where, as Heaven is my witness, I have never adequately known, nor could I by any reasonable endeavors ascertain from you. A man grows tired of these things. Were I a drunkard, or a spendthrift; were I miserly, or sharp of tongue, or footless, then might you have some justice in these moods. But, wife, I am none of these things, as is well known to you. I am a simple man, seeking to be an upright one, and a loving husband when I am so allowed.

I do not know that writing you this will help to clear up this to-do, but I am well aware that to have speech with you on the subject is impossible. If I am to free my mind wholly, it must be by the written word. You may tear my letter to pieces unread if you choose, but I counsel you not to do so.

Look now at the way this matter you complain of in the letter that has just

THE KINZER PORTRAITS

reached me, looks to me. It is a mere tempest in a tea-pot, and must seem so to any folk of decent judgment:

You receive a letter from me written hastily as we came to port after a severe storm at sea, during which I lost two men overboard and my vessel was not a little damaged by the fury of the wind and waves. You do not think, "He was completely exhausted by his anxieties when he wrote thus hastily and incompletely to me." You refuse to use any such tender imagination as regards my condition and that of the ship whose safety is more to me than my own. You seem to pity yourself for the brevity of my epistle, rather than me for the length of my troubles.

Perhaps I did indeed write somewhat dryly, and, as you phrase it, austere. It would not be wonderful were it so, since I was suffering from a broken arm at the time (the which I concealed from you for your greater comfort) and had not recovered from the exhaustion of nearly seventy hours of hurricane. These, madam, are not the conditions under which a man writes a letter like an epithalamium to a consort of ten years' standing. Be a little reasonable, my Susan. I hear you say, as I have so often heard, that Love is not reasonable, and you love me. Pray believe that I thank Heaven for your affection, without which my life would indeed be destitute of soft influences, but do not expect of me the incredible. I firmly believe it not possible for a man doing a man's work in the world to meet the demands for sympathy and affection made upon him by a childless wife. Do not expect it, even of me. Fix your thoughts upon higher things, and thank your Creator that all is so nearly well with us as it is, instead of repining because you do not find me such a lover as you meet in the sickly romances with which you divert your unoccupied mind.

And yet in truth there are moments even in my busiest days when I think of you with a longing that I verily believe would satisfy (for the moment) even your unreasonable self, and more than once in every voyage I waken in these nights of tropic stars with such a yearning for the soft rain of kisses on my eyelids that in very truth it seems I can hardly support my lonely, unwived estate longer.

Thus, you see, even I am unmanly enough at times to repine because of the separation my calling involves. Why, then, should I chide you because you always do so? Forgive me, Susan, if I am harsh with you for your own good, but I would have you see and perform the part of a reasonable woman and good wife.

Doubtless at this point you would tell me again that unreason is a lover's part. 'T is a notion you seem to cherish. Now I am unread in romances and perhaps unwise in dealing with women, but to me it seems that reasonableness should dignify every function that we exercise in life.

If you wish to know the heart of a man, I will show it you. We are like this: unreason repels us; exactions annoy us; tears eat away the substance of affection as the winter tides gnaw away the shore. I know not why these things are so, but when you implore me to tell you that I love you, my whole soul rises in revolt. I cannot say the words at that moment, nor have I any desire to say them. A coyness of spirit torments me, and sets me far from you in my spirit. Yet sometimes when you are wayward or unloving, almost could I pour out my heart before you, molten, and cry "I love you" till my clamor reaches the gate of Heaven. God, who made man and woman both, alone knows why these things are so, knows why my proud heart refuses to meet your longing with the words you

so desire, — knows why they spring unbidden to my lips such time as you desire them not. It is all too deep for me. I can only beg you to forbear to ask for words of love from me — in order that I may lavish them upon you to your heart's content; for, again, God alone knows how devoutly, how sincerely, I do believe that, in spite of my proud stomach or your begging lips, in spite of all these whimsies, which, I take it, are not You nor I, but merely the old Adam and Eve in us, unmastered and unchastened — I do believe, I say and swear, that you are the woman God created for my mate. More than this I cannot say; less than this I do not feel, no matter how perverse you find my lips, how feeble my pen. If there be unity in marriage, then is there unity between us two.

Do you not know that we were meant to be peace and refreshment, not torment and disturbance, to one another? Ay, and a sweetness like to that of a midsummer noon. Could I but show you what I sometimes feel!

And now may God bless you and keep you, woman of my heart, and hasten the day when I shall take you in my arms again. And if when that day comes, you find me silent, or find me awkward; if you think scornfully of my speech, or slightly of my caresses — then read again this writing. I have tried to set forth fully, once for all, what I feel in my heart concerning these matters, both of satisfaction and displeasure. And if I seem to contradict myself, it is but the heart of man that is contradictory. Now that the task is once accomplished, I shall not try again. But I am

Your husband forever,

NICHOLAS KINZER.

I put down the faded sheets excitedly. To me these seemed brave and living words, and there was a stirring at my

heart such as I had not felt for years. Just then the fire flared up sharply and threw the light on Captain Kinzer's face. He was looking down at me with gravity and something like reproach. He seemed to be asking me austere-ly where was my vaunted Raynie's delicacy and good taste, and where I thought to find my own profit in this revelation of the passion of hearts that had ceased to beat?

I did not know how to tell him how greatly it seemed to my advantage to feel this vivid interest in him and his remote predicament, and so I stared stupidly back at him from my chair.

As I sat thus, I could have sworn that I saw the picture move slightly to one side and back again, and that I heard the long creak of the string supporting it as it see-sawed across the picture-hook. This startled me somewhat. I felt a pricking at the back of my neck, and my spinal cord seemed to turn to water for the moment. Then I rallied my forces and looked at him more boldly. I was not really thinking of the creaking string, or the moving picture, or even of my own sudden fear, but of the blurred words on the yellowing pages. They had bitten deep into my consciousness. Those anguished misunderstandings and fiercely tender reconciliations were a part of all that I had missed. Just for the instant I was profoundly conscious of this loss, and these old squabbles seemed not so much futile as infinitely touching, human, and, in their final result, effectual. Yes, effectual, for they had aided this restless, alien pair to achieve that union for which the poised and the hysterical alike yearn.

To my own surprise I lifted up my voice and bore witness to my thought.

"You were a diverse pair," I said. "You were irresistibly drawn together; you fluttered feebly apart. She was caught in the net of her own tempera-

ment, beating her wings ceaselessly against obstacles that existed only in her thought. You were the captive of your own stolidity, the victim of your own grave excellences. But, with all your battlings, you two were one. You found that unity which is the end of love. You achieved the Ultimate Desire."

I said this enviously, bitterly even. For, curiously and incomprehensively, the old pain was tearing at my heart, and I felt again the stabbing of the old despair. My cynic humor disappeared like a mist-wreath. I forgot the mental attitude suitable for a big-nosed Raynie. I was magnetized by contact with the vital earnestness of Nicholas Kinzer. If any miracle happened in my house that night, it was this: I felt again, and keenly. This was, and to me still is, the incomparable marvel. But I cannot deny that another curious thing also occurred, and I explain one as little as the other.

While I spoke, the door into the hall suddenly jarred open and swung back as if it were in the grip of a strong wind, though the outside door was fast, and no windows were open. Then the picture above the mantel moved forward like something straining against a leash, and again I heard that creaking of the string across the hook. As I sprang up, the picture came to the ground, but instead of crashing at my feet it seemed to be lifted gently by the draft and was borne across the room without damage and left leaning, face inward, against the farther wall, beside the open door through which that viewless wind so strongly blew. Following and gazing down at the picture, I saw that the string was broken raggedly as if it had been sawed across. I did not know what to think or say. There came to me a poignant, overwhelming sense of the closeness of the most vital of all human relations, and a sense of my own incredible folly in that the

years had gone by and left me lonely and unbound to any soul. I babbled something senselessly, stupid with shock or fright. I know I heard myself saying, "Why, my life has been wasted, just wasted — " And then, somehow, I found myself across the hall, up the stairs and safe in my own bed-room where no marvels were. My grandmother's mahogany was solid to the touch, and the switch of the electric lights was under my hand. I lit the room brilliantly, locked the door, and shut even my own thoughts on the outside.

In the morning I slept later than usual. When I awoke, it was to hear the telephone jingling sharply in the hall below, and I rose on my elbow and took down the receiver from the extension that stood on my bedside table. Schlatter was on the line, asking for me. He requested somewhat urgently that I stop in at his shop on my way to the office. For an impassive German, his manner might be called agitated, and I pondered this fact as I made my toilet. When I went downstairs, I found that the library as well as the other rooms had already undergone the morning dusting and putting to rights. The shades were raised, the sunshine was pouring in, and Lena, the bright-faced Nova Scotian who presides over these matters, was stirring about briskly.

I looked cautiously in at the library door on my way to breakfast. There was nothing uncanny in the familiar aspect of the room, but, undeniably, the portrait of Captain Nicholas Pabodie Kinzer was no longer hanging over the mantelpiece. Lena had moved it a little, but it was still leaning against the wall, face inward, trailing its broken strings across the rug.

The morning sun was pouring into Schlatter's little front room also, but Schlatter himself was gloomy and I might say accusing. The morning smile

was missing from his round German face.

"Mr. Raynie, sir," he began, "an odd thing has happened, a very odd thing. I don't like it — not at all."

"What do you mean, Schlatter?"

He shook his head. His eyes bulged with a mixture of emotions as he led me into the back room. He pointed to the wall where the Kinzer portraits had hung together, side by side. It was bare and vacant. Involuntarily I turned and looked beside the door through which we entered. Leaning against the wall, close to the door-jamb, face inward, was a picture that I recognized from its size and frame as Mrs. Kinzer's portrait. The string that had held it was broken raggedly as though it had been sawed across a nail, and the fraying ends were trailing on the dusty floor.

"Last night, Mr. Raynie," said Schlatter solemnly and breathing deep, "when I locked this room and left the shop, Mrs. Kinzer's portrait was hanging on the wall yonder, where it has always hung. This morning" — he paused — "this morning, sir, I found it there beside the door. The room had not been entered. The windows were tight. The door had not been tampered with. But — there it was. You may not believe me, but it is God's truth. Did n't I tell you, Mr. Raynie, sir, that it was — inadvisable to separate the portraits?"

He stepped forward, took up the picture, and turned it about, face outward. Susan Woolsey Kinzer looked me squarely in the eye. Her lean, high-bred face was irradiated with something that made it look less plain. It seemed to me that there was a curious light in those opaque gray eyes. And why not? Had she not borne testimony to the eternal things, and conquered me as well as Nicholas Kinzer?

"I know it sounds perfectly mad,"

said Schlatter nervously, "but — but if you had lived with old things as long as I have, sir —"

"Oh, don't apologize, Schlatter," I said with an attempt at airiness, though my heart was beating hard and fast, "I know a bit about old things myself." And with that I bethought me to take off my hat, as I was in a lady's presence. Schlatter looked relieved, but still apprehensive. Just then some one opened the door of the front shop, and with a muttered apology he slipped out and left me alone with Mrs. Kinzer. Hat in hand, I stood there staring at her. At last I shook my head.

"You need not have been so melodramatic," I said. "Women like you always conquer. They always conquer, and they are never forgotten. I would inevitably have returned for you to-day or to-morrow. You would have had your own way without this spectacular touch. I am capable of understanding a long attachment — and incapable of cruelty. I do not criticise your passion, but I do assail your methods. Those bits of broken string — it was beneath you, really!"

The opaque gray eyes looked through me, beyond me, as insolently as they might have done in life if their owner, hearing, had not wished to seem to hear. Feeling somehow rebuked for my attempted frivolity in the face of her intensity, I followed Schlatter into the front shop and gave him there the order to send Mrs. Kinzer's portrait to my house.

The pictures hang side by side to-day above my library mantelpiece. To the collection of odds and ends in Mrs. Kinzer's writing-case, I have added some bits of frayed and broken string. I cannot say that I enjoy my evenings as I used. The library is no longer a restful room, and I have thought of building on another if it can be well contrived.

PHILOSOPHY OF TRIMMINGS

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

Iamque tenebat Nox — Night already held the mid spaces of the sky, and the Professor was in his roof-garden. The town was asleep. It was calm and quiet and restful up there, and invited meditation. There were numbers of people sitting about, it is true; but they were not talking — or at least, if they were, it was in the still, small voice. They shared Hawthorne's theory of communication: speech was intended for the use of those who could converse in no other way.

Of course it was not a really truly roof-garden: it was only the Professor's quiet and secluded little study. And as for the people I mentioned, they were the friendly books among which he sat, and had sat for years. They were not books by specialists in learning, but works by the great general practitioners of Life.

The Professor and his wife had returned, shortly before, from a social function. It had taken them hours to prepare for it, hours to go and come, and it would take them hours to recover from it. It was not different in the essential from most of the social functions they attended: they had enjoyed, at a very liberal estimate, about twenty minutes of real sociability; and now they were at home again, exhausted physically, nervously, spiritually, and financially, and filled with skepticism as to the sociability of society.

It was to regain his calm that the Professor had gone up into his roof-garden. He had sat for some time

pondering on the trimmings of society, and was now gravitating into a meditation on the trimmings of life. For the trimmings of polite society, though they might be more conspicuous and more inane, were nevertheless but one province of the great world of trimmings universal. Men were everywhere, and at all times, in greater or less degree a prey to either the deception or the tyranny of that which was only incidental or accidental to the main business of life.

There was education, for example. The Professor thought of the administration of his college — of all the regents, registrars, clerks, secretaries, committees, and advisers, of all the printing and writing and classifying and pigeon-holing, of all the roll-calling and quizzing and examination. What was all the marvelous system for? Why, simply this: in order that young men and women who came to college to get an education might be prevented from avoiding the thing they came for.

And as for instruction itself (this was a college of liberal arts), what expense for illustrative and experimental apparatus, for professors and assistants, and for scores of thousands of books, nine-tenths of which were repetition or obscuration of the remaining tenth! The shelves of a monstrous library would soon be insufficient to contain them. Many of them would never be read, and most of those that *would* be read were far from indispensable. The Professor could n't help feeling some

sympathy with the western legislature which refused its university faculty an appropriation for books on the ground that they had not yet read through those that they already had in their library.

And all this was to teach young people a few ordinary facts, to develop in them the faculty of thought, and to communicate an attitude toward life, — something which could be got, he had often heard, within four bare walls, if you had five feet of books, a few rough benches, and one or two good teachers. There was such a thing as having so many aids to liberal culture that you never got to the real business of liberal culture, which was to think. Plato and Aristotle and the great men of their time — and of all time — had been fortunate in the absence of trimmings. Yes, the Professor had even been told that all you needed to do to get a liberal education was to sit at one end of a log, provided at the other end you had a MAN.

And there was business, too. Once upon a time in the Professor's institution an auditing system had been installed. He couldn't remember clearly, but he thought it was at the persuasion of certain professors of history and literature who were convinced that the scientific method as employed by them might be carried with profit even into the realm of business administration. The scheme involved the creation of a number of highly-paid clerks, necessitated endless printing, and cost thousands and thousands of dollars a year; and when it was put into operation nobody could fill in the blanks properly without the aid of the professor who invented the scheme; and the educational interests of the institution began to suffer so much from the nervousness of the faculty at large, especially of the mathematicians, who found little time for anything but the study and

signing of blanks, that the system was abandoned — particularly as there was general apprehension that its inventor might die or resign, and leave his fellow professors defenseless. The original reason for its installation had been that the professor of philosophy had once been unable to explain a shortage of two dollars and forty cents.

And there was government — from the household to the nation. What duplication, triplication, and multiplication of men and measures and things, what quantities of red tape, and what circumlocution offices! And war — what a magnificent trimming it was, and what magnificent trimmings it had: uniforms, battleships, parades, big guns, manifestoes! And all this to settle questions of right and wrong after the manner of wild beasts; questions, too, raised only by men's ignorance of the real, or their unwillingness to see it. Why not campaign as in antiquity — fight in fair seasons only, and when you did fight get at it directly, in an intimate and familiar way, like Athenian and Spartan? Modern warfare a contest of wit, not of brute strength? Very well, then, let the Horatii and the Curiatii get together and have an adding match, or let them spell down, or try the paradigm of the Greek verb. Let whole nations do it! *There* would be slaughter for you, and the greatest impulse of all toward the beating of swords into ploughshares, and the inauguration of an era of good spelling.

In philanthropy, too — it cost almost as much to organize charities as to relieve the object of charities. It cost almost as much to invest a dollar in foreign missions as the dollar was worth. Balls for the benefit of the poor cost thousands of dollars, and netted tens.

Nothing escaped trimmings — not even the most sacred things. Even

religion had its trimmings. Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father, the Professor had often been told, was this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world. The chief end of man was to glorify God and serve Him forever. It was true, of course, that men's ideas might differ as to methods, but it was also true, if the Professor understood the past and the present, that the trimmings of religion were especially numerous and mischievous. He thought of the expense of maintaining church worship — paid choirs and organists, paid florists, salaried janitors, printing, hymn-books, pastors, and assistant pastors. He thought of the dozens of organizations in the modern church — the brotherhoods, sisterhoods, motherhoods, clubs, societies, leagues of every description, social, financial, educational, missionary, industrial, athletic, musical, political, dramatic. He thought of petitions buried in verbiage, of the intellectual gymnastics which many times passed for sermons, and which in an hour obscured beyond recognition a truth which the text in the beginning made utterly clear, and which had needed only a few words and a little ceremonial to give it lodgment in the emotion. He thought of theological speculation, of wars and rumors of wars, of all the ills religion had been guiltlessly guilty of by reason of trimmings —

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

And yet men had always maintained that the conversion of souls was the end toward which religious effort was to be directed; if there was any single detail on which there was unanimous consent as to the method of glorifying God, this was it: men were to go out into the highways and byways, to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. And this was the last and least directly striven for of all.

Whether men did not really after all believe in this, or whether they were exhausted before they came to it, it was notorious that they stopped short of its accomplishment. The average man would spend his time, his money, and his strength in maintaining church services and promoting benevolences, but it was all but impossible for him to bring himself to do personal work among his neighbors, or in his own family. It was as if the chief end of man were indeed to glorify God, but that he could not or would not get further than the glorification of trimmings.

Yes, trimmings were universal. Wherever he looked, the Professor saw abundance of the inessential. Many a time, when he had tried to divide the truth, his sword, arm and all, had buried themselves in an unresisting mass of ribbons and fluff, and had been withdrawn without a drop of blood to tell of life.

Why was there so much in the world that was indirect, inessential, and merely time-consuming and fruitless? Why were religion, charities, social communion, education, and even recreation, so beset behind and before by trimmings that men could live long and die without intimate acquaintance with the real? The Professor was philosopher enough to know that whatever was, however useless or vile, had some reason for existence. He was impelled to look into the Philosophy of Trimmings.

With the instinct of the scientific mind, he reached for pencil and paper, and put down ten or twelve numerical heads at the left margin of the page. There was nothing like mathematical demonstration. For a great many college professors, you know, the lines of Spenser —

But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye —

mean something of this sort.

Opposite number one he set down Ignorance as a full-flowing source of trimmings. Whether from the accident of natal environment, or from subsequent decree of fortune, or from general incapacity and dullness, a great many men dwelt so continually in the realm of trimmings that they were ignorant of the attractiveness of the kingdom of the genuine, or were unaware even of its existence. The Professor recalled an old story: Hieron had it thrown up to him, by a certain one of his enemies, that his breath was foul. Going home, therefore, to his wife: "What do you say?" he cried. "You never told me of this!" But she being a properly discreet and guileless girl, "I thought," she said, "that this was the way *all* the men smelled!"

So there were many who knew nothing of the charm of simplicity and truth, and who made life into coarse and gaudy kaleidoscopic change. Among them were the rich and the powerful, who had always had their desires, and who had always been fawned on, and flattered, and separated from the wholesome truth; and among them, too, were the newly-rich, and the silly poor who envied and imitated them; people who judged plays by the scenery, novels by the description, and men by their clothes; and all others whose vision was so blunt or whose natures were so careless that their eyes never penetrated beyond the exterior.

For short, the Professor called this class fools — not meaning to reproach them, you understand. He knew that fools were born, not made. A wiser man than he had said that, though you should bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet would not his foolishness depart from him. He would follow Thackeray's instruction and example: whenever he could, he would smash the idols with good courage; but he would not be too fierce with

the idolaters — they worshiped the best thing they knew.

Opposite the second head the Professor placed Vanity. Many men, and women, were filled with inordinate love of praise — not so bad when they themselves were genuine, and when what they strove for was legitimate fame, the fame

That the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;

but productive of endless cheap trimmings when they were of common clay, and were resolved on distinction whether for worthy causes, or unworthy. For the emptier of merit your seeker after distinction, the greater the number and brilliance of the trimmings he must perforce employ to attract attention. Here were to be catalogued men and women in the whirl of society, ministers and professors who diverted their congregations and classes with refined vaudeville, "original" poets and short-story writers, and the remainder of the long line of life's players who for the most part were capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.

Thirdly in the Professor's list came people of Disordered Taste, who could be amused only by constant novelty. He did not stop long here — just long enough to make a note of neurotic society queens (and kings), jaded epicures, and the blasé and burned-out in general. God made them, and therefore let them pass for men.

For the fourth head he wrote down the Unwilling — those who had unpleasant or impossible duties to perform, and who avoided the labor of execution, or the shame of confession, by prolonging their attention to the trimmings. He recalled once being sent into the garden, in his now far-away childhood, to get a currant switch — for purposes which his mother knew

perfectly, and regarding which he himself had what he later learned to call a good working hypothesis. A half-hour afterward, she came out and found him patiently pulling weeds along the whole row of bushes. He would come soon, when he had finished.

He called to mind an incident of his later youth, too, when he had taken a young lady to a picnic ten miles away, driven a circuit of fifteen to get home, gone a mile or two beyond the gate and back, played a game of croquet, sat an hour in the parlor, invited her to another picnic, and gone away without having asked her the question, as a preliminary to which he had planned the whole day's events. This was not unlike the religious association of his college experience, which conducted an extensive and expensive epistolary campaign during the summer vacation, met five hundred students at the station at the beginning of the year, helped them find rooms, saw them through the line on registration day, gathered and compiled their religious statistics, delivered repeated invitations to its meetings, entertained them at socials and sacred concerts, all to pave the way for personal work with them — and by this time noticed with relief that it was time to prepare for the June examinations.

The fifth class was not so innocent. There were many who employed trimmings deliberately, to deceive. There were monarchs, for example, who wanted money for the wars, and blinded their peoples with splendid words and ways. There were framers of tariff legislation, pseudo-artists, orators, and musicians, professors who did n't want to resign, magicians, and clairvoyants. It was to the interest of all of these for the audience to see, not the real thing, but the trimmings.

Against number six the Professor placed a less reprehensible cause of

trimmings. This was man's natural Impatience of Inactivity. He thought of certain of his students who always groaned unutterably when they hesitated for a word in translation. He called to mind, too, a classmate in philosophy, who, at the moment he was called on, promptly began to recite, and talked on until he came to something. Mankind, especially in his own country, liked to see "something doing." There was something reposeful in activity, even if you were not sure it was going to accomplish your end. The Professor had been in many committee meetings, sacred and profane, when a plan of action was adopted and everybody was set to work, without any one's knowing very well what it was all about. By the time he *had* found out, he was in the case of the Knickerbocker historian, and had to pause and take breath, and recover from the excessive fatigue he had undergone in preparing to begin his undertaking; "in this but imitating the example of a renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill, but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over it at his leisure."

Only — most people had neither the courage nor the sense of the Dutchman, but turned back, or kept on sitting, or took a run for another hill, with the same result. The world was full of people who were either running toward hills, or blowing from effort; by the look of them you would think them mighty leapers. But when hills were climbed, it was usually by sober people who made no great fuss either before or during the ascent.

When the Professor came to the seventh head, he pondered for some time. He knew there were more causes

for trimmings than a mere half-dozen, and yet at the moment he could think of nothing more to set down. He leaned back and thought. Perhaps if he let his mind wander a while in the general realm of trimmings, he would receive a suggestion.

He had n't gone further than the trimmings on his wife's last hat (hats were good that year) when the suggestion came. It was Art; and the trimmings that resulted from it were legitimate and desirable. The reason why he had not thought of it before was, of course, that he had not been looking for virtue in trimmings. But you must not get the idea that the Professor was set against *all* trimmings — one of the kind who think clothes are *only* for covering and warmth, church-spires only for the support of lightning-rods, and language and pictures only for the convenience of advertisers. Not at all. Quite the contrary: one of the few principles of art which he thought he understood was that architecture — and all the other arts — stood in need of certain devices to emphasize dimensions and outlines, to aid the eye and the soul to comprehend the essential meaning of what was before them. The human body in painting and sculpture needed skillfully arranged drapery — and so it did in life — to set off its exquisite lines. A temple needed color and ornament to give it clearness of outline and grace, a vase was the better for decoration to give its graceful proportions more distinctness.

In the same way religious devotion stood in need of music and speech and form; the poem must have rhyme or rhythm; and the general business of life had to be clarified and expedited by the trimmings of organization and the amenities. Without this kind of trimmings life could not be lived abundantly, and civilization would degenerate into the barbarism of anarchy.

But the Professor's principle of art went on, further, to specify that ornament existed not for its own sake, but for the sake of what it ornamented. Here was the trouble with that great work of art, human life: it had not in all cases been left to artists to furnish the trimmings. Pseudo-artists, well-meaning bunglers, and even artisans, had all too frequently been commissioned on great works. Ignorance and conceit and commerce had filled the world with base imitations, which contained but a negligible part of the excellence of the models, and were possible only because the indiscriminating multitude lived by trimmings alone. Just as there were pseudo-Plautuses and pseudo-Peruginos, so were there pseudo-culture, pseudo-religion, pseudo-education, pseudo-sociability, and pseudo-amusement.

And that human kind was wasting itself over trimmings was not the worst thing about it. That was indeed bad; but far worse was the fact that trimmings were responsible for the great breaches between men and men. The hierarchy of human society was in the last analysis due to the inessential. All men were by nature desirous of distinction — among them the undeserving no less than those who possessed merit. To such, since reality could bring no distinction, the way to it lay open only through paths that *were* available. They could not excel; therefore they would differ. Trimmings, loud and expensive imitations of the real, would insure them their desire. These could be purchased. Enter money. Enter strife and struggle, selfishness, injustice, violence, oppression, crime, splendor, misery. The history of civilization was filled with it. The history of mankind, the Professor had read, was the history of the struggle for liberty, liberty from what, if not from the oppression of those who

were in blind and passionate pursuit of trimmings?

The Professor left eight, nine, and ten blank, for future convenience, he might think of something further before sleep overtook him — or he overtook sleep. He would take the sheet and pencil to his room, so that he could get up and use them in case he had an idea — like the great men he had read about.

Meanwhile, he jotted down a remedy. Of course you expect one; and, being a professor, of course he had one to propose.

It did n't require much space. It was just the single word, Philosophy.

When I tell you that it was philosophy, of course your first thought is that the Professor was a doctrinaire. But he was n't, except in the innocent matter of thinking that the subject he taught was indispensable to any rational education — which you know very well is common to all professors. For your real doctrinaire you must go to modern subjects, not to professors of ancient literature, who have met so much twentieth-century civilization in Athens and Rome as to recognize that what is called progress is after all more or less a matter of trimmings; that

Science proceeds, and Man stands still.
Our world to-day's as good, or ill,
As cultured, nearly,
As yours was, Horace —

and who look twice before organizing an international faculty base-ball game on the strength of possessing an untested soap-bubble.

The Professor was under no delusions. He knew that philosophy was no cure-all. If it had been, trimmings would have gone out of style long before Socrates.

Not that it had no potency. The Professor could testify to its efficacy. The trouble was, you could n't get people to take it. Some made faces at the

first dose, and declared that the remedy was worse than the disease. Others would not look at it. they had taken medicine before, and it was bitter. Still others had already tried it, and it had done them no good. The fact was, there were so many worthless imitations that many never got the genuine, soon became discouraged, and lost faith. For trimmings obscure philosophy as well as other goods of life.

But real philosophy, the Professor knew, was a good thing for rich and poor alike, and neglect of it was harmful to both young and old. And an older and wiser than either he or Horace had said that wisdom was the principal thing, and called happy the man who found it. Length of days was in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

You see that the Professor's philosophy was the kind without trimmings, or at least that it was very lightly trimmed, and by his own hand. I ought to have told you in the first place that it was neither Stoic, nor Epicurean, nor anything else with a name.

But if it was without fixed form, and variable according to the taste of the individual artist, it was nevertheless not void. It had one immutable tenet: Plato's earnest desire for the vision of the truth. Its essence was the just perception of values — to know a good thing or a good man when you saw one; to realize in thought *and* action that the eternal verities were few, but real; that the simple and the untrimmed goods of life were in the main the nearest at hand and the most abundant, and also the most valuable; and that trimmings for trimmings' sake did not pay.

And it was not a philosophy of the head only. It was also a philosophy of the heart. If it were not so easy to be misunderstood, perhaps it would be as well to call it religion; for if you strip

religion of its trimmings, you find at its heart a philosophy of life, or you find nothing at all. And it was like religion, too, in this: that it did n't depend upon learning, though learning (of the untrimmed sort) made it more intelligent and efficacious.

And if the Professor was no doctrinaire, and no conventionalist, neither was he that other unpleasant but indispensable character, the uncompromising idealist. He would not rail at trimmings, like a Juvenal; he would laugh at them, like a Placcus. After all, the world was bound to have trimmings, and part of the world liked trimmings better than anything else. Definitions might vary. It was the fitting thing for each to measure himself by his own yard-stick.

But for his single self, he had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as trimmings. He would not be enslaved. Every philosopher was a king, and every fool a serf. He would be answerable to his own conscience. He would submit to trimmings when they were necessary, enjoy them when they were innocent, encourage them when they were real art, laugh at them when they were silly, and despise them

only when they were vile. He would follow the sage's advice to be, not seem. He would teach his students, first of all, the messages of the great souls of literature; he would let his charity begin at home, in just and generous dealing with those whose lot was less fortunate than his own; he would let his religion be the giving of the cup of cold water in His Name, and to owe no man aught but to love one another; he would meet his friends on the basis of congeniality of spirit, without regard to their rank or the amount of their possessions; his diversions, too, he would seek also in the realm of the unconventional. He would cling to the eternal verities, according to the teaching of his friends of the roof-garden, and with as little indirection as possible in the midst of a society whose members were so intent on the trimmings of life as to lose the reasons for living:

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

So concluding, the Professor descended from the roof-garden, and slept the sleep of the man who has formulated a restful theory of conduct . . . and has not yet been called upon to put it into practice.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

VIII

BY MORRIS SCHIAFF

AND now let us turn and deal, in such sequence as may be, with the progress of the battle itself. Lee, whose plans I'm inclined to think were more clearly defined in his mind than Grant's were in his, had ordered Ewell to attack at 4 30, — the very hour Grant had first set for resuming the offensive, — his object being to divert attention thereby from his front on the Plank Road, where he meant to make his supreme effort as soon as Longstreet, Anderson, and Mahone should arrive. Lee's plan, in that it aimed a crushing blow at his adversary's most vital point, was better and indicative of a clearer if not higher soldierly genius than Grant's, displayed in his order for a general assault all along the lines.

Ewell accordingly, a little before five o'clock, threw his left brigades against Sedgwick's right; but Sedgwick flung him back with a vengeance, and then by determined assault forced him to his very utmost to hold his lines. The loss of life on both sides was heavy.

Griffin in his front drove the enemy's weighty skirmish line back into their breastworks, which, during the night, had been made exceedingly strong, and was assembling batteries to bring their fire on to them before he assaulted. At five o'clock the signal gun at Hancock's headquarters boomed, and his troops and those of Wadsworth, who had been waiting for it, moved promptly, the latter through the encompassing woods,

with Baxter in his centre, Rice on his right, and Cutler on his left, all facing south for the Plank Road.

To Birney, an erect, thoughtful-looking man, wearing a moustache and chin-beard, — the steady light of his eyes would have made him notable in any company, — Hancock assigned the command of his right. It included Birney's own, Mott's and Getty's divisions, together with Owen's and Carroll's brigades of Gibbon's division. He moved with Hays's old brigade on the right of the road, its front when deployed, owing to its losses of the day before, barely equal to that of an average regiment. On the left was Ward's of his own division and part of Owen's brigade. Mott's second brigade was on the left of Ward and completed Birney's front line. In the second line was Getty, formed with Wheaton across the road, the valiant Vermonters on his left; and in rear of their fellow brigades was Eustis. Carroll was in two lines of battle behind all the foregoing that were north of the road; and there, too, in line but not moving with him, was the Nineteenth Maine of Webb's brigade, which had reported to him when the battle was raging, in the twilight of the previous evening. It was under the command of Selden Connor, late Governor of Maine, and rendered great service that day, as it had on many a field. When Carroll moved he told Connor to wait for Webb.

Birney soon struck his foes of the night before, and, after some quick, sharp fighting, drove them from their hastily-thrown-together defenses, consisting of logs, chunks, and brush which they had collected during the night, Ward's and Hays's brigades capturing colors and prisoners. Birney, followed by Getty, now pushed on, covering ground very rapidly, giving the enemy no rest, and gathering in prisoners by the score. By this time Hays's brigade had obliques to the left, and was wholly on the south side of the road, abreast with its companion brigade. Soon Wadsworth, sweeping everything before him, emerged from the north, and, wheeling to the right, the colors of some of Baxter's brigade mingling with those of Hays, Owen, and Ward on the south side of the road, joined in the pursuit of the now almost routed men of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, who had experienced such heavy losses the night before.

Birney, finding Wadsworth on the north, drew Getty to the south side of the road. Meanwhile Cutler, his left on the road, was advancing in two or three lines of battle, behind the right of Baxter's brigade and the left of Rice's, the latter's right reaching and curving to the slopes of the Tapp field. The momentum of the advance had not yet been checked.

About this time Lyman reached Hancock at the junction of the Plank and Brock roads, under orders from Meade to report by orderlies the progress of events during the day. On making his mission known, Hancock cried, "Toll General Meade we are driving them most beautifully. Birney has gone in and he is just clearing them out beautifully." On Lyman reporting that only one of Burnside's divisions was up when he left headquarters, which, as will be recalled, were within a few hundred yards of the Pike, "I

knew it! Just what I expected!" exclaimed Hancock. "If he could attack *now*, we could smash A. P. Hill all to pieces!"

Meantime Wadsworth has crossed the last morass on his side, which, on account of its tortuous course, irregular and in places almost declivitous banks, and densely matted thickets, made a line of strong defense. His and Birney's fronts are now drawing near their line of farthest advance. Wadsworth is within two or three hundred yards of the Widow Tapp field, and Baxter and Birney are within a like or less distance of the easterly line of the field prolonged. Rice, who asked to be turned toward the enemy when he was dying at Spottsylvania a few days later, has caught sight through the trees of the old field's pearly light, and is preparing to try to take a battery planted among its starting broom-grass. Birney's sharpshooters are already abreast of the east line of the field, and can get glimpses of the meagre, huddled buildings, with their splaying peach and knotted plum trees, whose leaves and the sashes in the windows tremble at every discharge of the guns, - and are beginning to place their shots among the cannoners of Williams's North Carolina battery, whose right piece is almost, if not quite, in the Plank Road, belching shell and shrapnel, firing over McGowan and Thomas of Wilcox's division, who, the former on the north, the latter on the south, side of the road, are still contesting, but on the verge of disrupting completely. The field and the day are almost ours.

The Plank Road back to the junction is packed, wounded men making their way alone, trying as best they can to stanch their wounds, some more seriously hurt resting their arms on the shoulders of their fellows, many on stretchers, with appealing eyes, and not a few of them breathing their last.

Mingled with and trailing one another are scores on scores of lank, wild, staring prisoners, quickening their step to get beyond the range of their own men's guns; and, breasting them all, mounted staff officers coming and going with all possible speed. Edging alongside the road are patient little mules with boxes of ammunition strapped to them; and off in the woods on both sides of the road the dead are scattered, some not yet cold; and off, too, among them is many a poor coward who at heart despises himself but cannot face danger. And yet I have not a bit of doubt that here and there among them is one who, before yielding a moral conviction, would face the fires of the stake with calm equanimity.

And now, over the throng in the road, the motley, fast-breathing, torn shreds and tatters of war, a section of our artillery, with elevations too low and time-fuses cut entirely too short, bursts its shells, shells that are intended for the enemy's line, where our men are beginning to feel a new pressure, and are fighting with increasing desperation, but where, owing to the character of the woods and the ground they have covered, they are, so far as organization is concerned, in bad shape. There is now scarcely the semblance of continuous and effective formation; regiments and brigades that started in the rear are now in the front and on different flanks; their commanders scattered through the woods in little detached, anxious groups, a staff officer or two, an orderly with the headquarters guidon. Every one is filled with a desire to go ahead, but each one is helpless to remedy the disorganization that is growing greater and more distracting at every moment. Wadsworth and Getty are in or near the road, the former ablaze and looking for a chance to lead a regiment at the first sight of the enemy, — that was his

prevailing weakness as a commander, — the latter cool as usual, although each moment tells him now that a crisis is near. What is that screaming war-cry they hear at this moment through the increasing roar of the musketry? We need not tell them, they know it well: it is the wild fierce yell of Gregg's Texans as they greet Lee, and come on to meet almost their extermination. Ward, Owen, and Hays's old brigade, all that is left of it, keeping step to that trumpet of Duty which ever spoke to their dead leader, have crushed or brushed away Lane, Scales, Walker, and Cooke, and are now crowding Thomas back and on to McGowan, who at last, under withering fire from Wadsworth, is staggering into the field behind the guns.

In line behind Birney is Wheaton, and then the iron-hearted Vermonters. Coming up on the north side of the road is Carroll, his brigade in two lines, the crash of the musketry, the battlefield's hottest breath, only bringing new fire into his face. Yes, he is coming up with that brigade, which, when the Confederates in the twilight of the second day at Gettysburg broke our lines and were spiking the pieces, Hancock called on to regain them. As one of those gallant regiments, the Fourth Ohio, had boys in it from my old home, with some of whom I played in my childhood, my heart beats again with pride, and tenderness, too, for one of them, a close friend, Nelson Conine, was killed that day and his body never found. Yes, with pride and tenderness my heart beats as I see them following the heroic Carroll.

Webb, Alexander S. Webb, my old West Point instructor, — Heaven bless him! his hair, once so dark, now almost as white as snow, — is leading up his starry brigade, starry for its leader and starry for men like Abbott of the Twentieth Massachusetts and Connor of the

Nineteenth Maine that are behind him. Yes, he is leading them up, and nowhere on that field beats a heart with more native chivalry. On, too, are coming to join him my friend, William Francis Bartlett of Pittsfield, the embodiment of his country's valor, ennobled with a spirit of heavenly, redeeming magnanimity; and that other hero from Massachusetts, Griswold, at the head of the Fifty-sixth. They belong to the division of "Tom" Stevenson, of Burnside's corps, who is soon to lay down his life. Meade had intended to hold this division at the Pike for a reserve, but Hancock, scenting a crisis, had asked for it.

Sheridan is at Chancellorsville. Torbert is there too, and unwell; and before night has turned the command of his division, the First, over to Merritt. Custer, having set out at two o'clock, has reached the Brock Road where it is intersected by what is known as the Furnace Road, one that rambles by the Welford and Catherine furnaces back to Chancellorsville and forward to the Catharpin Road. He is already feeling pressure from Rosser and FitzLee, who have an eye on that strategic point. Gregg, one of the best and most reliable cavalry commanders, is at Todd's Tavern. Wilson, who has been drawn in during the night to Chancellorsville for renewal of ammunition and supplies, is posting one of his brigades at Piney Branch church and the other at Alrich's. His division, the third, had done about all the cavalry fighting of the day before, save that of Gregg, who drove Rosser and Lee back to Corbin's bridge. I cannot mention those names of Wilson and Custer and Merritt without seeing their faces again as cadets, and feeling a wave of warm memories. God bless the living; and Trumpets, peal once more for me, if you will, over Custer's grave.

That we may account for what hap-

pened on Hancock's front in the next thirty minutes, during which the tide that had been running our way so irresistibly halted suddenly, and rushed back angrily, let us go to the other side of the field: there we shall see what set it against us and came near sweeping us at last into utter defeat.

But, before we do this, it should be said in justice to Hancock, through whose hands the victory now slips, that at seven o'clock he ordered Gibbon to move with Barlow's big, fresh division and attack Hill's right; for by this time he had discovered that a part at least of Longstreet's corps was in his front up the Plank Road. Unfortunately this order was not carried out: Gibbon said he never got it—two staff officers say they delivered it to him. We cannot resist the vain regret that Barlow was not moved as Hancock wanted him moved, for another story would certainly have had to be written; and I have no doubt that to Hancock's dying day the longings over this failure kept repeating themselves out of the fogging coast of the Past like a mournful bell on a swinging buoy.

When the narrative parted with Lee about eleven o'clock the night before, he was in his tent on the western border of the Widow Tapp's field. Whether his night was one of care or sleep we know not, but in the course of the evening he sent his accomplished aide, Colonel Venable, with an order to Longstreet, in bivouac at Richards's shops, to leave the Catharpin Road and strike over to the Plank and join Hill at an early hour. About eleven o'clock a guide reported to him; at two A. M. he started, following the guide through wood-roads. The guide lost the way, but his divisions reached the Plank Road at daylight, and then, doubling up, quickened their pace, and came down the road abreast. Before them the sun was rising very red, bronzing

the tree-tops; behind them was Richard H. Anderson's division of Hill's corps, who had bivouacked at Verdier-ville. In all, fourteen fresh brigades were coming on to strike the hard-fought, torn, and wearied divisions of Birney, Wadsworth, and Getty, and to struggle with them and Webb, Carroll, and Owen, for the mastery of the field. And all this time Barlow, Brooke, and Miles, as well as Smyth with his gallant Irishmen, are held, expecting a part if not all of Longstreet's ten brigades to appear on the Brock Road from the direction of Todd's Tavern! Does any one who knows Gregg's record as a soldier think for a moment that he would not have unmasked at a very early hour the first steps of a movement of this kind from his position at Todd's Tavern? It is true that word had been sent in to Hancock during the night that Longstreet's corps was passing up the Catharpin Road to attack his left; but, as a matter of fact, his tired troops, as we have seen, having covered twenty-eight miles or more, had gone into bivouac at dark some eight or ten miles west of the tavern, and were in deep, well-earned sleep.

The evidence goes to show that Meade, Hancock, and presumably Humphreys in a measure, all harbored in regard to Longstreet's movements a notion of him appearing suddenly on the left, which, like a portentous spectre, was forever casting its image on their minds. There is no evidence, however, that any such notion had stolen into Grant's mind, for, neither at that time, nor ever after, was there magic in the name of Longstreet, Lee, or any other Confederate, for him. (Warren always, when Lee's movements were uncertain and a matter of discussion, referred to him as "Bobbie" Lee, with an air and tone that said he is not a man to be fooled with.) And so, let Longstreet be on the road to strike him

at whatsoever point, Grant wanted Hill and Ewell to be beaten before help could reach them; hence his sound conclusion of the night before, to attack at daylight.

Meanwhile, the sun is mounting and Longstreet's men are coming on, — not long ago I traveled the same road and the limbs of the trees almost mingled over it, and the woods on each side were still and deep, — can now hear the battle, and are meeting the faint-hearted who always fringe the rear at the first signs of disaster. They are passing the crowded field-hospitals, and encountering ambulances, horsemen, stragglers, and the ever-increasing stream of wounded; and swerving off through the woods on both sides of the road are the lump fragments of Heth's division. And now comes one of Lee's aides, making his way urgently to Parker's Store to tell the trains to get ready to withdraw, and another to Longstreet to hurry up, for, unless he comes quickly, the day is lost. At this appeal the men break into the double-quick, and Kershaw, whose division is perhaps a hundred yards ahead of that of Field, rides forward with a staff officer of General Wilcox who has been sent to show him his position. But before they reach Wilcox's line, it breaks, and Kershaw hurries back to meet his division. Out in the old field Lee, Hill, and their staffs are throwing themselves in front of the overthrown, fleeing troops, imploring them to rally. From all accounts, Lee's face was a sky of storm and anxiety, and well it might be, for Catastrophe was knocking at the door. It is now a question of minutes. The rolling musketry is at its height, one roar after another breaking, sheets of bullets are thridding the air, and a half-dozen resounding cannon are rapidly firing blasting charges of double canister, for our men are close up.

Kershaw throws all of Henagan's brigade, save the Second South Carolina, well to the left of the road; that he deploys on the right under the fire of Birney's troops, who are penetrating the woods to the left of the Confederate batteries. His next brigade, Humphreys's, is rushing up, its left on the south side of the road, Henagan having swung off, making room for him in the immediate front of our most advanced line. Field throws his first brigade, G. T. Anderson's, to the right of the road; but before this movement could be followed, Longstreet, who was on hand with his usual imperturbable coolness, so says Venable, tells Field to form and charge with any front he can make. Accordingly in an instant he puts his second brigade, the Texans, in line of battle under Gregg.

Just as they start, Lee catches sight of them and gallops up and asks, "What brigade is this?" "The Texas brigade," comes back. "General Lee raised himself in stirrups," — so said a courier, in the *Land We Love*, only a few years after the war, — "uncovered his gray hairs, and with an earnest yet anxious voice exclaimed above the din, 'My Texas boys, you must charge.' A yell rent the air," and the men dashed forward through the wreckage of Hill's corps. On they go, and now they have passed through Poague's guns, their muzzles still smoking, when suddenly they hear, "Charge, charge, men!" from a new, full voice, and there behind them is Lee himself, his warm brown eyes aflame. "Come back, come back, General Lee!" cry out Poague's cannoneers earnestly; he does not heed and rides on; but a sergeant now takes hold of Traveller's rein. It is a great pity that we have not a picture of that sergeant's face as he turns the big gray horse and exchanges a firm, kindly glance with his rider. Lee yields to his better judgment and joins

Longstreet who, on the knoll near by, is throwing his brigades in as he did at Gettysburg, with the calmness of a man who is wielding a sledge.

Field, the large, handsome "Charley" Field of our West Point days, he who rode so proudly at the head of the escort for the present King of England when he came as a boy to visit the Point, — I wonder, if in the reveries of his old age he was mounted once more, whether it was Benning's Georgians or the battalion of West Point cadets that he was leading, — oh, what children of Destiny we are! — But on he comes with Benning, who is following the track of the Texans. Perry, commanding Law's brigade of Field's division, is turning into the field at double-quick, and beginning to form spryly. His Fifteenth Alabama passes within a few feet of Lee, behind whom, on their horses, are a group of his staff. His face is still flushed — he has just returned from trying to lead the Texans — and his blazing eyes are fixed intently on Kershaw's leading regiment that is forming line of battle and through whose ranks the retreating masses of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions are breaking. Aroused by this jeopardous disorder, he turns suddenly in his saddle toward his staff and, pointing his gloved hand across the road, says in vigorous tones, "Send an active young staff officer down there." Then, looking down on the ragged men filing by him, he asks kindly, "What men are these?" A private answers proudly, "Law's Alabama brigade." Lee bares his gray hairs once more and replies, "God bless the Alabamians!" They, with colors slanting forward, grasp their arms tightly and swing on, the left obliquing till it brushes the young pines along the northern boundary of the old opening. Already from the smoke-turbaned woods come bleeding and mangled Texans and Georgians,

their blood striping across the dooryard and the path to the well, but on with increasing speed toward the dead-strewn front march the brave Alabamians.

And who is this officer on the litter? Benning; Gregg has already been borne to the rear. And now what organization is that we see coming into line, there on the western edge of the field beyond Lee and Longstreet, obstructed by Hill's retreating fragments? That is "Charley" Field's largest brigade, made up entirely of South Carolinians. And the colors over them? The Palmetto Flag, the ensign and pride of their contumacious, insubordinate state, the first to nurse the spirit which has led the dear Old Dominion and her sister states into their woe. As usual, it is fluttering mutinously, hankering to engage the Stars and Stripes, which has not forgotten that this Palmetto ensign flaunted over the first guns to fire on it, as it flew, the emblem of Union and Peace, flew warm with the hopes of the obscure of all civilized lands, and dreaming of the day when every flag of the world shall do it homage. And at its very sight the nation's colors flame anew with righteous hostility; and where or whensoever seen, in the Wilderness or at Gettysburg or Chickamauga, with an eagle's scream the old banner of Washington's day has cried, so to speak, "Come on, Palmetto Flag!" And lo! to-day, to the credit of our common natures, the two banners are reconciled.

The onset of Gregg's Texans was savage, — it could not have been less after asking Lee to go back. They dashed at Wadsworth's riddled front, through which the battery had been cutting swaths; and besides that, two 12-pound guns and one 24-pound howitzer had run forward into the Plank Road and begun to pour canister into his huddled and crumbling flanks. Fatigue and want of coherence were

breaking down the fighting power of his men, yet they met this shock with great fortitude. Cope, and he was right there, said in a dispatch to Warren, "Wadsworth has been slowly pushed back, but is contesting every inch of the ground"; and it was not until Benning and Perry struck them that they began to waver, then break, and finally disrupt in great confusion. About half of them, under Rice and Wadsworth, fled back across the morass to the last line of logs and chunks from which they had driven the enemy; the other half with Cutler took the course they had come the previous evening. The narrative has already told where they were met.

While these troops were breaking, Carroll, not yet engaged, was ordered by Birney in person to send some of his brigade back to the north side, he having moved by flank across to the south of the road, having heard heavy firing in that direction. He sent the Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana, and Seventh West Virginia; and, notwithstanding their proverbial gallantry, they, too, with Wadsworth were soon swept away, what was left of them drifting back to the junction.

Thus, apparently, at that moment the north side of the road was clear for Field; but he could not push his advantage, for Birney, Ward, and Coulter, who had taken Baxter's place after he was wounded, held Kershaw stubbornly. Moreover, Owen, followed by the Nineteenth Maine of Webb's brigade, who had reported to Carroll the night before, had gained a position on the immediate south side of the road, and was firing into Benning's and Perry's right, causing them to suffer severely.

"The enemy held my three brigades so obstinately," says Kershaw, "that urged forward by Longstreet, I placed myself at the head of the troops and

led in person a charge of the whole command, which drove the enemy to and beyond their original lines." This position was just about opposite to where Wadsworth was now collecting the fragments of his command on the north side of the road, and was held by Carroll and the Vermonters, and these men Kershaw could not budge. Grimes and Wofford, who had advanced on Kershaw's right, had not made material headway against McAlister on Mott's left, but they had discovered what finally almost gave them the day, that our lines did not extend to the unfinished railroad, in fact they did not reach over a half-mile, if that, from the Plank Road.

In the midst of Kershaw's onslaught Getty was wounded, and Lyman in his notes says, "Getty rode past me looking pale; to my inquiry he said, 'I am shot through the shoulder, I don't know how badly.' A man [goes on Lyman] of indomitable courage and coolness. One of his aides (the fair-haired one) shot through the arm, the other, his horse shot. Immortal fighting did that Second Division, Sixth Corps, on those two bloody days."

While Carroll, the Vermont brigade, and the stout-hearted of all the broken commands that had rallied behind them, were standing off Kershaw, up the road comes Webb at the head of his gallant brigade. Wadsworth and Birney are there, trying to form troops for an advance. "There were several commands and no orderly arrangement as to lines, front, etc.," says Governor Connor. On reporting to Birney, Webb is directed to deploy on the right of the road and move forward and join Getty, whom Birney, just before he was wounded, had asked to send some strength to the north side of the road. But after some hard fighting, the troops he had sent had been forced back and had gathered on the original line of

battle along the Brock Road. Webb deploys, and on he comes; the Nineteenth Maine have gladly reunited with their comrades and been put on the extreme right. On the left is the Twentieth Massachusetts under Abbott. "Waved my hand to Abbott," says Lyman, "as he rode past at the head of the Twentieth, smiling gayly." Smile on, dear heroic young fellow! Your smile will play on many a page, and the Wilderness holds it dear; for her heart is with you, and in years to come, when the dogwood and the wild roses are blooming, she will softly breathe your name through the treetops as she recalls that smile. Oh, how close we are to woods and streams, the traveling winds, the banded evening clouds, and, yes, even the distant stars!

On comes Webb, his line strung out through the woods, no skirmishers ahead, for he is expecting momentarily to come up with Getty, when suddenly there is a terrific crash, causing a fearful loss. But, standing among the wounded and the dying, his brigade holds fast and returns the fire; the enemy are just across the morass, in places not more than twenty or thirty yards away. He has come squarely up against what is left of Gregg's, Benning's, and about all of Perry's fresh brigade. Woolsey of Meade's staff sends back word: "7.27 A. M. Webb, who went in a short time since, is doing very well. The fire is very heavy, but not gaining. Wounded returning on Plank Road. 7.35. The fire is slackening and our men cheer. 7.40. The firing is heaviest on the right of the Plank Road [Webb's]; our men are cheering again." And there they battle back and forward amid a continuous roar of musketry; not they alone, for Kershaw, knowing that Lee's and Longstreet's eyes are on him, is crowding his men desperately against Carroll's

and Birney's and Mott's iron-hearted veterans, and those ever steadfast sons of the Green Mountain State. The barked, slivered, and bullet-pitted trees around them are wreathed in smoke, and, like sheaves of wheat, bodies are lying on the leaf-strewn ground, unconscious now of the deafening crashes with which the gloomy Wilderness jars far and wide, and roars to the over-arching, listening sky.

The enemy having appeared on Webb's right in force, he changed front to rear at double-quick on his left regiment, the Twentieth Massachusetts, and stood them off.

Meanwhile Hancock, having been notified by Meade that Burnside was about to attack Field's flank, sent for Wadsworth and told him that he had ordered three brigades, Webb's, Ward's, and Bartlett's of Stevenson's division, to report to him, and wished that he with these additional troops would carry, if possible, the enemy's position on the right-hand side of the road. The intrepid Wadsworth, returning to the front, and seeing the Twentieth Massachusetts athwart the road where Webb had left it, his vehement spirit set ablaze by Hancock's ardent and communicative aggressiveness, asked in pungent, challenging tones, "Cannot you do something here?" Abbott hesitating, mindful of Webb's order to hold that point at all hazards, the high-spirited Wadsworth, who by nature was more an individual combatant than the cool and trained commander, leaped the little barrier of rotten planks torn from the decaying road-bed, and of course Abbott and the Twentieth followed him. Wadsworth's horse was killed, and the regiment was met immediately with a withering volley. After striving in vain to drive the enemy, Abbott had to desist from further efforts. He then ordered the men to lie down so as to es-

cape a wicked, sputtering fire; but he himself, young and handsome, coolly and without bravado walked back and forth before his line, his eyes and face lit by the finest candle that glows in the hand of Duty. "My God, Schaff," said to me the brave Captain Magnitsky of the Twentieth, with moistened eyes, "I was proud of him as back and forth he slowly walked before us." A shot soon struck him and he fell. They tenderly picked up the mortally wounded, gallant gentleman and carried him to the rear.

Just then my friend Bartlett's regiment, and that of Griswold, were making connection with Webb's wheeling brigade, for he was now changing front forward again. On their way to him they had passed over our own and Confederate wounded, and had shared their canteens alike with the suffering. One of Griswold's—of which Stephen M. Weld of Boston was lieutenant-colonel, who, when Griswold was killed, took command—gave drink like a good Samaritan to a wounded Confederate, who, as soon as the line passed him, seized a musket and began to fire on the very men who had been kind to him. With righteous indignation they turned and exterminated the varmint; and then on with renewed determination to have it out with their country's enemies. When Bartlett reached Webb he went forward with him, under his command, and two more valiant hearts were not beating that day. Wadsworth, his zeal ablaze, catching sight of Bartlett's colors flying defiantly in the face of Field's oncoming veterans, called on him in person to charge over some troops weakened by repulses, who were hesitating—and he and his men responded well. I can hear Bartlett's voice ringing, "Forward," and see his spare, well-bred face lit up dauntlessly by those intense blue eyes; eyes I have seen glint more than once with pleas-

ant humor, for he had, besides courage, the spirit of comradeship, that pleasant, cloud-reflecting stream, rippling and green-banked, that flows through our natures. But in a little while a shot struck him in the temple, and he followed his college friend Abbott to the field hospital; — he had already lost his left leg at Yorktown, and been seriously wounded in two places leading an assault at Port Hudson.

Wadsworth, after the charge, exclaimed, "Glorious!" but, like all the gains, theirs was temporary. For Field, having fresh veterans coming up from where Burnside should have held them, drove the line back to its original position; yet, try as he might, Webb finally fought him to a standstill. And so was it on the other side of the road: Carroll, Grant, and Birney's remnants, and McAlister of Mott's division, had thrown Kershaw and Wofford back till they, too, were glad to stop for a while.

At the mention of McAlister's name my sense of humor asks, "Can't you stop the narrative long enough to tell about General——?" This general represented Gibbon's lone response to Hancock's order to attack at seven o'clock up the bed of the unfinished railroad with Barlow's big division. He was a whiskey-pickled, lately-arrived, blustering German, and when he reached McAlister on the left of the line, he wanted to burst right through, saying his orders were "To find the enemy wherever he could find him and *whip him!!!*" Having blown this trombone Germanic blast, he spurred his nag and dashed at the "rebels." Pretty soon he sent to McAlister to come up and relieve him, which McAlister refused to do, when back came part of the brigade running and Blank with them. "I want to get ammuni-

tion," he said. "Where?" asks McAlister. "Away back in the rear," he exclaimed, and off he went. "That was the last I saw of him or his command," says McAlister. Notwithstanding there is a considerable strain of German blood in my veins, there is something about the swelling assertive military airs of that nationality which is very humorous and at the same time very nauseating. But I suppose really that McAlister ought to have given the poor fellow a little aid, if, for no other reason, than that his land sent so many Hessians here during the Revolution.

When the narrative was halted it was saying that the Confederates and ourselves were glad to stop for a while. It was now going on ten o'clock, and there was a lull all along the lines. And while it lasts, let us turn to Hancock, not forgetting that the dread of Longstreet on his flank was still haunting him, and we shall see that, while Birney and Wadsworth and Webb were engaging so fiercely, he was beset with distracting and untoward happenings "in good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over." At nine o'clock, while his attention is strained on the renewed offensive up the Plank Road, a dispatch from Humphreys is handed to him: "Sheridan has been ordered to attack Longstreet's flank and rear by the Brock Road." "Flank and rear by the Brock Road!" he repeats to himself. Humphreys must have located him definitely, and, to help confirm this halfway expected news, for prediction has been pointing her finger that way steadily, the distant boom of Custer's guns comes through the smothering timber; and the footsteps of the haunting peril that has been dogging him all the morning are closer than ever.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF THE DARK

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

LOOKING back to the whole thing, it seems to me that the curtain went up, as it were, on that casual remark of Ellerton Belmont's. From then on, every word, every gesture, made up an inevitable part of the whole, like the fitting together of a piece of mosaic.

There were the four of us — Frederick Clay (Clay of Kentucky, sir, no damned Yankee in his!), the two Bellmonts, Eustace and Ellerton, and myself, all lounging in wicker chairs on Eustace's porch at Linside. We were all smoking, and all comfortable, and there was nothing in the peace of that late summer afternoon to suggest that when the day should presently slip down into the past, it would have set its stamp forever on at least three out of the four.

In spite of the heat, Clay had engaged Eustace in a fierce argument on the tendencies of the modern drama, leaving the younger Bellmont and myself to keep up a desultory undercurrent of conversation.

It was then that Ellerton stretched a little deeper in his chair, and putting his hands behind his back, made a remark, quite apart, I remember, from the former subject of our idle talk.

"I always like," he said, "to sit here on Eustace's porch and look down at that little glimpse of the drive as it goes under the gate. I like to see people appear there a second, and then disappear. It's something like life, like that old simile, you know, of the sparrow flying out of the dark into the lighted hall to circle about there a

moment, and then fly away again into the night."

The Linside drive, after surrounding a bed of flaming geraniums directly in front of the porch, dived into a sort of green tunnel of shrubbery which led down to the entrance, where one had again a white glimpse of it under the gate, as it joined the main thoroughfare, which in its turn was obscured by more trees.

It was to this little peep of the drive under the arch of the gate that Ellerton referred, and I was struck once more, as I had been time and again, by the difference that there was between the two brothers. In Ellerton's face, and about his manner, there was youth, of course, but there was as well a sense of poetry, of imagination, and one was aware of the touch of his understanding even though he spoke so little. With Eustace, on the other hand, the attitude of the critic was always in evidence, perhaps inevitably so when one remembered how very much *The Touchstone* paid him for this attitude. But, however clever his criticisms might be in print, there were times when his friends wished he would occasionally fling all aside in some warm glory of enthusiasm.

"By the way, Eu, who has the Island House this summer?" Ellerton went on, referring to a house set on a tiny island in the midst of a sweet little green river, the flicker and dance of which were visible from where we sat.

Ellerton was just back from some little God-forsaken hole in the country

somewhere, while Clay and I had run out from New York for the week-end, so we were all three more or less strangers to the summer news of Linside.

"The Island House?" Eustace said vaguely, his mind still intent on the modern drama. Looking at his handsome, rather heavy face, — one cannot be an authority on things to eat and to drink without paying for it in some way, I suppose, — I remember thinking suddenly that he was the very type of man who would appeal by his reserve to a certain kind of woman, the kind who is piqued by the inscrutable, and I wondered if Eustace really did possess that other soul — the soul that we are told is given a man to show a woman when he loves her.

"Oh, the Island House," Eustace said, jerking his mind away from Clay's argument. "It's rented this year to some Southern people, and by the way, Clay, they have your name," he added.

"What state are they from?" Clay demanded promptly, for he was as keen on the question of family tree as he was on the breeding of a horse.

"Kentucky," Eustace returned. "In all probability they are your cousins. They have named the island Shalott; a thing," he added, "that I refrained from doing in all the time I lived there, — it was quite too obvious."

"H'm," said Clay. "Is there by chance a Lady of Shalott? Under those circumstances the cousinship might be worth claiming."

Looking at Eustace idly for an answer, I saw something that took me by keen surprise. I saw his face flush suddenly crimson. Any evidence of feeling or embarrassment was so foreign to him that I glanced on to Ellerton questioning. He was regarding his brother in surprise also, a surprise that gave way suddenly to a flicker of delighted boyish amusement, which was voiced by a frank chuckle from

the Kentuckian. After that first flush of telltale color, however, Eustace recovered himself, and answered coolly enough.

"Yes, there is, as you suggest, a Lady of Shalott," he said. "There are, in fact, three, — Mrs. Clay and her two daughters."

"And you are perhaps on intimate terms with the family?"

Again Clay's ripple of mirth brought the color to Eustace's face.

"I called, naturally, when they first moved in, to inquire if my tenants were comfortable."

"And afterwards?" the other persisted fiendishly.

"Oh yes, of course afterwards too; in fact, I've seen quite a bit of them all summer."

"And how do my cousins, the ladies of Shalott, amuse themselves?"

"Mrs. Clay seems chiefly occupied with her housekeeping — an excellent woman who knows very well what constitutes a good dinner. The young daughter is still of the schoolroom age, so I really don't know how she occupies herself. Miss Clay, however, like your true daughter of the Blue Grass, spends a good deal of her time on horseback."

"On horseback!" Clay repeated quickly, any mention of horses or horsemanship being always a sure key to his interest. "Hark!" he added on the moment, raising his hand for silence. And the rest of us, listening, caught the sound of a horse's hoof-beats on the hidden road below us.

"Speak of the angels," Clay said. "For I suppose Miss Clay of Kentucky is the only person up here who rides a gaited horse."

And listening more sharply, my slower horse knowledge took in the fact that instead of the sharp trot that our Northern roads are accustomed to, the hoof-beats in question fell with

a soft slip-slop, a whispered blurr of sound. Almost at the same moment Ellerton ejaculated, "Whew! that's hitting the pace!"

Following his eyes, I caught the last glimpse of an enormous white automobile as it tore past the little opening in the hedge-rows where the Linside drive joined the main road.

"Gaited horses," Clay said judiciously, "are n't for ladies to ride up here. Gaited horses are country-bred — automobiles are n't. And white cars are the worst kind," he added.

The words were scarcely lost in silence when there came up to us distinctly from the road, first the warning note of an automobile's horn, then a sudden clatter of plunging hoofs, a woman's short, sharp, scream, and then all silence save for the terrified wild beat of iron hoofs fleeing along the road to the Linside entrance.

Clay leaped to his feet. "Gad!" he cried. "He's bolting!"

I do not suppose it was more than a few seconds that we four stood with caught breath listening to the flying hoof-beats, yet in that moment I had time to glance at Eustace, and to wonder at his calmness. I think now that he — never a horseman — had not taken in the sense of Clay's words, and did not realize whose horse it might be that was running so madly down there out of sight between the hedge-rows.

Then for a moment at the Linside entrance, where the white car had been framed the instant before, I saw a horse flash into view, and with a sudden turn which almost threw him, wheel in at the gate, to be obscured the second after by the overhanging greenery of the drive. A horse's flying body, and on his back a woman. I know I saw her — saw the light swing of her body as the animal plunged in at the gate, and saw too the set of her small dark head as it disappeared from sight;

yet at my side Clay ejaculated in a half-whisper, "Lord, he's thrown her!"

Then we all caught our breath again to listen to the scratching splatter of the gravel as it flew from the driveway, and to the pound, pound, pound, of the nearing hoofs.

We had sprung off the porch and strung out across the drive, waiting, and at last with a snort the horse stumbled out of the green tunnel. Clay leaped for the bridle, and held on, though the beast tried to tear himself free in frantic half-circles.

"Whoa, boy! Whoa, old man!" the Kentuckian panted; and presently the horse came to a stand in the middle of the torn-up gravel. His head was flung high, with staring, frightened eyes, and red, spread nostrils. On his back sat a woman. A beautiful, beautiful woman, slender and graceful, and lithe, with enormous, startled dark eyes, and masses of black hair. Her face was dead white. One hand pressed against her bosom, the other hung limply down, not grasping the reins, and her eyes, so startled and dark and strange, were fixed upon Eustace Bellmont.

I sprang toward her breathlessly. "Are you hurt, are you *hurt*?" I cried.

Her eyes did not so much as waver from Eustace's face, but Clay's cheerful voice took me up in surprise.

"Hurt? Heavens, no! He gave my arm a bit of a wrench, but that's all. Whoa, boy! Whoa!"

"Good man!" cried Eustace. "But don't let him trample my geraniums."

A sudden sick astonishment crept up my spine and crested the hair at the back of my neck. Neither Clay nor Eustace Bellmont saw the woman — the woman who sat there almost in touch of them, and who looked, and looked, at Eustace! Stiffly I turned to Ellerton. His eyes were wide and dark like hers, and he looked at her as strangely as she looked at his brother.

"I'm afraid there's been a bad accident down there on the road," Clay said. "We'd better tie this brute up and go down."

"No, wait a moment until I get one of my men," Eustace returned. "You can't tie him anywhere here that he won't stamp my turf to bits."

And the woman sat and looked at him.

I could have broken my heart for her — for some power to comfort that beautiful dark creature so close there to Eustace, and who looked and looked at him in such poignant surprise. It seemed as though her eyes *must* wake some answering sight in the man. Yet they did not, and his concern was all for the protection of his grass; and at last slowly, lingeringly, with an unbelievable astonishment, she drew her eyes from his face, and turned them pitifully, questioningly, first to Clay, then to me, and at last to Ellerton. When her gaze came to me I know my throat ached and ached, and I could have cried out with sorrow for her. Yet she seemed to find nothing in my face, and it was on Ellerton's that her eyes came to rest. And as they did so all the poetry, all the imagination of the boy's expression merged itself in a sudden smile like the flashing up of sunlight. I know he did not speak, and yet I seemed to *feel* him say, "Never mind, never mind, sweetheart — it will be all right, I *know* it will be all right!"

And looking at him all at once the woman smiled too, a radiant answer.

The horse gave a great snort, and sprang to one side. There was the juicy snap of crushed geranium stems, the pungent fragrance of their bruised leaves.

"Gad!" Clay gasped, wrestling with him.

"Good Heavens, man! Can't you keep that brute off my flowers — that

bed cost me thirty dollars!" Eustace cried irritably.

At my side I heard Ellerton draw a sharp breath, and when I turned again to the woman, suddenly she was gone. I looked at Ellerton. He was staring at the empty saddle, and his face was dazed and dead of expression. Presently, however, he became aware of my look and answered it full and straight, and without words each knew what the other had seen.

All at once a mounted groom, frantic with haste, burst out of the driveway and spurred up to us. As he caught sight of the man, for the first time I saw upon Eustace's face a dread of what might have happened, for he knew men better than he did horses.

"It's Miss Clay's groom!" he muttered, his face dead white, and his voice almost lost in fear.

The man was all to pieces, and when he reached us he could only choke out, "She's killed — she's killed! O Mr. Bellmont, sir, I saw her killed right before my eyes!"

Eustace stood looking at him for a moment, then he put his hands up to his head. "We were engaged to be married," he said, speaking to no one.

Afterwards he turned and began to run madly down the drive, and the rest of us ran with him.

Of the events which followed, my mind seems only to have retained a series of sharp pictures, and it leaps on from one to another, breathlessly, disconnectedly, like a flung stone skipping across a pond. I see first that expression of awakened horror on Eustace's face, then the bowed look of his shoulders as he ran just in front of me, and I hear the crash, crash, of gravel under our hurrying feet. Then the picture in the road: the white car turned into the ditch; men with motor caps and pushed-up goggles; hysterical women with silly floating veils, and in the

midst of them, on the ground, the dark figure of the Lady of Shalott who had come and looked at Eustace. One arm lay limply down upon the road, the other was flung across her breast. I remember when they raised her up, that arm fell back, and her coat opened to show a splash of crimson on her white blouse.

I turned my eyes sharply away and glanced at the face. The same glad look was there — the look that Ellerton's smile had given her.

And through it all, through all the little nothing that we could do, and through that desolate walk back from the Island House, Eustace moved like

a man in a dream. He spoke once, however, just as we stepped up on the Linside porch.

"And it was only yesterday," he said incredulously, "only yesterday that we promised each other if anything happened, if one of us died, that one would come to the other — if such things are possible. So of course they can't be," he said, "or she would have come — she would surely have come."

With a quick movement Ellerton slipped his arm through his brother's, his eyes daring me to tell what I had seen.

But perhaps afterwards he told Eustace himself.

IN BEMERTON CHURCH

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THIS aisle George Herbert paced, and in this choir
With fervent music charged his pen,
And quaintly wrought his lines of pleading fire
Excusing unto God the ways of men.

Yea, up this grassy path, and through this porch,
With tenuous form and aspect sad,
He led the wanton English Muse to church,
The lovely pagan Muse, "well-drest and clad."

OUR HOUSEKEEPERS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

OUR finding our Chambers was the merest chance. One day on the way to the Underground, J. and I saw the notice, "To Let," in windows above the Embankment Gardens by the River, and knew at a glance that we should be glad to spend the rest of our lives looking out of them. But something depended on what we looked out from, and as the notice also said, "Apply to the Housekeeper," we went at once to ask her to show us what was behind them.

The house was all that we could have hoped: as simple in architecture, with bricks as time-stained, as the courts of the Temple or Gray's Inn. The front door opened into a hall twisted with age, its sloping roof supported by carved corbels, the upper part of the door at the far end filled with bull's-eye glass, and no housekeeper could have been more in place than the little old white-haired woman who answered our ring. She was scrupulously neat in her dress, and her manner had just the right touch of dignity and deference, until we explained our errand, when she flew into a rage and told us in a tone that challenged us to dispute it, "You know, no coal is to be carried upstairs after ten o'clock in the morning." Coal was as yet so remote that we would have agreed to anything in our impatience to look out of the windows, and, reassured by us, she became the obsequious housekeeper again, getting the keys, toiling with us up three flights of stairs, unlocking the

to sport, — ushering us into Chambers that Adam mantelpieces and decorations made worthy of the windows, dropping the correct "Sir" and "Madam" into her talk, accepting without a tremor the shilling it embarrassed us to slip into her venerable hand, and realizing so entirely our idea of what a housekeeper in London Chambers ought to be, that her outbreak over the coal we had not ordered, and might never order, was the more perplexing.

I understood it before we were settled in our Chambers — for, of course, we took them. But they were not really ours until after a long delay over the legal formalities with which the English love to entangle their simplest transactions at somebody's else expense; a longer one in proving our personal and financial qualifications, the landlord being disturbed by a suspicion that, like the Housekeeper's daughter, we were in *the* profession and spent most of our time "resting"; and the longest of all over the British Workman, who, once he got in, threatened never to get out. In the meanwhile we saw the Housekeeper almost every day. We did not have to see her often to discover that she was born a housekeeper, that she had but one thought in life, and that this was the house under her charge. I am sure she believed that she came into the world to take care of it, unless indeed it was built to be taken care of by her. She belonged to a generation in England who had not yet been taught the folly of interest in

enough to feel the importance of the post she filled. She would have lost her self-respect had she failed in the slightest detail of her duty to the house. From the first the spotless marvel she made of it divided our admiration with our windows. The hall and front steps were immaculate, the white stone stairs shone, there was not a speck of dust anywhere, and I appreciated the work this meant in an old London building, where the dirt not only filters through doors and windows, but oozes out of the walls and comes up through the floors. She did not pretend to hide her despair when our painters and paperers tramped and blundered in and out; she fretted herself ill when our furniture was brought up the three flights of her shining stairs. Painters and paperers and the bringing up of furniture were rare incidents in the life of a tenant and had to be endured. But coal, with its trail of dust, was an endless necessity, and at least could be regulated. This was why, after her daily cleaning was done, she refused to let it pass.

Once we were established, we saw her less often. The daily masterpiece was finished in the morning before we were up, and at all times she effaced herself with the respect she owed to tenants of a house in which she was the servant. If we did meet her she acknowledged our greeting with ostentatious humility, for she clung with as little shame to servility as to cleanliness; servility was also a part of the business of a housekeeper, just as elegance was the mark of *the* profession which her daughter graced, and the shame would have been not to be as servile as the position demanded.

This daughter was in every way an elegant person, dressing with a deference to fashion I could not hope to emulate, and with the help of a fashionable dressmaker I could not afford

to pay. She was "resting" from the time we came into the house until her mother left it, but if in *the* profession it is a misfortune to be out of work, it is a crime to look it, and her appearance and manner gave no hint of unemployment. In an emergency, she would bring us up a message or a letter, but her civility had none of her mother's obsequiousness; it was a condescension, and she made us feel the honor she conferred upon the house by living in it.

The Housekeeper, for all her deference to the tenants, was a despot, and none of us dared to rebel against her rule and disturb the order she maintained. To anybody coming in from the not too respectable little street the respectability of the house was overwhelming, and I often noticed that strangers, on entering, lowered their voices and stepped more softly. The hush of repose hung heavy on the public hall and stairs, whatever was going on behind the two doors that faced each other on every landing. We all emulated her in the quiet and decorum of our movements. We allowed ourselves so seldom to be seen that after three months I still knew little of the others except their names on their doors, the professions of those who had offices and hung up their signs, and the frequency with which the Church League on the First Floor drank afternoon tea. On certain days, when I went out towards five o'clock, I had to push my way through a procession of bishops in aprons and gaiters, deans and ordinary parsons who were legion, of dowagers and duchesses who were as sands on the stairs. I may be wrong, but I fancy that the Housekeeper would have found a way to rout this weekly invasion if, in the aprons and gaiters, she had not seen symbols of the respectability which was her pride.

What I did not find out about the

tenants for myself, there was no learning from her. She disdained the gossip which was the breath of life to the other housekeepers in the street, where, in the early mornings when the fronts were being done, or in the cool of summer evenings when the day's work was over, I would see them chattering at their doors. She never joined in the talk, holding herself aloof, as if her house were on a loftier plane than theirs, and as if the number of her years in it raised her to a higher caste. Exactly how many these years had been she never presumed to say, but she looked as ancient and venerable, and had she told me she remembered Bacon and Pepys, each in his day a tenant, or Peter the Great who lived across the street, I should have believed her. She did not, however, claim to go further back than Etty, the Royal Academician, who spent over a quarter of a century in our Chambers and one of whose sitters she once brought up to see us:—a melancholy old man who could only shake his head, first over the changes in the house since Etty painted there those wonderful Victorian nudes, so demure that Bob Stevenson insisted that Etty's maiden aunts must have sat for them, and then over the changes in the River, which also, it seemed, had seen better days. Really, he was so very dismal a survival of an older generation that we were glad she brought no more of her contemporaries to see us.

For so despotic a character, the Housekeeper had a surprisingly feminine capacity for hysterics. I thought she would never recover from the disreputable performance of 'Enrietter, my first servant, who was old in vice as she was young in years; though, after all, if there were to be hysterics, I had much the better right to them. From the fire, which occurred one hot July night in the third month of our tenancy, she never recovered at all.

The Fire of London was not so epoch-making. Afterwards the tenants used to speak of the days "Before the Fire," as we still talk at home of the days "Before the War." J. was in France, where I was to join him, and I had replaced 'Enrietter for the time by a charwoman, who arrived at seven o'clock in the morning and left on the stroke of eight in the evening, so that at night I was alone. I do not recall the period with pride, for it proved me more of a coward than I cared to acknowledge. When the trains on the near railroad bridge awoke me, I lay trembling, certain they were burglars or ghosts, forgetting that visitors of that kind are usually shyer in announcing themselves. Then I began to be ashamed, and there was a night when, though the noises sounded strangely like voices immediately outside my window, I managed to turn over and try to go asleep again. This time the danger was real, and, the next thing I knew, somebody was ringing the front door-bell and knocking without stopping, and before I had time to be afraid I was out of bed and at the door. It was the young man from across the hall, who had come to give me the cheerful intelligence that his Chambers were on fire, and to advise me to dress as fast as I knew how and get downstairs before the firemen and the hose arrived, or I might not get down at all.

I flung myself into my clothes, although, as I am pleased to recall, I had the sense to select my most useful gown in case but one was left me in the morning, and the curiosity to step for a second on to the leads where the flames were leaping from the young man's windows. As it was too late to help himself, he was waiting, with his servant, to help me. A pile of J.'s drawings lay on a chair in the hall—I thrust them into the young man's out-

stretched arms. For some unknown reason J.'s huge *schube* was on another chair — I threw it into the arms of the young man's servant, who staggered under its unexpected weight. I rushed to my desk to secure the money I was unwilling to leave behind, when a bull's-eye lantern flashed upon me and a policeman ordered me out. Firemen — for London firemen do eventually arrive if the fire burns long enough — were dragging up a hose as I flew downstairs and the policeman had scarcely pushed me into the Housekeeper's room, the young man had just deposited the drawings at my feet, and the servant the *schube*, when the stairs became a raging torrent.

I had not thought of the Housekeeper till then; after that there was no thinking of anything else. My dread of never again seeing our Chambers was nothing to her sense of the outrage to her house. Niobe weeping for her children was not so tragic a spectacle as she lamenting over the ruin of plaster and paint that did not belong to her. She was half dressed, propped up against cushions on a couch, sniffing the salts and sipping the water administered by her daughter, who had taken the time to dress carefully and elegantly for the scene. "Oh, what shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!" the Housekeeper wailed as she saw me, wringing her hands with an abandonment that would have made her daughter's fortune on the stage.

Her sitting-room had been appropriated as a refuge for the tenants, and this sudden reunion was my introduction to them. As the room was small, my first impression was of a crowd, though in actual numbers we were not many. The young man whose distinction was that the fire originated in his Chambers, and myself, represented the Third Floor, Front and Back. The architect and his clerks of the Second

Floor Front were at home in their beds, unconscious of the deluge pouring into their office; the Second Floor Back had gone away on a holiday. The Church League of the First Floor Front, haunted by bishops and deans, duchesses and dowagers, was of course closed, and we were deprived of whatever spiritual consolation their presence might have provided. But the First Floor Back filled the little room with her loud voice and portly presence. She had attired herself for the occasion in a black skirt and a red jacket, that, for all her efforts, would not meet over the vast expanse of gray Jaeger vest beneath, and her thin wisps of gray hair were drawn up under a green felt hat of the pattern I wore for bicycling. I looked at it regretfully; mine, which I forgot, would have completed my costume. I complimented her on her forethought, but "What could I do?" she said, "they flurried me so I couldn't find my false front anywhere, and I had to cover my head with something." It was extraordinary how a common danger broke down the barrier of reserve we had hitherto so carefully cultivated. She had her own salts which she shared with us all, when she did not need them for the Housekeeper, whom she kept calling "Poor dear!" and who, after every "Poor dear!" went off into a new attack of hysterics.

The Ground Floor Front, a thin, spry, old gentleman, hovered about us, bobbing in and out like the little man in the weather house. He was in the insurance business, I was immediately informed, and it seemed a comfort to us all to know it, though I cannot for the life of me imagine why it should have been to me, not one stick or stitch up there in our Chambers being insured. The Ground Floor Back was at his club, and his wife and two children had not been disturbed, as in their Chambers the risk was not immediate,

and, anyway, they could easily walk out should it become so. He had been promptly sent for, and when a message came back that he was playing whist and would hurry to the rescue of his family as soon as his rubber was finished, the indignation in the Housekeeper's little room was intense. "Brute!" the Housekeeper said, and after that, through the rest of the night, she would ask every few minutes if he had returned, and the answer in the negative was fresh fuel to her wrath.

She was, if anything, more severe with the young man whose Chambers were blazing, and who confessed he had gone out toward midnight leaving a burning candle in one of his rooms. He treated the fire as a jest, which she could not forgive; and when at dawn, after boasting that account-books committed to his care were now no doubt in ashes, he wished us good-morning and good-bye, she did not hesitate to see in the fire his method of disposing of records it was convenient to be rid of.

Indignation served better than salts to rouse the Housekeeper from her hysterics, and without this distraction she could not long have remained unconscious of another evil that I look back to as the deadliest of all. For, gradually through her room, by this time close to suffocation, there crept the most terrible smell. It took hold of me, choked me, sickened me. The Housekeeper's daughter and the First Floor Back blanched under it, the Housekeeper turned from white to green. I have often marveled since that they never referred to it, but I know why I did not. For it was I who sent that smell downstairs when I threw the Russian *schube* into the arms of the Third Floor Front's servant. Odors, they say, are the best jogs to memory, and the smell of the *schube* is for me so inextricably

associated with the fire, that I can never think of one without remembering the other.

It was the chief treasure among the fantastic costumes it is J.'s joy to collect on his travels. His Hungarian sheepskins, French hooded capes, Swiss blouses, Spanish bérêts, Scotch Tam o' Shanters, Dalmatian caps, Roumanian embroidered shirts, and the rest, I can dispose of by packing them out of sight and dosing them with camphor. But no trunk was big enough to hold the Russian *schube*, and its abominable smell, even when reinforced by tons of camphor and pepper, could not frighten away the moths. It was picturesque, so much I admit in its favor, and Whistler's lithograph of J. draped in it is a princely reward for my trouble. But that trouble lasted for eighteen years, during which time J. wore the *schube* just twice, — once to pose for the lithograph and once on a winter night in London, when its weight was a far more serious discomfort than the cold. Occasionally, he exhibited it to select audiences. At all other times it hung in a colossal linen bag made especially to hold it. The eighteenth summer, when the bag was opened for the periodical airing and brushing, no *schube* was there: not a shred of fur remained, the cloth was riddled with holes; it had fallen before its hereditary foe: the moths had devoured it. For this had I toiled over it; for this had I rescued it on the night of the fire as if it were my crowning jewel; for this had I braved the displeasure of the Housekeeper, from which indeed I escaped only because, at the critical moment, the policeman who had ordered me downstairs appeared to say that the lady from the Third Floor Back could go up again if she chose.

The stairs were a waterfall under which I ascended. The two doors of

our Chambers were wide open, with huge gaps where panels had been, the young man's servant having carefully shut them after me in our flight, thinking, I suppose, that the firemen would stand upon ceremony and ask for the key before venturing in. A river was drying up in our hall, and the strip of matting down the centre was sodden. Empty soda-water bottles rolled on the floor, though it speaks well for London firemen that nothing stronger was touched. Candles were stuck upside down in our hanging Dutch lamp, and all available candlesticks, curtains, and blinds were pulled about, chairs were upset, the marks of muddy feet were everywhere. I ought to have been grateful, and I was, that the damage was so small, all the more when I went again on to the leads and saw the blackened heap to which the night had reduced the young man's Chambers. But the place was inexpressibly cheerless and dilapidated in the dawning light.

It was too late to go to bed, too early to go to work. I was hungry, and the baker had not come, nor the charwoman. I was faint, the smell of the *schube* was strong in my nostrils, though the *schube* itself was now safely locked up in a remote cupboard. I wandered disconsolately from room to room, when, of a sudden, there appeared at my still open front door a gorgeous vision—a large and stately lady, fresh and neat, arrayed in flowing red draperies, with a white lace fichu carelessly thrown over a mass of luxuriant golden hair. I stared, speechless with amazement. It was not until she spoke that I recognized the First Floor Back, who had had time to lay her hands not only on a false front, but on a whole wig, and who had had the enterprise to make tea which she invited me to drink with her in Pepys's Chambers, where the Housekeeper, who had hitherto discouraged

familiarity in the tenants, now joined us as a friend.

After the first excitement, after the house had resumed as well as it could its usual habits, the Housekeeper remained absorbed in her grief. Hitherto her particular habit was to work, and she had been able, unaided, to keep the house up to her immaculate standard of perfection. But now to restore it to order was the affair of builders, of plasterers and painters and paperers. There was nothing for her to do save to sit with hands folded and watch the sacrilege. Her occupation was gone, and all was wrong with the world.

I was busy during the days immediately after the fire. I had to insure our belongings, which, of course, being insured, have never run such a risk again. I had to prepare and pack for the journey to France, now many days overdue, and, what with one thing or another, I neglected the Housekeeper. When at last I was ready to shut up our Chambers and start, and I called at her rooms, it seemed to me she had visibly shrunk and wilted, though she had preserved enough of the proper spirit to pocket the substantial tip I slipped into her hand with the keys. She was no less equal to accepting a second when, after a couple of months, I returned and could not resist this expression of my sympathy on finding the hall still stained and defaced, the stairs still with their blackened groove, the workmen still going and coming, and her despair at the spectacle blacker than ever.

The next day she came up to our Chambers. She wore her best black gown and no apron, and from these signs I concluded it was a visit of state. I was right: it was to announce her departure. The house, partially rebuilt and very much patched up, would never be the same. She was too old

for hope, and without the courage to pick up the broken bits of her masterpiece and put them together again. She was more ill at ease as visitor than as housekeeper. The conversation languished, although I fancied she had something particular to say, slight as was her success in saying it. We had both been silent for an awkward minute when she blurted out abruptly that she had never neglected her duty, no matter what it might or might not have pleased the tenants to give her. I applauded the sentiment as admirable, and I said good-bye; and never once then, and not until several days after she left us, did it dawn upon me that she was waiting to accept graciously the fee it was her right in leaving to expect from me. The fact of my having only just tipped her liberally had nothing to do with it. A housekeeper's departure was an occasion for money to pass from the tenants' hand into hers, and she had too much respect for her duty as housekeeper not to afford me the opportunity of doing mine as tenant. It was absurd, but I was humiliated in my own eyes when I thought of the figure I must cut in hers, and I could only hope she would make allowance for me as an ignorant American.

It takes years for a housekeeper of her type, like certain wines, to mature; and I knew that in the best sense of the word she could never be replaced, though the knowledge did not prepare me for her successor. Mrs. Haines was a younger and apparently stronger woman, but she was so casual in her dress, and so eager to emulate the lilies of the field, as to convince me that it was not in her, under any conditions, to mature into a housekeeper at all. It expressed much, I thought, that while the old housekeeper had always

her own. The fact that she had a husband was her recommendation to the landlord, who had been alarmed by the fire, and the hysterics into which it threw "the Housekeeper," and now insisted upon a man in the family as an indispensable qualification for the post. The advantage might have been more obvious had Mr. Haines not spent most of his time in dodging the tenants, and helping them to forget his presence in the house. He was not an ill-looking nor ill-mannered man, and shyness was the only explanation that occurred to me for his perseverance in avoiding us. Work could not force him from his retirement. Mrs. Haines said that he was a carpenter by trade, but the only ability I ever knew him to display was in evading whatever job I was hopeful enough to offer him. Besides, though it might be hard to say what I think a carpenter ought to look like, I was certain he did not look like one, and others shared my doubts.

The rumor spread through our street — where everybody rejoices in the knowledge of everything about everybody else who lives in it — that he had once been in the Civil Service, but had married beneath him, and come down in the world. How the rumor originated I never asked, or never was told if I did ask; but it was so evident that he shrank from the practice of the carpenter's trade that once we sent him with a letter to Mr. Fisher Unwin — who shares our love of the neighborhood to the point, not only of living in it, but of publishing from it — asking if some sort of a place could not be found for him in the office. It was found, I am afraid to his disappointment, for he never made any effort to fill it, and was more diligent than ever in keeping out of our way. As the

in the shape of work, except sometimes, furtively as if afraid of being detected in the act, shutting the front door when the clocks of the neighborhood struck eleven. He was far less of a safeguard to us than I often fancied he thought we were to him.

Mrs. Haines was sufficiently unlike him to account for one part of the rumor. She was coarse in appearance and disagreeable in manner, always on the defensive, always on the verge of flying into a temper. She had no objection to showing herself on the contrary, she was perpetually about, hunting for faults to find; but she did object to showing herself with a broom or a duster, a pail or a scrubbing-brush, in her hands. I shuddered sometimes at the thought of the shock to the old housekeeper if she were to see her hall and stairs. We could bring up coal now at any hour, or all day long. And yet Mrs. Haines tyrannized over us in her own fashion, and her tyranny was the more unbearable because it had no end except to spare herself trouble. Her one thought was to do nothing and get paid for it. She resented extra exertion without extra compensation. We never had been so bullied about coal under the old régime as we were under hers about a drain-pipe with a trick of overflowing. It might have drowned us in our Chambers, and she would not have stirred to save us; but its outlet was in a little paved court back of her kitchen, which it was one of her duties to keep in order, and she considered every overflow a rank injustice. She held the tenants in turn responsible, and would descend upon us like a Fury upbraiding us for our carelessness. It would never have surprised me had she ordered us down to clean up the court for her.

I must in fairness add that when extra exertion meant extra money she did not shirk it. Nor was she without

accomplishments. She was an excellent needlewoman: she altered and renovated more than one gown for me, she made me chair-covers, she mended my carpets. During the first year she was in the house she never refused any needlework and often she asked me for more. She would come up and wait for me at table on the shortest notice. In an emergency she would even cook me a dinner which, in its colorless English way, was admirable. There is no denying that she could be useful, but her usefulness had a special tariff.

It was also in her favor that she was a lover of cats, and their regard for her was as good as a certificate. I came to be on the best of terms with hers, Bogie by name, a tall ungainly tabby, very much the worse for wear. He spent a large part of his time on the street; and often, as I came or went, he would be returning home, and would ask me, in a way not to be resisted, to ring her door-bell for him. Sometimes I waited to exchange a few remarks with him, for, though his voice was husky and not one of his attractions, he always had plenty to say. On these occasions I was a witness of his pleasure in seeing his mistress again, though his absence might have been short, and of her enthusiasm in receiving him. Unquestionably they understood each other, and cats are animals of discrimination.

She extended her affection to cats that did not belong to her, and ours came in for many of her attentions. Our Jimmie, who had the freedom of the streets, often paid her a visit on his way out or in, as I knew he would not have done if she had not made the time pass agreeably; for if he, like all cats, disliked to be bored, he knew better than most how to avoid the possibility. One of his favorite haunts was the near Strand, probably because he was sure to meet his friends there. It was a

joy to him, if we had been out late in the evening, to run across us as we returned. With a fervent "mow" of greeting, he was at our side; and then, his tail high in the air and singing a song of rapture, he would come with us to our front door, linger until he had seen us open it, when, his mind at rest for our safety, he would hurry back to his revels. We considered this a privilege, and our respect for Mrs. Haines was increased when he let her share it even in the daytime. He was known to join her in the Strand, not far from Charing Cross, walk with her to Wellington Street, cross over, wait politely while she bought tickets at the Lyceum for one of the tenants, cross again and walk back with her. He was also known to sit down in the middle of the Strand, and divert the traffic better than a "Bobby," until Mrs. Haines, when everybody else had failed, enticed him away. He deserved the tribute of her tears, and she shed many, when the "Vet" kindly released him from the physical ruin to which exposure and a life of dissipation reduced him.

William Penn showed her the same friendliness, but from him it was not so marked, for he was a cat of democratic tastes and, next to his family, preferred the people who worked for them. He had not as much opportunity for his civilities as Jimmie, never being allowed to leave our Chambers. But when Mrs. Haines was busy in our kitchen he occupied more than a fair portion of her time, for which she made no reduction in the bill. William's charms were so apt to distract me from my work that I could say nothing, and her last kindness of all when he died — in his case of too luxuriant living and too little exercise, the "Vet" said — would make me forgive her much worse. According to my friend, Miss "considers dying a

strictly private affair." But William Penn's deathbed was a public affair, at least for Augustine and myself, who sat up with him through the night of his agony. We were both exhausted by morning, unfit to cope with the problem of his funeral. Chambers are without any convenient corner to serve as cemetery, and I could not entrust the most important member of the family to the dust-man for burial. I do not know what I should have done but for Mrs. Haines. It was she who arranged, by a bribe I would willingly have doubled, that during the dinner hour, when the head-gardener was out of the way, William should be laid to rest in the garden below our windows. She was the only mourner with Augustine and myself, — J. was abroad, — when, from above, we watched the assistant gardener lower him into his little grave under the tree where the wood-pigeons have their nest.

If I try now to make the best of what was good in her, at the time she did not give me much chance. Grumbling was such a habit with her that even had the Socialists' Millennium come she would have kept on, if only because it removed all other reason for her grumbles. Her prejudice against work of any kind did not lessen her displeasure with everybody who did not provide her with work of some kind to do. She treated me as if I imposed on her when I asked her to sew or to wait or to cook, and she abused the other tenants because they did not ask her to. She paid me innumerable visits, the object of which never varied. It was to borrow, which she did without shame or apology. She never hesitated in her demands, she never cringed. She ran short because the other tenants were not doing the fair and square thing by her, and she did not see why she should not draw upon me for help. One inexhaustible debt was the monthly bill

for her furniture, bought on the installment system and forfeited if any one installment were not met. I do not remember how many pounds I advanced, but enough to suggest that she had furnished her rooms, of which she never gave me as much as a glimpse, in a style far beyond her means. I could afford to be amiable, for I knew I could make her pay me back in work, though my continual loans did so little to improve her financial affairs that after a while my patience gave out, and I refused to advance another penny.

It was not until the illness of her husband, after they had been in the house some two years, that I realized the true condition of things behind the door they kept so carefully closed. The illness was sudden, so far as I knew. I had not seen Mr. Haines for long, but I was accustomed to not seeing him, and curiously, when Mrs. Haines's need was greatest, she showed some reluctance in asking to be helped out of it. Her husband was dying before she appealed to anybody, and then it was not to me, but to my old charwoman, who was so poor that I had always fancied that to be poorer still meant to live in the streets or on the rates. But Mrs. Haines was so much worse off, that the old charwoman, in telling me about it, thanked Our Lord — she was a devout Catholic — that she had never fallen so low. It was cold winter and there was no fire, no coal, no wood behind the closed door. The furniture for which I had advanced so many pounds consisted, I now found out, of two or three rickety chairs and a square of tattered carpet in the front room, a few pots and pans in the kitchen. In the dark bedroom between, the dying man lay on a hard board stretched on the top of a packing-box, shivering under his threadbare overcoat, so pitiful in his misery and suffering that the old charwoman was moved to com-

passion and hurried home to fetch him the blankets from her own bed and buy him a pennyworth of milk on the way. When the tenants knew how it was with Mrs. Haines and her husband, as now they could not help knowing, they remembered only that he was ill, and they sent for the doctor and paid for medicine, and did what they could to lighten the gloom of the two or three days left to him. And they arranged for a decent burial, feeling, I think, that a man who — as it was remembered — had been in the Civil Service should not lie in a pauper's grave. For a week or so we wondered again who he was, why he kept so persistently out of sight; after that we thought as little of him as when he had skulked, a shadow, between his rooms and the street door on the stroke of eleven.

Everybody was kind to Mrs. Haines now she was alone in the world. The landlord overlooked his announced decision "to sack the pair," and retained her as Housekeeper, though in losing her husband she had lost her principal recommendation. The tenants raised a fund to enable her to buy the mourning which is often a consolation in widowhood. Work was offered to her in Chambers which she had never entered before, and I doubled the tasks in ours. The housekeepers in the street with families to support must have envied her.

Mrs. Haines, however, did not see her position in that light. She had complained when work was not offered to her, she complained more bitterly when it was. Perhaps her husband had had some restraining influence upon her. I cannot say; but certainly once he was gone, she gave up all pretence of controlling her temper. She would sweep like a hurricane through the house, raging and raving, on the slightest provocation. She led us a worse life

than ever over the drain-pipe. She left the house more and more to take care of itself, dust lying thick wherever dust could lie, the stairs turned to a dingy gray, the walls blackened with London smoke and grime. Once in a while she hired a forlorn ragged old woman to wash the stairs and brush the front-door mat, for in London more than anywhere else, "poverty is a comparative thing," and every degree has one below to "soothe" it. No matter how hard up Mrs. Haines was, she managed to scrape together a few pennies to pay to have the work done for her rather than do it herself. She became as neglectful of herself as of the house: her one dress grew shabbier and shabbier, her apron was discarded, no detail of her toilet was attended to except the frizzing of her coarse black hair. All this came about not at once, but step by step, and things were very bad before J. and I admitted, even to each other, that she was a disgrace to the house. We would admit it to nobody else, and to my surprise the other tenants were as forbearing. I suppose it was because they understood as well as we did, that at a word to the landlord she would be adrift in London, where for one vacant post of housekeeper there are a hundred applications. To banish her from our own Chambers, however, was not to drive her to the workhouse, and I called for her services less and less often.

There was another reason for my not employing her, — to which I have not so far referred, — the reason really of her slovenliness and bad temper and gradual deterioration. I shut my eyes as long as I could. But I was prepared for the whispers that began to be heard, not only in our house but up and down our street. What started them I do not know, but the morning and evening gatherings of the house-

for nothing, and presently it got about that Mrs. Haines had been seen stealing in and out of a public house, and that this public house was just beyond the border-line of what we call our quarter, which looked as if she were endeavoring to escape the vigilant eyes of our gossips. Then, as invariably happens, the whispers grew louder, the evidence against her circumstantial, and everybody was saying quite openly where her money disappeared and why she became shabbier, her rooms barer, and the house more disreputable. It leaked out that her husband also had been seen flitting from public house to public house; and, the game of concealment by this time being up, it was bluntly said that drink had killed him, as it would Mrs. Haines if she went on as she was going.

I had kept my suspicions to myself, but she had never come to our Chambers at the hour of lunch or dinner that there was not an unusual drain upon our modest wine-cellar. I could not fancy that it was merely a coincidence, that friends dining with us were invariably thirstier when she waited or cooked; but her appearance had been the invariable signal for the disappearance of our wine at a rate that made my employment of her a costly luxury. I never saw her when I could declare she had been drinking, but drink she did, and there was no use my beating about the bush and calling it by another name. It would have been less hopeless had she occasionally betrayed herself — had her speech thickened and her walk become unsteady. But hers was the deadliest form of the evil, because it gave no sign. There was nothing to check it except every now and then a mysterious attack of illness, — which she said defied the doctor though it defied nobody in the house, — or the want of

gone if she cannot pick up a shilling here and a half-crown there. I was the last of the old tenants to employ her, but after I abandoned her she still had another chance with a newcomer who took the Chambers below ours, and, finding them too small to keep more than one servant, engaged her for a liberal amount of work. She bought aprons and a new black blouse and skirt, and she was so spruce and neat in them that I was encouraged to hope. But before the end of the first week, she was met on the stairs coming down from his room to hers with a bottle under her apron; at the end of the second she was dismissed.

I hardly dare think how she lived after this. With every Christmas there was a short period of prosperity, though it dwindled as the tenants began to realize where their money went. For a time J. and I got her to keep our bicycles, other people in the house followed suit, and during several months she was paid rent for as many as six, keeping them in the empty sitting-room from which even the rickety chairs had disappeared, and where the floor now was thick with grease and stained with oil. If we had trunks to store or boxes to unpack, she would let us the same room for as long as we wanted, and so she managed, one way or the other, by hook or by crook. But it was a makeshift existence, all the more so when her habits began to tell on her physically. She was ill half the time, and by the end of her fourth year in the house I do not believe she could have sewed or waited or cooked, had she had the chance. She had no friends, no companions, save her cat. They were a grim pair, she with hungry, shifty eyes glowing like fires in the pallor of her face, he more gaunt and ungainly than ever — for a witch and her familiar they would have been burnt not so many hundred years ago.

Then we heard that she was taking in lodgers, — women with the look of hunted creatures, who stole into her rooms at strange hours of the night. Some said they were waifs and strays from the “Halls,” others that they were wanderers from the Strand; all agreed that, whoever they were, they must be as desperately poor as she, to seek shelter where the only bed was the floor. Much had been passed over, but I knew that such lodgers were more than landlord and tenants could endure, and I had not to be a prophet to foresee that the end was approaching.

It came more speedily than I thought, though the manner of it was not left to landlord and tenants. Christmas — her fifth in the house — had filled her purse again. Tenants were less liberal, it is true, but she must have had at least five or six pounds, to which a turkey and plum pudding had been added by our neighbor across the hall, who was of a generous turn. She had therefore the essentials of what passes for a merry Christmas, but how much merriment there was in hers I had no way of telling. On holidays in London I keep indoors if I can, not caring to face the sadness of the streets, or the dreariness of house-parties, and I did not go downstairs on Christmas Day, nor on Boxing Day, which is the day after. Mrs. Haines, if she came up, did not present herself at our Chambers. I trust she was gay because, as it turned out, it was her last chance for gayety at this or any other season. In the middle of the night following Boxing Day she was seized with one of her mysterious attacks. A lodger was with her, but, from fright or stupidity, or perhaps worse, called no one till dawn, when she rang up the Housekeeper next door and vanished. The Housekeeper next door went at once for the doctor who attends to us all in our quarter. It was too late: Mrs.

Haines was dead when he reached the house.

Death was merciful, freeing her from the worse fate that threatened, for she was at the end of everything. She went out of the world as naked as she came into it. Her rooms were empty, there was not so much as a crust of bread in her kitchen, in her purse were two farthings. Her only clothes were those she had just taken off and the few rags wrapped about her for the night. Destitution could not be more complete, and the horror was to find it, not round the corner, not at the door, but in the very house.

The day after, her sister appeared, from where, summoned by whom, I do not know. She was a decent, seri-

ous woman who attended to everything, and when the funeral was over called on all the tenants. She wanted, she told me, to thank us for all our kindness to her sister, whom kindness had so little helped. She volunteered no explanation, she only sighed her regrets — she could not understand, she said.

Nor could I. No doubt, daily in the slums, many women die as destitute. But they never had their chance. Mrs. Haines had hers, and a fair one as these things go. When I remember her tragedy, my confidence is shaken in the reformers to-day who would work the miracle, and, with equal chances for all men, transform this sad world of ours into Utopia.

PROGRESS

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

WHEN we make boast of human progress it is always with the softening reflection that we have not ourselves to thank for our present high estate. Honor to whom honor is due. We need but turn to yesternorn, to recall the faith with which we held the Devil to account for the inventions of a Gutenberg or the revelations of a Galileo. Progress was of Satan. Whatever threatened to disturb the *status quo* was essentially sinful. God had designed things to be as they were, and it lay not in man's province to question them. The reformer was a menace to salvation, and was by our ancestors scratched and scorched with no less assurance of right-doing than that with

ers, and vaccinate our school-children.

It is not now the fashion, however, to believe in evil, and there are those among us who would impeach our predecessors for their intolerant behavior toward the world's advancement. "Put together all the efforts of all the atheists who have ever lived, and they have not done so much harm to Christianity and the world as has been done by the narrow-minded, conscientious men who persecuted Roger Bacon and his compeers."¹ So speaks a scholar of the day. And his speech is typical; but it is not according to St. Paul. Would we prove all things, we dare not judge so quickly by appear-

¹ Andrew D. White: *A History of the Warfare*

ances. "We can only rightly judge of things," says Plato, "in relation to their ultimate aim." "Nor do we know," responds Antonius, "whether men do wrong or not, for many things are done with certain reference to circumstances." And, moreover, who are we that we should sit in judgment on the actors of the past? That we are now upon the stage, with altered faiths and manners, does not affect the verity that our fathers and their fathers' fathers' fathers were but ourselves unfolding toward to-day.

The human race has ever fought its own advancement. Jesus and Darwin were alike accepted under protest. No reform has yet been invited. Each forward move has been resisted, and resisted not alone by the Sadducees, but by the multitude. Even the gods punished Prometheus for teaching men the use of fire. There has been no step onward in the march of knowledge save over the body of some martyred torch-bearer. And the first martyr was the first man. For all ages has he been accursed for his disobedience in seeking added power. Sin and tribulation came into the world through a striving after knowledge: a tasting of "the tree to be desired to make one wise." Such is the preface to the life of every nation, from the Hebrews to the Kickapoos.

We of this big republic complacently affirm the glory of our national achievements, and are not without temptation to acclaim them as proof of superior craft and judgment. But herein do we forget that we are on record as having cast our vote against every move that has contributed to the present century's development. Not one of its essential factors came into play without an earnest effort on the part of the public to thwart it. We, the people, have stood squarely against each and every innovation that has moved the world beyond the days of Washington.

We raised our voices in contemptuous protest against the first projected railways. Had the locomotive awaited its signal from the people, it would not yet have started. When the electric telegraph was shown to us we brushed it aside as a toy, and laughed its inventor to scorn when he offered to sell us his rights for a few thousand dollars. We put into jail as an impostor the first man who brought anthracite coal to market. We broke to pieces Howe's sewing-machine as an invention calculated to ruin the working classes, and we did the same thing to the harvester and the binder. We scorned the typewriter as a plaything. We gathered together in mass meetings of indignation at the first proposal to install electric trolley lines; and when Dr. Bell told us he had invented an instrument by means of which we might talk to one another across the town, we responded with accustomed ridicule, and only the reckless among us contributed to its being.

When, seventy years ago, William Lloyd Garrison preached the abolition of slavery, we tied a halter about him, and dragged him through the streets of Boston. We rained anathemas upon the memory of Jenner when his disciples undertook to vaccinate us. We hooted Dr. Simpson as an atheist for introducing the use of anæsthetics in his surgical practice. We repelled the efforts of our first health officers to establish rules of public hygiene. We stormed in righteous wrath against Robert Ingersoll for suggesting that Moses made mistakes; and when Darwin presented his *Origin of Species*, our outcry was a perfect whirlwind of denunciation, a tempest that blighted men's reputations, and cast out professors from universities and clergymen from pulpits.

There is that in our blood as a social organism which craves fixation.

Man's first business after the Deluge was to anchor the earth to heaven, and from that time to this have we labored to the same purpose, striving ever to hold the world immobile.

"I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your Eminences, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel, which I touch with my hands, do abjure, curse, and detest the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth." Thus, three hundred years ago, by threat of rack and fire, did we check the planet from turning on its axis, and moving round the sun. Nor was it officially released until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Pius VII put his signature to a decree permitting for the first time the publishing of works treating of the motion of the earth. Verily, a tardy recognition of affairs. But, as bodies politic, it is thus our habit. Not until a full generation after Darwin's pronunciamiento did our colleges permit the teaching of the theory of evolution. It is only now that many of our states are for the first time formally acknowledging the righteousness of alcoholic temperance; and it is but yesterday that our cities officially recognized the parasitic theory of disease, and put into practice the principles of antisepsis. And yet, even so, there still drags behind a clamorous host of individuals clinging faithfully to Moses and to their charms of whiskey and of asafoetida.

We look in vain for the phenomenon of progress among other social forms of life — the bees, the ants, the apes, the beavers; even primitive groups of man himself, as we find them in the Hottentot, the Bushman, and the Gypsy. They are to-day where they were when the shepherds came to Arcady. They are living as their Abra-

ing what they thought. Each generation follows its predecessor in unflinching similitude of knowledge, of habit, of social condition. And, were we let alone, would not we, too, exhibit the same invariability? Indeed, do we not come now and again upon some community hid in the very midst of us that has held fast to a bygone age? — some community which the angel of progress has passed over, leaving it at peace with the tools and the faith of its fathers?

Every onward movement of civilization has been in subjection to an impulse from without. Never does the impulse spring from the race itself. Nor does it at once comprehend the race in seeking its expression. This impulse — from whatsoever realm of mind it may come — confines its epiphany to the Individual. Now here, now there, it seizes upon a son of man and makes of him the reformer, the inventor, the revelator of God. In him is the divine *vis a tergo* made manifest, and by means of him does it push the race from its orbit of instinctive fixity and send it spinning in a larger arc.

The history of human progress is but the world's commentary upon the gospel of the Individual. No truth is ever revealed directly to mankind. The Individual is always the intermediary. Yet never has the race called him or been prepared to welcome him. It has never had any conscious need of him. He has ever been a disturber of peace; a heretic; a dreamer of dreams; despised and rejected of men. Nor does it avail to ask him for what gain he endures the flings and the rage of a perverse generation. It is not for fame, it is not for wealth, it is not for any profit within the giving or the comprehension of his fellows. His genius is not of the race. And his mission, from whom does it come? Verily, not from

"Necessity," quotes the sophomore, "is the mother of invention." But whence comes necessity? The bee, the ant, the Terra del Fuego, has had in the making each need anticipated. Life is balanced. There is neither necessity nor invention. Which, therefore, of the two came first upon the earth to break the spell of Paradise? Though we had no records to inform us, we should by reasoning alone decide in favor of invention; for we cannot think of Eden as harboring necessity. Through the Serpent came invention — discovery, a finding out; and from the fruit of this first excursion sprang the needs of man. Therefore, would we record the genesis of progress, we must reverse the glib quotation, for, of a truth, invention is the mother of necessity.

We have already noted that every discovery and every new thing that has been instrumental in changing the thought and activities of man, came into being in face of the world's opposition. Each in turn was rejected as unholy, or a toy without worth. The advent of each of them found man content with the means at hand. No conscious need of his called other implements to his aid. Necessity was not the mother of any of them. The world did not want any one of them. It had no place, no use, for them, until each for itself had created a new field of need and industry. The necessity was not of the world's providing. It sprang from the things themselves.

Like an unbottled genie, each invention has laid hold of man, and made of him its servitor. Every new convenience has added fresh conditions to the fulfilling of life. Each has come to us disguised as a means of saving time and effort, yet each has made time more precious and effort more imperative. The machinery that is ours transcends the mechanical helpmates of ancient

Egypt as the electric arc outblazes the firefly; yet never has the world been so busy as it is to-day. Every labor-saving device increases the cost of labor, every time-saving contrivance makes the day shorter. Worse handicapped are we than Sisyphus. We measure now the day in fractions of a second. A few centuries ago men knew not the meaning of seconds nor of minutes; the hour-glass sufficed for every need of peace or war; while Solomon, with all his wit, saw not beyond the age when there should be demand for closer reckoning than morning, noon, and eventide.

'T is common knowledge that we, to-day, are far more pressed for time, more overborne with work, more distantly removed from opportunity for rest and converse with our souls, than were our countrymen who walked with Franklin. Yet in those days they had not steam nor gas nor dynamo, nor any one of all the multitude of modern agencies designed to conquer time and lengthen life.

Truly, we have sought out many inventions; and to what end? Should the Nazarene return to-day he would but underscore his teachings. He would have no word less to speak. Our wonder-working flames and engines have built for us no avenue to heaven. Neither Paul nor Plato would have uttered different truths because of telegraphs or railways, nor would the Psalmist have sung to-day in closer tune with God. With all our devices, all our multiplicity of knowledge, there has come no higher wisdom to the race. We yet must turn for life's essential guidance to the teachers of the past.

And is there then no meaning in the present progress of the world? To him who can receive it, the answer is already his.

ESSENTIAL FINANCIAL AND BANKING REFORMS

BY CHARLES N. FOWLER

THE reformation of our financial and banking practices is the most important economic question that has ever confronted the world.

The financial resources of France in 1803, when the Bank of France was established, were comparatively small. So were the bank resources of Great Britain small in 1844 when the bank act, under which the Bank of England is administered, was passed. Nor can it be said that a comparison between the banking conditions of the German Empire and those of our own country can be reasonably instituted, so vast is the disparity from every point of view.

The significance of our problem becomes most impressive when considered in the light of two comparisons.

First, Great Britain has only 120,000 square miles; France only 204,000 square miles; Germany only 208,000 square miles; while the United States has 3,200,000 square miles.

Second, the banking resources of the entire world, including the United States, were only \$15,900,000,000 in 1890; while the banking resources of the United States to-day exceed \$20,000,000,000, or are twenty-five per cent larger than the banking resources of the whole world were, less than twenty years ago.

GOVERNMENTAL FINANCE

The United States Treasury should be placed in the same position precisely as that occupied by all of our great cities and states. It should cease exercising

lied from the burden of maintaining \$346,000,000 of United States notes on a parity with gold, by the retirement of these United States notes, or by converting the uncovered amount of them, \$200,000,000, into gold certificates. It will be remembered, there is now \$150,000,000 of gold in the trust fund, leaving \$200,000,000 of these notes uncovered by gold.

The silver certificates, amounting to about \$600,000,000, should all be cut up into one and two-dollar certificates, and instead of buying more silver for subsidiary coin, we should recoin our silver dollars into halves, quarters, and ten-cent pieces, up to the limit of current requirements. These things being done, and the national-bank-notes being disposed of, the silver would cease to threaten the solvency of the Treasury.

The national-bank-notes, amounting now to more than \$700,000,000, should be redeemed, not by the government at the Treasury, but by the banks themselves over their own counters and at convenient places throughout the United States, in a natural commercial way, precisely as the banks now redeem their checks and drafts.

The government should not be engaged in the collateral loan business, redepositing the money, unnaturally withdrawn from the channels of trade, with the national banks, only upon condition that the banks secure the repayment of the amount by putting up security. The government has a first lien upon the assets of any national

The Comptroller of the Currency has statements of all the national banks, and therefore the government could make safe selections.

The government should accept the checks and drafts of national banks, which are its own creatures, in payment of all obligations due to it. These checks and drafts should be deposited the same day in the national banks, in the same locality, so as not to disturb the commercial conditions any more than would the same amount of business done by any commercial house. Actually to abstract the cash, and lock up that amount of reserves, is an act of barbarism; such a thing is not done by any other civilized country in the world. If the Standard Oil Company, or any great corporation, were known to be practicing such methods as the government has been practicing for more than sixty years, a mob would be justified in battering down its doors. So far as possible, the government should be a model in just, wise, and economic practices, not the laughing-stock of the commercial nations of the world.

The government should not draw a check upon itself, but upon its banking agent, precisely as New York City does, or New York State, or any other municipality. When the United States government is put into this position, its credit cannot be assailed and imperiled as it was in 1894, 1895, and 1896, and as it may be again at any moment. For the real burden resting upon the Treasury to-day is about \$1,700,000,000, — consisting of \$346,000,000 United States notes, \$700,000,000 of bank-notes, and \$600,000,000 of silver, — and this vast mass rests upon the mere pin-point of \$150,000,000 of gold, now in the trust fund of the Treasury.

BANKING

In any properly constituted and properly adjusted banking system

there are two prime essentials. First: since gold is our standard of value, there must be an actual reserve of gold to meet the varying demands of *capital* from day to day in various parts of the country. Second: there must be convertibility of book-credits or deposits subject to check, into current credits or note-credits, to meet the varying demands of *cash*.

CURRENCY

Let me illustrate this point. By reason of our fall business there might well be a demand in the United States for the conversion of \$300,000,000 of deposits subject to check into \$300,000,000 of currency or cash, and yet no increase in the amount of reserves required; that is, there might be no demand for additional loans. On the other hand, the converse is equally true. There might be a demand for loans aggregating \$500,000,000, which would call for \$100,000,000 of additional gold as an adequate reserve, while the amount of currency in circulation was actually decreasing, if we had a wise and properly adjusted banking system.

In other words, the expansion and contraction in the reserves might not be followed by a corresponding expansion and contraction in currency or cash at all; but just the reverse might occur, which proves that reserves and currency are two different things; and that the expansion and contraction of each, independently of the other, under the operation of economic law, is essential to a properly constituted banking system.

The bank-note which we have to-day is not a true bank currency, which flows out and flows back to the bank with the same freedom, fluidity, and certainty that checks do. Our so-called bank-note, is in reality a bond-note, bound to and controlled by the bonds to which it is related, and in no way responsive to business transactions, be-

cause it is not related to and does not spring into being with business operations. Our bank-notes increase in the spring and early summer because the demand for capital is light, and some profit can be made on the bonds used for that purpose. But with a proper and natural currency, there would be a marked contraction during this period.

In the autumn months, when there should always be a large expansion in our bank-note circulation, there is often a considerable contraction, because capital is scarce and more can be made out of it in some other way than in purchasing or holding bonds for bank-note circulation. Hence the banks dispose of their bonds and retire their notes. What a marvelous piece of uneconomic ingenuity it is, actually reversing every normal demand of trade! And yet this monumental piece of stupidity has remained for nearly fifty years, with the approval of nearly all of our public men who have had charge of such legislation, and declared by them to be "the best banking system in the world." From an economic point of view, our currency system has been no currency system at all. From the day of its inception to this hour, it has been only a bond-speculating scheme, the banks having lost about \$40,000,000 upon their bonds during the last five years, although they have had periods of profit.

Until we come to appreciate and recognize the fact that there is absolutely no difference between a bank deposit subject to check and a true bank-note, except that the one — the bank deposit — is non-current because it passes only by a written order; and the other, the bank-note, is current because it passes without a written order; — until, I say, we appreciate and recognize this great fundamental economic law, we shall not solve the currency feature of the pending

RESERVES

To-day, although we have central reserve cities and reserve cities, we have no reliable central reserve; a fact that we have learned to our commercial sorrow. In plain words, our present reserve system is almost a pure fiction; if, indeed, it is not a source of serious danger, because it invariably proves an exhausted resource — a broken reed.

Furthermore we shall not solve the problem of a central reserve unless when the strain, however great, comes again, we have an actual and adequate reserve in *gold*, not credit, upon which other credits are to be based.

Our standard of value is gold, and therefore our MEASURE of bank credit in the form of deposits or bank-notes, or our BANK RESERVE, should be gold, and gold alone; and we should not be content to place some form of credit in our bank reserves, because to that extent there must be inflation, as we should be basing one credit upon another credit. Again, to the exact extent that we use some form of credit for reserves instead of gold, to just that extent do we drive gold out of the country; the poorer always driving out the better money.

It is a matter of first importance, therefore, that the looked-for reform recognize gold alone as a proper reserve. Of course, our subsidiary coin, consisting of one and two-dollar silver certificates, which will make up our pocket-money and the till-change of our banks, may be passed over as relatively harmless; at least it will be so when it is reduced to the forms suggested, when the United States notes are out of the way, and the redemption of the bank-notes thrown where it belongs, directly upon the banks.

UNIFICATION OF OUR BANKS

With forty-seven states furnishing as many different kinds of banking

in every instance, it can hardly be expected that we should have such a system of banking in this country as its commercial importance demands. Banks, in one state, may do anything known to the banking world. They may not be required to carry any reserve whatever, and may be under practically no restraint. In another state, banks may do one thing, trust companies another, and national banks still another. This conglomerate state of the laws has led to a confusion of relationships between state and national institutions that is most perplexing.

On the one hand, we observe the Comptroller of the Currency trying to have his examiners meet the state examiners for the purpose of preventing the state and national banks from shuffling their securities and improving their assets for examination day. On the other hand, we find the banks distrusting themselves and with little or no confidence in the state or national examinations, forming themselves into groups for mutual protection by establishing clearing-house examinations. This has been done in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Philadelphia; while California as a state is preparing to do the same thing.

Recently I was informed by a leading banker in one of our largest cities that sixteen audits were required every year, that the matter had become a nuisance, and was seriously interfering with the business of the bank.

SAVINGS

The vast savings of the people are being used indiscriminately for commercial purposes, and, what is more to be criticised and deplored, for speculative purposes, although the savings accounts should be segregated and invested in prescribed securities.

Has anything ever been more clearly demonstrated than that some system should be evolved from this commercial or banking chaos? Should it not be simplified, unified, and brought into one harmonious whole for the sake of economy, protection to banking and commerce, and that the welfare of the whole people may be conserved?

Can we hope for any substantial reform in our banking system unless these ends can be achieved?

In this age of gigantic organizations, and vast business enterprises, our banking system should be brought into harmony with the times, and rendered adequate to the demand upon it, and made so powerful and all-comprehending as to be the great steadying force in our world of commerce, instead of the weak thing it is to-day, certain to break down under the slightest increased strain.

The questions involved relate more to economic principles than to banking, and any attempt to superimpose banking practices found elsewhere, will prove a dismal failure. For the problem confronting us is unlike any ever before met, and unless we approach it as an economic question, with due regard to geographical and political considerations, keeping in view our determination to preserve the individual, independent, free form of banking that has grown up in this country since President Jackson drove the last United States Bank out of existence, we shall fail utterly in our attempt at reform.

WHAT WE DO NOT WANT

Geographically, politically, economically and practically the establishment of a Central Bank in the United States to-day is unthinkable; unless the sole purpose of starting such an institution is to serve some special interest to the incalculable and never-ending injury and cost of the American people.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE refusal of the House of Lords to pass the Budget until the people have been given a chance of pronouncing upon its provisions precipitates an issue that is likely, for some time to come, to remain the master-question of British politics. That issue, in brief, is the place the Upper Chamber shall hold in the framework of British government, and the powers that shall belong to it. The problem is as vital and contentious as any that a democracy can be called upon to solve, and its emergence has long seemed to be inevitable. More than sixteen years ago, in the last speech he ever delivered in the House of Commons, Gladstone pointed to it as "a controversy which, when once raised, must go forward to an issue." Nothing came of his warning.

From 1895 to 1906 the question of the House of Lords slumbered. But within the past four years it has been reawakened, as it was bound to be, as every one foresaw it must be, by the accession of a powerful and earnest Liberal Government. Four times at least since 1906, and twice over measures of first-class importance, the Liberals have clashed with the Lords and have been worsted by them. They have seen bills which had passed the House of Commons by a majority of three hundred so mutilated by the Lords that they have had to be thrown into the wastepaper basket. They have seen measures dealing with land-valuation, with plural voting, and with licensing re-

Chamber. They have felt debarred from tackling other problems because they were aware beforehand that their solutions would be found unacceptable by the hereditary House. It has, in short, been borne in upon them that free scope for the development of Liberal policy cannot be secured so long as the Lords retain their present constitutional prerogatives, and exercise them in the spirit they have manifested during the past four years. Quite apart, therefore, from the Budget, it has been evident that the Liberals were being rapidly driven to the necessity of subordinating everything else to a settlement of the House of Lords question. But the fate of the Budget has enormously broadened that question, and complicated it,—has vested it indeed with a sudden and unlooked-for gravity, and has given it a turn that involves nothing less than the fundamentals of the British system of government.

Even, however, if the relations between the Liberals and the Lords had been as smooth as they have been acrimonious, even if the Budget had not been of a character to foment their old quarrel, I am inclined to think that the whole problem of the House of Lords could not for long have been prevented from pushing its way to the front. No one who has kept an eye on the recent tendencies of political thought in England can have failed to note its growing alienation from the philosophy, the methods of reasoning, the spirit, and the instincts, which Burke, for in-

brought to bear on the problems of government. The Englishman of today is much more of a precisian in politics than were his forefathers. He is more apt than they were to test institutions and arrangements by the rule of thumb; more apt to take up the severely logical and mathematical standpoint; more sensitive to anomalies that offend his sense of symmetry, and less curious to inquire whether, after all, they may not work well; more concerned with the names and appearances of things and less with their substance; more disposed to believe that in politics there really are absolute rules which can be applied with the conciseness of an algebraical formula.

With such standards and habits of mind as these, it is the easiest possible thing to make out a case against the House of Lords. It is an assembly that seems to contradict most, if not all, of the basic principles of democracy. It is not elected by the people, yet it has the power of thwarting and sometimes of overriding the people's will. By rejecting the Budget, — for what it has done is equivalent to rejecting the Budget, — the House of Lords is at this moment asserting a claim which, if admitted, gives it the ultimate power of the purse, makes every government dependent upon its forbearance for the very means to live, and thus raises itself to the position of paramount authority in the State. Of its six hundred odd members, twenty-six owe their places solely to the fact that they are Archbishops or Bishops of the Established Church; five are lawyers of eminence on whom life peerages have been conferred to enable the Upper Chamber to fulfill its functions as the highest court of appeal; sixteen are Scottish "representative" peers, representative, that is, in the sense that they are selected by their brother peers to sit in the House; twenty-eight are Irish

representative peers; four are princes of the royal blood; and over five hundred and forty are hereditary peers. Some of these, the first of their line, have been rewarded with peerages for personal distinction and achievements, or for past services in the party cause that cannot otherwise be requited; but the vast majority of them have inherited seats in the Upper Chamber together with their titles and estates.

It is this indiscriminate application of the hereditary principle that constitutes the most obvious weakness of the House of Lords. Whatever his competency or character, a peer, the moment he becomes a peer, becomes also a member of the governing oligarchy. Some peers have no taste for politics; others have no capacity; others again are men of unsavory reputation. Nevertheless they are *ipso facto* units in the House of Lords; the writ of summons to take their place in Parliament cannot legally be withheld from them; and unless they commit a felony or become bankrupt there is no way of getting rid of them. Not all peers by any means — and it is at once the salvation of the House of Lords and its condemnation that this should be so — rate their privileges very highly.

There is an inimitable conversation in one of Mr. Henry James's tales between the son of an English duke and a young American girl on this very point.

"'Lord Lambeth,' said Bessie Alden, 'are you an hereditary legislator?'"

"'Oh, I say,' cried Lord Lambeth, 'don't make me call myself such names as that.'"

"'But you are a member of Parliament,' said the young girl."

"'I don't like the sound of that either.'"

"'Does n't your father sit in the House of Lords?' Bessie Alden went on."

“‘Very seldom,’ said Lord Lambeth.

“‘Is it an important position?’ she asked.

“‘Oh dear no,’ said Lord Lambeth.

“‘I should think it would be very grand,’ said Bessie Alden, ‘to possess simply by an accident of birth the right to make laws for a great nation.’

“‘Ah, but one does n’t make laws. It’s a great humbug.’

“‘I don’t believe that,’ the young girl declared. ‘It must be a great privilege, and I should think that if one thought of it in the right way — from a high point of view — it would be very inspiring.’

“‘The less one thinks of it the better,’ Lord Lambeth affirmed.”

The Lord Lambeths of actual life are very numerous, and their easy, detached, minimizing attitude toward their legislative responsibilities is one of the reasons why the House of Lords still exists. If every peer were a politician, aching to take part in public affairs and to convert his share in national legislation from a useful fiction into an obstreperous and inquisitorial fact, the House of Lords would long ago have been found intolerable. But as it is, most peers, happily, are land-owners, magistrates, sportsmen, business men, and so on, before they are hereditary legislators, and Westminster claims, or at any rate receives, only a fraction of their time and interest. For the most part, they simply abstain from going there. A considerable number of them do not even take the trouble to present the writs that entitle them to sit and vote. When one hundred and fifty members are to be found in the House of Lords at the same time, it is proof that something of unusual importance is under discussion. Three are enough to form a quorum, and the ordinary routine business

of more than two score of members. Only two hundred peers, or less than a third of the whole House, were present during the debates which transformed the Education Bill of 1906, the principal measure of the session, beyond the recognition of its framers and led to its abandonment; and in the majority that voted a few weeks ago in favor of submitting the Budget to the people were fifty or sixty peers who had not put in a single appearance since the last Parliament, and who had to be specially sworn in for the occasion.

One consequence of all this is that in ordinary times the gilded chamber is a gilded desert. It is an old jest that the best cure for admiring the House of Lords is to go and see it. A few dozen peers lolling about on the red benches, while one of their number holds forth with studied unemotionalism, among occasional faint murmurs of approval or dissent, do not, it must be owned, make an impressive spectacle. To walk from the House of Commons down the long corridor to the House of Lords is like leaving a power-house to enter a cathedral close. There is none of the responsiveness, the animation, and vehemence about the Upper Chamber that affect one instantaneously in the Lower House. The speakers talk not only in a lower voice but in a lower key; there is no appeal to the vulgarity of mere feeling; everything is grave, quiet, decorous, and chilling. “My surprise knew no bounds,” wrote Lord Shaftesbury, when he drew a cheer from the House. “I had warmed Nova Zembla!” As is the dignity of the Senate to that of the House of Representatives, so is that of the House of Lords to every other second chamber with which I am acquainted. It would continue to be dignified and unembarrassed even if Car-

Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords" were to be realized in fact. It is so dignified, so sure of itself, so confident in its traditions of courtesy and repose, that it has virtually no rules for regulating debate; its presiding officer, the Lord Chancellor, is armed with no authority even to settle a point of order or decide which of two speakers rising simultaneously shall address the House; and its only means of quelling a disturbance is to have the Clerk of the Parliament read aloud two Standing Orders, dating from the first half of the seventeenth century and prohibiting "all personal, sharp, or teasing speeches."

Another result of the absenteeism of so many of the peers is that those who are constant in attendance, and who really do the work, are for the most part picked men, men with a natural taste and a trained capacity for affairs, men who have won distinction and achievement in one or other of the innumerable fields of public employment and responsibility that the possession of a great empire throws open to Britons. Take away those who are indifferent or objectionable, and there is left an active residuum of peers, say two hundred and fifty in all, who possess between them as much debating and business ability, as much knowledge and statesmanship, as can be found in any legislative chamber in the world. Archbishop Magee used to say that nothing more struck him in the House of Lords than the amount of special information possessed by its members. To go through the roll of its members, tracing back the career and achievements of each, is to be continually astonished at the wealth and diversity of aptitudes and experience that the House is able to draw upon.

In the House as it is to-day, for example, there are some twenty-eight peers, such as Lords Morley, Lansdowne,

Rosebery, and Crewe, whose whole life has been a training in statesmanship; there are some thirty-five who are active railway directors; there are some thirty, like Lords Curzon, Milner, Cromer, MacDonnell, Minto, Tennyson, Aberdeen, and Grey, who have held high, sometimes the highest, administrative office in India, and who have served as colonial governors and governor-generals; there are fifteen who have spent a large part of their time in the diplomatic service; there are at least one hundred who have seen active service in the army and navy; there are about thirty-five intimately concerned in banking; there are the twenty-six archbishops and bishops, representing an imposing array of scholarship, administrative aptitudes, and knowledge of the realities of life among all classes of the population; there are some forty peers who might fairly be called "captains of industry"; there are over eighty who are actively engaged in the work of county administration; there are sixteen or so who would rank among the most eminent of British lawyers and jurists; there are two or three scientists, like Lords Lister and Rayleigh, of the first rank; and there are some one hundred and fifty members of the House who are large landowners in a country where the ownership of land is not only an exacting business education but has always been associated with the discharge of public duties.

To any one who really knows England, an assembly so constituted will not seem unrepresentative. Indeed, it has been ingeniously suggested, and for myself I should not like to dispute the theory, that the House of Lords as a whole, in its dullness, its aversion from change, and the ascendancy in it of the human over the professionally political point of view, corresponds more closely to the outlook and tempera-

ment of the average Englishman than does the House of Commons. But altogether apart from such subtleties as these, I think that Mr. Sidney Low is undoubtedly right, when, in his admirable work on *The Governance of England*, he points out that "a Senate cannot be deemed unrepresentative of some of the best elements of a nation, when among its elements may be included the greatest, or nearly the greatest, poets and painters of their age, the most famous savants, philosophers, and jurists, the most eloquent preachers, the most learned theologians, and many of the magnates of finance, industry and commerce. . . . In spite of the dead weight of the mere titled nobodies, there is probably more intellect and ability in the House of Lords than in any other Second Chamber that could be named. . . . The House of Lords has the influence which belongs to wealth, to high rank and ancient lineage, to landed property, to ideas and sentiments which have been interwoven into the texture of English society, and to traditions, usages and habits of mind which are the growth of ages." Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, again, whose two volumes on *The Government of England* have made all Englishmen his debtors, has justly noted the peculiar confidence which their countrymen of all ranks bestow upon those peers who have attained a position in the forefront of politics. "There seems," he remarks, "to be a feeling that they are raised above the scrimmage of public life; that in rank, wealth and reputation they possess already the goal of ambition, and are beyond the reach of the temptations that beset the ordinary man."

But while the House of Lords thus commands a good deal of the popularity enjoyed by its individual members the somewhat

that will be yielded to them so long as England is England; while the part it plays in shaping legislation is assigned in general to those peers who are best able to execute it; and while, on the whole, it is a body eminently responsive to public sentiment, no one would pretend that as a second chamber it is incapable of improvement. Its imperfections, indeed, become almost painfully visible when any measure that really affects the aristocracy and its social and political allies comes up for discussion. Strange faces at such times crowd the lobbies; the hereditary legislator who had to ask a policeman the way to the House of Lords was probably no mere fable. From remote country-seats, forgotten peers rush up to town; and any bill that touches the interests of the Church or the landlords or the brewers or the Conservative party is liable to meet with short shrift at their hands. There is, however, one proviso to be attached to this statement of the case—the bill in question must have been introduced by a Liberal government.

It enormously complicates the problem of the House of Lords that its members belong almost altogether to one party. In the past eighty years the Liberals have appointed considerably more peers than the Conservatives, yet the Liberals in the House of Lords to-day are outnumbered by nearly ten to one. It is found that a man who was a Liberal before he joined the peerage insensibly takes the color of the class into which he steps. He begins to share its prejudices and its instinctive ways of looking at things; and even though he himself may not fall directly from the faith, nine times out of ten his son is an out-and-out Conservative. For Liberal peers to beget Conservative successors has become a phenomenon so constant that one might almost call it

The result is, of course, that when a Conservative government is in power the House of Lords, except as a ratifying chamber, practically ceases to exist. It passes automatically all the bills that are sent up to it; it forgets altogether that it is supposed to be a revisory and suspensory branch of the legislature; it sinks into the position of a mere annex to the Carlton Club. But directly a Liberal government comes into office, the Lords wake up. They are immediately on the *qui vive*; they scrutinize the government's measures with hostile minuteness; their constitutional prerogatives take on a sudden and expanding activity.

Those prerogatives, like most things in the British Constitution, are ill-defined, and rather a matter of usage and understanding than of hard-and-fast regulation. They amount practically to this, that the Lords have the legal right and the constitutional power to amend or reject any bill they please, other than the Finance Bill of the year; but that if the Commons, after an appeal to the electorate, send the bill back again, and if public opinion clearly favors it, the Upper Chamber is bound to pass it. Their function, in other words, is to interpret the will of the people, to stand between the nation and the vagaries of a chance majority in the House of Commons, and to interpose an interval for reflection and delay during which the maturer judgment of the public on any given measure may have time to formulate itself. Thus, had Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament when his Home Rule Bill of 1893 was rejected by the Lords; and had the constituencies returned him to power with an equal or increased majority, the Lords would have had no option but to pass the bill. The fact that Mr. Gladstone did not dissolve Parliament was rightly interpreted as betraying a consciousness

that he had not the country behind him. On that occasion, as on many others, the House of Lords was a truer exponent of the national will than the House of Commons. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that since 1832 no decision of the Lords on a measure of first-class moment has been reversed at the polls.

As between the two great parties there is unquestionably an appearance of unfairness in the use made by the Lords of their constitutional powers. Having the Upper Chamber at their backs, the Conservatives are able to play the political game with loaded dice. When they are themselves in office, Great Britain is virtually under a single-chamber system of government. When their opponents are in office, it is always open to the Conservatives to retrieve in the House of Lords the defeats sustained in the House of Commons and at the polls.

The great objection to the Lords, indeed, is not that they occasionally reject Liberal measures, but that they never reject Conservative measures; not that they do one-half of their work too thoroughly but that they do not do the other half at all. To this it may, of course, be answered that the bills brought forward by a Conservative government are in general so reasonable, so little revolutionary, and so much in harmony with popular wishes, as to make rejection or amendment unnecessary. But the plea will hardly bear the test of fact. The Education Bill of 1902, and the Licensing Bill of 1904, were both of them measures that were vehemently resented by a majority of the British people. They were precisely the kind of measures that a strong and impartial Second Chamber, free from party subserviency, and taking the broad, national point of view, would have rejected. The Lords, however, not only passed them, but

strengthened some of their most obnoxious features.

The fact is that the House of Lords has ceased to be an obstacle to extremist legislation. It resembles a brake which fails to act, or else clogs the wheel. For example, when the Liberals in 1906 brought in the Trades Dispute Bill, — a bill exempting trade-unions from liability to be sued for their actions during a strike, — the Conservative leaders in the Lords, one after the other, denounced it in unmeasured terms. Yet they advised the House to pass it on the ground that the constituencies had been consulted as to its provisions at the general election a few months before, and that the government could fairly claim a "mandate" for its introduction. Such reasoning is in practice an incitement to the Liberals to propose only such measures as arouse a deep public sentiment, and the measures that do this are as a rule extremist measures. By blocking the path of Liberalism, the Lords, in short, encourage Radicalism.

But do the Lords as a matter of fact "block the path of Liberalism"? To some extent they do. Within the last four years they have thrown out an Education Bill, a bill abolishing plural voting, a Licensing Bill, and two Scottish land bills. The three first-named measures ought in my judgment to have become law, but the Lords were, from the merely tactical and party point of view, on sound ground in rejecting them or forcing their abandonment. The Education Bill was too complicated to be really understood by the people at large; its provisions were equally obnoxious to the rigid sectarians on both sides; and although it offered, as I think, a fair settlement of an old and vicious controversy, there was little strength of public opinion be-

diagnosed both its introduction and its rejection as mere moves in the electioneering game. The Licensing Bill, while it was an heroic effort to assert the supremacy of the State over the monopoly of the drink traffic, was in some ways an unwieldy measure, and was undoubtedly unpopular with the mass of the people. The "man in the street" applauded the Lords for making an end of all three bills. But is it the function of a second chamber to be thinking of what the "man in the street" will say; to be always paying heed to the passion and prejudice of the moment; to be judging the merits of each measure by its popularity, and never to be taking into account the permanent interests of the nation? In these three instances the Lords went, I think, against the best opinion of the country. But, on the whole, I do not see that the Liberals have much to complain of. In the past four years they have placed on the statute-book a prodigious number of laws. Every one of them represented a social or industrial reform of some description; many of them seemed to strike at the special interests which the House of Lords is supposed to guard inflexibly; yet all became law with the assent of the Upper Chamber.

Nothing was more obvious, ten months ago, than that the Liberal campaign against the Lords had hopelessly failed; and that, by fulminating against the Upper Chamber, and yet remaining in office; by vowing it would stand or fall by this or that measure, and yet continuing after its rejection as though nothing had happened; by boasting, and quite rightly, of its splendid achievements, and yet attempting to rally support for a great constitutional upheaval on the strength of the wreckage of a few bills regarded by the country either with active dislike

ment was bountifully covering itself with ridicule. Ten months ago I should have said that the House of Lords stood quite beyond reach of a successful attack. Ten months ago they had the game in their own hands; they have now, I fear, thrown it away by their revolutionary action in regard to the Budget.

The main defects, then, in the House of Lords are, that it stands too prominently apart from the representative machinery; that it contains too many members who are triflers, incompetents, drones, or detrimental; and that it is much too partial to one of the two great parties. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that, as the House of Commons becomes less and less able to discharge its multitudinous duties efficiently, and more and more given to turning out bills full of unintelligible and self-contradictory provisions, the old constitutional powers of the Upper Chamber, as a revisory body, become of far more actual, practical importance. Again, the Lords do admirable and essential work in the vast domain of private-bill legislation; they are able to criticise the government of the day with a freedom denied to the Opposition in the House of Commons; they frequently initiate debates that are of the highest value in forming public opinion; and while they neither make ministries nor possess the constitutional power to unmake them, they are an invaluable recruiting-ground from which ministers may be drafted.

It must also be borne in mind that the main characteristic of the House of Lords as a second chamber has hitherto been not tyranny, but timidity; that it exerts, not merely infinitely less authority than the United States Senate, but less than any other second chamber in the world, unless it be the Upper House of the Netherlands; that

its conservatism, so far from being a reproach, is a merit — a Radical second chamber being little less than a contradiction in terms; and that, put the dangers of an unreformed House of Lords as high as you please, they are still not so great as the dangers to be apprehended from an omnipotent House of Commons in a country where there is no written constitution, no checks and balances, and where Parliament is legally competent to do whatever it pleases.

The two movements of reform that for some years past have been gradually converging upon the House of Lords are concerned respectively with changing its composition, and restricting its powers. The first is a friendly movement, originating in the Upper Chamber itself; the second is a hostile movement, aimed at the veto of the Lords, by the Liberals and the Radicals. But there is this to be said about any and every scheme for reforming the House of Lords from within: you may diminish its membership; you may bring into it elements more directly and obviously representative of the nation; you may mingle the hereditary with the elective principle; but directly you do so you make the House of Lords a far stronger and more assertive body than it is at present. So long as an upper house exists, it must have certain prerogatives, and those prerogatives will increase in proportion as the assembly wielding them becomes more immediately representative of the people. But that is the very last thing the Radicals desire. Their attitude toward the internal reform of the House of Lords is very like the old attitude of Austria-Hungary and Russia toward the internal reform of the Ottoman Empire. They prefer to wait "till all be ripe and rotten." They have therefore consistently ignored the somewhat tardy and feeble efforts of

the Lords to improve their composition, and have concentrated instead on the task of checking or nullifying the veto power of the Upper Chamber.

The late Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, elaborated over two years ago a plan for making the final decision of the Commons prevail within the limits of a single Parliament; but little has been heard of it since. All such plans suffer from two defects. The first is that, under whatever safeguards, they in effect knock the House of Lords out of the Constitution, and place Great Britain under a permanent system of single-chamber government. The second is that, if the Lords refuse, as they naturally would, to join in decreeing their own extinction, there is no constitutional method of overcoming their resistance except by creating, or by securing from the King distinct permission to create, a sufficient number of peers to carry whatever scheme is decided upon through the Upper House. That is a device which was effective in 1832, and would doubtless be effective again. But it is one that no statesman would resort to except in the direst emergency: to head off a revolution, or when there was no other means whatever of carrying on the King's government.

In 1836 Macaulay was quite certain that the House of Lords would follow the rotten boroughs into extinction, and the Duke of Wellington about the same time was complaining to Creevey that "nobody cares a damn for the House of Lords. The House of Commons is everything in England; the House of Lords nothing." Time, in this instance, has justified neither the historian nor the soldier. The House of Lords has gained greatly in prestige and popularity; and the conviction, not alone of its necessity, but of its utility,

a rough-and-ready *précis* of the predominant feeling of the country toward the House of Lords, I should say that most Englishmen would gladly see it reformed from within, reduced in numbers, and made more palpably representative, that very few Englishmen desire to blot it out of the Constitution; that, generally speaking, it is an assembly with a stronger backing of popular affection and good-will than any upper house I know of; and that so long as its powers are exercised with due forbearance and discrimination, and with due regard for the tacit compromises and understandings, the conventions and traditional practices of the Constitution, there is no real popular desire to curtail them.

The trouble, however, at this moment is precisely that the Lords have ignored the settled usages of the Constitution, and have taken their stand on a legal and technical right that is wholly at variance with one of the most vital principles of the British governing system. In refusing to pass the Budget they have committed what is nothing less than an act of usurpation. It is an act which, if ratified by the people, means that the Lords have it in their power to force any and every government to dissolve — a prerogative that hitherto has belonged solely to the Crown. It is an act which denies the right of the elected representatives of the people to an exclusive voice in framing and apportioning taxation; which places every Liberal ministry at the absolute mercy of the hereditary house; which upsets the whole balance of the constitution by making the Lords the decisive authority in the State, with power of life and death over the cabinet of the day; and which plunges the finances of the country into abrupt and well-nigh inextricable confusion. Such an act, and the

and will be defeated at any cost, and the most stringent precautions must be taken against its ever being attempted again.

The problem before the British people is now to enforce the financial predominance of the House of Commons, to see to it that it can never again be

challenged, and at the same time to preserve to the House of Lords those suspensory and revisory powers which all democracies feel the need of vesting in some institution, and which, in a land where Parliament is unfettered and supreme, are preëminently essential to the stability of the State.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OF METHUSALEH AND THE NEW YEAR

"WHAT a lucky dog Methusaleh was! Nothing to know, and nine hundred years to learn it in!" Just now most of us would readily echo this exclamation of Lowell's. Whatever prosperity the past year may have brought us, it leaves us with an acute sense of how much more we might have done if we had not been so hurried and driven. If there were really to be found the shop which the author of *Greyson's Letters* dreamed had been opened in Fleet Street for the sale of spare time, — "Some excellent lots of time, consisting of a week and some days each, to be immediately disposed of on the most advantageous terms," — it would not lack customers at this period. For Londoners themselves no bargain sale at the West End department stores would compete with it in attraction, and it would do a roaring business through the mails with all parts of the world.

There is one detail of Greyson's whimsey that suggests a practical conclusion. His imaginary shop traffics, not only in the sale of time, but in its exchange. You happen to be unusually busy at the moment, but you will have a free day a fortnight hence; another

man has an excess of leisure just now, but will need to work at high pressure then. The broker's commission of five minutes per cent is a small price to pay for the mutual benefit of a transfer. But if our trouble springs from an inconvenient distribution of time rather than from any deficiency in its sum total, why cannot we escape the difficulty ourselves, without calling in the aid of either brokerage or barter? A better considered arrangement of our plans would put an end to half the complaints that we have "no time" to respond to this or that urgent call. It is proverbially the busiest men to whom we turn with best hope of success when we are in need of some service that will require the expenditure of an hour or two. The explanation of this paradox is that the busiest men are as a rule the most accomplished experts in the management of time.

For it is in management — in "economy," in the old-fashioned sense of the word — that the problem centres. It is a question, in the main, of proportion and order. In some cases the maximum result is attained by following an exact daily programme, and this method has, at any rate, the advantage of eliminating friction. Neither thought nor time is wasted in considering what is the next thing to do. The life of Im-

manuel Kant was mapped out thus precisely. When he started from his house to walk eight times up and down the linden avenue, his neighbors knew that it was half-past three to the tick. Not every occupation permits such nicety of habit, and some temperaments would feel that so great a limitation of personal freedom, even though the chain were of one's own forging, would be flatly intolerable. There must be a practicable mean somewhere between this Medo-Persian rigidity of rule and the following of the caprice of the moment. Experience will soon show us that there are certain tasks that are most effectively, and therefore most economically, performed on certain days of the week and at certain hours of the day. The writer or artist finds out after a few experiments that at certain periods his physical and mental conditions are more favorable to study and at others to production, and, if he has a fair amount of common sense, he will learn to avoid wasting upon the accumulation of his material the more precious hours during which alone the most intense intellectual activity is possible. And whether the work that occupies us is mechanical or creative, we might often husband our resources more profitably if we would make up our minds beforehand how much time we could afford to devote to particular sections of it. It was once said of Lord Leighton, to account for the attention he was able to pay to so many public duties without any slackness in the exercise of his profession, that he knew exactly how long it would take to do a certain thing, and apportioned his time accordingly.

To be really effective, such an apportionment demands a resolute concentration upon the matter in hand. It is in dawdling that we waste our time,
 fragments

been said of Gladstone's practice of rescuing for some edifying purpose the odds and ends of time left over in waiting for a meal or a train. Perhaps, however, his control of the flying hours was even more valuably exercised in his training himself to that neglect of irrelevant things which is a condition of swift action. It is said that he was accustomed to dress for dinner in less than five minutes — a curious illustration of how the power of concentration may be brought to bear upon small things as well as great. If we take longer, it is not because our fingers are clumsy, but because we have not learned the art of focusing our ideas. The biographer of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, tells us that his "rigid self-denial," his "strenuous thrift of time," would not have carried him through his work if he had not sedulously cultivated the faculty of commanding his whole intellectual force at will. "Rapidity of work, within certain limits, he regarded as essential to efficiency. To spend three hours on a task that could be done in two, and well done, he held to be not only a waste of time but injurious to the mind."

There is no little justification, then, for Martensen's hard saying that "ethically expressed, want of time is want of moral energy and wisdom." If the judgment and the will accomplished their perfect work, how little room there would be for our repeated lamentations that we have "no time" for pursuits whose claim upon us we cannot honestly deny! The *reductio ad absurdum* of this attitude is the story of the British cavalry officer who had been quartered two years at Cairo but had never driven or ridden out to see the Pyramids. "My dear fellow," he explained to an astonished friend, "what with polo, and parties, and cricket, and bridge, I never had a min-

for many of us to use this story as a glass in which to behold our own natural face. Matthew Arnold's indignant reply to the plea of "No time for culture," must have touched a live nerve in many consciences. This plea, said he, "will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously our present use of our time. It has often been said, and cannot be said too often: Give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices (when he has them), but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture."

So there is a touch of sentimentalism, after all, in our envy of Methuselah, no less than in our commiseration of him when the mood changes. Perhaps his normal reflections on the lapse of time were not very different from ours. William Cowper, in a letter to John Newton, records that he had wondered how the life of the patriarchs, with its simplicity and monotony, could have been supportable. He had then proceeded to picture to himself in detail what the daily routine of antediluvian existence must have been: hunting, tilling the ground, cooking, eating, mending skins, etc.; and discovered himself at the end of this exercise able to suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world "so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers and were passed away like a shadow."

THE SIMPLICITY THAT NEVER WAS

INGENUOUS reformers of the press seem to think the whole question turns on the raw, obvious influence of money. "Is an honest newspaper possible?"

somebody asks, and has been asking any time these past ten years, and he usually goes on to prove the effect of the counting-room on the "policy." Far be it from me as a former newspaper-writer to deny that effect, which, indeed, I found ramifying into matters that no outsider would suspect of having any counting-room significance. For example, I once wrote an article attacking the architecture of the house in which I lived. It was an abominable type of house, not uncommon at the time in our sprawling northern suburbs, — a small, cheap, frame thing, but bulging with disproportionate artistic intentions. A Charles the Bold tower absorbed most of the front, and Oriental reminiscence had made merry with the roof, throwing up a minaret or two. This haphazard romantic motive wreaking itself on clapboards and shingles in a thirty-foot lot, resulted not only in architectural burlesque, but in a good deal of domestic inconvenience. It suited the Charles the Bold idea, for example, that a bedroom window should be a mediæval slit through which to point an arquebus; but it did not suit our simple, modern needs. The house, in short, was like a practical joke, inhuman on the inside, funny without; and as there were many others of the same stamp, Charles the Bold having a grip on that neighborhood like Queen Anne's in former times, I thought it right to protest — mildly, of course.

I may say in passing that a suburban dweller is never petulant in matters of convenience. Give him four babies and a garden, some paper bundles and a distant train to catch, and he asks little of the world. Run a water main straight through the bosom of his family, if you like, bounce him with blasting powder, joggle him with steam-drills, scoop out the land around and leave him dwelling on a cliff — and

he will find his compensations. He never complains except for cause.

The article was mild but just, and in the opinion of the managing editor, himself a suburban patriot, it was well-timed and salutary. It appeared in type; but before the edition went to press the article met the immoderately watchful eye of the business manager. His financial antennæ waved in alarm. He consulted the real-estate man, and in the end the article was suppressed as an attack on landed property, and a blow in the face of the advertiser.

But the lesson from this is not that which ingenuous reformers are apt to learn. It was not a proof of sleepless vigilance, but a sign, rather, of hysterical caution, for the most part shiftless enough, the random clutch of a timid hand, helpless in real danger; and if there was no knowing when and why one's gnats were strained at, there was reasonable certainty that one's camels would be swallowed. The "policy" was, I think, both venal and cowardly (prudent and moderate, the baptismal names); but venality, if it would compel, must be sagacious; and cowardice, to be repressive, must know at least the faces of its foes. Reformers hunting the evil principle forget how slipshod that principle may be. To run a business devilishly, you need the devil's own administrative skill. The worst intentions in the world often fail of a wicked management of other men through sheer lack of executive ability. That is why the reigns of the just and the unjust, if equally unintelligent, look so much alike. I apologize to grown people for these juvenilia, but they have been left out of the primers of reform.

To a degree undreamed of by reformers, the newspaper writer is "lord of himself. that heritage of woe." For

affairs and Chinese situations, as busy as if bought — no more active with a presidential candidate than with characters at safest commercial distance, the merest unmarketable, ultima-thulean Abduls and Abdurs, Mulais, Habibullahs, Yuans, Dinuzulus, and Chulalongkorns — ten thousand miles from a vested interest, yet no whit nearer the truth. "Bought up," said the reformers, but they pointed in nine cases out of ten to a free-will offering of journalistic human nature. The mind of the journalist is too purchasable to be permanently owned; it is sold for an old song to the present moment. I wish them well, these reformers; I wish them therefore a better sense of reality. Tar and feathers for editors, by all means, and the more the merrier; but why write of newspapers as if there were only one thing the matter with them?

FAULT-FINDINGS OF A NOVEL-READER

ON laying down some well-written recent novel, the reader often sighs, and wonders why he sighs. For the characters are drawn with discrimination, and seem to look and live; situations are handled competently, events happen reasonably, the local color is persuasive. The whole is sometimes even overflooded, as a final grace, with that philosophic afterglow which so charms the seasoned reader. And yet something is missing, or else whence comes that listless air of the latter pages? To use the academic phrase of a decade ago, "It's not inevitable enough." Or, in the words of a recent article in the *Atlantic*, current fiction conveys "an impression of fragmentariness — of evanescence."

Mr. De Morgan writes with a mellow retrospective wisdom, a warm sym-

openings of his books promise greatly. The reader gladly sinks into absorption, only to wonder why the characters appear to dwindle toward the close? The fine opening of *Joseph Vance* seems to imply a powerful climax; but the loss of Joseph's wife at sea is slurred and hurried over as if the author had little liking for dramatic events, and when they perforce intruded upon his narrative, made them sing as small as possible. Similarly the endless delays in unraveling the very engaging mystery in *Alice-For-Short*, seem to sap it bit by bit of half its power. Readers fancy in Mr. De Morgan a too fastidious dread of the theatrical. In fact, hundreds of us share that dread, and would not that an effort to overcome it should impair the pleasing calmness of these tales. We may well be grateful for them as they are, bright stars in the abundant and brilliant fiction of our day. That the climax rather sinks than rises seems natural to their quiet art.

It is otherwise with Miss Sinclair's noble tale, *The Divine Fire*. Where is the climax in the touching and endearing story of Keith Rickman, if it is not the delightful confession of Mr. Spinks that he loves the marplot Flossie? Miss Sinclair has written in that passage a piece of significant as well as charming humor, and has indicated by it a large experience of life. Yet while he admires the art and nature of the climax, the reader confesses to a disappointment. The scale of greatness on which the novel was begun has not been here kept up. The climax seems too much of "a happening," as the phrase goes. We are almost always affronted by a climax, or a close, of diminished importance. "It is what human nature itself can't endure." *Tommy and Grizel*, which charmed so many readers, left nine out of ten incensed and sore at its ending. Stevenson's remarks on this

subject, in his essay on the realists, are well known, but few readers of his letters seem to remember his apt protest to Mr. Barrie, "The Actual is *not* the Real!"

The habit, in which our best novelists indulge, of taking their chief characters down a peg or two, is undeniably fresh, pleasant, and amusing. And yet it is driving near a precipice. We are all somewhat thin-skinned as regards heroes and heroines whom we like, and we resent a tendency to belittle them. After all, if their creators will not take them seriously, why should we? When they are to be laughed at, we should like it done as tenderly as Mrs. Tulliver is laughed at in the immortal scenes where she pleads with her sisters to "buy in" her teapot and tablecloths.

Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton depict with ease and charm a set of persons about whose fate they are obviously indifferent. Chilled by such an attitude in their creators, these delicate beings "come like shadows, so depart." On her first introduction to Mr. James, an inveterate reader of his novels begged to know why none of his characters ever *ate anything*? The subtlety, the care, the thought, the fineness, of these portrayals stops something short of appearing really human.

The novel, as we all learned glibly in school, should present typical human nature in a dress of local color and individual manners. In other words, it should deal with life both by wholesale and retail. Is the fault of our present fiction, in general terms, that it attends too assiduously to the retail trade, and is conceived altogether on a too petty scale? Have we in literature the tendency, so reprehensible in commerce, of overbearing individualism?

A fine example of a typical man was Alan Breck, in *Kidnapped*; and again, very lately, *Lin McLean* and *The Vir-*

ginian have risen in somewhat statuesque proportions upon the novel-reading world. If one swallow could make a summer, *Kidnapped* surely would rank as a great novel, and *The Virginian* as a very important one; and this not chiefly because of their excellent styles, or their plots, or their bracing atmosphere; but because in Alan Breck, and in the nameless cowboy, we perceive at once a broadly typical man in a local habitation.

The average reader flies at once to the circulating library for Mrs. Ward's latest novel; and on finding it impossible to secure (despite the thirty, or the fifty, copies provided), unable to wait, buys the book for himself. He reads it all, he reads it carefully, and only leaves it wishing that these well-conceived, thoughtfully delineated characters had been a little more alive and inconsequent. Mrs. Ward lacks only gusto and spirits. We cannot help feeling that she has *performed her task well* — a desperate state of mind in us. There is a tell-tale evenness in her work, a mark of mediocrity as a storyteller; and that this weakness in narrative should leave her still the favorite of so many and such thoughtful readers, speaks eloquently for her powers as a describer and critic of society.

The spirits lacking in Mrs. Ward are superabundant in Mr. Hewlett. Like the author of *The Virginian*, he seems born for fiction. The joyousness of his mood on opening infects the reader. With a feeling of enchantment, we peruse the first chapter, which we may always confidently expect to have "*the come-hither*" in its eye. The reviewer of *The Stooping Lady* in the *New York Times Saturday Review* last autumn, carried away by their charm, quoted entire the opening paragraphs. How

Mr. Hewlett is preëminent in this art of enticing. He seems to take, in fact, too great a delight in his own characters, and hampers their subsequent movements by a too detailed and caressing introduction. They seem to lose, by these too careful portraits, the indispensable air of being their own masters. Mr. Hewlett is too paternal with them. This, with his diction smelling of the lamp, impairs his hold upon us; and when we find him, as we do, taking a fond pleasure in the least agreeable traits of his inscrutable heroines, we acknowledge a fickleness in our admiration. Yet how delightful is that gossiping tone, that air of having been at the party himself, and joined in the conversations which he reports!

Mr. Howells seems to have inherited his quizzical, sincere, and unillusioned way of looking at life, from that favorite of the judicious of the last generation, Mr. W. E. Norris. Indeed, the very title, *No New Thing*, had it not been preëmpted, might have pleased the fancy of our great realist. The essential *uninterestingness*, however, of such a character as Margaret Stanniforth, would be, I think, impossible to Mr. Howells, who somehow lacks the capacity to be dull. Marescalchi, too, if conceived by the American, would have proved a humaner figure, we may be sure. One great and unfailing delight in reading Mr. Howells's books, is that *his* openings imply exactly the sort of tale he is to give us. No hintings here of a brighter romance than he means to weave. All is fair and above board. We read, and wish for the next one. Perhaps we pine a very little for the presence of youth in all these pleasant and discerning stories. We crave the mercurial spirits of the young — their tragic gloom and bliss alternating
remember that they do. Mr.

pages many so-called young people. But they seem too much of a stripe with their elders. Even in his masterpiece he has made Irene and Penelope talk together with the deliberation and caution of middle age. Even Lottie, in *The Kentons*, has a dreadful calmness about her. Occasional school-girls, it is true, are every whit as practical, as unillusioned, as is this terrible infant; but neither they nor she are young. Ellen Kenton is younger than Lottie; as witness her fine reply to her sister; that lovable reply for which alone *The Kentons* would be worth reading: "I'd rather be queer in Europe than queer in Tuskingum."

This carping spirit that we manifest toward the clever, powerful, and thoughtful fiction of our day is perhaps but the fractiousness of the child who has too many toys. Yet let us hope that the phenomenon is capable of another explanation. As the drama in Shakespeare's day, so the novel is in ours, the leading form of current thought and art. May we not, then, be justified in our censorious mood, and special jealousy for its greatness?

And there are limits to our audacity. We do approach the works of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy with some respect. If we find a teasing quality in the former's thought, of which his labyrinthine language is but the outward sign; if the sense of mystery, that great element of romance, is often absent from his brilliant and immortal pages; we cannot remember it when we read the end of *Dahlia Fleming*, or watch the diagnosis of Sir Willoughby Patterne. Nor can we find it in our hearts to judge that unhappy creed which, latent in Mr. Hardy's earlier and finer novels, rises to a shriek in *Tess*, when we recall the description of Casterbridge, as Elizabeth and her mother approach it; or hearken to the singing at the harvest supper of Bathsheba's men.

MY REAL ESTATE

MOST of us cherish a more or less concealed desire to own some one special object just beyond our financial reach. Perhaps you have always wanted a steam yacht; your neighbor confessed to me the other night that from boyhood he had longed to possess a *locomotive*. "What a king among pets that would be!" he exclaimed; then laughed, shamefacedly, to assure me that he was joking. But I had seen the gleam in his eyes, and knew he meant it. I have a friend whose modest salary barely suffices for the support of the family, and I happen to know that his dearest ambition for years has been to own a Kelmscott *Chaucer*. If the prices for the output of that celebrated press continue to fall, as they have in recent auctions, his wish may yet be gratified. With this preamble, let me confess that my pet desire has long been to possess a piece of real estate; and that I am now actually a real-estate owner — in an odd kind of way.

This is how it happened. At the foot of a certain slope of rough pasture-land, in one of the southern counties of Maine, is a brook where I often fished when a boy. So familiar to me are its banks, that on sleepless nights I have more than once fished the stream, in memory, for a mile or more, recalling every rapid, pool, and mimic cascade, and pausing now and then to take a trout from the spots where in the old days I was surest of success. My father was my chosen companion for these little fishing excursions, and when at last we had wound up our lines, and shouldered or thrown away our rods (cut from some alders at the brookside), we made our way wearily but happily back, up the rising ground, through tangled thickets of pine and juniper and sweet-fern, fragrant in the hot forenoon sunshine, toward the old farmhouse, a mile away.

Half-way to the house, the path brought us to a huge pine, some six feet in diameter, standing by itself on a grassy hillock of the pasture. Here, in the grateful shade of the far-spreading green boughs, with their soft music above us, we always threw ourselves down on the grass and rested before resuming our journey homeward. It is many years since that dear and gentle comrade passed from my sight; but at long intervals I find time to fish the little trout-stream, to inhale the fragrance of the sweet-fern, and to pause under the old pine and listen to its songs of eternity.

Not long ago I heard that the owner of the pasture had decided to sell that tree to a lumber firm. My resolve was quickly taken. Would he accept — I named a small sum — and leave the tree standing, as my sole property? Well, he “reckoned he would. ’T was more’n the lumber company offered.” The money was paid down and the deed was solemnly drawn up, signed, sealed, and passed. The pine tree was, and is, my own, and constitutes my sole “real” possession. Just what my legal rights are in the premises, I am sure I do not know. Not an inch of the surrounding land is mine — only the tree, above and below ground; the great, knotty trunk; the far-spreading, singing boughs, tas-

seled with green; and the strong roots, an inverted tree underground.

Tenants I have, a plenty. Never yet, I believe, have I looked up into the shining galleries and sun-lighted halls of my building not made with hands, but I have caught glimpses of a fitting wing, or heard a low, sweet warble from some hidden chamber high up in the topmost stories. Even in winter, a sable-plumed visitor pauses occasionally on its lofty window-ledges, ere he utters a single, startled “Caw!” and sails away across the snowy pasture to a remoter covert beyond the marsh. Or, perchance, the stranger is decked in colors of the December sky and earth. He raises his saucy crest, and, by way of leaving his visiting-card, screams at me, “Jay! Jay!” To-day a flock of snow-birds, cloud-colored and wintry, drift through the lower branches like wind-swept leaves from the neighboring oak.

As darkness falls, the birds nestle in shadowed nooks, or seek more sheltered resting-places for their little feet. Then enters another tenant, even more constant than they. It is the night wind; and through the long hours when the moonlight is steel-bright on the crisp snow, and the stars are alight above, the sleepless wind murmurs and chants its surf-songs in the swaying branches, the mysterious depths of the great pine.

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THE WANING POWER OF THE PRESS

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

AFTER the last ballot had been cast and counted in the recent mayoralty contest in New York, the successful candidate paid his respects to the newspapers which had opposed him. This is equivalent to saying that he paid them to the whole metropolitan press; for every great daily newspaper except one had done its best to defeat him, and that one had given him only a left-handed support. The comments of the mayor-elect, though not ill-tempered, led up to the conclusion that in our common-sense generation nobody cares what the newspapers say.

Unflattering as such a verdict may be, probably a majority of the community, if polled as a jury, would concur in it. The airy dismissal of some proposition as "mere newspaper talk" is heard at every social gathering, till one who was brought up to regard the press as a mighty factor in modern civilization is tempted to wonder whether it has actually lost the power it used to wield among us. The answer seems to me to depend on whether we are considering direct or indirect effects. A newspaper exerts its most direct influence through its definite interpretation of current events. Its indirect influence radiates from the amount and character of the news it prints, the particular

features it accentuates, and its method of presenting these. Hence it is always possible that its direct influence may be trifling while its indirect influence is large; its direct influence harmless, but its indirect influence pernicious; or *vice versa*.

A distinction ought to be made here like that which we make between credulity and nerves. The fact that a dwelling in which a mysterious murder has been committed may for years thereafter go begging in vain for a tenant, does not mean that a whole cityful of fairly intelligent people are victims of the ghost obsession; but it does mean that no person enjoys being reminded of midnight assassination every time he crosses his own threshold; for so persistent a companionship with a discomforting thought is bound to depress the best nervous system ever planted in a human being. So the constant iteration of any idea in a daily newspaper will presently capture public attention, whether the idea be good or bad, sensible or foolish. Though the influence of the press, through its ability to keep certain subjects always before its readers, has grown with its growth in resources and patronage, its hold on popular confidence has unquestionably been loosened during the last forty or

fifty years. To Mayor Gaynor's inference, as to most generalizations of that sort, we need not attach serious importance. The interplay of so many forces in a political campaign makes it impracticable to separate the influence of the newspapers from the rest, and either hold it solely accountable for the result, or pass it over as negligible; for if we tried to formulate any sweeping rules, we should find it hard to explain the variegated records of success and defeat among newspaper favorites. But it may be worth while to inquire why an institution so full of potentialities as a free press does not produce more effect than it does, and why so many of its leading writers to-day find reason to deplore the altered attitude of the people toward it.

Not necessarily in their order of importance, but for convenience of consideration, I should list the causes for this change about as follows: the transfer of both properties and policies from personal to impersonal control; the rise of the cheap magazine; the tendency to specialization in all forms of public instruction; the fierceness of competition in the newspaper business; the demand for larger capital, unsettling the former equipoise between counting-room and editorial room; the invasion of newspaper offices by the universal mania of hurry; the development of the news-getting at the expense of the news-interpreting function; the tendency to remould narratives of fact so as to confirm office-made policies; the growing disregard of decency in the choice of news to be specially exploited; and the scant time now spared by men of the world for reading journals of general intelligence.

In the old-style newspaper, in spite of the fact that the editorial articles were usually anonymous, the editor's name appeared among the standing notices somewhere in every issue, or was so

well known to the public that we talked about "what Greeley thought" of this or that, or wondered "whether Bryant was going to support" a certain ticket, or shook our heads over the latest sensational screed "in Bennett's paper." The identity of such men was clear in the minds of a multitude of readers who might sometimes have been puzzled to recall the title of the sheet edited by each. We knew their private histories and their idiosyncrasies; they were to us no mere abstractions on the one hand, or wire-worked puppets on the other, but living, moving, sentient human beings; and our acquaintance with them enabled us, as we believed, to locate fairly well their springs of thought and action. Indeed, their very foibles sometimes furnished our best exegetical key to their writings.

When a politician whom Bryant had criticised threatened to pull his nose, and Bryant responded by stalking ostentatiously three times around the bully at their next meeting in public, the readers of the *Evening Post* did not lose faith in the editor because he was only human, but guessed about how far to discount future utterances of the paper with regard to his antagonist. When Bennett avowed his intention of advertising the *Herald* without the expenditure of a dollar, by attacking his enemies so savagely as to goad them into a physical assault, everybody understood the motives behind the warfare on both sides, and attached to it only the significance the facts warranted. Knowing Dana's affiliations, no one mistook the meaning of the *Sun's* dismissal of General Hancock as "a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, but . . . not Samuel J. Tilden." And Greeley's retort to Bryant, "You lie, villain! willfully, wickedly, basely lie!" and his denunciation of Bennett as a "low-mouthed, blatant, witless, brutal scoundrel," though not

preserved as models of amenity for the emulation of budding editors, were felt to be balanced by the delicious frankness of the *Tribune's* announcement of "the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley by the withdrawal of the junior partner."

With all its faults, that era of personal journalism had some rugged virtues. In referring to it, I am reminded of a remark made to me, years ago, by the oldest editor then living, — so old that he had employed Weed as a journeyman, and refused to hire Greeley as a tramp printer, — that "in the golden age of our craft, every editor wore his conscience on his arm, and carried his dueling weapon in his hand, walked always in the light where the whole world could see him, and was prepared to defend his published opinions with his life if need be." Without going to that extreme, it is easy to sympathize with the veteran's view that a man of force, who writes nothing for which he is not ready to be personally responsible, commands more respect from the mass of his fellows than one who shields himself behind a rampart of anonymity, and voices only the sentiments of a profit-seeking corporation.

Of course, the transfer of our newspapers from personal to corporate ownership and control was not a matter of preference, but a practical necessity. The expense of modernizing the mechanical equipment alone imposed a burden which few newspaper proprietors were able to carry unaided. Add to that the cost of an ever-expanding news-service, and the higher salaries demanded by satisfactory employees in all departments, and it is hardly wonderful that one private owner after another gave up his single-handed struggle against hopeless financial odds, and sought aid from men of larger means. Partnership relations involve so many risks, and are so hard to shift

in an emergency, that resort was had to the form of a corporation, which afforded the advantage of a limited liability, and enabled a shareholder to dispose of his interest if he tired of the game. Since the dependence of a newspaper on the favor of an often whimsical public placed it among the least attractive forms of investment, even under these well-guarded conditions, the capitalists who were willing to take large blocks of stock were usually men with political or speculative ends to gain, to which they could make a newspaper minister by way of compensating them for the hazards they faced.

These newcomers were not idealists, like the founders and managers of most of the important journals of an earlier period. They were men of keen commercial instincts, as evidenced by the fact that they had accumulated wealth. They naturally looked at everything through the medium of the balance-sheet. Here was a paper with a fine reputation, but uncertain or disappearing profits; it must be strengthened, enlarged, and made to pay. Principles? Yes, principles were good things, but we must not ride even good things to death. The noblest cause in creation cannot be promoted by a defunct newspaper, and to keep its champion alive there must be a net cash income. The circulation must be pushed, and the advertising patronage increased. More circulation can be got only by keeping the public stirred up. Employ private detectives to pursue the runaway husband, and bring him back to his wife; organize a marine expedition to find the missing ship; send a reporter into the Soudan to interview the beleaguered general whose own government is powerless to reach him with an army. Blow the trumpet, and make ringing announcements every day. If nothing new is to be had, refurbish something so old that people have forgotten it,

and spread it over lots of space. Who will know the difference?

What one newspaper did, that others were forced to do or be distanced in the competition. It all had its effect. A craving for excitement was first aroused in the public, and then satisfied by the same hand that had aroused it. Nobody wished to be behind the times, so circulations were swelled gradually to tenfold their old dimensions. Rivalry was worked up among the advertisers in their turn, till a half-page in a big newspaper commanded a price undreamed of a few years before. Thus one interest was made to foster another, each increase of income involving also an increase of cost, and each additional outlay bringing fresh returns. In such a race for business success, with such forces behind the runners, can we marvel at the subsidence of ideals which in the days of individual control and slower gait were uppermost? With the capitalists' plans to promote, and powerful advertisers to conciliate by emphasizing this subject or discreetly ignoring that, is not the wonder rather that the moral quality of our press has not fallen below its present standard?

Even in our day we occasionally find an editor who pays his individual tribute to the old conception of personal responsibility by giving his surname to his periodical or signing his leading articles himself. In such newspaper ventures as Mr. Bryan and Mr. La Follette have launched within a few years, albeit their motives are known to be political and partisan, more attention is attracted by one of their deliverances than by a score of impersonal preachments. Mr. Hearst, the high priest of sensational journalism, though not exploiting his own authority in the same way, has always taken pains to advertise the individual work of such lieutenants as Bierce and Brisbane; and he, like Colonel Taylor of Boston,

early opened his editorial pages to contributions from distinguished authors outside of his staff, with signatures attached. A few editors I have known who, in whatever they wrote with their own hands, dropped the diffusive "we" and adopted the more direct and intimate "I." These things go to show that even journalists who have received most of their training in the modern school appreciate that trait in our common human nature which prompts us to pay more heed to a living voice than to a talking-machine.

While we are on this theme it may be asked whether the same conditions which brought Greeley and Raymond and Bryant to the fore may not recur and produce successors of their strain. It is hard to imagine such a possibility. Where should we look to-day for moral issues like those which stirred the souls of men as long as Negro slavery survived, and while our republic was passing through its strictly experimental stage? It was the controversies then waged which gave birth, or new life, to newspapers afterward famous. In politics, party lines have crossed and recrossed each other till they are now almost indistinguishable. We have the currency question and the protective tariff, it is true, but both lie too close to the pocket-nerve to be capable of exciting a pure impulse of chivalry. Anti-imperialism seems to have lost its inspiration with the eclipse of Aguinaldo. Woman suffrage and the labor problem involve the expansion of conventional privileges rather than the assertion of natural rights. Civil-service reform is working out its own salvation; so is the restriction of child labor. The Indians are in process of rapid absorption into the body politic. As to the liquor evil, popular opinion seems to favor fighting it with medical science and in the schools rather than by prohibitory legislation. So there is little encourage-

ment for the journalistic knight-errant anywhere along the line.

The importance of a responsible personality finds further confirmation in the evolution of the modern magazine. From being what its title indicates, a place of storage for articles believed to have some permanent value, the magazine began to take on a new character about twenty years ago. While preserving its distinct identity and its originality, it leaped boldly into the newspaper arena, and sought its topics in the happenings of the day, regardless of their evanescence. It raised a corps of men and women who might otherwise have toiled in obscurity all their lives, and gave them a chance to become authorities on questions of immediate interest, till they are now recognized as constituting a limited but highly specialized profession. One group occupied itself with trusts and trust magnates; another with politicians whose rise had been so meteoric as to suggest a romance behind it; another with the inside history of international episodes, another with new religious movements and their leaders, and so on.

What was the result? The public following which the newspaper editors used to command when they did business in the open, but which was falling away from their anonymous successors, attached itself promptly to the magazinists. The citizen interested in insurance reform turned eagerly to all that emanated from the group in charge of that topic; whoever aspired to take part in the social uplift bought every number of every periodical in which the contributions of another group appeared; the hater of monopoly paid a third group the same compliment. What was more, the readers pinned their faith to their favorite writers, and quoted Mr. Steffens and Miss Tarbell and Mr. Baker on the specialty each

had taken, with much the same freedom with which they might have quoted Darwin on plant-life, or Edison on electricity. If any anonymous editor ventured to question the infallibility of one of these prophets of the magazine world, the common multitude wasted no thought on the merits of the issue, but sided at once with the teacher whom they knew at least by name, against the critic whom they knew not at all. The uncomplimentary assumption as to the latter always seemed to be that, as only a subordinate part of a big organism, he was speaking, not from his heart, but from his orders; and that he must have some sinister design in trying to discredit an opponent who was not afraid to stand out and face his fire.

Apropos, let us not fail to note the constant trend, of recent years, toward specialization in every department of life and thought. There was a time when a pronouncement from certain men on nearly any theme would be accepted by the public, not only with the outward respect commanded by persons of their social standing, but with a large measure of positive credence. One who enjoyed a general reputation for scholarship might set forth his views this week on a question of archæology, next week on the significance of the latest earthquake, and a week later on the new canals on the planet Mars, with the certainty that each outgiving would affect public opinion to a marked degree; whereas nowadays we demand that the most distinguished members of our learned faculty stick each to his own hobby: the antiquarian to the excavations, the seismologist to the tremors of our planet, the astronomer to our remoter colleagues of the solar system. It is the same with our writers on political, social, and economic problems. Whereas the oldtime editor was expected to tell his constituency what

to think on any subject called up by the news overnight, it is now taken for granted that even news must be classified and distributed between specialists for comment; and the very sense that only one writer is trusted to handle any particular class of topics inspires a desire in the public to know who that writer is before paying much attention to his opinions.

The intense competition between newspapers covering the same field sometimes leads to consequences which do not strengthen the esteem of the people at large for the press at large. Witness the controversy which arose a few months ago over the conflicting claims of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook as the original discoverer of the North Pole. One newspaper syndicate having, at large expense, procured a narrative directly from the pen of Cook, and another accomplished a like feat with Peary, to which could "we, the people," look for an unbiased opinion on the matters in dispute? An admission by either that its star contributor could trifle with the truth was equivalent to throwing its own exploit into bankruptcy. So each was bound to stand by the claimant with whom it had first identified itself, and fight the battle out like an attorney under retainer; and what started as a serious contest of priority in a scientific discovery threatened to end as a wrangle over a newspaper "beat."

Then, too, we must reckon with the progressive acceleration of the pace of our twentieth-century life generally. Where we walked in the old times, we run in these; where we ambled then, we gallop now. It is the age of electric power, high explosives, articulated steel frames, in the larger world; of the long-distance telephone, the taxicab, and the card-index, in the narrower. The problem of existence is reduced to terms of time-measurement, with the

detached lever substituted for the pendulum because it produces a faster tick.

What is the effect of all this on the modernized newspaper? It must be first on the ground at every activity, foreseen or unforeseeable, as a matter of course. Its reporter must get off his "story" in advance of all his rivals. Never mind strict accuracy of detail — effect is the main thing; he is writing not for expert accountants, or professional statisticians, or analytic philosophers, but for the public; and what the public wants is not dry particulars, but color, vitality, heat. Pictures being a quicker medium of communication with the reader's mind than printed text, nine tenths of our daily press is illustrated, and the illustrations of distant events are usually turned out by artists in the home office from verbal descriptions. What signifies it if only three cars went off the broken bridge, and the imaginative draftsman put five into his picture because he could not wait for the dispatch of correction which almost always follows the lurid "scoop"? Who is harmed if the telegram about the suicide reads "shots" instead of "stabs," and the artist depicts the self-destroyer clutching a smoking pistol instead of a dripping dirk?

It is the province of the champion of the up-to-date cult to minimize the importance of detail. The purpose of the picture, he argues, is to stamp a broad impression instantaneously on the mind, and thus spare it the more tedious process of reading. And if one detail too many is put in, or one omitted which ought to have been there, whoever is sufficiently interested to read the text will discover the fault, and whoever is not will give it no further thought anyway. As to the descriptive matter, suppose it does contain errors? The busy man of our day does not read his newspaper with the same

solemn intent with which he reads history. What he asks of it is a lightning-like glimpse of the world which will show him how far it has moved in the last twelve hours; and he will not pause to complain of a few deviations from the straight line of truth, especially if it would have taken more than the twelve hours to rectify them.

This would perhaps be good logic if the pure-food law were broadened in scope so as to apply to mental pabulum, and every concocter of newspaper stories and illustrations were compelled to label his adulterated products. Then the consumer who does not object to a diet of mixed fact and falsehood, accuracy and carelessness, so long as the compound is so seasoned as to tickle his palate, could have his desire, while his neighbor who wishes an honest article or nothing at all could have his also. As it is, with no distinguishing marks, we are liable to buy one thing and get another.

The new order of "speed before everything" has brought about its changes at both ends of a newspaper staff. The editorial writer who used to take a little time to look into the ramifications of a topic before reducing his opinions to writing, feels humiliated if an event occurs on which he cannot turn off a few comments at sight; but he has still a refuge in such modifying clauses as "in the light of the meagre details now before us," or "as it appears at this writing," or "in spite of the absence of full particulars, which may later change the whole aspect of affairs." No such covert offers itself to the news-getter in the open field. What he says must be definite, outright, unqualified, or the blue pencil slashes remorselessly through his "it is suspected," or "according to a rumor which cannot yet be traced to its original source." What business has he to "suspect"? He is hired to know. For what, pray, is the

newspaper paying him, if not for tracing rumors to their original source, and further still, if so instructed? He is there to be not a thinker but a worker; a human machine like a steam potato-digger, which, supplied with the necessary energizing force from behind, drives its prods under nature's mantle, and grubs out the succulent treasures she is trying to conceal.

Nowhere is the change more patent than in the department of special correspondence. At an important point like Washington, for instance, the old corps of writers were men of mature years, most of whom had passed an apprenticeship in the editorial chair, and still held a semi-editorial relation to the newspapers they represented. They had studied political history and economics, social philosophy, and kindred subjects, as a preparation for their life-work, and were full of a wholesome sense of responsibility to the public as well as to their employers. Poore, Nelson, Boynton, and others of their class, were known by name, and regarded as authorities, in the communities to which they daily ministered. They were thoughtful workers as well as enterprising. They went for their news to the fountain-head, instead of dipping it out of any chance pool by the wayside. When they sent into their home offices either fact or prophecy, they accompanied it with an interpretation which both editors and public knew to be no mere feat in lightning guesswork; and the fame which any of them prized more than a long calendar of "beats" and "exclusives" was that which would occasionally move a worsted competitor to confess: "I missed that news; but if ——— sent it out, it is true."

When, in the later eighties, the new order came, it came with a rush. The first inkling of it was a notice received, in the middle of one busy night, by a

correspondent who had been faithfully serving a prominent Western newspaper for a dozen years, to turn over his bureau to a young man who up to that time had been doing local reporting on its home staff. Transfers of other bureaus followed fast. A few were left, and still remain, undisturbed in personnel or character of work. Here and there, too, an old-fashioned correspondent was retained, but retired to an emeritus post, with the privilege of writing a signed letter when the spirit moved him, while a nimbler-footed successor assumed titular command and sent the daily dispatches. The bald fact was that the newspaper managers had bowed to the hustling humor of the age. They no longer cared to serve journalistic viands, which required deliberate mastication, to patrons who clamored for a quick lunch. So they passed on to their representatives at a distance the same injunction they were incessantly pressing upon their reporters at home: "Get the news, and send it while it is hot. Don't wait to tell us what it means or what it points to; we can do our own ratiocinating."

Is the public a loser by this obscuration of the correspondent's former function? I believe so. His appeal is no longer put to the reader directly; he becomes the mere tool of the newspaper, which in its turn furnishes to the reader such parts of his and other communications as it chooses, and in such forms as best suit its ulterior purposes. Doubtless this conduces to a more perfect administrative coördination in the staff at large, but it greatly weakens the correspondent's sense of personal responsibility. Poore had his constituency, Boynton had his, Nelson had his. None of these men would, under any conceivable stress of competition, have wittingly misled the group of readers he had attached to himself; nor would one of them have tolerated any tam-

pering in the home office with essential matters in a contribution to which he had signed his name. Indeed, so well was this understood that I never heard of anybody's trying to tamper with them. It occasionally happened that the correspondent set forth a view somewhat at variance with that expressed on the editorial page of the same paper; but each party to this disagreement respected the other, and the public was assumed to be capable of making its own choice between opposing opinions clearly stated. A special virtue of the plan of independent correspondence lay in the opportunity it often afforded the habitual reader of a single newspaper to get at least a glance at more than one side of a public question.

Among the conspicuous fruits of the new régime is the direction sometimes sent to a correspondent to "write down" this man or "write up" that project. He knows that it is a case of obey orders or resign, and it brings to the surface all the Hessian he may have in his blood. If he is enough of a casuist, he will try to reconcile good conscience with worldly wisdom by picturing himself as a soldier commanded to do something of which he does not approve. Disobedience at the post of duty is treachery; resignation in the face of an unwelcome billet is desertion. So he does what he is bidden, though it may be at the cost of his self-respect and the esteem of others whose kind opinion he values. I have had a young correspondent come to me for information about something under advisement at the White House, and apologize for not going there himself by showing me a note from his editor telling him to "give the President hell." As he had always been treated with courtesy at the White House, he had not the hardihood to go there while engaged in his campaign of abuse.

Another, who had been intimate with

a member of the administration then in power, was suddenly summoned one day to a conference with the publisher of his paper. He went in high spirits, believing that the invitation must mean at least a promotion in rank or an increase of salary. He returned crest-fallen. Several days afterward he revealed to me in confidence that the paper had been unsuccessfully seeking some advertising controlled by his friend, and that the publisher had offered him one thousand dollars for a series of articles — anonymous, if he preferred — exposing the private weaknesses of the eminent man, and giving full names, dates, and other particulars as to a certain unsavory association in which he was reported to find pleasure! Still another brought me a dispatch he had prepared, requesting me to look it over and see whether it contained anything strictly libelous. It proved to be a forecast of the course of the Secretary of the Treasury in a financial crisis then impending. "Technically speaking," I said, after reading it, "there is plenty of libelous material in this, for it represents the Secretary as about to do something which, to my personal knowledge, he has never contemplated, and which would stamp him as unfit for his position if he should attempt it. But as a matter of fact he will ignore your story, as he is putting into type to-day a circular which is to be made public to-morrow, telling what his plan really is, and that will authoritatively discredit you."

"Thank you," he answered, rather stiffly. "I have my orders to pitch into the Secretary whenever I get a chance. I shall send this to-day, and to-morrow I can send another saying that my exclusive disclosures forced him to change his programme at the last moment."

These are sporadic cases, I admit, yet they indicate a mischievous tendency; just as each railway accident is

itself sporadic, but too frequent fatalities from a like cause on the same line point to something wrong in the management of the road. It is not necessary to call names on the one hand, or indulge in wholesale denunciation on the other, in order to indicate the extremes to which the current pace in journalism must inevitably lead if kept up. The broadest-minded and most honorable men in our calling realize the disagreeable truth. A few of the great newspapers, too, have the courage to cling still to the old ideals, both in their editorial attitude and in their instructions to their news-gatherers. Possibly their profits are smaller for their squeamishness; but that the better quality of their patronage makes up in a measure for its lesser quantity, is evident to any one familiar with the advertising business. Moreover, in the character of its employees and in the zeal and intelligence of their service, a newspaper conducted on the higher plane possesses an asset which cannot be appraised in dollars and cents. Of one such paper a famous man once said to me, "I disagree with half its political views; I am regarded as a personal enemy by its editor; but I read it religiously every day, and it is the only daily that enters the front door of my home. It is a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen; and, though it exasperates me often, it never offends my nostrils with the odors of the slums."

This last remark leads to another consideration touching the relaxed hold of the press on public confidence: I refer to the topics treated in the news columns, and the manner of their presentation. Its importance is attested by the sub-titles or mottoes adopted by several prominent newspapers, emphasizing their appeal to the family as a special constituency. In spite of the intense individualism, the reciprocal independence of the sexes, and the

freedom from the trammels of feudal tradition of which we Americans boast, the social unit in this country is the family. Toward it a thousand lines of interest converge, from it a thousand lines of influence flow. Public opinion is unconsciously moulded by it, for the atmosphere of the home follows the father into his office, the son into his college, the daughter into her intimate companionships. The newspaper, therefore, which keeps the family in touch with the outside world, though it may have to be managed with more discretion than one whose circulation is chiefly in the streets, finds its compensation in its increased radius of influence of the subtler sort. For such a field, nothing is less fit than the noisome domestic scandals and the gory horrors which fill so much of the space in newspapers of the lowest rank, and which in these later years have made occasional inroads into some of a higher grade. Unfortunately, these occasional inroads do more to damage the general standing of the press than the habitual revel in vulgarity. For a newspaper which frankly avows itself unhampered by niceties of taste can be branded and set aside as belonging in the impossible category; whereas, when one with a clean exterior and a reputation for respectability proves unworthy, its faithlessness arouses in the popular mind a distrust of all its class.

And yet, whatever we may say of the modern press on its less commendable side, we are bound to admit that newspapers, like governments, fairly reflect the people they serve. Charles Dudley Warner once went so far as to say that no matter how objectionable the character of a paper may be, it is always a trifle better than the patrons on whom it relies for its support. I suspect that Mr. Warner's comparison rested on the greater frankness of the bad paper, which, by very virtue of its

mode of appeal, is bound to make a brave parade of its worst qualities; whereas the reader who is loudest in proclaiming in public his repugnance for horrors, and his detestation of scandals, may in private be buying daily the sheet which peddles both most shamelessly.

This sort of conventional hypocrisy among the common run of people is easier to forgive than the same thing among the cultivated few whom we accept as mentors. I stumbled upon an illuminating incident about five years ago which I cannot forbear recalling here. A young man just graduated from college, where he had attracted some attention by the cleverness of his pen, was invited to a position on the staff of the *New York Journal*. Visiting a leading member of the college faculty to say farewell, he mentioned this compliment with not a little pride. In an instant the professor was up in arms, with an earnest protest against his handicapping his whole career by having anything to do with so monstrous an exponent of yellow journalism. The lad was deeply moved by the good man's outburst, and went home sorrowful. After a night's sleep on it, he resolved to profit by the admonition, and accordingly called upon the editor, and asked permission to withdraw his tentative acceptance. In the explanation which followed he inadvertently let slip the name of his adviser. He saw a cynical smile cross the face of Mr. Hearst, who summoned a stenographer, and in his presence dictated a letter to the professor, requesting a five-hundred-word signed article for the next Sunday's issue and inclosing a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. On Sunday the ingenuous youth beheld the article in a conspicuous place on the *Journal's* editorial page, with the professor's full name appended in large capitals.

We have already noted some of the effects produced on the press by the hurry-scurry of our modern life. Quite as significant are sundry phenomena recorded by Dr. Walter Dill Scott as the result of an inquiry into the reading habits of two thousand representative business and professional men in a typical American city. Among other things, he discovered that most of them spent not to exceed fifteen minutes a day on their newspapers. As some spent less, and some divided the time between two or three papers, the average period devoted to any one paper could safely be placed at from five to ten minutes. The admitted practice of most of the group was to look at the headlines, the table of contents, and the weather reports, and then apparently at some specialty in which they were individually interested. The editorial articles seem to have offered them few attractions, but news items of one sort or another engaged seventy-five per cent of their attention.

In an age as skeptical as ours, there is nothing astonishing in the low valuation given, by men of a class competent to do their own thinking, to anonymous opinion; but it will strike many as strange that this class takes no deeper interest in the news of the day. The trained psychologist may find it worth while to study out here the relation of cause and effect. Does the ordinary man of affairs show so scant regard for his newspaper because he no longer believes half it tells him, or only because his mind is so absorbed in matters closer at hand, and directly affecting his livelihood? Have the newspapers perverted the public taste with sensational surprises till it can no longer appreciate normal information normally conveyed?

Professor Münsterberg would doubtless tell us that the foregoing statistics only justify his charge against Amer-

icans as a people; that we have gone leaping and gasping through life till we have lost the faculty of mental concentration, and hence that few of us can read any more. Whatever the explanation, the central fact has been duly recognized by all the yellow journals, and by some also which have not yet passed beyond the cream-colored stage. The "scare heads" and exaggerated type which, as a lure for purchasers, filled all their needs a few years ago, are no longer regarded as sufficient, but have given way to startling bill-board effects, with huge headlines, in block-letter and vermilion ink, spread across an entire front page.

The worst phase of this whole business, however, is one which does not appear on the surface, but which certainly offers food for serious reflection. The point of view from which all my criticisms have been made is that of the citizen of fair intelligence and education. It is he who has been weaned from his faith in the organ of opinion which satisfied his father, till he habitually sneers at "mere newspaper talk"; it is he who has descended from reading to simply skimming the news, and who consciously suffers from the errors which adulterate, and the vulgarity which taints, that product. But there is another element in the community which has not his well-sharpened instinct for discrimination; which can afford to buy only the cheapest, and is drawn toward the lowest, daily prints; which, during the noon hour and at night, finds time to devour all the tenebrous tragedies, all the palace scandals, and all the incendiary appeals designed to make the poor man think that thrift is robbery. Over that element we find the vicious newspaper still exercising an enormous sway; and, admitting that so large a proportion of the outwardly reputable press has lost its hold upon the better class of readers, what must

we look for as the resultant of two such unbalanced forces?

Not a line of these few pages has been written in a carping, much less in a pessimistic spirit. I love the profession in whose practice I passed the largest and happiest part of my life; but the very pride I feel in its worthy achievements makes me, perhaps, the more sensitive to its shortcomings as these reveal themselves to an unprejudiced scrutiny. The limits of this article as to both space and scope forbid my following its subject into some inviting by-paths: as, for instance, the distinction to be observed between initiative and support in comparing the influence of the modern newspaper with that

of its ancestor of a half-century ago. I am sorry, also, to put forth so many strictures without furnishing a constructive sequel. It would be interesting, for example, to weigh such possibilities as an endowed newspaper which should do for the press, as a protest against its offenses of deliberation and its faults of haste and carelessness, what an endowed theatre might do for the rescue of the stage from a condition of chronic inanity. But it must remain for a more profound philosopher, whose function is to specialize in opinion rather than to generalize in comment, to show what remedies are practicable for the disorders which beset the body of our modern journalism.

TURTLE EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

It is one of the wonders of the world that so few books are written. With every human being a possible book, and with many a human being capable of becoming more books than the world could contain, is it not amazing that the books of men are so few? And so stupid!

I took down, recently, from the shelves of a great public library, the four volumes of Agassiz's *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*. I doubt if anybody but the charwoman, with her duster, had touched those volumes for twenty-five years. They are an excessively learned, a monumental, an epoch-making work, the fruit of vast and heroic labors, with colored plates on stone, showing the

turtles of the United States, and their embryology. The work was published more than half a century ago (by subscription); but it looked old beyond its years — massive, heavy, weathered, as if dug from the rocks. It was difficult to feel that Agassiz could have written it — could have built it, grown it, for the laminated pile had required for its growth, the patience and painstaking care of a process of nature, as if it were a kind of printed coral reef. Agassiz do this? The big, human, magnetic man at work upon these pages of capital letters, Roman figures, brackets, and parentheses in explanation of the pages of diagrams and plates! I turned away with a sigh from the weary learning, to read the preface.

When a great man writes a great book he usually flings a preface after it, and thereby saves it, sometimes, from oblivion. Whether so or not, the best things in most books are their prefaces. It was not, however, the quality of the preface to these great volumes that interested me, but rather the wicked waste of durable book-material that went to its making. Reading down through the catalogue of human names and of thanks for help received, I came to a sentence beginning: —

“In New England I have myself collected largely; but I have also received valuable contributions from the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington; . . . from Mr. D. Henry Thoreau of Concord; . . . and from Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro’.” And then it hastens on with the thanks in order to get to the turtles, as if turtles were the one and only thing of real importance in all the world.

Turtles no doubt are important, extremely important, embryologically, as part of our genealogical tree; but they are away down among the roots of the tree as compared with the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington. I happen to know nothing about the Rev. Zadoc, but to me he looks very interesting. Indeed any reverend gentleman of his name and day who would catch turtles for Agassiz must have been interesting. And as for Henry Thoreau, we know he was interesting. The rarest wood-turtle in the United States was not so rare a specimen as this gentleman of Walden Woods and Concord. We are glad even for this line in the preface about him; glad to know that he tried, in this untranscendental way, to serve his day and generation. If Agassiz had only put a chapter in his turtle book about it! But this is the material he wasted, this and more of the same human sort, for the Mr. Jenks of Middleboro’ (at the end of the quota-

tion) was, years later, an old college professor of mine, who told me some of the particulars of his turtle contributions, particulars which Agassiz should have found a place for in his big book. The preface says merely that this gentleman sent turtles to Cambridge by the thousands — brief and scanty recognition. For that is not the only thing this gentleman did. On one occasion he sent, not turtles, but turtle eggs to Cambridge — *brought* them, I should say; and all there is to show for it, so far as I could discover, is a sectional drawing of a bit of the mesoblastic layer of one of the eggs!

Of course, Agassiz wanted to make that mesoblastic drawing, or some other equally important drawing, and had to have the fresh turtle egg to draw it from. He had to have it, and he got it. A great man, when he wants a certain turtle egg, at a certain time, always gets it, for he gets some one else to get it. I am glad he got it. But what makes me sad and impatient is that he did not think it worth while to tell about the getting of it, and so made merely a learned turtle book of what might have been an exceedingly interesting human book.

It would seem, naturally, that there could be nothing unusual or interesting about the getting of turtle eggs when you want them. Nothing at all, if you should chance to want the eggs as you chance to find them. So with anything else, — good copper stock, for instance, if you should chance to want it, and should chance to be along when they chance to be giving it away. But if you want copper stock, say of C & H quality, *when* you want it, and are bound to have it, then you must command more than a college professor’s salary. And likewise, precisely, when it is turtle eggs that you are bound to have.

Agassiz wanted those turtle eggs when he wanted them — not a minute

over three hours from the minute they were laid. Yet even that does not seem exacting, hardly more difficult than the getting of hen eggs only three hours old. Just so, provided the professor could have had his private turtle-coop in Harvard Yard; and provided he could have made his turtles lay. But turtles will not respond, like hens, to meat-scraps and the warm mash. The professor's problem was not to get from a mud turtle's nest in the back yard to the table in the laboratory; but to get from the laboratory in Cambridge to some pond when the turtles were laying, and back to the laboratory within the limited time. And this, in the days of Darius Green, might have called for nice and discriminating work — as it did.

Agassiz had been engaged for a long time upon his *Contributions*. He had brought the great work nearly to a finish. It was, indeed, finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: he had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development with the single exception of one — the very earliest — that stage of first cleavages, when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. That beginning stage had brought the *Contributions* to a halt. To get eggs that were fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

There were several ways that Agassiz might have proceeded: he might have got a leave of absence for the spring term, taken his laboratory to some pond inhabited by turtles, and there camped until he should catch the reptile digging out her nest. But there were difficulties in all of that — as those who are college professors and naturalists know. As this was quite out of the question, he did the easiest thing — asked Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' to get him the eggs. Mr. Jenks got them. Agassiz knew all about his getting of

them; and I say the strange and irritating thing is, that Agassiz did not think it worth while to tell us about it, at least in the preface to his monumental work.

It was many years later that Mr. Jenks, then a gray-haired college professor, told me how he got those eggs to Agassiz.

"I was principal of an academy, during my younger years," he began, "and was busy one day with my classes, when a large man suddenly filled the doorway of the room, smiled to the four corners of the room, and called out with a big, quick voice that he was Professor Agassiz.

"Of course he was. I knew it, even before he had had time to shout it to me across the room.

"Would I get him some turtle eggs? he called. Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge within three hours from the time they were laid? Yes, I would. And I did. And it was worth the doing. But I did it only once.

"When I promised Agassiz those eggs I knew where I was going to get them. I had got turtle eggs there before — at a particular patch of sandy shore along a pond, a few miles distant from the academy.

"Three hours was the limit. From the railroad station to Boston was thirty-five miles: from the pond to the station was perhaps three or four miles; from Boston to Cambridge we called about three miles. Forty miles in round numbers! We figured it all out before he returned, and got the trip down to two hours, — record time: — driving from the pond to the station; from the station by express train to Boston; from Boston by cab to Cambridge. This left an easy hour for accidents and delays.

"Cab and car and carriage we reckoned into our time-table; but what we

didn't figure on was the turtle." And he paused abruptly.

"Young man," he went on, his shaggy brows and spectacles hardly hiding the twinkle in the eyes that were bent severely upon me, "young man, when *you* go after turtle eggs, take into account the turtle. No! no! that's bad advice. Youth never reckons on the turtle — and youth seldom ought to. Only old age does that; and old age would never have got those turtle eggs to Agassiz.

"It was in the early spring that Agassiz came to the academy, long before there was any likelihood of the turtles laying. But I was eager for the quest, and so fearful of failure, that I started out to watch at the pond, fully two weeks ahead of the time that the turtles might be expected to lay. I remember the date clearly: it was May 14.

"A little before dawn — along near three o'clock — I would drive over to the pond, hitch my horse near by, settle myself quietly among some thick cedars close to the sandy shore, and there I would wait, my kettle of sand ready, my eye covering the whole sleeping pond. Here among the cedars I would eat my breakfast, and then get back in good season to open the academy for the morning session.

"And so the watch began.

"I soon came to know individually the dozen or more turtles that kept to my side of the pond. Shortly after the cold mist would lift and melt away, they would stick up their heads through the quiet water; and as the sun slanted down over the ragged rim of tree-tops, the slow things would float into the warm, lighted spots, or crawl out and doze comfortably on the hummocks and snags.

"What fragrant mornings those were! How fresh and new and unbreathed! The pond odors, the woods odors, the

odors of the ploughed fields — of water-lily, and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil! I can taste them yet, and hear them yet — the still, large sounds of the waking day — the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl; the kingfisher dropping anchor, the stir of feet and wings among the trees. And then the thought of the great book being held up for me! Those were rare mornings!

"But there began to be a good many of them, for the turtles showed no desire to lay. They sprawled in the sun, and never one came out upon the sand as if she intended to help on the great professor's book. The embryology of her eggs was of small concern to her; her contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait.

"And it did wait. I began my watch on the 14th of May; June first found me still among the cedars, still waiting, as I had waited every morning, Sundays and rainy days alike. June first was a perfect morning, but every turtle slid out upon her log, as if egg-laying might be a matter strictly of next year.

"I began to grow uneasy, — not impatient yet, for a naturalist learns his lesson of patience early, and for all his years; but I began to fear lest, by some subtle sense, my presence might somehow be known to the creatures; that they might have gone to some other place to lay, while I was away at the schoolroom.

"I watched on to the end of the first week, on to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together in the same clump of cedars, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. A month of morning mists wrapping me around had at last soaked through to my bones. But Agassiz was waiting,

and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait. It was all I could do, for there is no use bringing a china nest-egg to a turtle; she is not open to any such delicate suggestion.

"Then came a mid-June Sunday morning, with dawn breaking a little after three: a warm, wide-awake dawn, with the level mist lifted from the level surface of the pond a full hour higher than I had seen it any morning before.

"This was the day: I knew it. I have heard persons say that they can hear the grass grow; that they know by some extra sense when danger is nigh. That we have these extra senses I fully believe, and I believe they can be sharpened by cultivation. For a month I had been watching, brooding over this pond, and now I knew. I felt a stirring of the pulse of things that the cold-hearted turtles could no more escape than could the clods and I.

"Leaving my horse unhitched, as if he, too, understood, I slipped eagerly into my covert for a look at the pond. As I did so, a large pickerel ploughed a furrow out through the spatter-docks, and in his wake rose the head of an enormous turtle. Swinging slowly around the creature headed straight for the shore, and without a pause, scrambled out on the sand.

"She was about the size of a big scoop-shovel; but that was not what excited me, so much as her manner, and the gait at which she moved; for there was method in it and fixed purpose. On she came, shuffling over the sand toward the higher open fields, with a hurried, determined see-saw that was taking her somewhere in particular, and that was bound to get her there on time.

"I held my breath. Had she been a dinosaurian making Mesozoic footprints, I could not have been more fearful. For footprints in the Mesozoic

mud, or in the sands of time, were as nothing to me when compared with fresh turtle eggs in the sands of this pond.

"But over the strip of sand, without a stop, she paddled, and up a narrow cow-path into the high grass along a fence. Then up the narrow cow-path, on all fours, just like another turtle, I paddled, and into the high wet grass along the fence.

"I kept well within sound of her, for she moved recklessly, leaving a trail of flattened grass a foot and a half wide. I wanted to stand up, — and I don't believe I could have turned her back with a rail, — but I was afraid if she saw me that she might return indefinitely to the pond; so on I went, flat to the ground, squeezing through the lower rails of the fence, as if the field beyond were a melon-patch. It was nothing of the kind, only a wild, uncomfortable pasture, full of dewberry vines, and very discouraging. They were excessively wet vines and briery. I pulled my coat-sleeves as far over my fists as I could get them, and with the tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth to avoid noise, I stumped fiercely, but silently, on after the turtle.

"She was laying her course, I thought, straight down the length of this dreadful pasture, when, not far from the fence, she suddenly hove to, warped herself short about, and came back, barely clearing me, at a clip that was thrilling. I warped about, too, and in her wake bore down across the corner of the pasture, across the powdery public road, and on to a fence along a field of young corn.

"I was somewhat wet by this time, but not so wet as I had been before, wallowing through the deep dry dust of the road. Hurrying up behind a large tree by the fence, I peered down the corn-rows and saw the turtle stop, and begin

to paw about in the loose soft soil. She was going to lay!

"I held on to the tree and watched, as she tried this place, and that place, and the other place — the eternally feminine! — But *the* place, evidently, was hard to find. What could a female turtle do with a whole field of possible nests to choose from? Then at last she found it, and whirling about, she backed quickly at it, and, tail first, began to bury herself before my staring eyes.

"Those were not the supreme moments of my life; perhaps those moments came later that day; but those certainly were among the slowest, most dreadfully mixed of moments that I ever experienced. They were hours long. There she was, her shell just showing, like some old hulk in the sand along-shore. And how long would she stay there? and how should I know if she had laid an egg?

"I could still wait. And so I waited, when, over the freshly awakened fields, floated four mellow strokes from the distant town clock.

"Four o'clock! Why there was no train until seven! No train for three hours! The eggs would spoil! Then with a rush it came over me that this was Sunday morning, and there was no regular seven o'clock train, — none till after nine.

"I think I should have fainted had not the turtle just then begun crawling off. I was weak and dizzy; but there, there in the sand, were the eggs! and Agassiz! and the great book! And I cleared the fence, and the forty miles that lay between me and Cambridge, at a single jump. He should have them, trains or no. Those eggs should go to Agassiz by seven o'clock, if I had to gallop every mile of the way. Forty miles! Any horse could cover it in three hours, if he had to; and upsetting the astonished turtle, I scooped out her round white eggs.

"On a bed of sand in the bottom of the pail I laid them, with what care my trembling fingers allowed; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim, and covering all smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse.

"That horse knew, as well as I, that the turtles had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz. He turned out of that field into the road on two wheels, a thing he had not done for twenty years, doubling me up before the dashboard, the pail of eggs miraculously lodged between my knees.

"I let him out. If only he could keep this pace all the way to Cambridge! or even halfway there; and I would have time to finish the trip on foot. I shouted him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, though the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood road, was terrific. But nothing must happen to the eggs; they must not be jarred, or even turned over in the sand before they came to Agassiz.

"In order to get out on the pike it was necessary to drive back away from Boston toward the town. We had nearly covered the distance, and were rounding a turn from the woods into the open fields, when, ahead of me, at the station it seemed, I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive.

"What did it mean? Then followed the *puff, puff, puff*, of a starting train. But what train? Which way going? And jumping to my feet for a longer view, I pulled into a side road, that paralleled the track, and headed hard for the station.

"We reeled along. The station was still out of sight, but from behind the bushes that shut it from view, rose the smoke of a moving engine. It was perhaps a mile away, but we were approaching, head on, and topping a little

hill I swept down upon a freight train, the black smoke pouring from the stack, as the mighty creature pulled itself together for its swift run down the rails.

"My horse was on the gallop, going with the track, and straight toward the coming train. The sight of it almost maddened me — the bare thought of it, on the road to Boston! On I went; on it came, a half — a quarter of a mile between us, when suddenly my road shot out along an unfenced field with only a level stretch of sod between me and the engine.

"With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into the field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track. That train should carry me and my eggs to Boston!

"The engineer pulled the rope. He saw me standing up in the rig, saw my hat blow off, saw me wave my arms, saw the tin pail swing in my teeth, and he jerked out a succession of sharp halts! But it was he who should halt, not I; and on we went, the horse with a flounder landing the carriage on top of the track.

"The train was already grinding to a stop; but before it was near a standstill, I had backed off the track, jumped out, and, running down the rails with the astonished engineers gaping at me, had swung aboard the cab.

"They offered no resistance; they had n't had time. Nor did they have the disposition, for I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"'Crazy,' the fireman muttered, looking to the engineer for his cue.

"I had been crazy, perhaps, but I was not crazy now.

"'Throw her wide open,' I commanded. 'Wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs and Professor Agassiz of

Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast.'

"Then they knew I was crazy, and evidently thinking it best to humor me, threw the throttle wide open, and away we went

"I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly in the open field, and gave a smile to my crew. That was all I could give them, and hold myself and the eggs together. But the smile was enough. And they smiled through their smut at me, though one of them held fast to his shovel, while the other kept his hand upon a big ugly wrench. Neither of them spoke to me, but above the roar of the swaying engine I caught enough of their broken talk to understand that they were driving under a full head of steam, with the intention of handing me over to the Boston police, as perhaps the easiest way of disposing of me.

"I was only afraid that they would try it at the next station. But that station whizzed past without a bit of slack, and the next, and the next; when it came over me that this was the through freight, which should have passed in the night, and was making up lost time.

"Only the fear of the shovel and the wrench kept me from shaking hands with both men at this discovery. But I beamed at them; and they at me. I was enjoying it. The unwonted jar beneath my feet was wrinkling my diaphragm with spasms of delight. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, 'See the lunatic grin; he likes it!'

"He did like it. How the iron wheels sang to me as they took the rails! How the rushing wind in my ears sang to me! From my stand on the fireman's side of the cab I could catch a glimpse of the track just ahead of the engine, where the ties seemed to leap into the throat of the mile-devouring monster. The joy

of it! of seeing space swallowed by the mile!

"I shifted the eggs from hand to hand and thought of my horse, of Agassiz, of the great book, of my great luck, — luck, — luck, — until the multitudinous tongues of the thundering train were all chiming 'luck! luck! luck!' They knew! they understood! This beast of fire and tireless wheels was doing its very best to get the eggs to Agassiz!

"We swung out past the Blue Hills, and yonder flashed the morning sun from the towering dome of the State House. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way on foot, had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrowly. I was not in Boston yet, nor in Cambridge either. I was an escaped lunatic, who had held up a train, and forced it to carry me to Boston.

"Perhaps I had overdone the lunacy business. Suppose these two men should take it into their heads to turn me over to the police, whether I would or no? I could never explain the case in time to get the eggs to Agassiz. I looked at my watch. There were still a few minutes left, in which I might explain to these men, who, all at once, had become my captors. But it was too late. Nothing could avail against my actions, my appearance, and my little pail of sand.

"I had not thought of my appearance before. Here I was, face and clothes caked with yellow mud, my hair wild and matted, my hat gone, and in my full-grown hands a tiny tin pail of sand, as if I had been digging all night with a tiny tin shovel on the shore! And thus to appear in the decent streets of Boston of a Sunday morning!

"I began to feel like a hunted criminal. The situation was serious, or might be, and rather desperately funny at its best. I must in some way have

shown my new fears, for both men watched me more sharply.

"Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight-yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump, but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to guard me. I looked at my watch again. What time we had made! It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge.

"But I did n't like this delay. Five minutes — ten — went by.

"'Gentlemen,' I began, but was cut short by an express train coming past. We were moving again, on — into a siding; on — on to the main track; and on with a bump and a crash and a succession of crashes, running the length of the train; on at a turtle's pace, but on, — when the fireman, quickly jumping for the bell-rope, left the way to the step free, and — the chance had come!

"I never touched the step, but landed in the soft sand at the side of the track, and made a line for the yard fence.

"There was no hue or cry. I glanced over my shoulder to see if they were after me. Evidently their hands were full, and they did n't know I had gone.

"But I had gone; and was ready to drop over the high board-fence, when it occurred to me that I might drop into a policeman's arms. Hanging my pail in a splint on top of a post, I peered cautiously over — a very wise thing to do before you jump a high board-fence. There, crossing the open square toward the station, was a big, burly fellow with a club — looking for me.

"I flattened for a moment, when some one in the yard yelled at me. I preferred the policeman, and grabbing my pail I slid over to the street. The policeman moved on past the corner of the station out of sight. The square was free, and yonder stood a cab!

"Time was flying now. Here was the last lap. The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a paper dollar at him, but he only stared the more. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust them both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, 'Cambridge!'

"He would have taken me straight to the police-station, had I not said, 'Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz'; and pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"It was nearly half-past six.

"'Let him go!' I ordered. 'Here's another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes. Let him out; never mind the police!'

"He evidently knew the police, or there were none around at that time on a Sunday morning. We went down the sleeping streets, as I had gone down the wood roads from the pond two hours before, but with the rattle and crash now of a fire brigade. Whirling a corner into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting out something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and a belt and brass buttons.

"Across the bridge with a rattle and jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy, and on over the cobble-stones, we went. Half standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself in the other, not daring to let go even to look at my watch.

"But I was afraid to look at the watch. I was afraid to see how near to seven o'clock it might be. The sweat was dropping from my nose, so close was I running to the limit of my time.

"Suddenly there was a lurch, and I

dove forward, ramming my head into the front of the cab, coming up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

"We had stopped. Here was Agassiz's house; and without taking time to pick up the scattered eggs, I tumbled out, and pounded at the door.

"No one was astir in the house. But I would stir them. And I did. Right in the midst of the racket the door opened. It was the maid.

"'Agassiz,' I gasped, 'I want Professor Agassiz, quick!' And I pushed by her into the hall.

"'Go 'way, sir. I'll call the police. Professor Agassiz is in bed. Go 'way, sir!'

"'Call him — Agassiz — instantly, or I'll call him myself.'

"But I did n't; for just then a door overhead was flung open, a great white-robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick loud voice called excitedly, —

"'Let him in! Let him in. I know him. He has my turtle eggs!'

"And the apparition, slipperless, and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing down the stairs.

"The maid fled. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands, and dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to seven — as if nothing unusual were happening to the history of the world."

"You were in time then?" I said.

"To the tick. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it."

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

GIDEON WELLES

I

[As the war drew to its close, General Sherman, on April 18, 1865, made his famous convention with General Johnston, whereby all Confederate armies still in the field were to disband. This agreement stipulated for the early recognition of the several states in rebellion, by the executive of the United States, and contained other important political features with which it was entirely outside of General Sherman's authority to deal. The articles of agreement were referred to both governments for ratification.]

Friday, April 21, 1865.

Stanton called at my house about 6 P. M. and invited me to a hasty Cabinet convention at 8 P. M. on important matters requiring immediate action. When we had assembled, General Grant and Preston King were also present. Stanton briefly mentioned that General Grant had important communications from General Sherman, and requested that he would read them, which he did. It stated he had made a peace, if satisfactory, with the rebels, etc. This and everything relating to it will be spread before the world. Among the Cabinet and all present there was but one mind on this subject. The plan was rejected, and Sherman's arrangement disapproved. Stanton and Speed were emphatic in their condemnation, though the latter expressed personal friendship for Sher-

man. General Grant, I was pleased to see, while disapproving what Sherman had done, and decidedly opposed to it, was tender to sensitiveness of his brother officer and abstained from censure. Stanton came charged with specified objections, four in number, counting them off on his fingers. Some of his argument was apt and well; some of it not in good taste, nor precisely pertinent.

It was decided that General Grant should immediately inform General Sherman that his course was disapproved, and that generals in the field must not take upon themselves to decide on political and civil questions, which belonged to the executive and civil service. The military commanders would press on and capture and crush out the rebels.

Monday, April 24, 1865.

On Saturday the 22d I learned that General Grant left in person to go to General Sherman instead of sending written orders. This was sensible, and will insure the work to be well and satisfactorily done. Senator Sumner called on me with inquiries which he heard in the street relative to General Sherman. As he came direct from the War Department I was satisfied that Stanton, as usual, after enjoining strict secrecy upon others, was himself communicating the facts in confidence to certain parties. One or two others spoke to me

in the course of the afternoon on the same subject.

Sunday morning the papers contained the whole story of Sherman's treaty and our proceedings, with additions, under Stanton's signature. I was not sorry to see the facts disclosed, although the manner and some of Stanton's matter was not particularly commendable, judicious, or correct. But the whole was characteristic, and will be likely to cause difficulty, or aggravate it with Sherman, who has behaved hastily, but I hope not, as has been insinuated, wickedly. He has shown himself a better general than diplomatist, negotiator, or politician, and we must not forget the good he has done, if he has only committed an error; and I trust and believe it is but an error, — a grave one, it may be. But this error, if it be one, had its origin, I apprehend, with President Lincoln, who was for prompt and easy terms with the rebels. Sherman's terms were based on a liberal construction of President Lincoln's benevolent wishes and the order to Weitzel concerning the Virginia legislature, the revocation of which [Sherman] had not heard.

[Attorney-General] Speed, prompted by Stanton, who seemed frantic, but with whom he sympathized, expressed his fears that Sherman at the head of his victorious legions had designs upon the government. [Postmaster-General] Dennison, while disapproving what Sherman had done, scouted the idea that he had any unworthy aspirations. I remarked that his armies were composed of citizens like ourselves, who had homes and wives and children as well as a government that they loved.

WILD IDEAS IN THE CABINET

Tuesday, April 25, 1865.

The course and position were discussed to-day in Cabinet with some earnestness. Speed came strongly charged,

and had little doubt that Sherman was designing to put himself at the head of the army. Thought he had been seduced by Breckinridge,¹ and was flattering himself that he would be able to control and direct public affairs. Governor Dennison, while censuring Sherman, would not condemn him unheard, — he may have some reasons that we know not of, may have been short of ammunition or supplies.

I suggested that it might be vanity, eccentricity, an error of judgment, — the man may have thought himself to be what he is not, — that I had no fears of his misleading the army, or seducing it to promote any personal schemes of ambition, if he had such. Every regiment, and probably every company, in that army had intelligent men, fit to be legislators; they were of us and a part of us, would no more tolerate usurpation on the part of Sherman than we would.

"Suppose," said Speed, "he should arrest Grant when Grant arrived at Raleigh," etc., etc. Men will have strange phantoms. I was surprised at Speed, but he has, evidently, conversed on this subject before with one or more who have similar opinions. This apprehension which I have sometimes heard intimated has never made a serious impression on me, for I have confidence in our people, and so I have in Sherman, who believed himself to be carrying out the wishes of Mr. Lincoln and the policy of the administration. It is the result of the conference at City Point, and intended to be in furtherance of the proclamation of Weitzel, the revocation of which he has not seen.

In reflecting on this subject, I think we have permitted ourselves, amid great excitement and stirring events, to be hurried into unjust and ungenerous suspicions by the erroneous state-

¹ J. C. Breckinridge, Confederate Secretary of War

ments of the Secretary of War. Speed adopts and echoes the jealousies and wild vagaries of Stanton, who seems to have a mortal fear of the generals and the armies, although courting and flattering them. He went to Savannah to pay court to Sherman when that officer was the favored general and supposed to have eclipsed Grant; but the latter having gained the ascendant by the fall of Richmond and the capture of Lee, Stanton would now reinstate himself with Grant by prostrating [*sic*] Sherman.

Tuesday, May 2, 1865.

Stanton produced a paper from Judge-Advocate-General Holt, to the effect that Jeff. Davis, Jacob Thompson, Sanders, and others, were implicated in the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln and others. A proclamation duly prepared was submitted by Stanton with this paper of Holt, which he fully endorses, offering rewards for their apprehension. McCulloch and Hunter, whose opinions were asked, went with Stanton without a question. I, on being asked, remarked [that] if there was proof of the complicity of those men, as stated there was, they certainly ought to be arrested, and that reward was proper, but I had no facts.

THE MEANING OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE .

Tuesday, May 9, 1865.

A proclamation of amnesty proposed by Speed was considered and, with some changes, agreed to.

The condition of North Carolina was taken up, and a general plan of organization intended for all the rebel states was submitted and debated. No great difference of opinion was expressed, except on the matter of suffrage. Stanton, Dennison, and Speed were for Negro suffrage, — McCulloch, Usher, and myself were opposed. It was agreed

on request of Stanton, [that] we would not discuss the question, but each express his opinion without preliminary debate. After our opinions had been given, I stated I was for adhering to the rule prescribed in President Lincoln's proclamation, which had been fully considered and matured, and besides, in all these matters I am for no further subversion of the laws, institutions, and usages of the states respectively, nor for [more] federal intermeddling in local matters than is absolutely necessary, in order to rid them of the radical error which has caused our national trouble. All laws, not inconsistent with those of the conquerors, remain to the conquered until changed, is an old rule.

This question of Negro suffrage is beset with difficulties, growing out of the conflict through which we have passed and the current of sympathy for the colored race. The demagogues will make use of it regardless of what is best for the country, and without regard for the organic law, the rights of the state, or the temples of our government. There is a fanaticism on the subject with some, who persuade themselves that the cause of liberty and the Union is with the Negro and not the white man. White men, and especially Southern white men, are tyrants. Senator Sumner is riding this one idea at top speed. There are others less sincere than Sumner, who are pressing the question for party purposes. On the other hand, there may be unjust prejudices against permitting colored persons to enjoy the elective franchise, under any circumstances; but this is not, and should not be, a federal question. No one can claim that the blacks, in the slave states especially, can exercise the elective franchise intelligently. In most of the free states they are not permitted to vote. Is it politic, and wise, or right even, when trying to re-

store peace and reconcile differences to make so radical a change, provided we have the authority, which I deny? To elevate the ignorant Negro who has been enslaved, mentally as well as physically, to the discharge of the highest duties of citizenship, especially when our free states will not permit the few free Negroes to vote?

The federal government has no right, and has not attempted, to dictate on the matter of suffrage to any state, and I apprehend it will not conduce to harmony to arrogate and exercise arbitrary power over the states which have been in rebellion. It was never intended by the founders of the Union that the federal government should prescribe suffrage to the states. We shall get rid of slavery by constitutional means. But conferring on the blacks civil rights is another matter. I know not the authority. The President, in the exercise of the pardoning power, may limit or make conditions, and while granting life and liberty to traitors deny them the right of holding office or of voting. While, however, he can exclude traitors, can he legitimately confer on the blacks of North Carolina the right to vote? I do not yet see how this can be done by him, or by Congress.

This whole question of suffrage is much abused. The Negro can take upon himself the duty about as intelligently, and as well for the public interest, as a considerable portion of the foreign element which comes amongst us. Each will be the tool of the demagogues. If the Negro is to vote and exercise the duties of a citizen, let him be educated to it. The measure should not, even if the government were empowered to act, be precipitated when he is stolidly ignorant and wholly unprepared. It is proposed to do it against what have been and still are the constitutions, laws, usages, and practices

of the states which we wish to restore to fellowship.

Stanton has changed his position — has been converted — is now for Negro suffrage. These were not his views a short time since. But aspiring politicians will, as the current now sets, generally take that road.

The trial of the assassins is not so promptly carried into effect as Stanton declared it should be. He said it was his intention the criminals should be tried and executed before President Lincoln was buried. But the President was buried last Thursday, the 4th, and the trial has not, I believe, commenced.

I regret they are not tried by the civil court, and so expressed myself, as did McCulloch; but Stanton, who says the proof is clear and positive, was emphatic, and Speed advised a military commission, though at first, I thought, otherwise inclined. It is now rumored the trial is to be secret, which is another objectionable feature, and will be likely to meet condemnation after the event and excitement have passed off.

The rash, imperative, and arbitrary measures of Stanton are exceedingly repugnant to my notions, and I am pained to witness the acquiescence they receive. He carries others with him, sometimes against their convictions as expressed to me.

The President and Cabinet called on Mr. Seward at his house after the close of the council. He came down to meet us in his parlor. I was glad to see him so well and animated, yet a few weeks have done the work of years, apparently, with his system. Perhaps when his wounds have healed, and the fractured jaw is restored, he may recover in some degree his former looks, but I apprehend not.

His head was covered with a close-fitting cap, and the appliances to his

jaw entered his mouth and prevented him from articulating clearly. Still, he was disposed to talk, and we to listen. Once or twice, allusions to the weight of the great calamity affected him more deeply than I have ever seen him.

Wednesday, May 10, 1865

Senator Sumner called on me. We had a long conversation on matters pertaining to the affairs of Fort Sumter. He has been selected to deliver an oration on Mr. Lincoln's death, to the citizens of Boston, and desired to post himself in some respects. I told him the influence of the Blairs, and especially of the elder, had done much to strengthen Mr. Lincoln in that matter, while Seward and Scott had opposed.

Sumner assures me Chase has gone into rebeldom to promote Negro suffrage. I have no doubt that Chase has that and other schemes for presidential preferment in hand in this voyage. S[umner] says that President Johnson is aware of his [Chase's] object in behalf of the Negroes, and favors the idea of their voting. On this point I am skeptical. He would not oppose any such movement were any state to make it. I so expressed myself to Sumner, and he assented, but intended to say the Negroes were the people.

Sunday, May 14, 1865

Intelligence was received this morning of the capture of Jefferson Davis in Southern Georgia. I met Stanton this Sunday p. m. at Seward's, who says Davis was taken disguised in women's clothes. A tame and ignoble letting down of the traitor.

Saturday, May 20, 1865.

General Sherman is here. I have not yet met him, but I understand he is a little irate towards Stanton, and very mad with Halleck. This is not surprising, and yet some allowance is to

be made for them. Sherman's motives cannot be questioned, although his acts may be. Stanton was unduly harsh and severe, and his telegram to General Dix and specifications were Stantonian. Whether the President authorized or sanctioned that publication I never knew, but I, and most of the members of the Cabinet, were not consulted in regard to the publication, which was not in all respects correct.

General Grant, who as unequivocally disapproved of Sherman's armistice as any member of the administration, was nevertheless tender of General Sherman, and did not give in to the severe remarks of Stanton at the time. At a later period President Johnson assured me that Stanton's publication was wholly unauthorized by him, — that he knew nothing of it until he saw it in the papers. We were all imposed upon by Stanton, who had a purpose. He and the radicals were opposed to the mild policy of President Lincoln on which Sherman had acted, and which Stanton opposed and was determined to defeat.

Wednesday, June 14, 1865

At Cabinet meeting General Grant came in to press upon the government the importance of taking decisive measures in favor of the Republic of Mexico. Thought that Maximilian and the French should be warned to leave. Said the rebels were crossing the Rio Grande and entering the Imperial service. Their purpose would be to provoke differences, create animosity, and precipitate hostilities. Seward was emphatic in opposition to any movement. Said the Empire was rapidly perishing, and if let alone Maximilian would leave in less than six months, — perhaps in sixty days, — whereas if we interfered it would prolong his stay and the Empire also. Seward acts from intelligence, Grant from impulse.

Tuesday, June 20, 1865

Mr. Seward was absent from the Cabinet meeting. All others were present. The meetings are better and more punctually attended than under Mr. Lincoln's administration, and measures are more generally discussed, which undoubtedly tends to better administration. Mrs. Seward lies at the point of death, which is the cause of Mr. Seward's absence.

The subject of appointments in the Southern States — the rebel states — was discussed. A difficulty is experienced in the stringent oath passed by the last Congress. Men are required to swear they have rendered no voluntary aid to the rebellion, nor accepted or held office under the rebel government. This oath is a device to perpetuate differences, if persisted in.

I was both amused and vexed with the propositions and suggestions for evading this oath. Stanton proposed that if the appointees would not take the whole oath, [they should] swear to as much as they could. Speed was fussy and uncertain. Did not know but what it would become necessary to call Congress together to get rid of this official oath. Harlan¹ believed the oath proper, and that it should stand. Said it was carefully and deliberately framed, that it was designed, purposely, to exclude men from executive appointments. Mr. Wade and Mr. Sumner had this specially in view. Thought there was no difficulty in these appointments except judges. All other officers were temporary, judges were for life. I remarked, that did not follow. If the Senate when it convened did not choose to confirm the judicial appointments — the incumbents could only hold until the close of the next session of Congress. But above and beyond this I denied that Congress could im-

pose limitations and restrictions on the pardoning power, and thus circumscribe the President's prerogative. I claimed that the President could nominate, and the Senate confirm, an officer independent of that form and oath, — and if the appointee took and faithfully conformed to the constitutional oath, he could not be molested. McCulloch inclined to my views, but Stanton insisted that point had been raised and decided, and could not therefore be maintained. I claimed that no wrong decision could be binding, and I had no doubt of the wrongfulness of such a decision, denying that the constitutional rights of the Executive could be frittered away by legislation. There is partyism in all this, — not union or country.

AN ESTIMATE OF DUPONT

Friday, June 23, 1865.

Rear-Admiral Dahlgren returned this morning from Charleston. Two years since he left. Simultaneous with his return comes tidings of the death of Rear-Admiral Dupont, whom he relieved, and who died this A. M. in Philadelphia. Dupont possessed ability, was a scholar rather than a hero. He was a courtier, given to intrigue; was selfish, adroit, and skillful. Most of the navy were attached to him, and considered him the leading cultured mind in the service. He nursed cliques.

There are many intelligent and excellent officers, however, who look upon him with exceeding dislike, yet Dupont had, two and three years ago, greater personal influence than any man in the service. He knew it, and intended to make it available in a controversy with the Department on the subject of the Monitor vessels, to which he took a dislike. Although very proud, he was not physically brave. Pride would have impelled him to go into action, but he had not innate daring

¹ James Harlan, of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior.

courage. He was determined not to retain his force or any portion of it in Charleston harbor, insisted it could not be done, disobeyed orders, was relieved, and expected to rally the navy and country with him, but was disappointed. Some of his best friends condemned his course. He sought a controversy with the Department, and was not successful. Disappointed and chagrined, he has been unhappy and dissatisfied. I believe I appreciated and did justice to his good qualities, and am not conscious that I have been at any time provoked to do him wrong. He challenged me to remove him, and felt confident I would not do it. I would not have done it had he obeyed orders and been zealous for operations against Charleston. As it was, I made no haste, and only ordered Foote and Dahlgren when I got ready. Then the step was taken. Dupont was amazed, yet had no doubt the navy would be roused in his favor, and that he should overpower the Department. Months passed. He procured two or three papers to speak for him, but there was no partisanship for him in the navy, except with half a dozen young officers, whom he had petted and trained, and a few mischievous politicians.

Returning to Delaware he went into absolute retirement. None missed or called for him. This seclusion did not please him and became insupportable, but he saw no extrication. He therefore prepared a very adroit letter in the latter part of October, 1863, ostensibly an answer to a despatch of mine written the preceding June. This skilful letter I have reason to believe was prepared in concert with H. Winter Davis, and was intended to be used in an assault on me at the session of Congress then approaching. Although much engaged I immediately replied, and in such a manner as to close up Dupont. Davis, however, made his attack in

Congress, but in such a way as not to draw out the correspondence. Others remedied that deficiency, and Davis got more than he asked. Dupont sank. He could rally no force, and the skill, and tact at intrigue which had distinguished him in earlier years and in lower rank, was gone. He felt that he was feeble and it annoyed him. Still, his talent was not wholly idle. False issues were put forth, and doubtless some have been deceived by them.

Tuesday, June 27, 1865.

The President still ill, and the visit to the Pawnee further postponed. No Cabinet meeting. The President is feeling the effects of intense application to his duties, and over-pressure from the crowd.

A great party demonstration is being made for Negro suffrage. It is claimed the Negro is not liberated unless he is also a voter, and to make him a voter, those who urge this doctrine would subvert the Constitution, and usurp or assume authority not granted to the federal government. While I am not inclined to throw impediments in the way of the universal, intelligent enfranchisement of all men, I cannot lend myself to beat down constitutional barriers, or to violate the reserved and undoubted rights of the states. In the discussion of this question, it is evident that intense partisanship, instead of philanthropy, is the root of the movement. When pressed by arguments which they cannot refute, they turn and say, if the Negro is not allowed to vote, the Democrats will get control of the government in each of the seceding or rebellious states, and in conjunction with the Democrats of the free states they will get the ascendancy in our political affairs. As there must and will be parties, they may as well form on this question, perhaps, as any other. It is centralization and state rights.

It is curious to witness the bitterness and intolerance of the philanthropists in this matter. In their zeal for the Negro they lose sight of the fundamental law, of all constitutional rights, and of the civil regulations and organization of the government.

Friday, June 30, 1865

The President is still indisposed, and I am unable to perfect some important business, that I wished to complete with the close of the fiscal year. There are several radical members here, and have been for some days, apparently anxious to see the President. Have met Senator Wade two or three times at the White House. Complains that the Executive has the control of the government, that Congress and the judiciary are subordinate, and mere instruments in his hands, said our form of government was on the whole a failure, that there are not three distinct and independent departments, but one great controlling one with two others as assistants.

Mentions that the late president called out 75,000 men without authority. Congress when it came together approved it. Mr. Lincoln then asked for 400,000 men and 400 millions of money. Congress gave him five of each instead of four. I asked him if he supposed or meant to say that these measures were proposed without consulting, informally, the leading members of each house. He replied that he did not, and admitted that the condition of the country required the action which was taken, that it was right and in conformity with public expectation.

Thad Stevens called on me on business and took occasion to express ultra views, and had a sarcastic hit or two but without much sting. He is not satisfied, nor is Wade, yet I think the latter is mollified and disinclined to disagree with the President. But his friend

Winter Davis it is understood is intending to improve the opportunity of delivering a Fourth of July oration, to take ground distinctly antagonistic to the administration on the question of Negro suffrage.

Saturday, July 1, 1865.

I am this day sixty-three years old, have attained my grand climacteric, a critical period in man's career. Some admonitions remind me of the frailness of human existence and of the feeble tenure I have on life. I cannot expect, at best, many returns of this anniversary, and perhaps shall never witness another.

Monday, July 10, 1865.

I read to the President two letters of Senator Sumner of the 4th and 5th of July, on the subject of Negro suffrage in the rebel states. Sumner is for imposing this upon those states, regardless of all constitutional limitations and restriction. It is evident he is organizing and drilling for that purpose, and intends to make war upon the administration policy and the administration itself. The President is not unaware of the scheming that is on foot, but I know not if he comprehends to its full extent this movement, which is intended to control him and his administration.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION

Friday, July 14, 1865.

Before we left, and after all other matters were disposed of, the President brought from the other room a letter from General Sheridan to General Grant, strongly indorsed by the latter, and both letter and indorsement strongly hostile to the French and Maximilian. Seward was astounded. McCulloch at once declared that the treasury and the country could not stand meeting the exigency which an-

other war would produce. Harlan in a few words sustained McCulloch. Seward was garrulous. Said if we got in war and drove out the French, we could not get out ourselves. Went over our war with Mexico. Dennison inquired why the Monroe Doctrine could not be asserted. Seward said if we made the threat we must be prepared to maintain it. Dennison thought we might. "How then," said Seward, "will you get your own troops out of the country after driving out the French?" "Why, march them out," said Dennison. Then said Seward, "The French will return." "We will then," said Dennison, "expel them again." I remarked [that] the country was exhausted as McCulloch stated, but the popular sentiment was strongly averse to French occupancy. If the Mexicans wanted an imperial government, no one would interfere to prevent them, though we might and would regret it, but this conduct of the French in imposing an Austrian prince upon our neighbors was very revolting. I hoped, however, we should not be compelled to take the military view of this question.

Thursday, July 20, 1865.

The President to-day in Cabinet, after current business was disposed of, brought forward the subject of Jefferson Davis' trial, on which he desired the views of the members. Mr. Seward thought there should be no haste. The large amount of papers of the rebel government had not yet been examined, and much that would have a bearing on this question might be expected to be found among them. Whenever Davis should be brought to trial he was clear and decided that it should be before a military commission, for he had no confidence in proceeding before a civil court. He was very full of talk, and very positive that there should be delay until the rebel papers were examined,

and quite emphatic and decided that a military court should try Davis. Stanton did not dissent from this, and yet was not as explicit as Seward.

McCulloch was not prepared to express an opinion, but thought no harm would result from delay.

I doubted the resort to a military commission, and thought there should be an early trial. Whether, if he was to be tried in Virginia, as it was said he might be, the country was sufficiently composed and organized might be a question; but I was for a trial before a civil not a military tribunal, and for treason not for assassination. Both Seward and Stanton interrupted me and went into a discussion of the assassination, and the impossibility of a conviction — Seward taking the lead. It was evident these two intended there should be no result at this time.

THE TRIAL OF DAVIS

Friday, July 21, 1865.

A very warm day. Thermometer 90 and upward. Chief subject at the Cabinet was the offense and the disposition of J. Davis. The President, it was evident, was for procuring a discussion or having the views of the Cabinet. Seward thought the question might as well be disposed of now as at any time. He was satisfied there could be no conviction of such a man, for any offense, before any civil tribunal, and was therefore for arraigning him for treason, murder, and other offenses before a military commission. Dennison, who sat next him, immediately followed, and thought if the proof was clear and beyond question that Davis was a party to the assassination, then he would have him by all means brought before a military tribunal, but unless the proof was clear, beyond a peradventure, he would have him tried for high treason before the highest civil court. When asked what other court

there was than the circuit court, he said he did not wish him tried before the court of this District. And when further asked to be more explicit on the subject of the question of the murder or assassination, he said he would trust that matter to Judge Holt and the War Department, and, he then added, to the Attorney-General. McCulloch would prefer, if there is to be a trial, that it should be in the courts, but was decidedly against any trial at present — would postpone the whole subject.

Stanton was for a trial by the courts for treason — the highest of crimes, and by the constitution, only the courts could try him for that offense. Otherwise he would say a military commission. For all other offenses he would arraign him before the military commission. Subsequently, after examining the constitution, he retracted the remark that the constitution made it imperative that the trial for treason should be in the civil courts, yet he did not withdraw the preference he had expressed. I was emphatically for the civil court and an arraignment for treason — for an early institution of proceedings — and was willing the trial should take place in Virginia. If our laws or system were defective, it was well to bring them to a test. I had no doubt he was guilty of treason and believed he would be committed wherever tried. Harlan would not try him before a civil court unless satisfied there would be conviction. If there was a doubt he wanted a military commission. He thought it would be much better to pardon Davis at once than to have him tried and not convicted. Such a result he believed would be most calamitous. He would therefore [rather] than run that risk, prefer a military court. Speed was for a civil tribunal and for a trial for treason; but until the rebellion was entirely suppressed he

doubted if there could be a trial for treason. Davis is now a prisoner of war and was entitled to all the rights of belligerents, etc., etc. I inquired if Davis was not arrested and a reward offered for him and paid by our government, as for other criminals.

The question of counsel and the institution of proceedings was discussed. In order to get the sense of each of the members, the President thought it would be well to have the matter presented in a distinct form. Seward promptly proposed that Jefferson Davis should be tried for treason, assassination, murder, conspiring to burn cities, etc., by a military commission. The question was so put, Seward and Harlan voting for it — the others against, with the exception of myself. The President asked my opinion. I told him I did not like the form in which the question was put. I would have him tried for military offenses by a military court, but for civil offenses I wanted the civil courts. I thought he should be tried for treason, and it seemed to me that the question before us should first be the crime and then the court. The others assented and the question put was, shall J. D. be tried for treason? There was a unanimous response in the affirmative. Then the question as to the court. Dennison moved a civil court — all but Seward and Harlan were in the affirmative. They were in the negative.

Stanton read a letter from Fortress Monroe saying Davis's health had been failing for the last fortnight — that the execution of the assassins had visibly affected him.

Tuesday, August 8, 1865.

Stanton submitted a number of not material questions, yet possessed of some little interest. Before the meeting closed, the subject of army movements on the plains came up, and Stanton

said there were three columns of twenty-two thousand troops moving into the Indian country, with a view to an Indian campaign. Inquiry as to the origin and authority of such a movement elicited nothing from the Secretary of War. He said he knew nothing on the subject. He had been told there was such a movement, and Meigs had informed him it was true. Grant had been written to for information, but Grant was away and he knew not when he should have a reply. The expenses of this movement could not, he said, be less than fifty millions of dollars. But he knew nothing about it.

All manifested surprise. The President however made, I observed, no inquiry or any comment. Whether this was intentional reticence, or the result of physical weariness or debility, for he was far from well, I could not determine. I thought it alarming that there should be such an imposing demonstration on the part of the military, and the administration, or executive officer of the War Department, ignorant in regard to it. If so, it is to his discredit — if not true, it is no less so. The only apology or excuse would be that the President had ordered this through General Grant, or assented to it at least. But this would be a slight upon the Secretary of War to which he would not possibly submit.

Following up this subject, Governor Dennison inquired of Stanton in relation to the recent general order dividing the country into eighteen military departments and assigning a multitude of generals to them. The question was mildly, pertinently, and appropriately put, but Stanton evinced intense feeling and acrimony. He said the Postmaster-General must address his inquiries to General Grant respecting that order, and he had no doubt General Grant would have been glad to have had Dennison's advice and dis-

cretion on the subject. For his part he had not undertaken to instruct or advise General Grant.

There was a sneer and insolence in the manner, more offensive even than the words. I was on the point of inquiring if the civil administration of the government could not be informed on so important a subject, when Speed, who evidently saw there was feeling, hastened to introduce another topic. I was glad he did so, yet this state of things cannot endure.

I fell in with Dennison, or he with me, when taking my usual walk, and we at once got on to the subject of Stanton's insolent replies to-day. Dennison was, with reason, irritated. Said he had forborne to reply or pursue the subject because his temper was excited and there would have been a scene. He says he has known Stanton well for twenty-five years; that he is a charlatan — and that he wanted D[ennison] to make a sharp reply on Grant, in order that he might report it to that officer and thus create a difference.

Friday, August 11, 1865.

The question of the Indian war on the plains was again brought forward. No one, it appears, has any knowledge on the question. The Secretary of War is in absolute ignorance. Says he has telegraphed to General Grant, and General G[rant] says he has not ordered it. McCulloch wanted to know the probable expense, — the numbers engaged, etc. Stanton thought McCulloch had better state how many should be engaged, — said General Pope had command. Harlan said he considered Pope an improper man, — was extravagant and wasteful. Thought twenty-two hundred instead of twenty-two thousand men was a better and sufficient number.

This whole thing is a discredit to the War Department.

Tuesday, August 15, 1865.

Stanton says there is to be a large reduction of the force which is moving against the Indians. That by the 1st of October the force will be about 6,000. That large supplies have gone on, but they can be divided or deflected to New Mexico and other points, so that they will not be lost.

This whole proceeding is anything but commendable to the War Department. Stanton professes not to have been informed on the subject, and yet takes credit for doing something in the way of reduction. When questioned, however, he gets behind Grant or Pope or some military officer. An army of twenty-two thousand and a winter campaign, which he said would cost certainly not less than fifty million and very likely eighty or one hundred million all arranged, — a great Indian war is upon us, but the Secretary of War is, or professes to be, ignorant in regard to it, and of course every member of the administration is uninformed. If Stanton is as ignorant as he professes, it is disgraceful and ominous, and it is not less so if he is not ignorant. There are some things which make me suspicious that he is not as uninformed and ignorant as he pretends. This matter of supplies, so ruinously expensive, is popular on the frontiers, with Lane and others in Kansas. I have seen enough of Stanton to know that he is reckless of the public money in fortifying himself personally. These great contracts for supplies and transportation must have been known to him. How far Grant, whom he does not like, has acted independently of him, is a question.

Friday, August 18, 1865.

Senator Doolittle and Mr. Ford, who have been on a mission to the plains, visiting New Mexico, Colorado,

etc., had an interview with the President and Cabinet of an hour and a half. Their statement in relation to the Indians and Indian affairs exhibits the folly and wickedness of the expedition, which has been gotten up by somebody without authority or the knowledge of the government.

Their strong protestations against an Indian war, and their statement of the means which they had taken to prevent it, came in very opportunely. Stanton said General Grant had already written to restrict operations; he had also sent to General Meigs. I have no doubt a check has been put on a very extraordinary and unaccountable proceeding, but I doubt if an active stop is yet put to war expenses.

Stanton is still full of apprehension and stories of plots and conspiracies. I am inclined to believe he has fears, and he evidently wishes the President to be alarmed. He had quite a story to-day, and read quite a long affidavit from some one whom I do not recall — stating he had been in communication with C. C. Clay and others in Canada — that they wanted him to be one of a party to assassinate President Lincoln and his whole Cabinet. Dennison and McCulloch and I thought the President seemed inclined to give this rigmarole some credence. I think the story, though plausibly got up, was chiefly humbug. Likely Stanton believes me stupid because I give so little heed to his sensational communications; but really a large portion of them seem to me ludicrous and puerile. He still keeps up a guard around his house, and never ventures out without a stout man to accompany him, who is ordinarily about ten feet behind him. This body-guard is, I have no doubt, paid for by the public. He urged a similar guard for me and others.

(To be continued.)

LAVENDER

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

THERE'S a clump of lavender
In the Convent garden old,
Alive with the pilferer
Who wears a coat of gold.

He swings and he sways
As he sucks his sweet,
All through a honeyed haze
His wings cling and his feet.

By the gray-blue lavender
Fra Placid comes and goes —
Sets on the grass-plot there
His linen all in rows.

The Lord God's altar-cloth
Whereon is laid white bread
For starving souls, and both
The white wine and the red.

The marble Mother and Child
Look down from a green space;
Holy and undefiled,
They give the garden grace.

There, when the dews began
And the sun ripened the peach,
Fra Placid, Sacristan,
Laid his fair cloths to bleach.

He laid them in a row
Between the Sext and None,
Murmured an Ave low —
The bell clanged; he was gone.

LAVENDER

For hours he dusted and swept,
Making seemly God's house;
About noontide he slept,
Lulled by the day's hot drowse.

About the Vesper hour
He woke and slept again,
Forgetting the sudden shower, —
The thieving, wandering men.

Until, wide-waked at last,
The linen came to mind;
He ran with anxious haste,
Fearing no cloths to find.

There by the lavender
He spied a wondrous sight:
The pedestal was bare —
Queen Mary walked in white.

She walked with a still air
Over the shining grass,
The spikes of lavender
Bent low as she did pass.

No more in her embrace
She clasped her sweetest Son —
He leapt on the grassy space
As a lamb might leap and run.

He skipped like a white lamb
Upon the daisied sod,
Played many a merry game —
The little Lamb of God.

He gathered with delight
The lavender, leaf and flower,
And on the linen white
He shook it in a shower.

Placid, the Sacristan,
Fell on his face afraid,

Tears down his old cheeks ran —
“Dear God, dear God!” he said.

“Dear God, dear God!” he wept;
“See how thy table-cloth
Was well-guarded and kept
While I gave way to sloth.”

The bell called him to prayer,
He went obediently.

“’T were well that all my care
Had such sweet strewings,” said he.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

BY JOHN BUCHAN

I

THE phrase was Lady Caerlaverock's. I remember her use of it when, with strained face and anxious eyes, she told me of the deplorable calamity which had befallen her party and her friends. “God's Providence is a terrible thing,” she had sighed, believing, I think, that she was quoting Scripture. I have put the phrase at the head of this narrative, because, as it happens, it was also the name of the strange force, drug, or enchantment, which, transmitted from the dim antiquity of the East, played havoc for a season with the sober government of England. The events which I purpose to chronicle were known to perhaps a hundred people in London whose fate brings them into contact with politics. The consequences were apparent to all the world, and for one hectic fortnight tinged the

soberest newspapers with saffron, drove more than one worthy election agent to an asylum, and sent whole batches of legislators to continental “cures.” But no reasonable explanation of the mystery has been forthcoming until now, when a series of chances has given the key into my hands.

Lady Caerlaverock is my aunt, and I was present at the two remarkable dinner-parties which are the main events in this tale. I was also taken into her confidence during the terrible fortnight which intervened between them. Like everybody else, I was hopelessly in the dark, and could only accept what happened as a divine interposition. My first clue came when James, the Caerlaverocks' second footman, entered my service as valet, and being a cheerful youth, chose to gossip while he shaved me. I checked him, but he babbled on, and I could not choose but

learn something about the disposition of the Caerlaverock household below stairs. I learned — what I knew before — that his lordship had an inordinate love for curries, a taste acquired during some troubled years as Indian viceroy. I had often eaten that admirable dish at his table, and had heard him boast of the skill of the Indian cook who prepared it. James, it appeared, did not hold with the Oriental in the kitchen. He described the said Indian gentleman as a “nigger,” and expressed profound distrust of his ways. He referred darkly to the events of the year before, which in some distorted way had reached the servants’ ears. “We always thought as ’ow it was them niggers as done it,” he declared; and when I questioned him on his use of the plural, admitted that at the time in question “there ’ad been more nor one nigger ’anging about the kitchen.”

Pondering on these sayings, I asked myself if it were not possible that the behavior of certain eminent statesmen was due to some strange devilry of the East, and I made a vow to abstain in future from the Caerlaverock curries. But last month my brother returned from India, and I got the whole truth.

George is a silent creature, who has spent twenty years in various native states as guide, philosopher, and friend to their rulers. What he does not know about India is scarcely knowledge, but he is uncommon slow in imparting his wisdom. On this occasion he was staying with me in Scotland, and in the smoking-room the talk turned on occultism in the East. I declared myself a skeptic, and George was stirred. He asked me rudely what I knew about it, and proceeded to make a startling confession of faith. He was cross-examined by the others, and retorted with some of his experiences. Finding an incredulous audience, his tales became more defiant, until he capped them all

with one monstrous yarn. He maintained that in a Hindu family of his acquaintance there had been transmitted the secret of a drug, capable of altering a man’s whole temperament until the antidote was administered. It would turn a coward into a bravo, a miser into a spendthrift, a rake into a fakir. Then, having delivered his manifesto, he got up abruptly, and went to bed.

I followed him to his room, for something in the story had revived a memory. By dint of much persuasion I dragged from the somnolent George various details. The family in question were Beharis, large landholders dwelling near the Nepal border. He had known old Ram Singh for years, and had seen him twice since his return from England. He had got the story from him, under no promise of secrecy, for the family drug was as well known in the neighborhood as the nine incarnations of Krishna. George had never repeated the tale, for in a life so full of marvels one more or less mattered little. But he had no doubt about the truth of it, for he had positive proof.

“And others besides me,” he said. “Do you remember when Vennard had a lucid interval a couple of years ago, and talked sense for once? That was old Ram Singh’s doing, for he told me about it.”

Three years ago, it seems, the government of India saw fit to appoint a commission to inquire into land tenure on the Nepal border. Some of the feudal rajahs had been “birsing yont,” like the Breadalbanes, and the smaller zemindars were gravely disquieted. The result of the commission was that Ram Singh had his boundaries rectified, and lost a mile or two of country which his hard-fisted fathers had won. I know nothing of the rights of the matter, but there can be no doubt about Ram Singh’s dissatisfaction. He conceived himself to have been foully wronged,

and, the day of force being over, he appealed to the law courts. He failed to upset the commission's finding, and the Privy Council upheld the Indian judgment. Thereupon in a flowery and eloquent document he laid his case before the viceroy, and was told that the matter was closed.

Now Ram Singh came of a fighting stock, so he straightway took ship to England to petition the Crown. He petitioned Parliament, but his petition went into the bag behind the Speaker's chair, from which there is no return. He petitioned the King, but was courteously informed that he must approach the department concerned. He tried the Secretary of State for India, and had an interview with Abinger Vennard, who was very rude to him. He appealed to the Prime Minister, and was warned off by a harassed private secretary. The handful of members of Parliament who make Indian grievances their stock in trade fought shy of him, for indeed Ram Singh's case had no sort of platform appeal in it, and his arguments were flagrantly undemocratic. But they sent him to Lord Caerlaverock, for the ex-viceroy loved to be treated as a kind of consul-general for India. The Protector of the Poor, however, proved a broken reed. He told Ram Singh flatly that he was a belated feudalism, which was true, and implied that he was a land-grabber, which was not true, Ram Singh having only enjoyed the fruits of the enterprise of his forbears. Deeply incensed, the appellant shook the dust of Caerlaverock House from his feet, and sat down to plan a revenge upon the government which had wronged him. And in his wrath he thought of the heirloom of his house, the drug known as "God's Providence."

It happened that Lord Caerlaverock's cook came from the same neighborhood as Ram Singh. This cook,

Lal Muhammed by name, was one of a large poor family, hangers-on of Ram Singh's house. The aggrieved landowner summoned him, and demanded as of right his humble services. Lal Muhammed, who found his berth to his liking, hesitated, quibbled, but was finally overborne. He knew all about "God's Providence," and had a fuller understanding than Ram Singh of the encyclopædic incredulity of the English race. The drug wrought no ill to the body, which the law of England rates high; a change of temperament, argued Lal Muhammed, is an offense not known at the Old Bailey. Thereupon he got to business. There was a great dinner next week, — so he had learned from Jephson, the butler, — and more than one member of the government would honor Caerlaverock House by his presence. With deference he suggested this as a fitting occasion for the experiment, and Ram Singh was pleased to assent.

I can picture these two holding their meetings. I can see the little packet of clear grains — I picture them like small granulated sugar — added to the condiments, and soon dissolved out of sight.

II

My wife was at Kissingen, and I was dining with the Caerlaverocks *en garçon*. When I have not to wait upon the adornment of the female person I am a man of punctual habits, and I reached the house as the hall clock chimed the quarter past. My poor friend, Tommy Deloraine, arrived along with me, and we ascended the staircase together. I call him "my poor friend," for at the moment Tommy was under the weather. He had the misfortune to be a marquis, and a very rich one, and at the same time to be in love with Claudia Barriton. Neither circumstance was in itself an evil, but the combina-

tion made for tragedy. For Tommy's twenty-five years of healthy manhood, his cleanly-made, upstanding figure, fresh countenance and cheerful laugh, were of no avail in the lady's eyes when set against the fact that he was an idle peer.

Miss Claudia was a charming girl, with a notable bee in her bonnet. She was burdened with the cares of the state and had no patience with any one who took them lightly. Her rôle was not unlike that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroines, except that she had no tolerance for the conservative tendencies of these ladies. To her mind, the social fabric was rotten beyond repair, and her purpose was frankly destructive. I remember some of her phrases: "A bold and generous policy of social amelioration," "The development of a civic conscience," "A strong hand to lop off decaying branches from the trunk of the state." I have no fault to find with her creed, but I objected to its practical working when it took the shape of an inhuman hostility to that devout lover, Tommy Deloraine. She had refused him, I believe, three times, with every circumstance of scorn. The first time she had analyzed his character, and described him as a bundle of attractive weaknesses. "The only forces I recognize are those of intellect and conscience," she had said, "and you have neither." The second time — it was after he had been to Canada on the staff — she spoke of the irreconcilability of their political ideals. "You are an Imperialist," she said, "and believe in an empire of conquest for the benefit of the few. I want a little island with a rich life for all."

Tommy declared that he would become a Doukhobor to please her, but she said something about the inability of Ethiopians to change their skin.

The third time she hinted vaguely that there was "another." The star of

Abinger Vennard was now blazing in the firmament, and she had conceived a platonic admiration for him. The truth is that Miss Claudia, with all her cleverness, was very young and rather silly.

My aunt Emily favored Deloraine's suit, though she warmly applauded Miss Barriton's politics, and she had shown her good-will by asking them both to dine. "O my dear," she whispered to me, "I am sending them down together, but I am afraid it is no use. Mr. Vennard is coming, you see, and Claudia will have eyes only for him, though I don't think he is aware of her existence. What can we do for poor Lord Deloraine?"

Cacrlaverock was stroking his beard, legs a-straddle on the hearthrug, with something appallingly viceregal in his air, when Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cargill were announced. The Home Secretary was a joy to behold. He had the face of an elderly and pious bookmaker, and a voice in which lurked the indescribable Scotch quality of "unction." When he was talking you had only to shut your eyes to imagine yourself in some lowland kirk on a hot Sabbath morning. He had been a distinguished advocate before he left the law for politics, and had swayed juries of his countrymen at his will. The man was extraordinarily efficient on a platform. There were unplumbed depths of emotion in his eye, a juicy sentiment in his voice, an overpowering tenderness in his manner, which gave to politics the glamour of a revival meeting. He wallowed in obvious pathos, and his hearers, often unwillingly, wallowed with him. I have never listened to any orator at once so offensive and so horribly effective. There was no appeal too base for him, and none too august: by some subtle alchemy he blended the arts of the prophet and the fishwife. He had discovered a new kind of language. In-

stead of "the hungry millions," or "the toilers," or any of the numerous synonyms for our masters, he invented the phrase "Goad's people." "I shall never rest," so ran his great declaration, "till Goad's green fields and Goad's clear waters are free to Goad's people." I remember how on this occasion he pressed my hand with his famous cordiality, looked gravely and earnestly into my face, and then gazed sternly into vacancy. It was a fine picture of genius descending for a moment from his hill-top to show how close he was to poor humanity.

Then came Lord Mulross, a respectable troglodytic peer, who represented the one sluggish element in a swiftly progressing government. He was an oldish man with bushy whiskers and a reputed mastery of the French tongue. A Whig, who had never changed his creed one iota, he was highly valued by the country as a sober element in the nation's councils, and endured by the Cabinet as necessary ballast. He did not conceal his dislike for certain of his colleagues, notably Mr. Vennard and Mr. Cargill.

When Miss Barriton arrived with her stepmother, the party was almost complete. She entered with an air of apologizing for her prettiness. Her manner with old men was delightful, and I watched with interest the unbending of Caerlaverock, and the simplifying of Mr. Cargill in her presence. Deloraine, who was talking feverishly to Mrs. Cargill, started as if to go and greet her, thought better of it, and continued his conversation. The lady swept the room with her eye, but did not acknowledge his presence.

Last of all, twenty minutes late, came Abinger Vennard. He made a fine stage entrance, walking swiftly with a lowering brow to his hostess, and then glaring fiercely round the room as if to challenge criticism. I have heard Deloraine

in a moment of irritation describe him as a "pre-Raphaelite attorney," but there could be no denying his good looks. He had a bad loose figure, and a quantity of studiously neglected hair, but his face was the face of a young Greek. A certain kind of political success gives a man the manners of an actor, and both Vennard and Cargill bristled with self-consciousness.

"Well, Vennard, what's the news from the House?" Caerlaverock asked.

"Simpson is talking," said Vennard wearily. "He attacks me, of course. He says he has lived forty years in India, — as if that mattered! When will people recognize that the truths of democratic policy are independent of time and space! Liberalism is a category, an eternal mode of thought, which cannot be overthrown by any trivial happenings. I am sick of the word 'facts.' I long for truths."

Miss Barriton's eyes brightened, and Cargill said, "Excellent." Lord Mulross, who was a little deaf, and in any case did not understand the language, said loudly to my aunt that he wished there was a close time for legislation. "The open season for grouse should be the close season for politicians."

And then we went down to dinner.

Miss Barriton sat on my left hand between Deloraine and me, and it was clear she was discontented with her position. Her eyes wandered down the table to Vennard, who had taken in an American duchess, and seemed to be amused at her prattle. She looked with complete disfavor at Deloraine, and turned to me as the lesser of two evils.

I was tactless enough to say that I thought there was a good deal in Lord Mulross's view.

"Oh, how can you?" she cried. "Is there a close season for the wants of the people? It sounds to me perfectly horrible, the way you talk of government as if it were a game for idle men of the

upper classes. I want professional politicians, men who give their whole heart and soul to the service of the state. I know the kind of member you and Lord Deloraine like, — a rich young man who eats and drinks too much, and thinks the real business of life is killing little birds. He travels abroad and shoots some big game, and then comes home and vapors about the empire. He knows nothing about realities, and will go down before the men who take the world seriously."

I am afraid I laughed, but Deloraine, who had been listening, was in no mood to be amused.

"I don't think you are quite fair to us, Miss Claudia," he said slowly. "We take things seriously enough, the things we know about. We can't be expected to know about everything, and the misfortune is that the things I care about don't interest you. But they are important enough for all that."

"Hush," said the lady rudely. "I want to hear what Mr. Vennard is saying."

Mr. Vennard was addressing the dinner-table as if it were a large public meeting. It was a habit he had. His words were directed to Caerlaverock at the far end.

"In my opinion this craze for the scientific standpoint is not merely overdone: it is radically vicious. Human destinies cannot be treated as if they were inert objects under the microscope. The cold-blooded logical way of treating a problem is in almost every case the wrong way. Heart and imagination to me are more vital than intellect. I have the courage to be illogical, to defy facts for the sake of my ideal, in the certainty that in time facts will fall into conformity. My creed may be put in the words of Newman's favorite quotation: 'Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum' — Not in cold logic is it

God's will that his people should find salvation."

"It is profoundly true," sighed Mr. Cargill, and Miss Claudia's beaming eyes proved her assent.

The moment of destiny, though I did not know it, had arrived. The *entrée* course had begun, and of the two *entrées* one was the famous Caerlaverock curry. Now on a hot July evening in London there are more attractive foods than curry seven times heated, *more Indico*. I doubt if any guest would have touched it, had not our host in his viceregal voice called the attention of the three ministers to its merits, while explaining that under doctor's orders he was compelled to refrain for a season. The result was that Mulross, Cargill, and Vennard alone of the men partook of it. Miss Claudia, alone of the women, followed suit. In the fervor of her hero-worship, she ate a mouthful, and then drank rapidly two glasses of water.

My narrative of the events which followed is based rather on what I should have seen than on what I saw. I had not the key, and missed much which otherwise would have been plain to me. For example, if I had known the secret, I must have seen Miss Claudia's gaze cease to rest upon Vennard, and the adoration die out of her eyes. I must have noticed her face soften to the unhappy Deloraine. As it was, I did not remark her behavior till I heard her say to her neighbor, —

"Can't you get hold of Mr. Vennard and forcibly cut his hair?"

Deloraine looked round with a start. Miss Barriton's tone was intimate, and her face friendly.

"Some people think it picturesque," he said in serious bewilderment.

"Oh, yes, picturesque — like a hairdresser's young man!" She shrugged her shoulders. "He looks as if he had never been out of doors in his life."

Now, whatever the faults of Tommy's appearance, he had a wholesome sunburned face, and he knew it. This speech of Miss Barriton's cheered him enormously.

I do not know how their conversation prospered, for my attention was distracted by the extraordinary behavior of the Home Secretary. Mr. Cargill had made himself notorious by his treatment of "political" prisoners. It was sufficient in his eyes for a criminal to confess to political convictions to secure the most lenient treatment and a speedy release. The Irish patriot who cracked skulls, the Suffragist who broke windows and the noses of the police, the Social Democrat whose antipathy to the Tsar revealed itself in assaults upon the Russian Embassy, the "hunger-marchers" who had designs on the British Museum, all were sure of respectful and tender handling. He had announced more than once, amid tumultuous cheering, that he "would never be the means of branding earnestness, however mistaken, with the badge of the felon."

He was talking, I recall, to Lady Lavinia Dobson, renowned in two hemispheres for her advocacy of women's rights. And this was what I heard him say. His face had suddenly grown flushed and his eye bright, so that he looked liker than ever to a bookmaker who had had a good meeting. "No, no, my dear lady, I have been a lawyer, and it is my duty in office to see that the law, the palladium of British liberties, is kept sacrosanct. The law is no respecter of persons, and I intend that it shall be no respecter of creeds. If men or women break the laws, to jail they shall go, though their intentions were those of the Apostle Paul. We don't punish them for being socialists or suffragists, but for breaking the peace. Why, goodness me, if we did n't, we should have every malefactor in

Britain claiming preferential treatment because he was a Christian Scientist or a Pentecostal Dancer."

"Mr. Cargill, do you realize what you are saying?" said Lady Lavinia, with a scared face.

"Of course I do. I am a lawyer and may be presumed to know the law. If any other doctrine were admitted the empire would burst up in a fortnight."

"That I should live to hear you name that accursed name!" cried the outraged lady. "You are denying your gods, Mr. Cargill. You are forgetting the principles of a lifetime."

Mr. Cargill was becoming excited, and exchanging his ordinary Edinburgh-English for a broader and more effective dialect.

"Tut, tut, my good wumman. I may be allowed to know my own principles best. I tell ye I've always maintained these views from the day when I first walked the floor of the Parliament House. Besides, even if I had n't, I'm surely at liberty to change if I get more light. Whoever makes a fetich of consistency is a trumpery body, and little use to God or man. What ails ye at the empire, too? Is it not better to have a big country than a kailyard, or a house in Grosvenor Square than a but-and-ben in Balham?"

Lady Lavinia folded her hands. "We slaughter our black fellow-citizens, we fill South Africa with yellow slaves, we crowd the Indian prisons with the noblest and most enlightened of the Indian race, and we call that empire-building!"

"No we don't," said Mr. Cargill stoutly, "we call it common sense. That is the penal and repressive side of any great activity."

Picture to yourself a prophet who suddenly discovers that his God is laughing at him, a devotee whose saint winks and tells him that the devotion of years has been a farce, and you will

get some idea of Lady Lavinia's frame of mind. Her sallow face flushed, her lip trembled, and she slewed round as far as her chair would permit her. Meanwhile, Mr. Cargill, redder than before, went on contentedly with his dinner.

I was glad when my aunt gave the signal to rise. The atmosphere was electric, and all were conscious of it save the three ministers, Deloraine, and Miss Claudia. Vennard seemed to be behaving very badly. He was arguing with Caerlaverock down the table, and the ex-vice-roy's face was slowly getting purple. When the ladies had gone, we remained oblivious to wine and cigarettes, listening to this heated controversy which threatened any minute to end in a quarrel.

The subject was India, and Vennard was discoursing on the follies of all viceroys.

"Take this idiot we've got now," he declared. "He expects me to be a sort of wet-nurse to the government of India, and do all their dirty work for them. They know local conditions, and they have ample powers if they would only use them, but they won't take an atom of responsibility. How the deuce am I to decide for them, when in the nature of things I can't be half as well informed about the facts!"

"Do you maintain," said Caerlaverock, stuttering in his wrath, "that the British government should divest itself of responsibility for the government of our great Indian dependency?"

"Not a bit," said Vennard impatiently; "of course we are responsible, but that is all the more reason why the fellows who know the business at first-hand should do their duty. If I am the head of a bank I am responsible for its policy, but that does n't mean that every local bank-manager should consult me about the solvency of clients I never heard of. Faversham keeps bleat-

ing to me that the state of India is dangerous. Well, for God's sake let him suppress every native paper, shut up the schools, and send every agitator to the Andamans. I'll back him up all right. But don't let him ask me what to do, for I don't know."

"You think such a course would be popular?" asked a large grave man, a newspaper editor.

"Of course it would," said Vennard cheerily. "The British public hates the idea of letting India get out of hand. But they want a lead. They can't be expected to start the show any more than I can."

Lord Caerlaverock rose to join the ladies, with an air of outraged dignity. Vennard pulled out his watch and announced that he must get back to the House.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he asked. "I am going down to tell Simpson what I think of him. He gets up and prates of having been forty years in India. Well, I am going to tell him that it is to him and his forty-year lot that all this muddle is due. Oh, I assure you, there's going to be a row," said Vennard as he struggled into his coat.

Mulross had been sitting next me, and I asked him if he was leaving town. "I wish I could," he said, "but I fear I must stick on over the Twelfth. I don't like the way that fellow Von Kladow has been talking. He's up to no good, and he's going to get a flea in his ear before he is very much older."

Cheerfully, almost hilariously, the three ministers departed, Vennard and Cargill in a hansom, and Mulross on foot. I can only describe the condition of those left behind as nervous prostration. We looked furtively at one another, each afraid to hint his suspicions, but all convinced that a surprising judgment had befallen at least two members of His Majesty's government.

For myself I put the number at three, for I did not like to hear a respected Whig Foreign Secretary talk about giving the Chancellor of a friendly but jealous Power a flea in his ear.

The only unperplexed face was Deloraine's. He whispered to me that Miss Barriton was going on to the Alvanleys' ball, and had warned him to be there "She has n't been to a dance for months, you know," he said. "I really think things are beginning to go a little better, old man."

III

When I opened my paper next morning I read two startling pieces of news. Lord Mulross had been knocked down by a taxicab on his way home the night before, and was now in bed suffering from a bad shock and a bruised ankle. There was no cause for anxiety, said the report, but his lordship must keep his room for a week or two.

The second item, which filled leading articles, and overflowed into "Political Notes," was Mr. Vennard's speech. The Secretary for India had gone down about eleven o'clock to the House, where an Indian debate was dragging out its slow length. He sat down on the Treasury Bench and took notes, and the House soon filled in anticipation of his reply. Somewhere about half-past twelve he rose to wind up the debate, and the House was treated to an unparalleled sensation. He began with the unfortunate Simpson, and called him a silly old man who did not understand his silly old business. But it was the reasons he gave for this abuse which left his followers aghast. He attacked him because he had dared to talk second-rate Western politics in connection with India.

"Have you lived for forty years with your eyes shut," he cried, "that you cannot see the difference between a

Bengali, married at fifteen and worshipping a Pantheon of savage gods, and the university-extension young Radical at home? There is a thousand years between them, and you dream of annihilating the centuries with a little dubious popular science!"

Then he turned to the other critics of Indian administration, his quondam supporters. The East, he said, had had its revenge upon the West by making certain Englishmen *babus*. His honorable friends had the same slipshod minds, and they talked the same pigeon-English, as the patriots of Bengal. Then his mood changed, and he delivered a solemn warning against what he called "the treason begotten of restless vanity and proved incompetence." He sat down, leaving a House deeply impressed and horribly mystified.

The next afternoon when I called at Caerlaverock House I found my aunt almost in tears.

"What has happened?" she cried. "What have we done that we should be punished in this awful way? And to think that the blow fell in this house. Caerlaverock was with the Prime Minister this morning. They are very anxious about what Mr. Cargill will do to-day. He is addressing the National Convention of Young Liberals at Oldham this afternoon, and though they have sent him a dozen telegrams they can get no answer. Caerlaverock went to Downing Street an hour ago to get news."

There was the sound of an electric brougham stopping in the square below, and we both listened with a premonition of disaster. A minute later Caerlaverock entered the room, and with him the Prime Minister. The cheerful, eupeptic countenance of the latter was clouded with care. He shook hands dismally with my aunt, nodded to me, and flung himself down on a sofa.

"The worst has happened," Caerlaverock boomed solemnly. "Cargill has been incredibly and infamously silly." He tossed me an evening paper.

One glance convinced me that the Convention of Young Liberals had had a waking up. Cargill had addressed them on what he called the true view of citizenship. He had dismissed manhood suffrage as an obsolete folly. The franchise, he maintained, should be narrowed and given only to citizens, and his definition of citizenship was military training combined with a fairly high standard of rates and taxes. I do not know how the Young Liberals received this creed, but it had no sort of success with the Prime Minister.

"We must disavow him," said Caerlaverock.

"He is too valuable a man to lose," said the Prime Minister. "We must hope that it is only a temporary aberration. I simply cannot spare him in the House."

"But this is flat treason."

"I know, I know. But the situation wants delicate handling, my dear Caerlaverock. I see nothing for it but to give out that he was ill."

"Or drunk?" I suggested.

The Prime Minister shook his head sadly. "I fear it will be the same thing. What we call illness the ordinary man will interpret as intoxication. It is a most regrettable necessity, but we must face it."

The harassed leader rose, seized the evening paper, and departed as swiftly as he had come. "Remember, illness," were his parting words. "An old heart trouble which is apt to affect the brain. His friends have always known of it."

I walked home, and looked in at the club on my way. There I found Deloraine, devouring a hearty tea, and looking the picture of virtuous happiness.

"Well, this is tremendous news," I said, as I sat down beside him.

"What news?" he asked with a start.

"This row about Vennard and Cargill."

"Oh, that! I haven't seen the papers to-day. What's it all about?" His tone was devoid of interest.

Then I knew that something of great private moment had happened to Tommy.

"I hope I may congratulate you," I said.

Deloraine beamed on me affectionately. "Thanks, very much, old man. Things came all right, quite suddenly, you know."

V

The next week was an epoch in my life. While Lord Mulross's ankle approached convalescence, the hives of politics were humming with rumors. Vennard's speech had dissolved his party into its parent elements, and the opposition, as non-plussed as the government, did not dare as yet to claim the recruit. Consequently he was left alone till he should see fit to take a further step. He refused to be interviewed, using blasphemous language about our free press; and mercifully he showed no desire to make speeches. He went down to golf at Littlestone, and rarely showed himself in the House. The earnest young reformer seemed to have adopted not only the creed, but the habits, of his enemies.

Mr. Cargill's was a hard case. He returned from Oldham, delighted with himself and full of fight, to find awaiting him an urgent message from the Prime Minister. His chief was sympathetic and kindly. He had long noticed that the Home Secretary looked fagged and ill. Let him take a fortnight's holiday: — fish, golf, yacht — the Prime Minister was airily suggestive. In vain

Mr. Cargill declared he was perfectly well. His chief gently but firmly overbore him, and insisted on sending him his own doctor. Then Mr. Cargill began to suspect, and asked the Prime Minister point-blank if he objected to his Oldham speech. He was told that there was no objection, a little strong meat, perhaps, for Young Liberals, a little daring, but full of Mr. Cargill's old intellectual power. Mollified and reassured, the Home Secretary agreed to a week's absence, and departed for a little salmon-fishing in Scotland.

"In a fortnight," said the Prime Minister to my aunt, "he will have forgotten all this nonsense, but, of course, we shall have to watch him very carefully in the future."

The press was given its cue, and announced that Mr. Cargill had spoken at Oldham while suffering from severe nervous break-down, and that the remarkable doctrines of that speech need not be taken seriously. As I had expected, the public put its own interpretation upon this tale. Men took each other aside in clubs, women gossiped in drawing-rooms, and in a week the Cargill scandal had assumed amazing proportions. The popular version was that the Home Secretary had got very drunk at Caerlaverock House, and, still under the influence of liquor, had addressed the Young Liberals at Oldham. He was now in an Inebriates' Home, and would not return to the House that session. I confess I trembled when I heard this story, for it was altogether too libelous to pass unnoticed.

A few days later I went to see my aunt to find out how the land lay. She was very bitter, I remember, about Claudia Barriton. "I expected sympathy and help from her, and she never comes near me. I can understand her being absorbed in her engagement, but I cannot understand the frivolous way she spoke when I saw her yesterday.

She had the audacity to say that both Mr. Vennard and Mr. Cargill had gone up in her estimation. Young people can be so heartless."

I would have defended Miss Barriton, but at this moment an astonishing figure was announced. It was Mrs. Cargill, in traveling dress, with a purple bonnet and a green motor-veil. Her face was scarlet, whether from excitement or the winds of Scotland, and she charged down on us like a young bull.

"We have come back," she said, "to meet our accusers."

"Accusers!" cried my aunt.

"Yes, accusers!" said the lady. "The abominable rumor about Alexander has reached our ears. At this moment he is with the Prime Minister, demanding an official denial. I have come to you, because it was here, at your table, that Alexander is said to have fallen."

"I really don't know what you mean, Mrs. Cargill."

"I mean that Alexander is said to have become drunk while dining here, to have been drunk when he spoke at Oldham, and to be now in a Drunkards' Home." The poor lady broke down. "Alexander," she cried, "who has been a teetotaler from his youth, and for thirty years an elder in the Presbyterian church! No form of intoxicant has ever been permitted on our table. Even in illness the thing has never passed our lips."

My aunt by this time had pulled herself together.

"If this outrageous story is current, Mrs. Cargill, there is nothing for it but to come back. The only denial necessary is for Mr. Cargill to resume his work. I trust his health is better."

"He is well, but heartbroken. His is a sensitive nature, Lady Caerlaverock, and he feels a stain like a wound."

"There is no stain," said my aunt briskly. "Every public man is a target for scandals, but no one but a fool be-

lieves them. Trust me, dear Mrs. Cargill, there is nothing to be anxious about now that you are back in London again."

On the contrary, I thought, there was more cause for anxiety than ever. Cargill was back in the House, and the illness game could not be played a second time. I went home that night acutely sympathetic toward the worries of the Prime Minister. Mulross would be abroad in a day or two, and Vennard and Cargill were volcanoes in eruption. The government was in a parlous state.

The same night I first heard the story of the Bill. Vennard had done more than play golf at Littlestone. His active mind — for his bitterest enemies never denied his intellectual energy — had been busy on a great scheme. At that time, it will be remembered, a serious shrinkage of unskilled labor existed not only in the Transvaal but in the new copper fields of East Africa. Simultaneously a famine was scourging Behar, and Vennard, to do him justice, had made manful efforts to cope with it. He had gone fully into the question, and had been slowly coming to the conclusion that Behar was hopelessly overcrowded. In his new frame of mind — unswervingly logical, utterly unemotional, and wholly unbounded by tradition — he had come to connect the African and Indian troubles, and to see in one the relief of the other.

Then, whispered from mouth to mouth, came the news of the Great Bill. Vennard, it was said, intended to bring in a measure at the earliest possible date to authorize a scheme of enforced and state-aided Indian emigration to the African mines. It would apply at first only to the famine districts, but power would be given to extend its working by proclamation to other areas. Such was the rumor, and I need not say it was soon magnified. In a day or

two the story universally believed was that the Secretary for India was about to transfer the bulk of the Indian people to work as indentured laborers for South African Jews.

It was this popular version, I fancy, which reached the ears of Ram Singh, and the news came on him like a thunderclap. He thought that what Vennard proposed Vennard could do. He saw his native province stripped of its people; his fields left unploughed and his cattle untended, nay, it was possible, his own worthy and honorable self sent to a far country to dig in a hole. He walked home to Gloucester Road in heavy preoccupation, and the first thing he did was to get out the mysterious brass box in which he kept his valuables. From a pocket-book he took a small silk packet, opened it, and spilled a few clear grains on his hand. It was the antidote.

V

I conceive that the drug did not create new opinions, but elicited those which had hitherto lain dormant. Every man has a creed, but in his soul he knows that that creed has another side, possibly not less logical, which it does not suit him to produce. Our most honest convictions are not the children of pure reason, but of temperament, environment, necessity, and interest. The man who sees both sides of a question with equal clearness will remain suspended like Mahomet's coffin. Fortunately most of us take sides in life, and forget the one we reject. But our conscience tells us it is there, and we can on occasion state it with a fairness and fullness which proves that it is not wholly repellent to our reason. The drug altered temperament, and with it the creed which is mainly based on temperament. It scattered current convictions, roused dormant speculations,

and, without damaging the reason, switched it on to a new track.

It was just a fortnight, I think, after the Caerlaverock dinner-party, when the Prime Minister resolved to bring matters to a head. He could not afford to wait forever on a return of sanity. He consulted Caerlaverock, and it was agreed that Vennard and Cargill should be asked, or rather commanded, to dine on the following evening at Caerlaverock House. Mulross, whose sanity was not suspected, and whose ankle was now well again, was also invited, as were three other members of the cabinet, and myself as *amicus curiæ*. It was understood that after dinner there would be a settling-up with the two rebels. They should either recant and come to heel, or depart from the fold to swell the wolf-pack of the opposition. The Prime Minister did not conceal the loss which the party would suffer, but he argued very sensibly that anything was better than a brace of vipers in its bosom.

I have never attended a more lugubrious function. When I arrived I found Caerlaverock, the Prime Minister, and the three other members of the cabinet, standing round a small fire in attitudes of nervous dejection. I remember it was a raw wet evening, but the gloom out of doors was sunshine compared to the gloom within. Caerlaverock's viceregal air had sadly altered. The Prime Minister, once famous for his genial manners, was pallid and pre-occupied. We exchanged remarks about the weather, and the duration of the session. Then we fell silent till Mulross arrived.

He did not look as if he had come from a sick-bed. He came in as jaunty as a boy, limping just a little from his accident. He was greeted by his colleagues with tender solicitude, — completely wasted on him I fear.

"Devilish silly thing to do to get run over," he said. "I was in a brown study when a cab came round a corner. But I don't regret it, you know. During the past fortnight I have had leisure to go into this Bosnian Succession business, and I see now that Von Kladow has been playing one big game of bluff. Very well; it has got to stop. I am going to prick the bubble before I am many days older."

The Prime Minister looked anxious. "Our policy towards Bosnia has been one of non-interference. It is not for us, I should have thought, to read Germany a lesson."

"Oh, come now," Mulross said, slapping — actually slapping — his leader on the back; "we may drop that nonsense when we are alone. You know very well that there are limits to our game of non-interference. If we don't read Germany a lesson, she will read us one, and a damned long unpleasant one too. The sooner we give up all this milk-blooded, blue-spectacled, pacifist talk the better. However, you will see what I have got to say to-morrow in the House."

The Prime Minister's face lengthened. Mulross was not the pillar he had thought him, but a splintering reed. I saw that he agreed with me that this was the most dangerous of the lot.

Then Cargill and Vennard came in together. Both looked uncommonly fit, younger, trimmer, cleaner. Vennard, instead of his sloppy clothes and shaggy hair, was groomed like a guardsman, had a large pearl-and-diamond solitaire in his shirt, and a white waistcoat with jeweled buttons. He had lost all his self-consciousness, grinned cheerfully at the others, warmed his hands at the fire, and cursed the weather. Cargill, too, had lost his sanctimonious look. There was a bloom of rustic health on his cheek, and a spar-

kle in his eye; he had the appearance of some rosy Scotch laird of Raeburn's painting. Both men wore an air of purpose and contentment.

Vennard turned at once on the Prime Minister. "Did you get my letter?" he asked. "No? Well you'll find it waiting when you get home. We're all friends here, so I can tell you its contents. We must get rid of that ridiculous Radical 'tail.' They think they have the whip-hand of us; well, we have got to prove that we can do very well without them. They have the impudence to say that the country is with them. I tell you it is rank nonsense. If you take a strong hand with them you'll double your popularity, and we'll come back next year with an increased majority. Cargill agrees with me."

The Prime Minister looked grave. "I am not prepared to discuss any policy of ostracism. What you call our 'tail' is a vital section of our party. Their creed may be one-sided, but it is none the less part of our mandate from the people."

"I want a leader who governs as well as reigns," said Vennard. "I believe in discipline, and you know as well as I do that the Rump is infernally out of hand."

"They are not the only members who fail in discipline."

Vennard grinned.

Cargill suddenly began to laugh. "I don't want any ostracism," said he. "Leave them alone, and Vennard and I will undertake to give them such a time in the House that they will wish they had never been born. We'll make them resign in batches."

Dinner was announced, and, laughing uproariously, the two rebels went arm-in-arm into the dining-room.

Cargill was in tremendous form. He began to tell Scotch stories, memories of his old Parliament-House days. He told them admirably, with a raciness

of idiom which I had thought beyond him. They were long tales, and some were as broad as they were long, but Mr. Cargill disarmed criticism. His audience, rather scandalized at the start, was soon captured, and political troubles were soon forgotten in old-fashioned laughter. Even the Prime Minister's anxious face relaxed.

This lasted till the *entrée*, the famous Caerlaverock curry.

VI

As I have said, I was not in the secret, and did not detect the transition. As I partook of the dish, I remember feeling a sudden giddiness and a slight nausea. The antidote, to one who had not taken the drug, must have been, I fancy, in the nature of a mild emetic. A mist seemed to obscure the faces of my fellow guests, and slowly the tide of conversation ebbed away. First Vennard, then Cargill, became silent. I was feeling rather sick, and I noticed with some satisfaction that all our faces were a little green. I wondered casually if I had been poisoned.

The sensation passed, but the party had changed. More especially I was soon conscious that something had happened to the three ministers. I noticed Mulross particularly, for he was my neighbor. The look of keenness and vitality had died out of him, and suddenly he looked a rather old, rather tired man, very weary about the eyes.

I asked him if he felt seedy.

"No, not specially," he replied, "but that accident gave me a nasty shock."

"You should go off for a change," I said.

"I almost think I will," was the answer. "I had not meant to leave town till just before the Twelfth, but I think I had better get away to Marienbad for a fortnight. There is nothing doing

in the House, and work at the office is at a standstill. Yes, I fancy I'll go abroad before the end of the week."

I caught the Prime Minister's eye, and saw that he had forgotten the purpose of the dinner, being dimly conscious that that purpose was now idle. Cargill and Vennard had ceased to talk like rebels. The Home Secretary had subsided into his old suave, phrasing self. The humor had gone out of his eye, and the looseness had returned to his lips. He was an older and more commonplace man, but harmless, quite harmless. Vennard, too, wore a new air, or rather had recaptured his old one. He was saying little, but his voice had lost its crispness, and recovered its half-plaintive unction; his shoulders had a droop in them, once more he bristled with self-consciousness.

We others were still shaky from the detestable curry, and were so puzzled as to be acutely uncomfortable. Relief would come later, no doubt; for the present we were uneasy at the weird transformation. I saw the Prime Minister examining the two faces intently, and the result seemed to satisfy him. He sighed and looked at Caerlaverock, who smiled and nodded.

"What about that Bill of yours, Vennard?" he asked. "There have been a lot of stupid rumors."

"Bill!" Vennard said. "I know of

no Bill. Now that my departmental work is over, I can give my whole soul to Cargill's Small Holdings. Do you mean that?"

"Yes, of course. There was some confusion in the popular mind, but the old arrangement holds. You and Cargill will pull it through between you."

They began to talk about those weariful small holdings, and I ceased to listen. We left the dining-room and drifted to the library, where a fire tried to dispel the gloom of the weather. There was a feeling of deadly depression abroad, so that for all its awkwardness I would really have preferred the former Caerlaverock dinner. The Prime Minister was whispering to his host. I heard him say something about there being "the devil of a lot of explaining" before him.

Vennard and Cargill came last to the library, arm-in-arm as before.

"I should count it a greater honor," Vennard was saying, "to sweeten the lot of one toiler in England than to add a million miles to our territory. While one English household falls below the minimum scale of civic well-being all talk of empire is sin and folly."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Cargill.

Then I knew for certain that at last peace had descended upon the vexed tents of Israel.

LA MAESTRA

BY CAROLINE MATTHEWS

WERE you ever at Asolo, the Asolo of poet and painter, of queen and peasant? Have you ever seen the Asolan hills touched with crimson and gray? and the Veneto plains, long straight seas of melting blue? and the rows upon rows of mulberry trees, shimmering lines of green? If so, then you too will have known why the Venetians of old so loved this country; why Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, chose it as her home; why Browning was inspired to write *Pippa Passes*; and why Fortunata of to-day, young, modern, blithe, pedals so gayly each morning off into space, and returns at noon, fresh, and sweet, and rested, from a day's teaching at her district school.

Fortunata is nineteen, and pretty, and the product of modern Italy and its public schools. In type, she scarcely differs from our own college girl. A greater poise of manner; a certain graciousness, due to race; a readier knowledge of how to seize opportunity; and no consciousness, whatever, that her work is life-work or her life a mission, — these are the differences. Wide would she open her beautiful eyes in clear astonishment should one endeavor to tell her of that most nerve-racking of all our teaching problems, moral uplift. She would not even understand it, for she is eminently practical, and dealing always with the present, sees nothing but the present, and lives squarely, generously, gloriously, in the present and for the present only. Why should she trouble her pretty head with problems? There is no reason; and then

problems are so dull! Better leave them to Church and State. And she does.

This does not mean that nothing is expected of Fortunata. Much is expected, and much exacted. Obedience to her superiors, devotion to the children under her charge, knowledge of *how to teach*, intellectual growth, all this, — but no "fads," no "experimentation," no juggling with "moral training" or "social problems." She is there to teach, and to teach only. Less initiative is allowed her than is permitted our teachers, but life can thus be taken more quietly — and quiet makes for peace. Fortunata, therefore, will not break down, and become a nervous wreck, and lose her health. No indeed! Fortunata will marry, and bear children, and keep her roses — and still teach! For this is one of the many surprises Italy gives us: its married women are not barred from its schools. One session, mornings in summer, afternoons in winter, and the patriarchal mode of life, so simplify life that the bread-winners, whether married or single, are not overtaxed.

As in type, so in educational opportunity, Fortunata's life parallels closely that of the American country-bred college girl. Asolo is simply a small hill-town, quite distant from the nearest railroad, and to Asolo's communal or district school went the little Fortunata. It was close to her parents' home. In fact, it was part of it, for it was in the very Convent of St. Louis itself, just as her own home was once the sisters' wing of this self-same convent.

Have you ever thought of this, of how often in the Italy of to-day one sees this very thing — the return of its children to its convents? To be sure the monks and the sisters are no longer there to teach the children. The government or state teachers do this. But the children play as of old in the cloistered courts, and sun themselves (when not engaged in that modern pastime, “supervised play”) on the steps, and toddle into the church to help or hinder sacristan or verger, to say a Hail Mary, to gaze at a picture, to rest, to dream. And thus Fortunata passed five blessed years, and went bravely through her five grammar grades

Any New England child could have done as much in any New England village, but no New England child could have done it so picturesquely. It is the setting that is so totally different. Then, too, the New England child would have had by far the easier task of the two, for she would have been studying in her own language, English, while Fortunata had to study in what was to her quite a new language, Italian. This fact should never be lost sight of in considering Italian educational methods, for it explains much — the greater emphasis, for example, laid upon language, and the superb way in which language is taught. Asolo could give but these five years to the little Fortunata, no more; and Fortunata, being too poor to go to Bassano, one of the Asolan masters was secured at a nominal fee, and Fortunata was carried by a strong, virile touch through the next four years. Every New England girl has had similar opportunity. There is always the minister to fall back upon, should the upper grammar grades and high school be lacking.

Then came to Fortunata long years of normal school and collegiate training, at Padua. Fancy the romance and beauty of being educated at Padua!

For the New England girl it would have been Wellesley, or Radcliffe, or possibly Vassar, but Padua is clearly their superior, in that it sends to the schools teachers who are literally masters of *the art of teaching*. How this is done I do not know. But that it is done I do know. Teaching *is* an art in Italy. It must always be so where for the most part it is oral. The teacher thus creates her own art, so to speak, and on her individual power and skill in the use of this art hangs her pupils' success. The Padua girl has had greater stress laid upon “cultural” studies, and she has acquired “style” — otherwise there is enormous similarity between her and our own college girl.

Fortunata thinks some of our customs unpractical. Why, for instance, have a Saturday holiday when one has a Sunday holiday? Why have two holidays at once? I try to explain to her the joy and the freedom that a weekend holiday brings to the teacher, and how our teachers cling to the practice. But Fortunata is not convinced. It would mean, she says, five days of consecutive work, which, of course, in time would wear on the teacher. Better far the Italian method of making a holiday in the middle of the week, on a Wednesday, or on a Thursday.

And the boys are taught by women teachers? Fortunata is aghast. How can they ever become men under such a system? I explain that we ourselves are beginning to doubt whether they can, and that this over-feminization of our teaching corps is a burning question with us at the present day. Thereupon Fortunata brightens up. She sees some hope for us.

And what is moral training? she asks. Is it religious instruction? No. Is it philosophy? No. And then I sink into a sea of confused statement, trying to explain what it is. Fortunata smiles. “Dio mio,” she exclaims, “how lucky

I am not to have to teach it, and how bright the American teachers must be to understand it!"

Fortunata has great faith in the saints, especially in Saint Anthony of Padua. I discovered this one day when driving in one of those curious, saucer-shaped little carriages Asolo affects. We were beyond Possagno, when a glorious thunder-storm burst over our heads. I was terribly frightened, but this did not alter the fact that the storm was superb. We sought refuge in a peasant's house, that of a dear old woman living alone save for two men-servants, and the men wore not trousers but petticoats. They all do here. And the cattle were almost in the house. And the silk-worms on their shelves nearly filled the living-room. They, and a great chimney, and two chairs, and a table, and a dresser, and a shrine to Saint Anthony, did fill it. And the storm increasing, the old woman took from a secret store a blessed candle, and lighting it fastened it in the top drawer of the dresser directly in front of the Saint, and then, with clasped hands, and in the fitful light of fire and candle and lightning-flash, prayed to him that no hail might fall to kill the young grapes. And Fortunata, standing erect in her pretty white frock, what did Fortunata do — Fortunata the product of modern Italy and the new education? Why, Fortunata joined her prayers simply and reverently to those of the old woman, for she too has a vineyard! And the hail came down in rattling volleys of stone; but when at last it ceased, Fortunata, the younger, flung her arms about the older woman and smilingly exclaimed, "How much worse it might have been had Saint Anthony not interfered!"

That Church and State work together, and work harmoniously, for religious instruction, is abundantly evident; but the Veneto is peculiarly Catholic, and

the problem is thus simplified. At San Vito, where is Fortunata's school, the priest gives religious instruction once a week. At A——, a town near by, only once a year. This difference in practice is curious. Of course in the latter case the day stands as a red-letter day, and the priest's work is simply that of an examiner, the government or state teachers having already, in a series of daily instructions, prepared the pupils. It was my good luck to stumble across this very day. Such hearty Ave Marias and Pater Nosters as rang out in that little basement schoolroom! Such absolute sympathy was there between children and priest! such pride in their pupils' achievement as was evinced by the teachers! such a jolly good feeling of all-round comradeship! Nothing could have been better, nothing more progressive.

And what is Fortunata's salary? One thousand lire, — a sum not so very different, counted in actual dollars, from the sum the women teachers average in their first year of district-school teaching in certain portions of our own states. Gauging it, however, by its purchasing power, Fortunata's salary has a far higher value than the two hundred dollars and more of the American teacher. But it is not so much the amount of salary as the disposition of it that is the interesting point. Fortunata hands hers to her mother; and Domenica, Fortunata's married sister, who is also a school-teacher, hands hers to her husband. The American, on the contrary, and with the full approval of her public, puts hers into her pocket, so to speak; that is, she keeps it in her own control. "What lack of reverence and respect!" cries the astonished Fortunata.

That in both instances results are similar, though arrived at differently, I have no manner of doubt: for Fortunata is daintiness itself. Her clothes

are pretty, her hats coquettish, and yes, one day at Bassano, market-day, while I was buying currants and cakes, Fortunata bought a parasol, a pretty, fluffy, white affair! When she marries there will be something in the bank to buy her a wedding frock, to give her a marriage feast, to furnish her rooms (Domenica's are charming, all done in the palest of blues and pinks) at her husband's house. It would, therefore, be a rash person indeed who would say, there being two ways of doing the same thing, and neither one involving any question of moral turpitude, which way was the better way. Given, however, the proverbial kindness and thrift of the Italian parent, the Italian method is not one to be lightly cast aside as untenable. Family good-will is emphasized, and the *dot*, be it ever so small, carries one to one's husband with a gift in one's hand.

If, however, custom forbids to Fortunata the personal control of her income, it gives to her the far larger freedom of complete exemption from household or family care. As a bread-winner she is held in exactly the same esteem as is the man bread-winner. Like him, she has her profession. Like him, she goes out into the world to practice it. Like him, when she returns to her home she returns for rest and recreation. She assumes no household cares. She participates in no household drudgery. Should illness appear, its responsibilities and duties are borne by others, never by her. Nothing short of this would be deemed just. She is given her own bedroom without thought of a younger sister's sharing it. She is given her own sitting-room—kept dark, and fresh, and cool, always ready, and always awaiting her. In it is her writing-table, the simplest possible, with ink and paper, and pens, stacked in orderly array, and never touched by others. In it also is her work-table, with at one

end her work-box, together with any pretty little piece of needle or pillow-lace she may be busy about for her own personal adornment, and, at the other end, an orderly little pile of folded garments in coarse colored cottons, her scholars' work, for as one of her school duties is to teach sewing, so another is to prepare this sewing. In this same room, too, is a third table, and by far the largest, standing the length of the room, and on this table Fortunata keeps her silk-worms, for like every other woman in Asolo, she is not above turning a penny when she can, only in her case the industry must always be a neat and attractive one. And silk-worm culture is all this. It is clean, quick, pretty work, taking but forty to forty-five days, and carrying a high net percentage of profit.

Think what our tired over-worked teachers would give for just this privilege that Fortunata so enjoys—complete freedom from household care! Think, too, of the gain to their work! Surely in this one respect, if in no other, Asolo shows a keen intelligence. But then in many ways Asolo is unique. It really delights in honoring women; and as in the past centuries it had its "Lady of Asolo," so in the present day it has its "Lady Sweep." It paid court to the one, and it now believes in the other. Its "Lady Sweep"? Yes, such is her title, and right bravely does she perform her duties. You should see the Piazza of a Saturday afternoon, after she and her hirelings, mere men, have been through it. And this is no light task, for Saturday in Asolo is market-day, and market-day means a cattle and pony fair, as well as the sale of meats and fruits and vegetables.

I discovered the Lady Sweep through avoiding her donkey, a beautiful silver-coated animal, who was forever coming down a street, alone and unattended, as I was going up; when, to

escape a head-on collision, I was forced into a mad dash for the nearest doorway; or if, by chance, I met him standing still, I had to stop and do a sum in mental arithmetic before I dared undertake the necessary circle to avoid his heels. And — I was always laughed at! Other donkeys might butt into me, and the whole neighborhood came promptly to the rescue; but when it was a question of this silver-coated animal, every one sat tight on his or her door-sill and enjoyed the scene. At last one day, and in sheer desperation, I cried out, "Why don't you drive that donkey off? Why allow him such freedom?" "Touch *that* donkey," they cried in chorus, "why he is an honored guest in every house in Asolo, in every garden too! He would not touch a turnip unasked, and" — this last with supreme reverence — "he is the property of our Lady Sweep!"

And so it proved. And he has his days and hours of work, dragging the one tip-cart in Asolo's municipal street-cleaning service, his sturdy, bright-eyed, much beloved mistress, the Lady Sweep, trotting by his side.

I could never see that Fortunata read. There was no bookcase in her house, there were no piles of classics, or reference works, or novels; no, there was not even a newspaper. And of course there was no library in the town. Yet Fortunata had knowledge of, and could discuss intelligently, any political or social question of the day; she spoke French charmingly and fluently; and she was studying English, and studying it cleverly. That she was quick to seize opportunity there was no doubt. So also were other Asolans, for I remember Fortunata's saying to me one day, "Count C—— desires to call on you." "And why?" I queried. "He wishes to listen to your French," replied, in all simplicity, Fortunata.

So a day was appointed, and the

count came, and sat, correctly and stiffly, in a chair straight in front of me, his hat by his side, and I conversed, as he desired, in French, though I felt very much as a talking-machine must feel when a new disk is suddenly and unexpectedly dropped into it. The incident striking me as typical, and the count proving charming (he was but a lad, just returned from his law-studies at Padua). a second afternoon followed, when I was received by his mother and his sisters at his own home.

And how does Fortunata live? So frugally, so primitively, or so it seemed to me, that no American girl would envy her. Has she then no comforts? Scarcely one, judging from our standpoint. Is her house not heated? Certainly not. How then does she keep warm? "Why," cries Fortunata, "it is very simple. The heat comes in from the outside! We leave the windows open." Think of this as a method of heating for a wind-swept Italian hill-town in mid-winter!

Has she electricity, or gas, or lamps? No. Any plumbing, or a bath, or running water? No. Surely she has that crowning glory, that first requisite of all New England housewives, a cooking-stove? No. How then does Fortunata bake and brew? But Fortunata never bakes or brews. It is her mother who cooks, always however in the simplest Italian fashion, a pot of polenta or soup boiling over a mass of blazing fagots, or an egg or a slice of meat frying in oil, in a dish by itself, over two bits of live charcoal. There is never question of roasting or baking. There is no oven. So Fortunata goes without roasts, or hot biscuits, or puddings, or cake, or pies, and seems none the worse for the deprivation. And it is Maddalena the maid — Maddalena, who has already given twenty-two years of faithful service to this one household — who does the washing, and

the heavier cleaning. It is Maddalena, too, who goes to the well and fetches in great brass buckets, two at a time, every drop of water used in the house. And it is Maddalena who rushes to the Piazza, should a shower come up in the afternoon, with an umbrella for the Signorina, for Fortunata must not get wet. And it is Maddalena who goes to the garden gate and fetches back whatever her young mistress may have in her hand, whether parcel or coat. And again it is Maddalena who goes down to the town in the cool of the evening, and serves as body-guard to Fortunata, if she is spending the evening out. And Fortunata generally spends her evenings out; it is a custom of the country.

And do you think that Fortunata could be made to believe that the furnace, and gas, and running water, and cooking-stove, with its hot bread, and cake, and pies, and occasional roasts, all necessities to the American girl, are in reality at all necessary, or could in any sense be made a fair exchange for the services of her maid, Maddalena? No indeed! Consider, too, which is the more expensive life? And still again, which is the simpler and more restful? For these are all pertinent questions.

Would I like to see her home? asked Fortunata. It proved to be most charming! Characteristic, too, of the country, and an excellent example of the house of the small farmer. There were arched recesses underneath; and a simple stairway with a shrine to Saint Anthony at its base, and again a shrine to Saint Anthony to greet you as you reached its top; and great rooms, two stories of them, opening to right and to left of long, narrow halls; and floors and walls everywhere of stone and cement. And there was a garden; and a winding

hillside vineyard; and there were fruit trees, cherry and pear and plum; and roses in plenty, and the quaintest of wells, and a few picturesque Stations of the Cross, done in stone and gay with color, left over from convent days; and the most varied and wonderful of views — but Asolo is one of the fairest spots on God's earth!

And would I like to see her school, and that of Domenica, her sister? Both were in the Pope's country. Oh! what a drive was that! Down from Asolo, past churches, and towers, and villas! Down through the vineyards, out to the plains! There lay Padua to the west, and Venice to the east! One could see each, a haze of blue spires swung across the horizon! And we came to San Vito and to Fortunata's school, the modern square, hygienic, two-room building, next to the Municipio and to the church; and to C——, and looked at Domenica's school; and then on to Riese, and into the Pope's house where he was born and reared, and into the church where he was curate; and we spoke with his nephew, a strikingly handsome man, and with his little great-grand-niece, the dearest tot imaginable; and then we turned, and climbed slowly back, up, and up, and up, past Catherine Cornaro's tower, almost to the Rocca itself; for Fortunata's house overtops everything save the Rocca. And there I left her, with her sunny head thrust out of a window, wishing me a happy farewell. But on my way down to the inn (I was to leave Asolo the next day) I met the gay, glad youth, so tall, so dark, so winning, of whom Fortunata and I had often talked, and to whom I fancied, only fancied, that the Maestra may have given her heart, and I breathed just this one wish — "that it might be."

JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

III

EDITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

THE influence of circumstance and environment in moulding human impulse and achievement has been so many times convincingly maintained, both before and since Taine applied the theory to literature, that every new proof to the contrary is of interest.

Maimed in his vision while still a lad, almost to the point of total blindness, Hearn struggled the rest of his life with myopia, and walked always in terror of immanent darkness. Yet the general sense left upon the mind by his whole body of work is of color. The brain behind those eyes so near to incompetence was a *seeing* mind, and through an inefficient medium perceived, as few men have done, every iridescence of his world. Not a shimmer or a glory escaped him. From his books might be gathered a delightful anthology of the beauty of tint, of form, of shadow, of line. No loveliness was too subtle,

too evanescent, too minute, to be recognized by those dim and straining eyes.

And in these letters, again and again, some fairness, so fine as to go unperceived by the stronger-visioned, is commented upon with strong pleasure. His perception of the delicate groove in the Japanese eyelid, mentioned in the second letter of this third series, is one of those feats of observation which so often startled his better-sighted, but duller-visioned friends. Again, note his "living statues of gold, with *blue hair*, like the Carib half-breeds."

One with the patient curiosity to follow up these revelations of a sort of "second-sight," of delicate intensity, throughout his writings, might find almost sufficient testimony to prove that only through his myopic eyes could one learn wholly to see the complete beauty of the world.

[Received March 2, 1894]

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I am absolutely unproductive now, hovering between one thing and another, — sometimes angry with men, — sometimes with the Gods. But I think of many things. I have been long writing down extraordinary passages from the compositions of students. Some are simply queer, — some interest because showing a thought that is not as our thought, — some are beau-

tiful, as in the old Chinese utterance about the firmament: —

"What thought is so high as it is, — what mind is so wide?"

What most pleases me are subjects taken from the memories and thoughts of the boys themselves. I have some beauties that I know to be original; and I have often thought of an essay about them. But of a few I am in doubt.

Can this be original? —

Subject: "What men remember longest."

"When I was only four years old, my dear, dear mother died. It was a winter's day. The wind was blowing through the bushes and trees round our house. There were no leaves on the trees. Quails in the distance whistled with a melancholy sound. I remember that as my mother was lying in bed, a little before she died, I gave her a sweet orange. She smiled and took it and ate it. It was the last time she smiled. From that moment when she ceased to breathe until to-day, sixteen years have elapsed. But to me the time is as a moment. The winds that blew when my mother died, blow still; — the quails utter the same cries — all things are as then. But my mother never will come back again."

KUMAMOTO, *March 6, 1894.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Well, I read Loti all through in bed last night — and dropped asleep at last to dream of the *Venise fantasque et tremblotante*.

Before talking of the book especially I want to utter my heterodoxies and monstrosities in your ear. You will not be pleased, I fear; but truth is truth, however far it be from accepted standards.

To me the Japanese eye has a beauty which I think Western eyes have not. I have read nasty things written about Japanese eyes until I am tired of reading them. Now let me defend my seemingly monstrous proposition.

Miss Bird has well said that when one remains long in Japan, one finds one's standard of Beauty changing; and the fact is true of other countries than Japan. Any *real* traveller can give similar experiences. When I show beautiful European engravings of young girls or children to Japanese, what do they say? I have done it fifty times, and

whenever I was able to get a criticism, it was always the same. "The faces are nice, — all but the eyes; the eyes are too big, — the eyes are monstrous." We judge by our conventions. The Orient judges by its own. Who is right?

There are eyes and eyes, in all countries — ugly and beautiful. To make comparisons of beauty we must take the most beautiful types of the West and East. If we do this, I think we find the Orient is right. The most beautiful pair of eyes I ever saw — a pair that fascinated me a great deal too much, and caused me to do some foolish things in old bachelor days — were Japanese. They were not small, but very characteristically racial; — the lashes were very long, and the opening also of the lids; — and the feeling they gave one was that of the eyes of a great wonderful bird of prey. — There are wonderful eyes in Japan for those who can see.

The eyelid is so very peculiar that I think its form decides — more than any other characteristic of the far Eastern races — the existence of two entirely distinct original varieties of mankind. The muscular attachments are quite different, and the lines of the lashes, — indeed the whole outer anatomy.

One might ask mockingly whether to Japanese eyelids could be applied the Greek term *charitoblepharos*. I think it could. There is a beauty of the Japanese eyelid, quite rare, but very singular — in which the lid-edge seems double, or at least marvellously grooved — and the effect is a softness and shadowiness difficult to describe.

However, it seems to me that the chief beauty of a beautiful Japanese eye is in the peculiar anatomical arrangement which characterizes it. The ball of the eye is *not* shown, — the setting is totally hidden. The brown smooth skin opens quite suddenly and

strangely over a moving jewel. Now in the most beautiful Western eyes the set of the ball into the skull is visible, — the whole orbed form, and the whole line of the bone-socket, — except in special cases. The mechanism is visible. I think that, from a perfectly artistic point of view, the veiling of the mechanism is a greater feat on Nature's part. (I have seen a most beautiful pair of Chinese eyes, — that I will *never* forget.)

I don't mean to make any sweeping general rule. I only mean this: "Compare the most beautiful Japanese or Chinese eye with the most beautiful European eye, and see which suffers by comparison." I believe the true artist would say "neither." But that which least shows the *machinery behind* it — the osteological and nervous machinery — now appears to me to have the greater charm. I dare say such eyes as I speak of are not common; but beautiful eyes are common in no country that I have ever visited.

And now I will presume to express my opinion about another heresy, — that a white skin is the most beautiful. I think it is the *least* beautiful. The Greeks never made a *white* statue; they were always painted.

Naturally each race thinks itself the most beautiful. But we must not think about race in such matters at all, — only about color *per se*, and its effect upon the æsthetic *color-sense* in us, derived — as we all know through Mr. Grant Allen's popularization of a most complex subject — from ancestral experience in food-choice. The sensation of a beautiful sunset and that of a ripe apple is not so different in origin as might be supposed.

But to appreciate the beauty of colored skins, it is not simply enough to travel, — one must become familiar with the sight of them through months and years. (So strong our prejudices

are!) And at last when you perceive there are human skins of real gold — (living statues of gold, with *blue hair*, like the Carib half-breeds!) — and all fruit-tints of skins, — orange, and yellow, and peach-red, and lustrous browns of countless shades; — and all colors of metal, too, — bronzes of every tone, — one begins to doubt whether a white skin is so fine! (If you don't believe these colors, just refer to Broca's pattern-books, where you will find that all jewel-colors exist in eyes, and all fruit-colors and metal-colors in skins. I could not believe my own eyes, till I saw Broca.) I have seen people who had grass-green emeralds instead of eyes, and topazes and rubies for eyes. And I have seen races with blue hair.

I do *not* think the Japanese skin remarkably beautiful; the "amber" of Arnold's imagination does not exist in this archipelago, — one must go to the tropics for that. The Italian or Spanish brown seems to me much richer and finer. But I am only talking in general. (It seems to me a sort of egg-color. Well, Mahomet says that is the color of the *houris*, — but it is nothing to other colors that exist.)

— Now for jet-black, — the smooth velvety black skin that remains cold as a lizard under the tropical sun.

It seems to me extremely beautiful! If it is beautiful in art, why should it not be beautiful in nature? As a matter of fact, it *is*, and has been so acknowledged, even by the most prejudiced slave-owning races.

Either Stanley, or Livingstone, perhaps, told the world that after long living in Africa, the sight of white faces produced something like fear. (And the Evil Spirits of Africa are white.) Well, even after a few months alone with black faces, I have felt that feeling of uncomfortableness at the sight of white faces. Something ghostly, terrible, seemed to have come into those

faces that I had never imagined possible before. I felt for a moment the *black man's terror of the white*. At least I think I partly realized what it was.

You remember the Romans lost their first battles with the North through sheer fear. *Oculi cærulei et truces, — rutilæ comæ, — magna corpora!* — The fairer, — the weirder, — the more spectral, — the more terrible. Beauty there is in the North, of its kind. But it is surely not comparable with the wonderful beauty of color in other races.

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO.

KUMAMOTO, March 19, 1894

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . There is a good deal of thinking — curious thinking — among these men-students. I find the fact of existence is a trouble to not a few. "Why am I in the world. — Please tell me your views." These are the awful questions I am sometimes asked. I cannot forbear to cite a specimen-composition. It is queer, — is n't it?

"For what purpose do men live in this world? From the time a man is born he drinks, eats, speaks, sees, hears, feels happy or sad, sleeps at night, rises in the morning. He is educated, he grows up, he marries, he has sons, he becomes old, his hair turns white, and he dies.

"What does he do all his life? His whole occupation in this world is only to eat and to drink, to sleep and to rise up. Why came he into this world? Was it to eat and drink? Was it to sleep? Every day he does the same thing; — yet he is not tired!

"When rewarded he is glad. When pained he is sad. When he gets rich, he is happy; when he becomes poor, he is very unhappy. Why is he sad or glad about his condition? Happiness

and sadness are only temporary. Why does he study hard? No matter how great a scholar he may become, when he is dead, there remains nothing of him — only bones!"

And observe that the author of the above is full of humor, life, and noisy fun. He it was who personated the Minister of France at the late banquet-act.

The composition brought a memory to me. A great crime which terrifies us by the revelation of the beast that hides far down, Minotaur-wise, in the unknown deeps of the human heart, sometimes makes one think like the above composition. All mysteries of pain and sorrow stir up afresh the awful three — Why? Whence? Whither?

Well, there had been a frightful crime committed. I slept and forgot the world and all things in the dead heavy sleep which men sleep in the tropics.

Midnight within forty hours of the Equator; and there was music that made people get out of their beds and cry.

The music was a serenade; — there were flutes and mandolins.

The flutes had dove-tones; and they purled and cooed and sobbed, — and cooed and sobbed and purled again; — and the mandolins, through the sweetness of the plaint, throbbed, like a beating of hearts.

The palms held their leaves still to listen. The warm wind, the warm sea, slept. Nothing moved but the stars and the fireflies.

And the melody said, more plainly than any speech articulate could ever say, —

"Do you not feel the Night in your heart, — the great sob of the joy of it?

"And this strange fragrance that recalls the past, — the love of all the dead who will never love again, — being only dust, — feeding the roots of the palms?"

And I asked, "Why that wonderful, inexpressible, torturing sweetness of music?"

And they said: "*The murderer of the girl has been acquitted. They are consoling his family!*"

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, KYUSHU, April 7, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Just back from Shikoku to find your kind letter. I thought of writing you on my journey, but as we rushed from Kumamoto to Kōmpira-uchi-machi and back in four days, I really could not get a chance to write a decent letter. This is partly about the Adventures of Kaji.

Before he was born, I remember expressing the fear in a letter to you that no child of mine could ever have the wonderful placidity of the little Japanese boy, Kame, whom I compared to a small Buddha. But, although in quite a different way, my boy turns out to be altogether Japanese in this excellent point. He never cries, which you will grant is quite extraordinary, — and is never sick, and likes travel. His adventures gave me proof (such as I could never otherwise have obtained) how much the Japanese love children, and how much deeper and more natural is the common interest of the people in children. Perhaps this may be partly, though not altogether explained, by the custom of early marriages, and the Oriental family structure. With us the long delay of marriages, and the disintegration of the family, and the difficulty of life, have all combined, doubtless, to create that absence of sentiment which renders it difficult for us to be interested at sight in children not our own; and which, by reaction perhaps, helps to make Western children so much naughtier and more troublesome than Oriental children.

On the train from Kumamoto to Moji we travelled with a crowd of furious politicians, — some of whom had evidently been banqueting. They shouted as they talked, and laughed enormously, and made a great ado. This interested Kaji. He looked at them very curiously, and laughed at them; and they stopped talking politics awhile to amuse themselves by watching him. So far as I could judge, Kaji began his travels by introducing peace into the world of politics.

At Moji he was carried all over the hotel, and made much of. We took a steamer the same night, — an abominable steamer (don't forget the name!) the Yodogawa Maru. No first-class cabin, — but a large *chu-to*; all together on the floor. There were perhaps twenty others with us, including a number of sweet women. At least I thought them very sweet, — partly because they were young, pretty, and gentle, — but much more because they begged for a loan of Kaji. He played with them all, and was petted very much. But he showed much more partiality for the men — (I pray the Gods he may always have this disposition; it would save him a universe of trouble); and the men carried him all over the ship, and the Captain descended from his bridge to play with him. Then one old man produced the portrait of his granddaughter, a little girl who he said looked much like Kaji; and the resemblance was really striking. Another passenger gave Kaji a small book to read as soon as he should be able; and little baskets of oranges, boxes of *suchi* and cakes were given us by various persons. Thus, as the "grub" furnished by the steamer was really uneatable, Kaji supplied us with provisions.

Kaji's grandmother, who carried him on her back over most of the distance, insisted upon certain observances.

There was a wonderful display of phosphorescence that night; the ripples were literally created with fire, — a fire quite as bright as candlelight, — and at the bows of the steamer there was a pyrotechnic blazing and sputtering bright enough to read small print by. Kaji liked the sight, but was not allowed to look long at it; there is some ghostly idea connected with these sea-lights which I could not fully learn. (You know the French phrase, *la mer lampe*.) Well, the sea really did “lamp” that night; I never saw a brighter phosphorescence in the tropics. Even to throw a cigar-butt into the water, made a flashing like a fire-cracker. A tug (Ko-joki) passed us, surrounded by what seemed like a vast playing of Catharine-wheels. And Kaji also is not yet suffered to look much into a looking-glass, — for another ghostly reason which I shall some day tell you about.

At Tadotsu, the crew and passengers all said good-bye to Kaji. The women said, “We shall be lonesome now.” Kaji laughed at them till their faces passed out of sight.

The hotel at Tadotsu called the Hanabishi is very, very pretty, — and rather old. The *oshiire* were wonderful; — the *jibukuro* were marvellous; the whole place would have delighted Morse unspeakably. And nowhere else in all Japan did I ever eat such fried fish! — just out of the sea. You know Tadotsu, so I need not describe it. Except for the modern structures, the town is delightful. Settsu said, “I saw this place before in a dream.” — I said, “That is because your ancestors visited it so often.” Kaji was pleased by the shops, and we bought absurd little toys for him.

But the Kompira-uchi-machi was a greater surprise than Tadotsu. What a delicious town, — what survivals! It was just the day to see such things — a

vast warm bath of blue light, cherries and peaches in bloom, long vistas through hazy bursts of pink and white blossom, — all divinely clear. And oh, oh, oh! the queer dear mountain-climbing city, — itself a pilgrim, all robed in blue and white, and shadowed and hatted with unspeakable tiling, — and supporting itself with staffs of bamboo, as it zigzags, singing, up to the clouds! Oh for a photographer that knew his business! — for an artist with a soul to image what cannot be described at all in words! Even Loti could not do it. Neither Nara nor Kitzuki, nor anything in Kyoto, nor anything in Kamakura, can ever compare with the “Saka.” The colors, the shadowings, the flutterings of drapery, the riddles of the shops, the look-down over the magical village to the grand blue silhouette of Sannki-Fuji! I saw on the tablets the name of “B. H. Chamberlain, English,” — and I wished so much he were beside me, that I might say those things which moments inspire but which cannot be written or remembered.

Kaji’s grandmother, at the bottom of the steps, took off her *zori*, and began the ascent very lightly, with the child on her back. I protested, but Settsu said, “No, that is mother’s way; she thinks it wrong to approach a holy place with footgear.” People stopped her to look at Kaji and ask questions. I was taken for an *Ainoko* by some, — Kaji seems to pass for a Japanese very well. In parts of Oki also I was said to be an *Ainoko*.

We made a present to the temple, following the example of B. H. Chamberlain, English; and the *miko* danced for us. They were two very pretty girls, — not painted up and powdered like the Nara virgins, but looking like the sisters of the daughters of the Dragon-King in the Urashima pictures. Kaji opened his eyes more widely, and laughed, and

made one of the *miko* smile, even during her solemn dance. After the dance he became an object of attention. Kaji seemed to like the *miko* better than any other strangers of the fair sex, — for with this exception his friendships are especially masculine. I admired his taste in the case of the *miko*. Besides they were just at the loveable period between girlhood and womanhood, when children are very strongly sympathized with.

Our hotel was the Toraya. You know there are two figures of tigers there, said to have been made by Hidari Jiu-goro, and caged in wire nets. (I suspect they are relics of the Buddhist days of Kompira.) And upstairs I found myself looking out upon the street through the legs of another tiger. There are more than one hundred rooms, and a very beautiful garden. What most impressed me was the use of a most beautiful sky-blue plaster for the walls of the back part of the buildings and corridors leading to the *chozuba*. — A lot of *geisha* came and sat down in the gallery to play with Kaji. I hope that will be Kaji's last acquaintance with *geisha*, — although they behaved very prettily with him.

I passed over the wonderful bridge, of course; and down the avenue of stone lanterns; and we ascended the colossal *toro*, and saw the black skillets in which two *go* of *tomoshiabura* are burned every night. But we did not take Kaji upstairs. It would have been dangerous. I observed the curious wind-bells of bronze, hung at the corners of the eaves; the very broad tongue has almost the figure of an inverted fleur-de-lys.

I returned by a much finer boat, — the Odagawa Maru, very comfortable, with a good table. There were many children; and Kaji won many successes. Meanwhile I met one of your old pupils, — a young naval surgeon named

Oki, now stationed at Kure, with a prospect of three years study in Germany. A fine, long-limbed young fellow, with heavy eyebrows, and a love of innocent mischief. We talked a good deal together. I also met the new director of the Yamaguchi Higher Middle School — pleasant, cautious, and inquisitively official; there I saw only the surface. Oki seems to me a fine boy. He has just the necessary amount of conceit to help him through the surf of life; and exactly the disposition that will make friends for him among the students of Munich, where he hopes to go.

We were delayed about six hours by a perfectly black night — the hand could not be seen before the face. Kaji gave no trouble at all.

But there are so many risks for a child in travel, that I did not feel quite easy till we got home last night. I send a picture of Kaji. His last friendship on the railroad was with a grim-looking Government surveyor, whose hand he seized from behind, while the man was looking out of the window.

(*Finis first chapter of the Adventures of Kaji.*)

What, after all, is the charm of Kompira's city? Not certainly in any particular thing. It is the result of a great combination of very simple things under a divine sky. This grey day it would look common enough. Another day it would look like the ascent, through blue light and sungold, into the phantom city of the Gokuraku, and the gardens where souls, like Kaji's, are born out of the lotus-flowers, and fed with ambrosia by *miko* having wings. Truly the whole place is a work of art, — with well-chosen Nature for its living pedestal, or canvas.

And that's all about my travels.

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *May 25, 1894*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... To-day I spent an hour in reading over part of the notes taken on my first arrival, and during the first six months of 1890. Result, I asked myself: "How came you to go mad? — absolutely mad?" It was the same kind of madness as the first love of a boy.

I find I described horrible places as gardens of paradise, and horrid people as angels and divinities. How happy I must have been without knowing it! There are all my illusions facing me, — on faded yellow paper. I feel my face tingle as I study some of them. Happily I had the judgment not to print many lines from them.

But — I ask myself — am I the only fool in the world? Or was I a fool at all? Or is everybody, however wise, at first deluded more or less by unfamiliar conditions when these are agreeable, the idea always being the son of the wish?

Perhaps I was right in one way. For that moment Japan was really for *me* what I thought it. To the child, the world is blue and green; to the old man, grey — both are right.

So with all things. Relations alone exist. The writer's danger is that of describing his own, as if they were common or permanent. Perhaps the man who comes to Japan full of hate for all things Oriental may get nearer to truth at once — though, of course, he will also make a kindred mistake.

KUMAMOTO, *June 4, 1894.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... Every once in a while, some delightful, earnest, sweet-souled man — a Tempo — comes down here and lectures. He tells the boys of their relation to the country's future. He reminds them of their ancestors. He speaks to them of loyalty and honour.

He laments the decay of the ancient spirit, and the demoralizing influence of Western manners and Western religion and Western business methods. And as the boys are good, their hearts get full, and something brightens their eyes in spite of the fashion of impassiveness. But what are their thoughts after?

A striking example was afforded me the other day, by a conversation with the remarkable student I told you of before, — Yasukochi Asakichi.

I will try to reproduce it thus: —

"Sir! What was your opinion of the old-fashioned Japanese when you came first to Japan. Please to be quite frank with me."

"You mean the old men like Akizuki-San?"

"Yes."

"Why I thought them divine, — Kami-Sama; and I think them more divine now that I have seen the new generation."

"Akizuki is a type of the ideal old samurai. But as a foreigner you must have perceived faults."

"How faults?"

"From your Western standpoint."

"My Western standpoint is philosophical and ethical. A people's perfection means their perfect fitness for the particular form of society to which they belong. Judging from such a standpoint the man of the Akizuki type was more perfect than any Western type I have ever met. Ethically, I could say the same."

"But in a Society of the Western type, could such men play a great part?"

"By their unaided exertions?"

"Yes."

"No; they have no business capacity, and no faculty for certain combinations."

"That is true. And in what did their goodness seem to consist to you?"

"In honour, loyalty, courtesy, — in supreme self-control, — in unselfishness, — in consideration of the rights of others, — in readiness to sacrifice self."

"That also is true. But in Western life are these qualities sufficient to command success?"

"No."

"And the Oriental system of morals cultivated these, and the result of that cultivation was to suppress the individual for the sake of the whole?"

"Yes."

"On the other hand, the Western form of society develops the individual by encouraging selfishness — competition, struggle for gain, — and all that?"

"Yes."

"And Japan, in order to keep her place among nations, must do business and carry on industry and commerce in the Western manner?"

"Perhaps."

"I do not think there is a perhaps. There is only a must. We must have manufactures, commerce, banks, stock-companies — we must do things in the Western way, since our future must be industrial and commercial. If we should try to do things in the old way, we should always remain poor and feeble. We should also get the worst in every commercial transaction."

"Yes."

"Well, how can we do any business, — or attempt any enterprise, — or establish any large system, — or carry on any competition — or do anything on a large scale, — if we live by the old morality?"

"Why?"

"Because if we can do something advantageous to ourselves or our interests only by hurting some one else, we cannot do that according to the old morality."

"Yes."

"But to do business in a Western way we must not be checked by any such scruples; the man who hesitates to obtain an advantage simply because he knows some one else will be injured by it, will fail."

"Not always."

"It must be the general rule when there are no checks upon competition. The cleverest and strongest succeed; the weak and foolish fail; it is the natural law — the struggle for life. Is Western competition based upon love of one's fellow man?"

"No."

"Sir, the truth is that, no matter how good the old morality was, we cannot follow any such moral law and preserve our national independence and achieve any progress. We must try to substitute law for morality."

"It is a bad substitute."

"It is not a bad substitute in England. Besides at last, men, through the influence of law, will learn to be moral by reason, not by emotion. We must forsake our Past (?)"

And I could say nothing.

Heine said (I don't remember where) something about watching people as so many walking numerals. Peripatetic 1 giving an arm to peripatetic 2; 3 and 4 going to church together. To the Japanese official world, all of us foreigners are mere animated numerals. The salary of No. 7 ought to be reduced because it is larger than that of No. 8. There is no other reason.

Most gratefully,

LAFCADIO.

[No date.]

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... Now about your argument. Indeed, as you say, there is a vast spiritual side to Western life, and noble effort must ever rest upon a spiritual basis, — just as in hard science the most

material possible fact rests on a metaphysical basis. This has been beautifully proved by Huxley. For when we even touch the question of matter itself scientifically, the thing vanishes further than Berkeley's examination ever went; and leaves us in the presence of nothing but ghostliness.

Unfortunately, however, that is what must be termed a material side to life, — the real materialism. Our civilization, with all its aspirations, is industrial and commercial, — and there is no morality in that competition worth priding ourselves upon. It is n't Yankeeedom more than it is Anglodom. See, for a terrible illustration of the facts in the case, Herbert Spencer's essay "The Morals of Trade." Business men know this. The *Eclectics* you sent me contained several awful articles on the same subject, written by Englishmen. The fact seems to me that my young student is altogether right. Without having studied philosophy, he perceives that emotional morality must yield to legal morality; and I am trying to make him consider cosmic law *the* law to study, and he understands. I have English business friends; men who control vast movements of money. They do not hesitate to speak frankly about the cruelties and the bitterness of commercial competition.

Our whole civilization is based upon immorality — if we are to accept either the Buddhist or the Christian system of ethics. *There is a comparative morality*, of course; but he who follows the old code must fail. What you and I love — what we admire — what we aspire after — does not belong to industrialism; yet only by industrialism can any of us — even a Spencer or Huxley or Tennyson — exist. We can do what is beautiful or right — only by the aid of industrialism — unless, like Thoreau, we prefer to live in the woods.

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A larger morality will come — but only when competition ends. As for the condition of woman in Western lands, I think you refer only to the upper classes. The condition of woman in certain classes is horrible beyond Japanese imagining.

Ever sincerely,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, June 27th, 1894

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Your letter came late last night, and made me very glad. It is really nice to be able to think, or at least to feel, as if one's friends were especially cared for by the Gods. I had no idea when I first wrote you on the subject how much real danger there was so near you.

There is no news here to send you, even about that tiresome subject — myself. The heat is great, but heat makes me feel young, although I am this blessed or accursed day exactly forty-four years old (27th June), and if I could be where it is always hot I think I should live to dry up and blow away. Still I can sympathize with your discomfort, — to enjoy great heat we should be able to dress or undress as we please, have freedom from dust, and the luxury of moving water — whether river, lake, or sea. I fear Tokyo has not these.

Liquidly beautiful the sky-fire is, and everything looks sharp as the edge of a sword, and the white clouds seem souls of Bosatsu about to melt into Nirvana. There is pleasure always in this nature — however wearisome the hard work of living (or working) with people who have no souls. For the Japanese officials have none. Imagine people having no sentiment of light — of blue — of infinity! And they cannot feel possibly the beauty of their own day as you or I do. Think of the comparison of Fuji to a white half-open

inverted fan hanging in the sky. Of course it is pretty; it is even startlingly real; — but what sentiment is there in it? What feeling do mountains give these people? Surely nothing like the thought of Job, — “*He maketh Peace in His High Places.*” What feeling does light give them? — the light which makes us wish to pray — to thank somebody for? Nothing like the utterance of John, — “Verily this is the message we give unto you, — *that God is light!*” What even in their thought of Nature — beautifully as they mock her? Has any among them ever so much as thought the thought of the Bhagavad-Gita, — “I am the breath of winds, the light of waters — MOST ANCIENT AND MOST EXCELLENT OF POETS”?

Never a one! They have lost the child-hearts that the Gods gave them, which were beautiful; and in place of them have something resembling the legendary apples of Sodom — full of bitterness and dust only.

Oh dear! oh dear! I used to think I had no soul; but since coming here I think I have, — that if I try very hard, I could discover it. Converted from various nihilisms I have become. The Western world verily seems to me now not only a Titan world, but a world charged with spirit, like a dynamo with lightning.

Of course there are bottled devils in multitude, as in the Arabian tales of Soliman; but what a magical world it is! — and how much does absolute exile from it mean!

I wonder how I shall feel in another few years. Would that I could go to those zones in which Nature remains primeval, — where light is divine, and where people walk forever with eyes fixed upon the ground, — looking for snakes. Then I should say to the cobra, — “Thou art my sister and my brother. Thou hast a soul. So have I.

But I have been among men not having souls.”

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, July 21, 1894

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN. —

. . . How touching Tolstoi is! Still, the fault of the beautiful religion of the man is simply that it is unsuited to the real order of things. Resentment, as Spencer has not hesitated to point out, is not only essential to self-preservation, but is often a moral duty. Altruistic characters may be regulated by Buddhist or Christian codes of action, — but what about anti-altruistic characters — the Ape-souls and tiger-souls whose pleasure is in malice or destruction? The number is few; — but which of us has not met some, and recognized their capacity for evil? I believe the mass of humanity is good. I think every man must so think who has suffered much, and reached middle life. Nevertheless the sum of this goodness is not so preponderant that we can practically adapt either Tolstoiism or Buddhism to our Western civilization. Indeed no general course of action will suit. The dynamics of ethics must be varied according to class and time. The great fault of all religious systems is their application of a single code to many widely different conditions. For all that, Tolstoi is certainly a light of the world, — a practical Christ in his own life. Curious that in Russia and England, in the same generation, two poets, Ruskin and Tolstoi, should have attempted to follow in practice the teaching: “Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor.” The most religious men of the nineteenth century are the infidels — the “atheists and blasphemers.”

I wish you could get Minnie Hauk to sing you a *Habanera*, or the Seguidilla (seducing word!) from *Carmen*. I heard her sing it, and the little eddies it made in my soul still thrill. — I can-

not tell how glad I was to find that Ma-son had not read Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*. The opera, lovely as it is, does not give the awful poignancy of the tale — simple and clear beyond description. I am going to send it up to you, with a bundle of other things, as soon as I get back.

This reminds me of a dream I had a few months ago. I was sleeping, after reading *Carmen* for the fifth time, I think — quite a tropical afternoon it was. I entered a patio, — between lemon-colored walls, — there was a crowd and music. I saw no face in the crowd — only felt people were there; — all my eyes and soul were for a gipsy dancing in the midst; — poisoning, hovering, balancing, tantalizing with eyes and gestures, — and every click of the castanets went into my blood. I woke up and found the clicking of the castanets was only the ticking of the little clock, — strangely exaggerated in the heated silence of the afternoon.

The enormous laughter of the crows every morning amuses me very much. I had not heard anything like it since leaving Izumo. The only striking bit of weirdness in "Shuntoku Maru" is that about indicating the time of the apparition of the boy's dead mother as "the hour when the crows first fly crying abroad, before the breaking of the day."

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, September 11, 1894

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... Well, I am sorry you feel vexed about the treaty. There is one thing in it I don't like for my own sake — the question of landholding. It affects the marriage question. I see no way out of the passage, except Japanese citizenship or great riches.

Excuse my hot words on the other

side of the treaty question. I could not view from your standpoint, and cannot now, — simply because I can't think England has any real rights here at all. I see her only as a strong robber and an oppressor of weaker races. If I could get that point of view out of my head, I could judge otherwise. But — morally — what right has England to touch Japanese ground at all? And then, the curse of missionaries, the ruin of everything beautiful, the introduction of selfishness, the demoralization of a once happy people — the destruction of another Greece by another Rome — all this is very ugly and very sad. Let us admire Paulus Æmilius; but one street of Corinth or one temple at Olympus was artistically worth a great many Paulus(es). (This is the plural you approve.)

But Lord! Lord! what is morality? Nature's law — the cosmic law, is struggle, cruelty, pain — everything religion declares essentially immoral. The bird devours the fly, the cat the bird. Everything has been shaped, evolved, developed, by atrocious immorality. Our lives are sustained only by murder. Passions are given, which, if satisfied, would stifle the earth with population, were there not other passions of cruelty and avarice to counteract them. Perhaps it is the higher morality that the strong races should rob the weak, — deprive them of liberties and rights, — compel them to adopt beastly useless conventions, — insult their simple faith, — force upon them not the higher pleasures, but the deeper pains, of an infinitely more complicated and more unhappy civilization.

There certainly is no answer to this. It is contrary to all our inborn feeling of right. But what is that feeling? Only the necessary accompaniment of a social state. Does it correspond to any supreme law of the universe? — or is it merely relative? We *know* it is

relative; we don't know anything about the ultimate laws. The God of the Universe may be a Devil, — only mocking us with contradictions, — forcing us through immeasurable pain to supreme efforts, which are to end in nothing but the laughter of skulls in a world's dust. Who knows? — We are only what we can't help being.

From remote time all my ancestors were in the army. Yet to kill the fly that buzzes round me as I write this letter seems to me wrong. To give pain knowingly, even to one whom I dislike, gives more pain to myself. Psychology tells me the why — the origin of the feeling. But not by any such feeling is the world ruled — or will so be ruled for incalculable time. Such dispositions are counted worthless and weak, and are unfitted for the accomplishment of large things. Yet all religions teach the cultivation of the very qualities that ruin us. Clever men always follow the forms and laugh at the spirit. Out of all this enormous and unspeakably cruel contradiction, what is to come? A golden age, some say. But what good will that do us? — and what good will it do any one — since it must pass according to inevitable laws? — I understand the laws, their results. But what is their meaning? What is right? What is wrong? Why should there be laws at all? . . .

Is it selfish to tell you my feelings? It would be, perhaps, if you were feeling gloriously well, — but as you also have some trouble, — perhaps more suffering from illness than you ever speak of, — you will have the grim comfort of knowing that one not sick at all thinks of your existence as the seventh heaven — as the life of Haroun Al Raschid — as the luxury of the most fortunate of the fortunate khalifs of Bagdad.

Faithfully, with best wishes,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, November 3, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I got your last delightful letter in its Japanese envelope. You thought it was a poor letter, but what you generally think poor I find unusual interest in. There is a deal of concentrated penetrative observation in those hastily written notes of yours which sinks into my mind, and is apt to reappear again, after many days, in some essay of mine — having by that time become so much a part of my own thought that I find it difficult to establish the boundary-line between *meum* and *tuum*. Of course one must have lived a long time in the country to feel your letters in this way.

Aldrich is at the Grand Hotel, or was, until time of this writing. I dropped him a note, expressing the hope that he would meet you and Mason. He can talk Italy to you.

I am glad you agree about the Italian and French character — the depth, subtlety, and amazing latent power of the former; the Greek cast of the latter. Yes, I don't think we should disagree much — except as to my firm conviction of the artistic and moral value of sensuality. You know in this nineteenth century we are beginning to make war upon even intellectual sensuality, — the pleasure in emotional music, — the pleasure in physical grace as a study, — the pleasure in colored language and musical periods. I doubt if this is right. The puritanism of intellect is cultivated to the gain of certain degrees of power, but also the hardening of character, — ultimately tending to absolute selfishness and fixity of mental habit. Too deeply fixed in the cause of life are the pleasures of sense, to be weeded out without injury to the life-centres themselves, and to all the emotions springing from them. We cannot attack the physical without attacking the moral; for evolutionally all the

higher intellectual faculties have their origin in the development of the physical. . . .

The *finale* of my long correspondence with you on Japanese character is frankly this (I know it is unjust, I know it is small. But I suppose it is natural, — and I am not superior to nature, — besides I see no reason why I should not be in all things frank with you):—

I hate and detest the Japanese.

I refused even to attend a banquet given by a European merchant the other day because there were Japanese present. I wish to make no more Japanese acquaintances. I shall never again be interested in any Japanese of the educated generation. I shall never even

receive any of my former pupils. I simply *abominate* the Japanese.

There's a nice confession for the author of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to make. But remember — the book was finished a long time ago; and the illusion had not worn off. I should not like now to trust myself to say what I think of the Japanese in their relation to us. I fear the missionaries are right who declare them without honor, without gratitude, and without brains.

D——n the Japanese!

Excepting, of course, the women of Japan who are — well, who are *not* Japanese. They remain angels. Sufficient for this day is the evil thereof.

LAFADIO HEARN.

(*The End.*)

THE MOTHER

BY HESTER I. RADFORD

You struggled blindly for my soul
And wept for me such bitter tears,
That through your faith my faith grew whole
And fearless of the coming years.

For in the path of doubt and dread
You would not let me walk alone,
But prayed the prayers I left unsaid
And sought the God I did disown.

You gave to me no word of blame
But wrapped me in your love's belief,
Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,
And left me worthy of your grief.

INTELLECTUAL LEADERSHIP IN CONTEMPORARY INDIA

BY PAUL S REINSCH

IN the leading European countries, as well as in Japan, there has been an uninterrupted development of national culture, disturbed at times, retarded, warped by external factors, yet in the main a continuous growth. There has at least been no violent break in traditions, from the Nibelungenlied to Hauptmann, from Beowulf to Tennyson, yes, even from Tacitus to Renan, from Aristotle to Lord Kelvin. The literature, science, philosophy, ethics, of to-day are intimately connected with our past traditions, out of which they have been gradually developed. Nor has there ever been a long period of decadence and stagnation; for as the Roman world fell into decay, the vigorous Germanic nations were giving themselves their first schooling in a more progressive civilization. In this the circumstances of the Orient, especially India, have differed widely from our own. There the great things lie in the past, and, for centuries prior to the coming of the British, the national mind, despairing of any higher destiny, or flatly contented, turned its eyes to the past for all guidance and inspiration. It was an era of intellectual languor, satisfied that the best had been said and the greatest achieved,—not a resolute striving for still higher advance. Then suddenly this connection with the past was severed, and the Indian intellect was invaded by the conflicting notions and ideas of European literary culture, imparted in a superficial manner.

It is a fact that the intense curiosity aroused among us by the Orient was in a measure reciprocated with regard to Western learning by a large part of the Indian cultured world, even in the first era of more intimate contact. The Indians were lukewarm in the support of their own traditional culture, and their youth crowded the opening portals of Western learning. Was it a true hunger for mental sustenance, was it idle curiosity, greed for novelty, which affects even the staid and stoic East? or was it even less dignified — connected with the quest for clerical employment?

Enthusiasm for the learning of the conquerors is indeed a frequent phenomenon: as the East Indians were eager to learn English, so are the Filipinos; so the Negroes of North America and of the West Indies yearn for a literary education. Undoubtedly motives of a mixed nature are active in this matter; chief among them, however, being a desire for intellectual equality with the ruling race. In India, where the educational system was made the gateway to preferment in the native civil service, narrowly utilitarian methods and practices soon began to dominate. It is curious to consider the effects produced when a purely cultural factor — literary or artistic — is turned into an instrument for obtaining an extraneous advantage, when it is associated with a utility foreign to itself. In India, education came to be regarded, not as a development and an unfolding of the

mind, an adaptation to social environment and a fitting for social service, but as a condition to being employed by the government and earning a clerk's salary.

No system could have been more successfully devised for the intellectual emasculation of a race than this "introduction of the Eastern mind to the treasures of our literature and philosophy." Instead of training the power of observation in the bracing discipline of science, developing reason and judgment through social and historical investigation, and using literary studies for the nourishment of the critical and constructive faculties, Indian education has been made up mainly of learning by rote parts of an alien literature and half-understood summaries and abstracts. On account of the utilitarian character of the system, there has not even been an adequate or fruitful study of the classical and vernacular literature of India itself.

In brief, the net result achieved thus far, while the above methods were in use, has been to exaggerate certain native defects of the Indian intellect. Through pursuing dialectic and literary studies for ages, the Indian mind has become remarkably subtle, but also unused to direct observation, untrained in independent judgment, fond of wordy discussions, volatile, and unpractical. Thus by one of those strange paradoxes of which history is so fond, this system, introduced to liberate the Indian mind from the superstitions of a backward learning, has had the result of enslaving rather than setting free, of weakening rather than building up, the intellectual forces of India. At present its defenders and friends are few, but the effects produced will not soon be obliterated, though coming generations be better trained.

Looking now at the present situation of Indian intellectual life, without fur-

ther emphasis upon the harm directly caused by an unfortunate system, we note as one of its most striking, yet natural, indirect results, an unusual dissociation of the educated from the masses of the people. The educated world is of course everywhere in danger of losing its contact with the broader currents of human life and experience; but in India, where the learned class has been reared upon an alien culture, this detachment is especially noticeable. The intellectual leaders are not fully understood by their own people; in other words, those whose intellectual powers entitle them to leadership have received from their education little assistance toward making such leadership effective. The intimate ideas, images, and notions that appeal to the Indian masses are derived from the Vedas, the Puranas, Kalidasa, not from Burke, Hume, and J. S. Mill. The subject-matter of Indian education is alien, and not of such a nature as to give the minds trained in it that acknowledged and almost irresistible power, which a thoroughly adequate education would bestow. An Indian orator, who wishes to appeal to the masses, must unlearn his alien ideas and steep himself again in the native lore. We know the high motives which led to the establishment of Western learning in India; yet if a follower of Machiavellian statecraft had created the Indian government, he could not have devised a shrewder means of sterilizing natural leadership than by making intellectual culture *alien* and *literary*.

It may here be noted that the actual influence of the educated natives has often been overestimated by the European observer. Their command of the English language enables them to make themselves heard in the world. But, on the other hand, their alien training prevents them from being always the effective interpreters of what the three hundred millions of the In-

dian masses feel. It is this fact which makes it so difficult for an outsider to form an accurate judgment on Indian political conditions. He may listen to the sober and optimistic reports of the government, or to the contemptuous prejudices of the resident commercial Europeans and their press, or to the strident manifestoes and denunciations of the educated natives. Yet, how is he to form a correct view of the needs and feelings of the silent millions untouched by European culture, patient of conquerors, plodding and poor, but apt to move suddenly with the massive impact of a landslide or the tumultuous sweep of a typhoon? During the last few years, it is true, a great advance has been made in unifying the feelings and sentiments of all classes in India, and in making the leadership of the intellectual and educated more effective. But all the relations of public life in India still suffer from the dualism which has been pointed out.

But while the education in English has raised a wall between the learned and the masses, it has, on the other hand, exercised a unifying effect by giving India a common language; a language, it is true, which is used as their mother tongue by less than one-thousandth of the Indian population, and of which only a slightly larger portion of the natives have a good speaking knowledge; yet throughout the length and breadth of India, the educated classes can now be appealed to in this common vernacular. There has grown up an English native press, comprising some excellent, and numerous indifferent, periodicals and journals: and more than a thousand books are annually published in that language in India. It is the language of the lecture platform, and of the learned and political societies. The speeches in the Indian National Congress, in the general educational and social-reform congresses, are delivered not in Hindi

or Bengali or Tamil, but in English. That the growth of a feeling of national unity among the Indian people has been helped by this fact goes without saying; yet the influence is not deep or far-reaching enough to afford a basis for a true national regeneration, for that purpose a native vernacular would be needed.

There is no likelihood that English will become the language of the masses in India, or of any very considerable portion of the population. Nevertheless its status as a literary language of the educated is not without its importance. For one thing, it keeps these classes in touch with European public opinion, and while it arouses in them political aspirations, it also makes them feel wherein their own culture and civilization are defective. Thus it is the native leaders of opinion who are most strenuous in their advocacy of a reform in education, in their demand for scientific training.

English is the language of conscious reasoning, of reflected thought, in India. Though creative literary expression has been attempted in English by Indian writers, they have achieved only a moderate amount of success. They have not come within measurable distance of the creation of a true Anglo-Indian literature, which would express and interpret the inner movement of Indian life, the deeper motives and feelings of the Indian soul. The delightful poems of Toru Dutt, and Ramakrishna's *Tales of Ind* are, after all, exotic. It is but natural that English has not become the language of the heart — of fireside tales and love-songs; still, as an instrument of exposition, argumentation, and description, it is being employed with great aptitude by numerous Indian writers, some of whom occasionally attain the level of the ablest English expository essayists.

Though the critical doorkeepers of

even the better Indian reviews do not always succeed in shutting out articles of diffuse content and apprentice-like workmanship, a faithful reader of such periodicals as the *Hindustan Review*, the *Indian Magazine*, the *Indian World*, the *Modern Review*, *East and West*, will again and again be rewarded by some article of admirable clearness or true literary charm. This frequent mastery of a strong and nervous English style, which exacts an unflinching homage from those newly acquainted with Indian writing, is the one redeeming result of the educational system, as well as a proof of the adaptiveness of the Indian mind. The style of some of these writers would indeed satisfy the most exacting taste. Their diction is lucid and agreeable, their suggestions are subtle, their grasp of general ideas is impressive, their information wide and varied. They, however, often lack a sense of humor and a just appreciation of values, — which occasionally robs their writings of effectiveness to us.

The means of expression at the command of the Indian educated world are peculiar, in that they consist of a foreign language in which higher education is carried on, and in vernaculars which have but a short and meagre literary history. The older languages in which the treasures of Indian thought and expression repose, are still widely studied, and even employed as a medium for writing. Every year over five hundred Sanskrit books are published in India. Yet, however valuable as a language of classical scholarship, Sanskrit cannot be revived as a vernacular and adapted to the present literary needs of India.

History seems to point to Hindustani as the coming language of India, if, indeed, a common vernacular is finally to be adopted. This language is among the most lavishly endowed in existence. As English rests upon the solid substructure

of a sturdy Saxon speech, and has been enriched through Norman French with the treasures of the Latin language, so Hindustani is an idiom based upon Hindi, the popular tongue of Upper India, a vernacular derived from Sanskrit, to which has been added the wealth of Persian and Arabic diction. Both Hindi, in which the Sanskrit element predominates, and Urdu, rich in Persian ingredients, have a noteworthy literature; they converge in Hindustani, in which all this rich inheritance of speech — such is the hope of the lovers of this language — is to be preserved in a tongue subtle and strong, direct, delicate, and expressive, capable of supplying the literary needs of a great nation. A society has recently been formed at Benares (Nagri-Pracharini Sabha) for the purpose of fostering the historic study of Hindi, and of bringing to light earlier manuscripts of literary value.

The conscious effort to develop the literary possibilities of the vernacular languages is of recent origin. It is to a large extent due to the quickening of the Indian intelligence which followed upon the first contact with Western reform ideas in the earlier half of the past century. Of this movement the Brahmo-Somaj was the centre. The men whose mental horizon had been widened by the new ideas, looked, for a medium to communicate the thought that was burning within them, to larger circles of their fellow men. The vernaculars — thus far used chiefly for oral communication — had been employed to a certain extent in poetic expression, but not in serious discussion in written prose. Rammohun Roy, one of the strongest advocates of Western learning and education, at the same time did pioneer service in making of Bengali a literary language. He took the initiative in creating a vernacular press in India. The impulse given by him was quickened by the great scholars Ishwar,

Ch. Vidyasagar and A. K. Dutt, who are generally considered as the real founders of Bengali prose.

Modern vernacular literature thus bears a strong imprint of Western, especially English, models and ideas; it is a reflex result of English education. The dialects of Bengali, Marathi, Urdu, and Hindi, have especially shared in this development. The best known novelist of modern India, Bankim Chandra Chatterji, as well as the poet Rabindra Nath Tagore, and the dramatist Dinabandhu, used Bengali; Tulsi Das, whose works have passed through hundreds of editions, wrote in Hindi; while the Urdu side of Hindustani boasts as leaders of its literary expression the court poets Munshi Ameer Ahmed *Ameer* and Nawab Mirza Khan *Dagh*, in whom lived the traditions of Persian song. Dinabandhu's tragedy, *Nil Darpan*, a counterpiece to Dekker's *Max Havelaar*, is strongly influenced by Western literary forms, though its subject-matter is Indian — the woes and sufferings of peasant existence. The romances of Bankim were inspired by Sir Walter Scott, though the materials from which they are wrought are Indian thought, tradition, and social convention. Such books as *Durgesa-Nandini*, *Kapāla Kundalā*, *Chandra Shekar*, and *The Poison Tree*, afford an interesting survey of Indian life, traditions, and social ideals. From the point of view of art, their style is so simple and their thought so naïve as to give them an almost archaic flavor.

Bankim's books, *Ananda Math* and *Devi Chau Dhurani*, have become factors in the present unrest in India. The former, a story of a conspiracy to drive out the early English conquerors, contains the original of the national hymn, *Bande Mataram*. The romantic view of Indian history contained in these books has had a powerful influence in arousing the national

spirit of India. The relation is not unlike that of early nineteenth-century romanticism to the development of German national life. So strong are the feelings that have been stirred up by these books that the government has been on the verge of forbidding their further publication as seditious, though they were written forty years ago.

Among the activities which radiate from the centres of Indian intellectual life, scientific research is the most slender and fitful. The apparatus of scientific scholarship is almost entirely lacking. The present resources of India are so poor that it has not been possible to establish well-furnished laboratories or even libraries. There is scarcely a high school in the larger cities of the United States which has not a better scientific equipment than can be found at any Indian institution of learning, with one or two exceptions. In all Bengal there are only two or three professors who have been encouraged and placed in a position to do research-work. While in Japan many hundreds of students engage in advanced research, Bengal cannot muster more than a score. Recently a wealthy Parsee, Mr. Tata, following in the footsteps of our own Carnegie, gave some million rupees for the foundation of a scientific institute in Bombay. On a smaller scale, a number of technical schools and scientific institutes have been founded, among them the memorial to Sir Amar Singh, established last year by his brother the Maharajah of Kashmir, at Srinagar. Thus what formerly would have been the occasion for the erection of some merely ostentatious monument, is now transformed into an aid toward higher national efficiency.

Native educational reformers are fully alive to the need of India for scientific research and training. Thus the Mohammedan college at Aligarh (Koil) combines a thorough scientific

education with the study of the Islamite culture. The projects for a national Hindu university, in every case, include provisions for advanced courses in the natural sciences. The government, too, is beginning to give heed to these demands. It has established a few research scholarships, and seems inclined to give a more scientific turn to education. Yet many Anglo-Indians harbor a strong sentiment against letting the natives share in the scientific command over the forces of nature.

The scientific investigation of historic facts, so closely allied to the method of the natural sciences, has also received little encouragement in India. The Oriental mind is not predisposed to historic studies. True, the past appears all-important, but it is a static past, the age of some great reformer or religious leader, the past as enshrined in the sacred books. Or again, it is the past as idealized in the romantic fiction of a Bankim. As a development of which the present is the natural outcome, and through which alone it can be understood, history has lacked votaries in the East, although the evolutionary conception is clearly enough contained in Buddhist thought. Historic consciousness is one of the most striking characteristics of Western civilization, more especially of Western nationalism.

Among Oriental peoples, it is Japan alone, with its nationalistic spirit, that has anything approaching the Western conception of history. Moreover, special difficulties and discouragements confront the student of Indian history. The documentary records are unreliable and fragmentary. The continuous series of chronicles, charters, and law-books, which give a solid foundation to Western historic scholarship, as well as the cultural background provided by the Greek and Roman historians, are lacking in India. A satisfactory tracing in detail of the movements of Indian

history is thus rendered almost impossible. There is a great uncertainty about dates and localities, and, although antiquarian details may be agreeable to some minds, there is no powerful fascination in investigations and controversies confined to such matters, with only a remote chance of satisfactory determination.

The deep interest of the more recent development of India has indeed inspired the labors of such men as Romesh C. Dutt (*Economic History of India*), and Pramatha N. Bose (*Hindu Civilization during British Rule*); moreover, with the awakening of a sense of Indian nationality, historic research is being enlivened and roused to greater effort. Little enough encouragement has come from the schools. History is taught, in a cut-and-dried fashion, from outlines and manuals which are mechanically memorized, though only half-understood. In some of the universities it is even possible to take honors in history without having received any university training in Indian history at all.

More has been accomplished on the side of literary history and criticism. The most original and powerful of Indian scholars, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar and Rajendra Lal Mitra, gave their chief attention to such studies. These men exemplify in their intellectual life the best results of the contact between East and West. With their intelligence quickened and their mind enriched by Western learning, they remained true to their native culture, which they studied from a new point of view. The name, Vidyasagar, — Ocean of Learning, a *nom de guerre*, or might we say *nom de savoir*, like the titles bestowed on great mediæval teachers, — was conferred on its holder by his *alma mater*. With a head resembling that of Esopus as pictured by the Greek sculptor, this Indian scholar, versed in

all the classic lore of his country, was no less deeply interested in the broad currents of humanity than was the Greek fabulist, nor was he entirely without the other's sense of humor. He found time to become a leader in social-reform movements and to do for the Bengali dialect what Luther had done for his Saxon tongue. Rajendra Lal Mitra, a man of superb bearing, a sinewy and erect body crowned with a leonine head, a man moreover of proud, unbending spirit, was perhaps the greatest Indian scholar and critic of the nineteenth century,—from our point of view at least.

Among the intellectual leaders of New India none have attracted more attention with us in the West than the religious and social reformers. Not only are the expressions of religious sentiment in the Orient in themselves deeply significant to us, but in this case our interest has been intensified because we have believed that we were witnessing an essential modification of Oriental thought consequent upon the contact with Western Christianity. That the Brahmo-Somaj movement was actually inspired by, and received its guiding impulse from, contact with the scientific West, is of course evident; but it is a more doubtful question how far the monotheism of Christianity exerted a distinctive and definite influence, although the Indian rationalist movement is full of assonances to Christian thought in its Unitarian form. The three sects into which the Brahmo-Somaj is now divided, together have less than five thousand members. They are indeed congregations of highly intellectual and *spiritual* people, to be compared with bodies like the old Positivist Society of London. But the movement has nothing of the passionate sweep of a religious reformation. Though its ideas have exerted a great influence upon the thoughtful men of

India, yet on the vast surface of the sea of the Indian masses they have produced but a slight ripple. Their real importance must be sought in a powerful liberalizing impetus to Indian thought.

More representative of the older religious spirit of India are the followers of Ramakrishna, among whom the recently deceased Vivekananda was the most engaging figure. He received an English education, and had early in life been attracted by Brahmoism, though he became estranged from that movement through what he called its lack in spiritual depth. In these men the older traditions of Indian religious life were dominant. They withdrew from the world for meditation, they clung to the Vedas as revealed, they rested satisfied with the old philosophy of India. But they saw it with new eyes, they called for a stronger expression of personality, a more active devotion, to use a current word, they were more pragmatic than the older religious teachers of India had been. In this practical tendency the contact with Western civilization made itself felt rather than in the philosophic form of their thought. In the words of Vivekananda, "The best guide in life is strength. In religion, as in everything else, discard everything that weakens you, have nothing to do with it. All mystery-mongering weakens the human brain." Language such as this, which might have proceeded from so radical an energist as Nietzsche, shows how little the vulgar wonders of "theosophy" have in common with the truly important philosophical and religious movements in India. Theosophy, far from discovering for us the light of Asia, deals preferably with half-understood mystic elements, which the leaders of Indian thought look upon as remnants of a darker age now happily outgrown, and never in accord with the true light of Asian thought.

Religious beliefs are in India so closely bound up with social observances and institutions that the one cannot be modified without directly involving the other. As the organization of the family and of the castes rests upon religious authority, any change in the customs of marriage, family property, and inheritance, inevitably conflicts with some accepted socio-religious dogma, toward maintaining which intact all the conservative forces of society coöperate. The liberalizing of religious belief, and the unfettering of social action, are therefore in India usually two aspects of the same movement: to rationalize religion and to secure a more endurable existence for widows have been purposes constantly allied in practice. Without exception, all religious reformers have been propagandists of social freedom as well — though differing in degree as to the amount of social liberty to be striven for. Vivekananda and his associates, dwelling on the spiritual side of religion, and conservatives in temper, do not expect much from mechanical reform. But Vivekananda himself specifically insisted upon freedom of travel and of diet, and condemned the spirit of all trammeling conventions. Ambitious proposals for new institutional forms of society he encountered with less assurance. The work of the *Somajes* tends toward social reform in a preëminent degree. Even the conservative *Arya Somaj* favors the remarriage of widows and similar reforms of family law. The *Brahmos* wage direct war against the entire caste-system, and it is they who form the real centre for social-reform agitation.

Problems of social life are everywhere interrelated with matters of politics, but in India this connection is especially close; the various fields of human activity have in that country not yet been differentiated as they have been in the West, and the mas-

ter fact — an alien political dominance — gives a peculiar coloring to all national problems. In recent years political questions have more and more overshadowed all other considerations, and the leaders of native thought have entirely concentrated their attention on political action. In religious and social reform they encounter the sullen indifference of the uneducated masses. They well-nigh despair of accomplishing a regeneration of India in that direction. The social reformers are virtually occupying the same position as that taken by Rammohun Roy seventy-five years ago; they have indeed made progress in securing adherents as well as practical results, but they have not as yet reached the masses of India directly. One of the chief effects of literary education in India is the development of a spirit of skepticism, a questioning of authority. This questioning was at first directed against the authority of native custom and religion. At present it is directed more and more against the authority of the alien government. It is not strange that the Indian youth should apply Edmund Burke's invectives against tyranny to political conditions in India; they are less prone, however, to emulate his sage conservatism.

It would be misleading to attribute the present "unrest" in India to a superficial stirring up of the people by irresponsible agitators. On the contrary, the whole impact of the strain of the attempted adjustment between the old and the new, the East and the West, has now become concentrated upon political relations, and all the latent dissatisfaction of a vast society, poor and dependent, is seeking a vent in political agitation. No police action, no methods of repression, can solve this difficulty; the danger of a catastrophe can be avoided only by far-seeing and statesmanlike action which will create a satisfactory basis for permanent relations

of confidence and mutual respect, combining the maintenance of British authority with proper concessions to the dignity of Indian national life.

As yet the depths of native life have not been stirred, but signs are plentiful that the patient masses may before long be drawn into the political whirlpool. The intellectual leaders of India have gradually come to the conclusion that their leadership is exposed to sterility on account of the lack of a broad, popular following. They may write and talk to their hearts' content, but their hearers will be only themselves — already persuaded to satiety. Real power over the destinies of their country is denied them by the organization into which Indian political life has been cast through the conquest. They have therefore concluded that all other considerations must be postponed in favor of a crusade for more power in the hands of the native leaders. They are willing to "let up" in their attacks upon native abuse in order to secure the encouraging support and solid backing of their less enlightened fellow subjects. Thus the ardor for social reform wanes, while political excitement is fanned to a white heat.

In a country where the opportunities for exercising a direct influence upon the political destinies of the people are so limited, it is natural that extra-governmental centres and organizations should be created for the discussion and agitation of national policies. Of this nature are the National Congress and the various provincial assemblies, as well as minor clubs and meetings. The entire literary and social life of India has in fact taken on a political tinge. Whenever Indians meet in larger or smaller numbers for the discussion of religion, industry, social reform, or education, they invariably discuss political matters. Thus the platform of such congresses has afforded a great oppor-

tunity for achieving a certain amount of national prominence. It is unfortunate for India that this kind of leadership is generally without any regular connection with actual public affairs, that it is not tested in practical administration, as is the political leadership in most other countries. Yet the men who have thus obtained prominence are in many respects worthy of the confidence which has been reposed in them. Their chief weakness has been their national love of generalization, accentuated by lack of training in the responsible conduct of public affairs. The process of meeting year after year to pass the same resolutions and to express the same sentiments, would have cooled the ardor of a less idealistic race; but the leaders of India, undaunted by the present barrenness of their labors, have confidently looked to a more propitious future when the seed they have been sowing shall have grown into fruit. In the words of Ghokale, — "It is for us to serve our country with our failures, it will be for future generations to serve her with their successes."

Yet at present a more impatient mood has seized the Indian world. The British system, with all the fair viceregal promises, has appeared to the natives more and more unyielding and supercilious. So there has arisen a group of violent agitators not satisfied with the methods of intellectual propaganda to which such men as Mehta and Ghokale have adhered. These newer men lack all steadying training, they base their action on abstract opinions without regard to the intricate and delicately adjusted facts upon which the Indian system rests, and their agitation is considered even by Indians as endangering the normal evolution of Indian political life. And yet the existence of such radical and unscrupulous agitators is a direct result of the fruitlessness of the conservative reform movement. The

leaders of Indian thought have come to feel keenly their lack of the power of positive action; they know that so long as the people remain inert, their congresses may go on meeting year after year, passing the same insistent resolutions, without having as much effect on the government of India as the articles in an English provincial paper. The popular support so essential to a political movement, and through which alone they could bring pressure to bear upon the Indian government, seems denied them so long as they confine their efforts to congressional discussions, to lectures before educated audiences, and to social reform. The masses care not for social reform, nor for political disquisitions. Agitators are needed to stir them up; and we may well imagine that the arguments used by such persons will be more directly *ad hominem* than those contained in Mill on *Representative Government*.

It is a great misfortune to India that her true leaders are unable to reach the masses with the ideals by which they themselves are inspired, while irresponsible agitators are appealing to motives which in turn may arouse forces beyond the control both of the leaders themselves and of the government. That this system should result in a feeling on the part of Anglo-Indians which at times approaches panic, is very easily explainable. The materials dealt with, while ordinarily dormant, are nevertheless extremely explosive.

The present situation in India illustrates some of the unfortunate results of the political dependence of a civil-

ized people. Not only politically, but also in economic matters, India is kept in a state of dependence on the metropole. But the most hopeless feature of the situation is that the men who would naturally be leaders in government and enterprise, find themselves excluded from opportunities for exercising legitimate power in their own country. Such a decapitation of an entire people is a great sacrifice to impose, even in return for the blessings of peace and an efficient policing of the country. The continuance of this policy would mean either the total destruction and degradation of Indian national life, or the end of the British *raj*. The policy of exclusiveness exercises an unfavorable influence on the civil service itself, in that, while a lower type of intelligence — a merely clerical faculty — is encouraged among the native officials, yet these inferior men, being of the soil and knowing local conditions, will necessarily have a great influence in fixing the character of the entire service and the quality of its work. The encouragement of higher types of ability through a greater liberality in official appointments would thus vitalize the service and strengthen its contact with the real forces of Indian life. Yet from the point of view of national destiny, the above considerations are of less importance than the tendency which is thus described by Mr Ghokale: "A kind of dwarfing or stunting of the Indian race is going on under the present system. We must live all our life in an atmosphere of inferiority, and the tallest among us must bend in order that the exigencies of the system be satisfied."

WHAT ROAD GOETH HE?

BY F. J. LOURIET

A SMOKY lantern, suspended from the roof by a piece of spun-yarn, described intricate curves in the obscurity of the forecandle. Black chasms gaped on every side. Oilskins and sodden clothing slapped against the walls. The air was impure, saturated with moisture, and vibrant with the muffled roar of the storm outside. A thin sheet of water washed over the floor as the ship rolled.

A sea-chest broke from its lashings, and carried away to leeward. The deck rose, and the chest slipped aft, amid a raffle of wet boots and sou'westers; it sank, and the heavy chest shot forward across the slippery floor, to fetch up sharply against one of the bunks. Again the ship rolled, and the chest glided to leeward. Mutterings came from the chasms, and pale faces, distorted with yawns, appeared above the bunk boards. The owner of the chest awoke and crept stiffly from his bunk; the ship rolled, the water splashed about his feet, and the chest swooped toward him. He made it fast and climbed into his bunk again without drying his feet. The faces had disappeared. The ship rose and fell, the lantern swung, the hanging clothes bulged and flattened and bulged again; gloomy shadows wavered and seemed ever threatening to advance from the walls. The sound of the storm outside was dull and persistent.

Boom! A solemn stroke of the bell on the forecandle-head woke one of the sleepers. He sat up, expectant, for a moment, and then sank back. As he

did so the door slid open, the storm belled as a man stepped through, and was deadened again as he forced the door to behind him. He vanished into the starboard forecandle, and reappeared with a short pipe that gurgled as he smoked. He seated himself on a chest, and the man who had awakened looked down on him.

"What time is it?" he asked.

The smoker looked up. "That you, Bill? It's gone six bells."

The other grumbled. "I heard one bell from the fo'c's'le-head."

"She rolled bad just now. Told the bell herself."

"Humph!" said the man in the bunk thoughtfully.

"Shut up!" called a voice. "I want to sleep."

Bill lowered his voice. "How's the weather?" he inquired, looking down anxiously at the smoker's glistening oilskins.

"Heavy. The Old Man hain't left the deck for a minute."

After that the man in the bunk could not sleep again. He heard the other leave the forecandle, and swear as the flying spray struck his face; he heard a great body of water come over the bows and wash aft; he heard the heavy breathing about him. He lay in his clothing (it was wet and his blankets were wet — "Warm wet, anyhow," he thought), and shivered at the sound of the water washing about in the darkness below him, and at the thought of the weather outside. He counted the minutes grudgingly, and lay dreading

the sound of the opening door. Wide-eyed, he watched the lantern swinging in the gloom, the pendulous clothing on the wall, the starting shadows, until some one beat frantically on the door, and, staggering into the forecastle, turned up the light and called the watch.

"A-a-a-ll hands! Eight bells there! D' ye hear the news, you port watch? Eight bells there!"

Men stirred and yawned. Tired men kicked off blankets and sat up, swearing. Cramped men eased themselves from their bunks, and pulled on sodden boots. They stumbled about the heaving deck, cursing their cold oilskins, cursing the ship, cursing the sea.

"Come, shake a leg, bullies!" continued the inexorable voice. "Weather bad an' goin' to be worse! Get a move on you, or the mate 'll be for'ard with a belayin'-pin!"

"Anything up?" inquired one.

"Heard the Old Man tell the mate to take in the fore-lower tops'l."

Thereupon they fell anew to cursing the captain, his seamanship, and, above all, his want of knowledge of the weather.

The watch went out into the tumult of the night, out into a chaos of smashing seas and howling wind, out into a furious abyss of darkness and uproar.

They collided blindly with other men; they called out angrily. Great seas crashed over the bulwarks and smothered them; invisible torrents poured off the forecastle-head and washed aft, beating them down, stunning them. From somewhere out of the darkness came the voice of the mate, bawling orders. They felt for the clewlines, making the most of the intervals between the boarding seas. High above them they knew a man was making his way aloft in the darkness to ease up the chain sheets. They hauled and swore, arching their backs against the seas that tore at

their gripping fingers and washed their feet from under them. And always the mate's voice sounded, cheerful, threatening, dauntless. Then up into the black night, ratline by ratline, panting, clutching, and clumping; out upon the invisible yard, along invisible footropes, grasping invisible jack-stays; swaying in the darkness, spat upon by the storm, beating the stiff canvas with bleeding hands; unheeding the tumult of the sea, the pounding wind, the lurching yard; with no thought save for the mate's voice below, and the lashing canvas under their hands. From the foretop, as they descended, they looked far down on the narrow hull, rolling, pitching, and shivering, beneath them. Out from the darkness pale seas rushed, roaring, toward the ship; and, roaring, passed to leeward. Seething masses of water rose over the bows, smashed down on the deck, and surged aft, forward, and over the side. Hissing foam creamed about the lee chains; vicious rain-squalls drove across the flooded decks; the cold was penetrating.

In the empty forecastle the lantern swung, the shadows rose and crouched, the voice of the storm sounded deep and steady. Ends of blankets dangled from the deserted bunks and flicked at the murmuring water on the floor. The deck soared and swooped, soared and swooped, minute after minute, hour after hour, and still the lantern swung, and the shadows moved and waited.

The door slid back, the storm belowered, and three men staggered into the forecastle, bearing another. They laid him awkwardly in one of the lower bunks, and stood for a moment looking down at him. The ship rolled, and the shadows on the wall started as if they, too, would gather around that gloomy berth. Again the deck dropped, the shadows retreated, and the three men turned and left the forecastle.

The man in the bunk lay inert, as they had left him. His body sagged lumpishly to the roll of the ship. A dark stain appeared and spread slowly on the thin pillow.

A little later another man entered. He came to the edge of the bunk, and gazed for a few minutes, then deliberately removed his dripping oilskin coat and sou'wester. The man in the bunk began to moan, and the other leaned over him. The moans continued, and the watcher sat down on a chest beside the bunk. Soon the sufferer's eyes opened and he spoke.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Lie quiet, Bill," the other cautioned. "It's gone six bells."

"My head hurts," complained Bill. He tried to raise it, and moaned a little.

The elder man placed a hand gently on his shoulder. "Don't you worry," he said. "You got hurted a little when the spar carried away. That's all."

"Spar!" repeated Bill, and pondered "What watch is it?"

"Middle watch."

"I thought I been on deck," said Bill "It was blowin'." His hands were groping about. "Who bandaged my head?"

"Theseward. They carried ye down into the cabin, first. Want a drink, Bill?"

Bill assented, and the other, bracing himself against the chest, lifted the injured man's head slightly and he drank.

"I may as well go to sleep," he said, and closed his eyes. Instantly he reopened them. "Why ain't you on deck, Jansen?" he asked.

"The Old Man sent me in to sit by you." Jansen fingered his long gray beard, and the bright eyes under the shaggy brows blinked uneasily. "You see, it's this way, Bill. You was hurt, an' the Old Man thought mebbe you'd want something." He looked at the swinging lantern as if seeking inspir-

ation. "Anything I can do for ye, Bill?" he asked at last

The other stirred "I can't move me legs," he complained.

"Mebbe the spar hurt your back a little," suggested Jansen timidly. "You remember, don't ye, Bill?"

Again the injured man pondered. "Me back's broke?" he said finally, and Jansen nodded.

"Me back's broke, an' me head's broke," Bill went on, "an' there's a pain in me side like Dago knives."

"D' ye want another drink?" asked Jansen.

"It's eight bells, an' my watch below for me," said Bill; and again Jansen nodded.

Silence fell. The muffled roar of the storm, the plunging forecastle, the waiting man on the chest, the dim light, the swinging lantern, the pendulous clothing, and the shadows, all seemed accessory to the great event about to take place.

"The pain in me side is awful!" groaned Bill, and Jansen shivered.

"The Old Man said he'd come forward as soon as he could leave the poop," he said, as if hoping there might be comfort in the thought.

"I don't need him," gasped the sufferer. "I'm goin', I think."

Old Jansen folded his hands, and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then he leaned forward. "Is—is there anybody ashore you'd want me to write to?" he asked.

"No," answered Bill between his moans. "Memother's dead, an' there's nobody else that matters. I never was no good to any of 'em."

After a time the moans ceased. A great sea boomed on the deck outside, and washed aft. The lantern swung violently, and the ship's bell tolled. Jansen looked into the bunk; Bill's eyes were fixed on him.

"I want to ask you, Jansen," he said

in a low voice. "D' ye think there is any chance for me?"

The other hesitated. "I — I'm afraid not," he stammered.

"I don't mean a chance to live," explained Bill. "I mean, d' ye think I've got to go to hell?"

Jansen's tone grew positive. "No," he said, "I don't."

"I wisht there was a parson here," muttered the man in the bunk. "There used to be a old chap that come regular to the Sailors' Home — gray whiskers, he had, an' a long coat — I wisht he was here. He'd tell me"

The man on the chest listened, his elbows on his knees, his head on his hands.

"I shook hands with him many a time," continued Bill. "He'd tell me—"

Jansen started, and looked up. His bright, deep-set eyes had taken on a look intent, glowing.

"Shall I read to ye a bit?" he asked. "I've got a book — it might strike ye — now."

"All right," said Bill indifferently.

The old man crossed the forecabin, opened his chest, and, delving deep into its contents, brought forth a small, thin book.

It had seen much usage; the binding was broken, the leaves were stained and torn. The old man handled it tenderly. He held it high before him that the light from the swinging lantern might fall upon the text, and read stumblingly, pausing when the light swung too far from him, and making grotesque blunders over some of the long words.

"What is that book?" asked Bill after a time. "It ain't the Bible?"

"No," said Jansen. "It ain't the Bible."

"Then who is it says them things?" demanded Bill. "He talks like he was Everything."

Jansen lowered the book "I don't exactly understand what they call him," he answered, "they give him so many names. But I reckon nobody but God talks like that, whatever they call him."

"Where did you get it? the book, I mean," persisted Bill.

"I was cleanin' out a passenger's cabin, two voyages back, an' I found it under the bunk. I've been readin' it ever since. It's all full o' strange, forin names, worse 'n the ones in the Bible."

"Well, neither of 'em stands to help me much," commented Bill. "I ain't never been good I've been a sailor-man. That book" — he broke off to groan as the ship rolled heavily, but resumed — "that book says same as the Bible, that a man's got to be pious an' do good an' have faith, an' all that, else he don't have no show at all."

"Listen!" said Jansen. He turned the pages, and read a few lines as impressively as he could.

"That sounds easy," said Bill. "But I ought to ha' knowed about that before. It's no good desirin' anything now. It's too late. He'd know I was doin' it just to save my own skin — my soul, I mean."

"Bill," said Jansen, "I'm goin' to ask you something." He closed the little book over one finger, and leaned towards the bunk. "Do you remember how you come to be hurted this way?"

"The spare spar that was lashed to starboard fetched loose, an' I tried to stop it," answered Bill readily. "I see it comin'."

"Why did you try to stop it?"

"Well, a big sea had just washed the Old Man down in the lee scuppers, an' if the spar had struck him it would ha' killed him."

"It's killed you, Bill," said Jansen. "Did n't you think o' that?"

"Me!" exclaimed Bill scornfully. "Who's me?"

"But why did you want to save his life?" insisted Jansen.

"The ship 'ud stand a likely chance in a blow like this without a skipper, would n't she?"

"Then you thought —"

"Thought nothin'! There was no time to think. I see the spar comin' an' I says, 'Blazes! That'll kill the skipper!' an' I tried to stop it."

"You ain't sorry you did it?"

"Sorry nothin'. What's done's done."

"See here, Bill," said old Jansen earnestly. "I'll tell you what you did. You did your duty! An' you laid down your life for another. You saved the captain's life, an' mebbe the ship, an' all our lives through him. An' you did it without thought o' reward. Don't you s'pose you'll get a little credit for that?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Bill. He lay silent for a minute. "Read that again," he requested.

Old Jansen did so, and after a pause he added, "Now, if I was you I would n't worry no more about hell. Just make your mind as easy as you can. That's a better way to go."

"I've got that," said Bill. "It's all right. Go on; read to me some more."

Jansen lifted the book and resumed his reading. He turned the pages frequently, choosing passages with which he was familiar. The other moaned at intervals. With every roll of the ship, water plashed faintly underneath the bunks. The lantern swung unwearied, and sodden clothing slapped against the walls. Dark shadows rose and stooped and rose again as if longing and afraid to peer into the narrow berth. The sound of the storm outside was grave and insistent.

The reader came to the end of a passage, and laid the book on his knee. Suddenly he realized that the moans had ceased. He leaned over and looked at the man in the bunk. He was dead.

Old Jansen sat motionless, deep in thought. At length he reopened the little book, and read once more the lines which he had already repeated at the dying man's request:—

He is not lost, thou son of Pithâ! No!
Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
Because no heart that holds one right desire
Treadeth the road of loss!

He closed the book and again meditated. Later he rose, replaced the book in his chest, drew the dead man's blanket over his face, and went out on deck.

THE FUTURE OF HIGH FINANCE

BY ALEXANDER D NOYES

I

IN the numerous reflections and comments evoked by the death of Edward H. Harriman, the consideration to which the interest of the community was chiefly directed was the effect on what might be called the politics of the railway and Stock-Exchange situation, of the removal of so conspicuous a figure in both fields. The death of a reigning sovereign, of a military conqueror, of a statesman dominant in the realm of international diplomacy, is followed by a hasty survey of the situation as it existed before his death, and as it is likely to shape itself afterward. Study and inquiry address themselves to determining how much of that situation had been the outcome of natural causes, how much the artificial creation of a single powerful will and personality, and how much the temporary result of compromise or intrigue. When operations of such magnitude have been conducted by one man, and by a man of powerful will and dictatorial temper, the scope of inquiry is very similar.

The question whether the situation in regard to the mutual relations of the powerful railway corporations and the groups of financiers who control them, can remain what it was before, is canvassed eagerly, and in Wall Street anxiously. With popular interest focused so intensely on this consideration, the larger question, what the career of the departed financier signifies to the financial history and financial tendencies of the day, is slower in receiving consid-

eration. It is this latter question which I shall discuss in the present article.

Before entering on that general discussion, however, it will be necessary to see exactly what was the situation which existed at Harriman's death, and was largely brought about through his personal energies. Harriman became a conspicuous figure on the financial stage unusually late in life. His opportunity came with the railway bankruptcies of 1893, the era of reconstruction which ensued, and the country's extraordinarily sudden industrial revival. In 1893 and the two succeeding years, one-fourth of the country's railway capitalization had passed into receivers' hands. Here was at once the opening for the constructive and operating genius which is Harriman's most honorable title to renown. With the abrupt return of American prosperity, and with the increased traffic, easy credit, and seemingly limitless facilities for capital, there came the opening for the far-reaching ambitions, the bold experiments with capital, and the mastery of other financial interests, with which his career is chiefly associated in the public mind.

Acting at first merely as agent for an immensely wealthy group of capitalists commonly known as the "Standard Oil clique," who were casting about, in the heap of prostrate corporations, for an inviting field of investment, Harriman undertook to reconstruct the bankrupt Union Pacific property. His achievement in setting it physically and financially on its feet was unques-

tionably brilliant. It is possible that his personal part in the successful undertaking may have been exaggerated, later on, in the public mind; for the change in underlying conditions of the country traversed by that railway was fundamental, and it is greatly to be doubted if any human being could have foreseen them.

Harriman himself, in 1896, cannot possibly be said to have reckoned on them. Nevertheless, in this windfall of good fortune Harriman took his chance; and the credit usually awarded by the world to a great experiment which succeeds even better than its author had imagined, rightly belongs to him. His genius in practical railway administration has been acknowledged by all competent critics. For mastery of the problems of developing and utilizing such new traffic resources as presented themselves, and for judgment in the still more exacting questions of the extent to which the surplus profits of a year should be reinvested in the property, he stands undoubtedly in the first rank of our Captains of Industry.

II

All this had in very large measure been achieved before Harriman began to cut a figure in the grand strategy of American finance. That later phase of his career began in the period which we nowadays chiefly associate with the monstrous "promotion mania" of 1901. Purchase of the parallel Southern Pacific Railway, through money raised on Union Pacific bonds, was his first spectacular achievement. Relatively speaking, it was a wise and prudent measure. The Southern Pacific owned the Central Pacific Railway, which, ever since 1866, had been the direct connecting link between the Union Pacific's mainline western terminus in Utah, and the Pacific coast. To acquire the Central

Pacific and thus complete a logical east-and-west through line from the Missouri River to the coast, it was necessary to do what Harriman did, early in 1901, and buy up Southern Pacific itself.

But the ease with which this \$75,000,000 purchase was effected, in the extraordinarily favorable money and investment markets of the year, stimulated imagination and ambition. When the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, against Harriman's protest, bought the \$110,000,000 Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, without inviting Union Pacific to participate in the "deal," Harriman set out audaciously to buy control of the \$155,000,000 Northern Pacific property itself. In the contest with the Hill-Morgan interests for control, he actually raised on Union Pacific's notes secured by unissued treasury securities, money enough to buy \$78,000,000 of the stock.

Eventually he was beaten in this second undertaking to capture a rival railway; but the readiness with which the money market had equipped him for the venture served only to increase his ambition and his daring. Selling for cash, in the open market, the holdings in Northern Pacific which had failed to give control, and borrowing \$75,000,000 additional capital on the notes of Union Pacific, Harriman went to work, in 1906, to buy up stock in from half a dozen to a dozen other railway systems, some of them on the Atlantic coast and hundreds of miles away from Union Pacific's terminus. The notes were subsequently funded into permanent securities, and there seemed no limit to the process.

His dominating will, and perhaps even more the fear of what he would do next with his Fortunatus purse, made him, even where Union Pacific had secured but a small minority of the stock of these railways, a controlling power

in their affairs. It now became possible for Wall Street to declare that Harriman was the personal dictator of seventy-five thousand miles of railroad, — one-third of the total mileage in this country, — besides having a dominant voice in the management of four ocean-steamship lines, two trust companies, and three banks. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in an official report, declared that, had he acquired the Northern Pacific also, it "would have subjected to a common will and policy nearly one-half of the territory of the United States." His counsel, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, endeavoring in 1907 to suppress certain hostile activities in the shareholders' meeting of a smaller Harriman corporation, soothingly pointed out that Harriman "moves in a world into which we may not enter." He aspired to control the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and had the boldness, on the heels of the scandals of 1905, when Hyde had sold his majority interest in the Equitable stock to Ryan, to say to the latter, "I will take half your stock; I don't know what it cost, nor care."

To this extraordinary power over railway finance and the money market, Wall Street added implicit belief in Harriman as a Stock-Exchange speculator on an extensive scale. Achievements in that field are naturally not spread on the record as are exploits in railway financiering. Even Congressional committees have been slow in unearthing such particulars since the famous cross-questioning of Jay Gould on the witness-stand, thirty or forty years ago. But Wall Street has its own way of learning facts in matters of this sort, even when it cannot produce the legal proof; and a conviction amounting to certainty existed that in 1906, when \$131,000,000 of Union Pacific's treasury funds were being tossed into purchase of railway shares on the Stock

Exchange, Harriman and his Union Pacific associates were speculating heavily on their own account. In 1908, when daring Stock-Exchange speculations were conducted on the basis of the country's recovery from panic, not only Wall Street, but the European markets, openly ascribed the personal initiative to Harriman. A "Harriman market," indeed, became a familiar term to describe a great stock speculation marked by particular qualities of audacity, dash, and sudden realizing sales.

III

What would become of this extraordinary "personal control" of the country's railways, banks, and steamship lines, was now the first question to be asked. It has already been in some part answered. Jay Gould in 1880 was described as controlling every trans-continental railway line, except two minor roads west of the Missouri River; but his heirs to-day have no important interest in any of them. The reason was that Gould's possession was based on such power over other men as enabled him to group and manage numbers of separate owners of large blocks of the shares of the properties in question. His death ended the pact; new combinations were created, and except for three or four less important properties, the "Gould system" became a thing of the past in railway finance.

It is wholly probable that the "Harriman system" will similarly dissolve into something like its original elements—indeed, so far as regards the acquisitions of 1906, the dissolution process has already begun. The Union Pacific itself has chosen a close associate of Harriman's to succeed him as its president, and the Baltimore and Ohio and the Illinois Central, captured by Harriman in 1906 and 1907, have replaced him in their boards by a "Har-

riman man." But the New York Central, the Pacific Coast Company, and the Western Union, on all of whose directing boards Harriman had been a conspicuous figure, have elected men of other affiliations to occupy the vacant chair; and the National City Bank has chosen a partner in the house of Morgan to fill Harriman's place in its directory. How much further the railway combinations, built up under Harriman's personal régime, are destined to fall apart, is a matter for the future. The probability of continued disintegration is not diminished by the fact that pressure, both of indignant public opinion and of threatened legislation and litigation, points to the forced separation of the Union Pacific Railway from some at least of the \$200,000,000 other railway stocks which it still holds in its treasury.

IV

Such dissolution of a railway empire is in accordance with experience; it is also an altogether reassuring fact. But it does not by any means settle the larger question, to what extent the career of Harriman does or does not mark out the nature of our financial history in the years ahead of us. I have thus far restricted my review of the situation to that part of it wherein Harriman individually played a part. But, as every one conversant with our recent financial history is aware, the movement to bring great American enterprises and industries under the control of a single group of men had a very much larger scope than the Harriman undertakings.

Harriman's scheme of personal control may, indeed, be described as an alternative expedient, adopted when another and different scheme, with the same objective point, had apparently broken down. In 1900 and 1901, it was

the "holding company" which was to serve the purpose. The "billion-dollar Steel Corporation" of 1901 was such a holding company; the eighteen or nineteen constituent corporations, whose ownership it acquired through purchase of their stock with its own securities, are still intact, although subject, since the Circuit Court's decision of November 20, to the United States Supreme Court's application of the anti-trust law. The \$100,000,000 "Shipping Trust" of 1902 is another: the White Star and the other steamship lines whose stock it owns still perform certain corporate acts on their own account. The \$153,000,000 Amalgamated Copper Company of 1899, which, through its agencies, fixes the price of copper for some half-dozen powerful copper-producing companies, thereby largely controlling the price of copper for the trade, is merely a corporation which owns shares in those smaller companies and draws dividends as its subsidiaries earn and pay them. It was merely extending the holding-company plan a bit when the deadlock in the "Northern Pacific corner" of 1901 was broken by the formation of the \$400,000,000 Northern Securities Company, with no ostensible purpose save to hold the bulk of the outstanding Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock, purchased with its own shares.

To what lengths the holding-company expedient would have been extended, had nothing occurred to check its adoption throughout corporate industry, it is difficult to say. The counsel of the Northern Securities himself admitted to the United States Supreme Court, in 1903, that the same machinery might conceivably be employed to buy up all the railways in the country, and to lodge control of them in the hands of three or four individuals. Largely because of this admitted fact, the highest court declared the device adopted

by that company to be repugnant to the law, and the \$400,000,000 holding company was by law dismantled. With the ambitions of our powerful financiers blockaded in that direction, it was left for Harriman to try the experiment of personal control through an inverted pyramid of credit, based on a great corporation chartered for other purposes.

The results of that second experiment we have already seen. The situation left after Harriman's death does not prove that the same expedient may not again be employed by other aspiring autocrats. But the disintegration of the chain of corporations thus acquired, the pretty plain signs that a reckoning with the courts and legislatures was not far away, and the doubts of the very financiers engaged in the experiment, as to whether a structure thus built up was secure against future shocks to credit, make the immediate revival of the Harriman plan a doubtful recourse. One does not need to be very old in Wall-Street experience to recognize that McLeod completely wrecked the Philadelphia and Reading Railway in 1893 by a series of experiments almost exactly parallel to Harriman's. Financial conditions in 1906 have slight resemblance to those of 1893; but there is no sure guarantee against the longer future.

It is, therefore, a matter of singularly interesting conjecture, what the next chapter in the movement for control of the many by the few will be. But the fact that the purpose has not been relinquished makes it worth while to ask again just what is involved in any such undertaking. The case of the holding companies is typical. It is quite beyond dispute that the purpose of these companies was, first, to acquire control of the underlying properties, for given financial interests, by a smaller personal investment than outright purchase by individuals would necessitate;

second, to seat such interests so firmly in control that they could not be dislodged. A primary and fundamental purpose of guaranteeing "harmony in the industry" was indeed asserted by the authors of all the experiments in question, but this was virtually conditioned on their own continued control of things.

As for the motive of insuring a management against removal under any and all circumstances, Mr. J. P. Morgan testified on the witness-stand, in 1902, his conviction that enormous capitalization of a holding company was chiefly desirable because such a capital stock would make contests for control impracticable, and because, therefore, "stability of control" would be guaranteed. I need not discuss at length the inherent weakness of this theory, even on the supposition of a competent management elected at the start. It is enough to say that the necessary sequel to Mr. Morgan's own proposition would be a perpetual and self-perpetuating management; that we are summoned to take for granted the wisdom and honesty, not only of an existing directorate, but of its successors, to the end of time; and, finally, that it is tacitly assumed, in the case of a conceivably incompetent or unscrupulous future management, that the shareholders will possess no power to remove them.

In 1901, there were those who were ready to accept such conditions for the future; but even the greatest holding companies have been making history since then. The stupid blunders of the Amalgamated Copper Company, in the management of its subsidiaries' trade in 1901 and 1906, taught something. The original organization of the Shipping Trust has long been classed by the markets as a chapter of misjudgment. The verdict of the financial community long ago stamped as gravely mistaken policies the four per cent

dividend on the Steel Corporation's common stock at the very beginning of its career, and the attempt of 1903 to turn \$200,000,000 of its stock into mortgage bonds.

Of Harriman's experiments, it need only be recalled that, while his use of Union Pacific's credit for the purchase of \$78,000,000 Northern Pacific stock turned out a lucky venture from the Stock-Exchange point of view, and realized on the subsequent liquidation of the shares a handsome profit, his \$131,000,000 purchases of stocks in 1906 resulted within a year, by his own admission in an annual report, in a paper loss of \$23,149,000. The values quoted at the height of panic, during October, 1907, measured a loss of no less than \$40,000,000. The experiment was a blunder of the most serious sort, from the usual penalties of which his company was saved only by the exceptional immunity of its own territory from the panic shock, and by the real resources accumulated by Union Pacific in the days before Harriman began to speculate in the market with its credit.

v

Considerations such as these make it necessary to consider under what sort of auspices our industries and our corporations would be lodged, in case the recent experiments in "concentrated control" were to be indefinitely pursued. This brings up a highly interesting phase of contemporary financial history, involving certain practical problems, regarding which the financial world is to-day in a singular condition of bewilderment.

A term which has become extremely familiar, these past half-dozen years, in the vernacular of financial markets, but which, so far as I know, is not contained in any English dictionary, is that of "high finance."

The term is indigenous to France: in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, "*haute finance*" is described as applied to "*ceux qui font des grandes affaires d'argent.*" The definition is possibly too comprehensive: it would fit a colossal swindler or speculator — as well as the great bankers and capitalists whose names are household synonyms for conservatism. As we shall see, there has been much the same difficulty in the later popular application of the term. It was taken over in its French form into the phraseology of Lombard Street, two or three generations ago, by way of describing the powerful London houses which occupied the position of arbiters and intermediaries between the money market and the great states and enterprises which had to resort to it, and, in the form of "high finance," it reappeared on the American markets when the functions which the term described became matters of everyday discussion.

The *haute finance* of French and English money markets was the epitome of conservatism. The words were used, even on the Stock Exchange, in a tone of awe. Men of affairs were perfectly well aware what bankers and what banking-houses made up even the inner circle of high finance. Socially and individually, members of that circle were as accessible as other business men. But the public conviction that the actions and policies of these houses were inspired, not only by intimate knowledge of the inner affairs of finance, but by the strictest conservatism, gave to high finance as an institution a dignity which no individual classed in its membership could alone have enjoyed. It was to the high finance that powerful governments resorted, when war was threatening and the exchequers had to learn where the war-loans could be placed. The selling of investment securities — which has become traditionally a warning, more or less distinct as the

case might be, of such an impending event in national politics — was usually the realizing process whereby high finance, and the institutions affiliated with it, were converting investments into cash by way of preparation for the public loans. To this same high finance came corporations requiring new capital in large amounts.

The problem in these cases, as in the case of imperative government demands, was to adjust the request for capital to the resources of the market. Contrary to the ideas of many people, an existing supply of capital is at no time inexhaustible. Sudden and unexpected demands, on an investment market where capital was already actively employed, involved displacement. Some other borrowers would have to go without or get less than they expected, or else, through a more or less automatic lowering of prices for other investments, some part of the capital already placed must be released. It was the part of high finance to prepare for such contingencies and to provide for the unexpected wants with a minimum of strain on the existing situation. In the case of a speculative mania, it was its business, so far as possible, to curb the excesses of the markets and to husband its own available resources against the credit crisis to which such speculation pointed. In the case of panic itself, it was the office of high finance to meet the emergency, provide for urgent needs, and avert the general insolvency which might otherwise be threatened.

The scope of operations indicated was confined to no one market: it was world-wide, and therefore high finance became necessarily an international institution. Berlin would borrow enormous sums from Paris when German trade activity had strained the German markets, as in 1898. Paris would borrow in similar amounts from London when, as in 1882, financial crisis

confronted the Paris markets and credit was shaken throughout France. London would borrow from Paris, as it did in 1899, when war was impending, the English markets were collapsing, and capital was needed instantly for the British war-loans. Enormous sums of capital were therefore shifting from market to market, and to effect such transfers, credit in its highest form had to exist between the circles of high finance in the various money-centres. It has been said by bankers of high international position that it was possible for as much as \$50,000,000 to be borrowed for such purposes, on its simple note, by a banking-house in one country from banking-houses in another.

It is easy to see what qualities were required from banking interests cooperating in such undertakings, and guarding the world's credit-system as a whole. Conservatism in its highest form was an absolute prerequisite, experience, intimate knowledge of an existing situation, and possession of the absolute confidence of capitalists and institutions in the community about them, were equally essential, and were more or less conditioned on the extent to which the first-named quality prevailed. It did not follow that no lapse from these exacting standards ever happened in the circles of high finance. Prior to 1857, the London house of Overend, Gurney & Co. would possibly have been included in this high sphere of banking by the average Londoner. "No cleverer men of business," writes Walter Bagehot in his *Lombard Street*, "cleverer, I mean, for the purposes of their particular calling, could well be found than the founders and first managers of that house; but in a very few years the rule in it passed to a generation whose folly surpassed the usual limit of imaginable incapacity." The London panic of 1857 told the rest of the story. In a less degree, it may be said that the rashness

and misjudgment of the banking-house of Baring Brothers, during London's "Argentine craze" of 1889 and 1890, marked another lapse in high finance. But instances of this sort were as rare as they were discreditable, and the term of high finance, with the attributes popularly ascribed to it, continued to picture to the public mind an unchanged and enduring institution.

VI

This sketch of what may still be called the European conception of high finance is not less interesting in view of the very singular change which seems to have come over the attitude of the American markets, and of the American people at large, in regard to that institution. President Roosevelt, in one of his public addresses of 1907, referred to high finance as a term of time-honored distinction which had been brought in this country into actual disrepute. Mr. Roosevelt will scarcely be cited as an expert authority on financial problems, but in this assertion he may fairly be said to have voiced the feeling of the day, even in Wall Street.

This is what a recognized financial authority, removed even from local or political prejudice in the matter, has had to say on the same points. The London *Economist*, writing editorially, after our market's wild exploits of 1901, of the passing of control in American railway enterprises from adventurers of the Jay Gould stripe to banking interests in the field of high finance, remarked that recent events had disclosed a situation "which may be but little less harmful to real investors than the depredations of the 'bosses.'" Discussing the severe and world-wide money squeeze of 1905, the same authority declared that the real cause of the stringency was the Wall-Street speculation and the consequent "locking-up of the funds of the

banks in Wall Street by the financial magnates who control those institutions." And again, in describing the panic of 1907, the *Economist* declared that "the financial crisis in America is really a moral crisis," caused by the public's discovery of the imprudence and recklessness of "the leading financiers who control banks, trust companies, and industrial corporations."

Clearly, these are not references to financial brigands and adventurers. Rightly or wrongly, but in either case explicitly, the *Economist* frames an indictment against American high finance. The conservative source from which the accusation comes is so far removed from the field of "muckraking" or "yellow journalism" as to render off-hand dismissal of the charges unjustifiable. In recent years, moreover, the published comment of the London and continental money markets, in the most serious European journals, has been largely to the purport that the policy of the highest financial circles in the United States has been so venturesome in conception, and so completely indifferent to the derangement of the American and other money markets, that in its periods of ambitious speculation, it constituted a menace to all the markets of the world.

Two different positions may be held in regard to a judgment of this sort. It may be accepted as pointing to real and important changes which have befallen twentieth-century finance, or it may be rejected as imputing to our American financiers actions and motives which belong to people wholly outside their membership. Whichever position be adopted, it will certainly be worth while to inquire as to the basis for such declarations. What will probably first impress the mind of any one making such an inquiry is that, ten years ago, accusations of the sort were not only not made, but would have been incon-

ceivable. Even in the general public's mind, the high finance of the American markets was at that time regarded in exactly the same light as the high finance of Europe. The United States had had its chapters of extravagant and demoralizing speculation, of railway "looting," and unprincipled promotion. These, in periods of credit inflation and unsettlement of financial ideas, have been a characteristic of all young financial communities, and of our own perhaps as distinctly as of any other.

Our Jay Goulds and our Jim Fisks, with their followers, operated on a reckless scale in the Stock Exchange; they controlled railways whose finances they manipulated to suit themselves; they aspired on occasion to the control of banks and newspapers, and when they died, they sometimes left fortunes of fifty or eighty millions to their families. But except in the sense that they handled enormous sums of money, it would never have occurred to any one, even in 1869, to consider these personages as members of the circles of high finance as we have interpreted the term. It was in fact a very low and vulgar finance in which they exhibited their activities, and the public knew it. To have ranked them as anything but financial adventurers, or to have spoken of them as a part of the body of great financiers in whose hands the credit of the American market ultimately rested, would have been to commit the absurdity of which a certain Lord Mayor of London was guilty, fourteen years ago, when he gave a dinner at the Mansion House to the successful gold-mine speculator, "Barney" Barnato, and invited the Rothschilds and Hambros to participate in the function.

Behind these sinister figures which crossed the stage of Wall-Street speculation in our later paper-money days, and apart from them, were grouped conservative financiers of the same type

as those who constituted the high finance of Lombard Street; and no small part of their duties at that time was to protect the security and money markets against the designs of the millionaire adventurers. Precisely the same line of distinction could be drawn, throughout the much later periods of 1893 and 1895, and the subsequent years when protection of a collapsing public credit, and reconstruction of a group of insolvent railway systems, called for exercise of the highest powers of financial conservatism and sagacity, and for possession, in the largest measure, of the confidence of prudent home and foreign investors. The work of financial rehabilitation, pursued under such auspices between 1894 and 1900, was a most gratifying exhibition of the traditional qualities of high finance.

VII

It was in 1900 that this phase of the situation first appeared to change. During 1901 and since that time, it will hardly be denied that our greatest banking-institutions and our greatest banking-houses became in a sense identified — certainly so in the view of Wall Street and the general public — with the promoting and speculating movement of the day. At the same time, our men of enormous inherited or invested fortune, such as, in European markets, would have grouped themselves around the conservative institutions which embody high finance, entered the field of Stock-Exchange speculation and manipulation on a scale which made the exploits even of the Goulds and Fisks appear as small affairs.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the well-known story. The "underwriting syndicates" with ultra-respectable connections; the access indirectly obtained to trust funds of life-insurance companies which were forbidden by law

to embark their funds in enterprises of the sort; the expedients employed to tempt the already excited outside investing public into the arena of stock speculation—all this is a nine-year-old tale with which every one is familiar. The more significant fact, perhaps, was that in powerful banking circles—where, had all this occurred in Europe, one might confidently have looked for words of disapproval, caution, and rebuke—criticism of these excesses in the markets was received either with resentment, or with the calm explanation that we were living now in a new era of economics and finance, where former precedent counted for little or nothing.

Equally striking and significant were the expedients adopted to sustain the speculation thus provoked. Not only were the resources of domestic banks drawn upon until the resultant liabilities repeatedly ran beyond the ratio of cash reserves prescribed by law, but credit was raised in Europe, a foreign floating indebtedness of admittedly unprecedented volume being thereby repeatedly created. The time arrived when this attitude of the most powerful banking interests became a matter of everyday remark, at home and abroad. The so-called “rich men’s panic” of 1903, an altogether humiliating experience, was made up of forced liquidation by the very richest. The panic of 1907 was preceded by similar convulsive liquidation by some of the wealthiest men in the United States, who, twenty years ago, would almost certainly have been ranked in the inner circle of conservative high finance.

More impressive than any other incident of the period, in the light it threw on the nature of the situation, was the attitude of the great lending institutions, home and foreign. Not only in Europe, but in New York itself, it had been previously an accepted tradition of the

money market that, when Stock-Exchange speculation went beyond reasonable bounds, and especially when demands for credit by the Wall-Street speculators had visibly impaired the position of the local banks, energetic measures would be taken by those institutions to put a quietus on the movement by restricting accommodation. In 1905, when stock speculation at Berlin grew as wild as it was in New York City, the Imperial Bank of Germany raised its official discount rate to six per cent, the highest figure ever reached by it up to that time, outside of actual panic years, and the president of the bank publicly stated, as a reason for the advance, that “excesses of speculation on the Bourse had unduly increased the demand for money,” and that “it was the duty of the Reichsbank to put a damper on the movement.”

The great New York banks pursued no such policy, though the excesses of speculation were greater that year in New York than at Berlin; they continued to supply the speculators until their surplus reserves were exhausted at the moment of the greatest need of bank funds to finance the movement of the crops. What the New York banks would not do, in relation to a Wall-Street speculation, the Bank of England found itself forced to do when powerful international banking-houses proceeded to make high bids for enormous sums of the London market’s capital, apparently to sustain the Wall-Street speculation. Twice—in 1906 and in 1909—this great state bank had recourse to extreme expedients to prevent further advance of credit, by the European money market, to the powerful Wall-Street borrowers. On both occasions, the aspect of the matter most novel in the experience of our market was that the large banking interests in New York, instead of quietly coöperating in this effort of foreign high

finance to restrain excesses in credit exploitation, appeared to take the ground that such action, by such institutions as the Bank of England, was either an impertinence or a confession of weakness, and as such might be disregarded.

VIII

The facts which I have cited are so familiar nowadays that it has seemed hardly necessary to recapitulate them. They had, no doubt, a psychological as well as purely financial cause. They may be explained in large measure by the genuine and quite unprecedented prosperity of the United States, which was reflected, as prosperity always is, by enthusiastic speculation. But they were also reasonably to be ascribed to what a French critic of economics of high standing has called the "financial megalomania" of our capitalists. The phenomena bear close relation to the inquiry with which we started out—namely, to what extent a career such as Harriman's is an omen for the country's financial future, and what problems will arise hereafter, if his exploits in the credit market really foreshadowed the next chapter in our financial history.

These questions are likely to be tested during the next year or two. All that can now confidently be said is, that the practices referred to have already had a distinctly unfortunate effect on the position occupied by the American market in relation to financial Europe, and that the public mood is such that resumption of the process of exploiting corporation credit, on the scale and for the purposes of 1901 or 1906, will almost certainly encounter obstacles in the courts and the legislatures. President Taft's lately-announced policy of restricting ownership by railways of stock in other railway

corporations, and of conferring on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to veto issues of new securities, except for the business requirements of the issuing corporation, is one illustration of what the progress of events may bring. Such a restriction will, to many minds, seem superfluous and irritating, since, in theory at least, the directors of a great corporation are assumed to act with the widest knowledge and with the best interests of their properties in view. But the "Harriman episode," taken along with the other tendencies of the day which we have reviewed, does not show that the theory can be safely left to operate alone.

Not the least interesting aspect of the situation is the bearing of all these recent phenomena on the movement to establish a central bank of issue. Mr. Taft, in his Boston speech of September 14, pronounced it an "indispensable requirement" that such an institution "shall be kept free from Wall-Street influences." But this is not in all respects so simple an achievement as might be imagined. In more than one quarter, it has been asked with much concern, since the discussion opened, how far we could be assured that a central bank would use its necessarily great power over the American money market as we have seen the great state banks of Europe to have done,—deliberately to place impediments in the way of the extravagant use of credit for exploiting and promoting schemes of powerful interests in the market; and whether it could be surely guaranteed beforehand that such power might not be used, as even the United States Treasury's great powers have been used on certain well-remembered occasions, to smooth the path of a daring and dangerous experiment in the field of speculation.

THE COLOR OF MUKDEN

BY ELIZABETH WASHBURN WRIGHT

MANCHURIA means an interminable brown plain, — dry stubble, endless empty furrows to be filled, by and by, with millet (*kaoliang*), waving, wonderful, green plumage, high as a man and higher, in which four years ago the Japanese hid whole armies of their troops.

To-day it is the emptiest, most silent spot in Asia. It spreads out flat and tranquil in unthinkable forgetfulness. The sun beats down fiercely out of a deep unbroken field of turquoise blue. The air is biting cold. A sudden breath of it is like a slap. A great tingling follows, and a sense of extraordinary buoyancy. One feels impelled to laugh, to shout, to strike out, to do violent things. To sleep, or sit with folded hands, would drive one mad. There is that in the air which compels like the lash of a whip.

Over this brown waste, sheltering a million seedlings, trails an endless line of native life. A dull blue, curiously blunt outline; wheelbarrow-men with sprawling legs and arms wide-out-stretched, coolies with bamboo poles slung across their shoulders, innumerable mules cased like warriors in brass-studded bridles and head-pieces, donkeys picking little steps with litters on their backs, with wide-toppling loads, with native women sitting astride far back upon their tiny haunches.

These Manchu people are a big, bold-faced race, with brown skins whipped dull red by the northern winds. Shapeless bundles of them, hoods pulled over ears, stand at the stations and stamp their feet and beat their arms and

watch the train come in. A straggling line of native soldiers in bungling black uniforms, their heads wound tightly in black turbans, a great splash of blood-red lettering across their breasts, present arms rigidly, with bayonets fixed, as the train pulls in and draws out. There is nothing else to see all day, a few mud-made villages, the wide sweep of the bare brown plain, the biting blue sky, and the little human trail of life trudging its endless silhouette.

Mukden came at nightfall. There was nothing to see of it but its lights, irregular and scattered. We left the train, and for two miles or more drove through the clear cold air that cut like a knife but held the freshness and sweetness of frozen flowers — something indescribably crisp and clean. The sky was shining black, like jet, with brilliant, swiftly-twinkling stars. Closely muffled figures appeared noiselessly at our sides and disappeared. Clumsy rickshaws passed us, their ironbound wheels ringing out sharply on the hard stone road. Each coolie held a little lantern, swinging in his hand, and these made bobbing luminous spots in the bright blackness of the night. One's senses groped out in a blind, helpless way for bearings, for the familiar, the accustomed.

Suddenly there was wafted the illusive, sweetish, distinctive scent of another race, as distinct in its difference as speech or dress. One reached out eagerly, sniffed, hesitated — and memory cried out triumphantly, "Japan!"

There was nothing to see but indistinct rows of low dwellings with opaque translucent screens tightly drawn. It was Japan, of course, settling in the wake of the vanquished Russians. Vague silhouettes moved across these dimly-glowing squares. It was not needed that a *samisen* should of a sudden send a minor chord groping into the night.

In the morning all that had suggested Japan, or anything we knew, had vanished. We were in a wide, flat, gray town, covered all over, as it were, by one huddling roof. A centuries-old, slow town, crude in structure, bungling in outline; a northern town built by dogged, big-boned northern men.

This was the first impression; but walking in the streets one saw great splashings of vermilion and gold, and, over all, the aching, vivid, turquoise sky. These crude, bold colors gasped at one another and quickened one's heart-beats even as the vigor of the air had done, and the breadth of the plains and the indescribable blue above.

The street life was nondescript, neutral; mule-carts and mangy donkeys, lean, sniffing pariah dogs. The natives, great bundles of blue-gray rags, all one tone, clumsy hoods dragged over their ears, with curious, outstanding, fur-lined flaps, like wings. And some with little ear-muffs shaped like hearts, rimmed with fur and embroidered in gay colors. They wore black-velvet and black-leather boots, soft things like gloves, that made no noise. The narrow street seemed crowded with their bulk. Carts of fodder of kaoliang, dried, yellow, rustling stuff, brushed the crowd to right and left.

Most of the shops were wide open to the street. There were booths of food, cooking and spitting in pans of boiling fat, shoeshops with mammoth boots of gold and painted lacquer hanging from the curling eaves. Monstrous fans

five feet across, with gilded sticks and roses painted pink and red on black, hung from other shops. Carved gold and deeply fretted woodwork topped other houses, and golden rearing dragons, with wide-reaching, trembling antennæ. Long narrow boards of black shining lacquer splashed with bold gold Manchu letters, and red boards streaked with black, dangled from many eaves. Strange square-cut blood-red shirts swung out on iron bars far over the street.

It was a curious effect that one looked at, with a sensation one might almost say of hunger. The street itself was gray and neutral; dun-colored mules, dun-colored walls, dun-colored natives, and the sudden terrific splashing of gold, and spatter of red, fresh and clean and beautiful as blood. And at the end of the street the dull red gateway, low and curving, through which only foot-traffic might pass, and that almost with bended head.

About the town spread high, smooth, beautiful walls of gray, with regular indented battlements. They meant strength, and protection, and dignity; and over each deeply-cut gateway sprang a wonderful three-storied bell-tower, like the flare of a great brilliant flower blooming in the heart of a desert. These towers were colored fiercely vermilion, with golden dragons writhing and lifting at their four corners; then came the smooth lift of plain red surface with square openings, tiers on tiers. The roof was smooth and slanting, row on row of shining tiles of green. From every pointed cave hung a little golden bell. These beautiful gateways blossomed out in half a dozen places, in the heart of the city, and at intervals on top of those smooth, austere gray walls.

This love of fundamental color must be in the very bones of the Manchus, something that the freedom of their

roving lives has forced them to express — the limitless sweep of the plains, the lash of the northern wind. It is shouted out of them, and stands for the primitive strength and vitality of the North. For two hundred years and more this rude northern race has ruled in China. It is this forceful, vivid blood that filled the veins of that wise, wicked, wonderful old woman, who for half a century held the destiny of an empire in her tiny yellow palm.

The Manchu tombs and temples lie out across the plains, — three miles, as our sleigh slipped over them. Dry grasses, and weeds like little feathers, stuck up through the snow, and stiff, stunted bushes. Here and there were rusty hemlocks and oak trees holding fast in their empty branches enormous balls of mistletoe — mistletoe with orange-red berries. These people have an intuitive sense of color and effect. Our eyes for miles had known almost an unbroken field of white, the dazzling glare of it, and, bowling over all, the masterful blue of the sky. In the middle of this blank page, as it were, there sprang up suddenly a passionate red gateway, the *pai-lou*, with its triple entrances, its cross-beams, and curling eaves. A gray wall flanked it on either side, and leaning heavily upon the walls were the curving branches of pine trees, resting there in their great age.

We were in a grove of pine trees, through which gleamed red temples, low and spreading, with beautiful roofs of royal yellow. It was a silent place. We walked into the deserted court and looked down an avenue flanked on either side by crouching, grotesque marble beasts. These fanciful, beautiful temples, carved and gilded, held great monoliths imprisoned, upright *steles* borne on the backs of sprawling marble tortoises. We peered through the red bars at these curious symbols,

climbed innumerable little steps to other temples, heard our footfalls echo in the marble court, and drank in color, red and gold, blue and yellow, with a background of dense dark green.

The treetops were full of a constant murmuring. A kite wheeled and whistled in the blue sky above our heads. Two native pilgrims approached the temples, bowing low, step by step.

Every year some prince of the blood comes to Mukden to offer up prayer and incense to his ancestors in these beautiful red temples lying out in the white snow. Last year the Empress-Dowager herself had planned to visit this ancient capital of her forefathers. A great clearing and rebuilding and a flood of vermilion lacquer followed this vaguely expressed wish, — and then the Empress died.

But the old palaces which she was to have occupied have been rescued from ruin, and their lovely grace and brightness give delight to the few who chance to visit them. This glowing group of red and gold and royal yellow lies in the heart of Mukden. They are not palaces as we know them, but low, single-storied buildings, with beautiful straight beams and curling eaves, suggesting and probably copied from the ancient Tartar tents.

Behind these fragile lacquered walls is hidden an untold wealth of treasure, the sacking of which was so feared by the Chinese that they brought their war with Japan to a halt. There was a great unbolting and unlocking of the red doors and a tearing away of absurd paper seals, before we could gain admittance; two soldiers, with bayonets fixed, standing meanwhile by our sides.

Treasure after treasure, endlessly wrapped and packed with little papers of camphor, was placed for a moment for inspection on a sort of yellow lacquer counter. Golden helmets, ruby-set and sapphire-starred, royal coats

of yellow satin embroidered solidly in seed pearls, daggers with diamond hilts, priceless kakemonas painted by China's greatest artists, and others painted with a needle cunning as a brush. All these things, and many others, were shown us in this temple storehouse piled to the eaves with cabinets and boxes.

We walked at last out of that cold, dim treasure-house, into the court, full of melting snow and blinding sunlight, and across it into the audience-chamber, where that audacious, ivory-colored, paint-enameled Manchu princess had meant to hold her court. It was dark as we stepped in from the dazzling light — but full of the gleam of gold: eaves gold, walls gold, and in the centre of the room a raised and canopied dais. On this, before a monstrous screen, stood the throne — a giant's chair of gleaming old gold lacquer, a deep shining seat, smooth as a mirror, wide enough and deep enough to seat three men — a royal, five-clawed dragon rampant on arms and back.

The whole chamber was carpeted with a thick and brilliant rug of royal yellow, and this yellow, newly laid, and newly woven tapestry, was covered inch-deep with the dust and dirt of months, — feathers, broken birds' nests, bits of earth; and as we looked in amazement we heard a stir and movement above our heads, where amid the golden eaves the fowls of the air were nesting unmolested.

We followed our guide into the gloom and deathlike chill of still another wonder-house, and paused on the threshold in amazement. The place was lined with cabinets and shelves, and there, row on row, piled and stacked, was an array of imperial porcelains, each bit a fortune in itself; bowls and basins and vases of matchless "blue and white," ginger-jars with lovely plum pattern, clear white with rich blue medallions,

curious old vases of Persian blue, — form and pattern Persian, — plain blue and "powder blue." There they stood, great topping columns of them, rice-bowls, tea-bowls, ordinary vessels of everyday use, cast as it were in gold, and piled as unconcernedly as coarse hotel crockery bought by the ton.

One end of the room was packed in yellow: rice-bowls, soup-basins, tiny *sam-shu* cups, frail as eggshell, piled by the dozens — or hundreds rather: the pure undecorated royal yellow, half mustard, half canary, with the imperial dragon swimming beneath the glaze.

There were big vases of a glistening bronze, of swelling and perfect proportions, with iridescent gleams of flame and peacock green, dim and drowning. There were others of sea-green, of a pure and delicate wash, others again pale blue, the very ghost of a summer's sky, with outlines simple and demure. One's fingers itched for the feel of them, the sliding surface and the satisfying shape. There were gourd-like vases running through every tone of purple and thick brown, and ending in petunia and amethyst and rose. There were scores of deep cream pieces, and biscuit boldly crackled. There were vases black as night and glossy. *Famille verte*, in pairs, with handles and quaint decorations, each color distinct and pure.

We found four shelves of precious "peach-blow," — slender little vases, identical in form, some placid and perfect peach, some a trifle pale, others ruddy, but all of the surface of satin and without a flaw. There were thirty in the group, a common sisterhood, doubtless of one firing, and probably akin to the "peach-blow" in the "Walters" collection — identical as it is in shape and color. On another shelf were as many little "peach-blow" boxes, varying as a flame varies in tone and intensity.

Above was another room, crowded as that below. More "blue and white," some wondrous *sang de bœuf*, pulsing, throbbing tones, red and thick as blood-clots. On the same shelf stood a pair of vases of greenish-blue, with a glaze brilliant as enamel, and crushed into it a warm fawn-color, like a turquoise matrix, mixed and melted. Hundreds of bowls again of dazzling white, thin and exquisite, each piece with the clear chime of a bell—rice-bowls, wine-cups, tea-bowls, fish-bowls, repeated and repeated. Near them were dozens again of cups and bowls, "apple green" this time, the royal dragon sprawling round the brim half smothered in the paste—and so it went.

Finally we dragged ourselves away, out again into the dazzle of the snow and the bold blue sky, and faced once more those amazing dwellings of vermillion lacquer.

What was the sum of it all? It made one pause and consider. A race that can think in such fearless, fundamental colors, without fuss, or futile decoration? And one sees this legend repeated again and again on every side, in the hard, enduring things of stone, the blunt monoliths, the time-serving tor-

toise. Every symbol of the land pointing alike to fundamental, enduring things,—patience, labor, discrimination. This chaotic, inchoate, centuries-old China—what is the meaning of it all? It is a thing to make one think—to think mightily, and think again.

We left Mukden at sunset and turned into the street, to be smitten mute by a crushing sense of color. The world to the west was one gorgeous conflagration—an intense, molten, blinding flame. Every tone in the street paled and faded. One paused, stunned and helpless, with a sense, rather than sight, of dim blunt figures looming up confusedly along the whole length of the way. Bewildered and half-blinded, we strove to advance against this crushing color in the west. But with the world black and swimming, we dropped our gaze and turned in desperation to a side lane for escape. A spell had fallen on the noisy thoroughfare—utter silence, save for the jangling bell of a mule that stubbornly pursued his course. His long black ears, as we turned for a last look, stood out in comical and wagging silhouette against that background of boiling gold.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

IX

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

AND now on the very heels of Humphreys's dispatch, his trusted aide, Colonel Morgan, reports that the enemy are advancing on the Brock Road. This news set Hancock's ardent nature on fire and I think I can see him as it burst into flame; for during one of the charges at Spottsylvania I was near him and felt the blaze of his fierce activity. He orders Birney to send a brigade at once to Gibbon (bear in mind that it is a little after nine, and that we have seen that Birney has need of every man along his bullet-sheeted front). Birney detaches Eustis's brigade of the Sixth Corps, and starts it toward the junction. A few minutes, and Hancock tells Carroll to send a regiment now; and, probably hearing another of Custer's guns, he sets the resolute Brooke in motion, and with him Coulter, who has gathered the remains of Baxter's brigade, the one which the light-haired and light-mustached, medium-sized and trim Kershaw first struck in Lee's appalling hour. Before Eustis reaches the junction, along comes Leasure's delayed brigade of Stevenson's division, and Hancock tells them to keep right on down the Brock Road and help Gibbon; — Eustis, now on hand and seeing Leasure's column hurrying by, knows he must not break through, and halts. Hancock, having a moment to think, concludes that Gibbon, aided by Tidball with practically all the ar-

tillery of the corps, can take care of Longstreet, and directs Eustis to counter-march and go back to his fellows under Wadsworth and Birney.

Only a moment's respite for Hancock, and here comes ill-faced Trouble again. What is it, creature? Humphreys orders you to take immediate steps to repair the break the enemy has made through Warren's left (referring to Cutler). Off he propels an aide to Birney to send two brigades to his right to fill Cutler's gap. And that order is no sooner sent than here comes a message from Meade, saying that he hopes that nothing will delay or prevent his attacking simultaneously with Burnside!

Meet Longstreet as he comes up the Brock Road! attack simultaneously with Burnside! detach two brigades from Birney to fill a gap! Surely Hancock's measure of trials was pressed down and running over; and lo! Longstreet was not on the Brock Road at all, there was no gap in Warren's lines, and Burnside was nowhere near attacking, simultaneously or otherwise. Meade ought to have remembered how long it took "Old Burn" to get ready at Antietam.

But cheer up, gallant Hancock! The hour-glass of your tormenting perplexities is about run out. Gibbon has discovered at last (10.10 A. M.) that the enemy he had seen looming up on the Brock Road are several hundred whitish, hospital-bleached convales-

cents, who, by some stupid, neglectful provost-marshal at Chancellorsville, have been allowed to follow the corps' march of the day before around by way of Todd's Tavern.

On the convalescents' crossing into his lines I have no doubt that the wrinkle-browed and closely-cropped, reddish-bearded Gibbon breathed a long, deep sigh of relief. Nor have I any doubt that when Hancock got the news, the recording angel suddenly found himself busy, and, when his pen could n't keep up, looked downward, — apparently there was no end to the emphatic procession in sight, — and, feeling kindly toward Hancock, knowing he was a brave, big-hearted fellow who would reach his hand compassionately to a stricken enemy, and that he had been badly pestered, closed the books and deliberately turned on an electrical buzzer, and cut off all communication with the Wilderness. And behold, when the books were opened again, some great hand, on the plea of the Centurion, I have no doubt, had written "Excused" after every one of the entries.

Meanwhile the lull that has heretofore been referred to is going on, and Wadsworth has dismounted and is alone with Monteith of his staff, who says, "He [Wadsworth] told me that he felt completely exhausted and worn out, that he was unfit (physically) to command and felt that he ought in justice to himself and his men to turn the command over to Cutler. He asked me to get him a cracker, which I did."

And while this gray-haired patriot and gentleman and the North's nearest aristocrat and nobleman is resting for the minutes that are left of his cultivated and heroic life, let us see what advantage Longstreet was taking of this ominous lull.

General M. L. Smith, a New Yorker and a distinguished graduate of West

Point, doing engineer duty with Lee's army, had examined our left, and, finding it inviting attack, so reported to Longstreet. Now, there is on Longstreet's staff a tall, trim, graceful young Georgian, with keen dark eyes and engaging face, whose courage and ability to command Longstreet knows well, for he has been with him on every one of the big fields. His name is Sorrel, and his gallant clay, the long, pendulant, gray Southern moss swaying softly over it, is lying in the cemetery at Savannah. His *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer* has for me, like all the books I love, a low, natural, wild music; and, as sure as I live, the spirits who dwell in that self-sown grove called Literature were by his side when he wrote the last page of his *Recollections*, and his pen kept step with his beating heart. Longstreet, on hearing Smith's report, called Sorrel to him, and told him to collect some scattered brigades, form them in a good line on our left, and then, with his right pushed forward, to hit hard. "But don't start till you have everything ready. I shall be waiting for your gun-fire, and be on hand with fresh troops for further advance," said Longstreet.

Sorrel picked up Anderson's, Wofford's, Davis's of Heth's, and Mahone's brigades, and led them to the old unfinished railroad bed; and, having stretched them out on it, formed them, facing north, for advance. Of course, had Gibbon obeyed Hancock's order, this movement of Sorrel's would not have been feasible; as it was, the coast was clear. On Birney's left, as everywhere along the front, our forces were in several lines, and those of the first had changed places with the second, taking advantage of the little fires at which they had boiled some coffee to boil some for themselves; for many of the troops had not had a bite since

half-past three in the morning, and it was now past eleven. Save the skirmish-line, both lines were lying down, and not expecting any danger, when suddenly, from the heavy undergrowth, Sorrel's three widely-winged brigades burst on their flank with the customary yell, and before our people could change front, or, in some cases, even form, they were on them. Fighting McAlister tried his best to stay the tempest, and so did others, many little groups of their men selling their lives dearly; for the color-bearers planted their banners on nearly every knoll, and brave young fellows would rally around them; but being overpowered, panic set in, and the lines melted away.

As soon as Carroll, Lewis A. Grant, Birney, Webb, and Wadsworth heard Sorrel's quick volleys, they were all on their feet at once, for the character of the firing and the cheers told them that Peril had snapped its chain and was loose. In a few minutes fleeing individuals, then squads, and then broken regiments, began to pour through the woods from the left.

Kershaw and Field, being notified by Longstreet to resume the offensive as soon as they should hear Sorrel, now pressed forward, seriously and exultingly active. Wadsworth, to stay the threatening disaster (for that lunatic, Panic, travels fast, and every officer of experience dreads its first breath), flew to the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts at the head of Eustis's brigade, which was just getting back from the junction, and ordered Edwards, a resolute man, to throw his regiment across the front of Field, who, with several pieces of artillery raking the road, was advancing. The Thirty-seventh moved quickly by flank into the woods, and then, undismayed, heard the command "Forward." And with it went my friends, Lieutenants Casey and Chalmers, and that pleasant and true one

of many a day, Captain "Tom" Colt of Pittsfield, whose mother was a saint. "You have made a splendid charge!" exclaimed Wadsworth, and so they had — the ground behind them showed it; they thrust Field back, gaining a little respite for all hands before disaster; and very valuable it proved to be, for some of the broken commands thereby escaped utter destruction.

While Field and Kershaw assailed Carroll, Birney, and Wadsworth fiercely, fire was racing through the woods, adding its horrors to Sorrel's advance; and with the wind driving the smoke before him, he came on, sweeping everything. In the midst of the raging havoc, Webb, under instructions from Wadsworth, now in an almost frantic state of mind, is trying to align some troops beyond the road so as to meet Sorrel, whose fire is beginning to scourge the flanks of Carroll and the Green Mountain men, through whom and around whom crowds of fugitives, deaf to all appeals to rally, were forcing their way to the rear. But the organizations, so severely battered in the morning, were crumbling so fast, and the tumult was so high, that Webb saw it was idle to expect they could hold together in any change of position; he returned to his command, and quickly brought the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, Griswold's regiment, alongside the road. Fortunately his Nineteenth Maine, withdrawn during the lull to replenish its ammunition, had been wheeled up by the gallant Connor at the first ominous volley from the South. They had barely braced themselves on the road before Carroll, and then the old Vermont brigade, had to go; and now Connor and Griswold open on Sorrel, checking him up roundly.

Seeing his lines falter, Sorrel dashed up to the color-bearer, "Ben" May of the Twelfth Virginia, and asked for the colors to lead the charge. "We will fol-

low you," avowed the smiling little youth spiritedly, refusing to give them up; and so they did, he and his regiment. Meanwhile, Wadsworth at Webb's right, and only a few paces behind some troops, is flamingly urging them on. Hidden by smoke and woods, Mahone is coming directly toward him, and at the short range of twenty yards pours in a volley. Wadsworth's men go down and he with them, his brain spattering the coat of Earl M. Rogers, his aide at his side. The rein of Wadsworth's horse, after the general fell, caught in a snag, and, Rogers's horse having been killed by the volley, he vaulted into the saddle, and escaped through the flying balls. Wadsworth lies unconscious within Mahone's lines; his heart, that has always beaten so warmly for his country, is still beating, but hears no response now from the generous, manly, truth-viewing brain. I believe that morning, noon, and night the bounteous valley of the Genesee, with its rolling fields and tented shocks of bearded grain, holds Wadsworth in dear remembrance.

Everything on the right of the Nineteenth Maine, Fifty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Massachusetts is gone, and they, with fragments of other gallant regiments that have stood by them, will soon have to go, too, for Sorrel comes on again with a rush. Griswold, pistol in hand, advances the colors to meet him, and is killed almost instantly; Connor, on foot and in the road, is struck and, as he falls, Webb calls out, "Connor, are you hit?" "Yes, I've got it this time." And his men sling him in a blanket and carry him to the rear. Webb, seeing the day is lost, tells the bitterly-tried regiments to scatter, and the wreckage begins to drift sullenly far and wide, some in Cutler's tracks, and some toward where Burnside is still pottering; but naturally the main stream is back on both sides of the

Plank to the Brock Road, and there it straggles across it hopelessly toward Chancellorsville.

All of Hancock's right wing smashed to pieces! And the Plank Road is Lee's! Yes, the Plank Road is Lee's, — and the Brock, the strategic key, is within his grasp too! For Longstreet, followed by fresh brigades at double-quick, is coming down the Plank Road determined to clinch the victory!! His spirits are high, and Field's hand still tingles with his hearty grasp congratulating him on the valor of his troops. Jenkins, a sensitive, enthusiastic South Carolinian, "abreast with the foremost in battle and withal an humble Christian," says Longstreet, has just thrown his arms around Sorrel's shoulder, — for the graceful hero has ridden to meet his chief, and tell him the road is clear, — and says, "Sorrel, it was splendid, we shall smash them now." And then, after conferring with Kershaw, who had already been directed to follow on and complete Hancock's overthrow, Jenkins rides up to Longstreet's side and with overflowing heart says, "I am happy. I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but am relieved and feel assured that we shall put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night." Put the enemy back across the Rapidan! The Army of the Potomac defeated again, and Grant's prestige gone!!

Yes! It is a great moment for Jenkins and for them all. The cloudy sky that has been so dark has rifted open, and the spire of the Confederacy's steeple dazzles, once more in sunshine. And while it dazzles and youth comes again into the wan cheek of the Confederacy, gaunt Slavery, frenzied with delight over her prospective reprieve, snatches a cap from a dead, fair-browed Confederate soldier, and clapping it on her coarse, rusty, gray-streaked mane, begins to dance in hideous glee out on

the broom-grass of the Widow Tapp's old field.

Dance on, civilization's most repugnant and doomed creature! From amid the oaks the inexorable eye of the Spirit of the Wilderness is on you! Dance on! For in a moment Longstreet, like "Stonewall," will be struck down by the same mysterious hand, by the fire of his own men, and the clock in the steeple of the Confederacy will strike twelve. And, as its last stroke peals, knelling sadly away, a tall spare figure, — where are the tints in her cheeks now? — clad in a costly shroud, and holding a dead rose in her hand, will enter the door of History. And you, *you*, Slavery, will be dying, gasping, your glazing eyes wide open, staring into the immensity of your wrongs. And when your last weary pulse has stopped, and your pallid lips are apart and set for good and all, no friendly hand will be there to close them, — oh, the face you will wear! — the eye of the Spirit of the Wilderness will turn from you with a strange, impenetrable gleam. For White and Black, bond and free, rich and poor; the waving trees, the leaning fields with their nibbling flocks, the mist-cradling little valleys with their grassy-banked runs, gleaming and murmuring in the moonlight; the tasseling corn and the patient, neglected, blooming weed by the dusty roadside, — all, all are the children of the same great, plastic, loving hand which Language, Nature's first and deepest interpreter, her widely listening ear catching waves of sound from the immeasurable depths of the Firmament, reverently called God; all, all are bound by common ties.

The first warning that Hancock had that something serious had happened was the sight of Frank's brigade, and the left of Mott's division, tearing through to the Brock Road on Barlow's right. But now the full stream of

wreckage begins to float by him at the junction, and he realizes that disaster has come to his entire right front. "A large part of the whole line came back," says Lyman. "They have no craven terror, but for the moment will not fight, nor even rally. Drew my sword and tried to stop them, but with small success."

Colonel Lyman, a tall, lean man with a gracious, naturally cordial manner, an energetic and careful observer, and far away the best educated officer connected with any staff in the army, rode in and reported the state of affairs to Meade, who at once, realizing the appalling possibilities, directed Hunt to place batteries on the ridge east of the run, the trains at Chancellorsville to fall back to the river, and Sheridan to draw in his cavalry to protect them. "Grant, who was smoking stoically under a pine," says Lyman, "expressed himself annoyed and surprised that Burnside did not attack — especially as Comstock was with him as engineer and staff officer to show him the way."

Meanwhile men were pouring from the woods like frightened birds from a roost. The tide across the Brock Road was at its height, and it was only when Hancock appealed to Carroll, who had halted his brigade on arriving at the road, to give him a point for rallying, that he and his staff met with any encouragement. "Troops to the right and left of the brigade," states the historian of the Fourth Ohio, "were falling rapidly back beyond it." Carroll rode among the dispirited, trailing groups, shouting, "For God's sake, don't leave my men to fight the whole rebel army. Stand your ground!" For he expected Lee to strike at any moment. But how strange! Why do his fresh troops not come on and burst through while Hancock, Carroll, Lyman, and Rice, and scores of officers, are trying to rally the men? Leasure, from his position down

the Brock Road, with deployed brigade, his right one hundred paces from the breastworks, has traversed the entire front, encountering but a single detached body of the enemy. What does the continuing silence mean? Certainly something mysterious has happened. Why do they lose the one great chance to complete the victory?

A few words will explain it all. The Sixty-first Virginia, of Mahone's brigade, had approached within forty or fifty yards of the road, and, through the smoke and intervening underbrush, seeing objects emerging on to it from the bushes on the opposite side, mistook them for enemies and let drive a scattering volley. What they saw was a part of their fellow regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, who with the colors had crossed the road in pursuit of Wadsworth's men and were returning. The volley intended for them cut right through Longstreet, Kershaw, Jenkins, Sorrel, and quite a number of staff and orderlies, who just then came riding by, killing instantly General Jenkins, Captain Foley, several orderlies, and two of the Twelfth's color-guard. But of all the bullets in this Wilderness doomsday volley the most fated was that which struck Longstreet, passing through his right shoulder and throat, and almost lifting him from his saddle. As the unfortunate man was reeling, about to fall, his friends took him down from his horse and propped him against a tree. Field, who was close by, came to his side, and Longstreet, although faint and bleeding profusely, told him to go straight on; and then dispatched Sorrel with this message to Lee: "Urge him to continue the movement he [Longstreet] was engaged on; the troops being all ready, success would surely follow and Grant, he firmly believed, be driven back across the Rapidan."

They carried Longstreet — thought at the time by all to be mortally wound-

ed — to the rear, and just as they were putting him into an ambulance, Major Stiles, from whom I have already quoted, came up; and, not being able to get definite information as to the character of his wound, only that it was serious, — some saying he was dead, — turned and rode with one of the staff who in tears accompanied his chief.

"I rode up to the ambulance and looked in," says the Major. "They had taken off Longstreet's hat and coat and boots. I noticed how white and domelike his great forehead looked, how spotless white his socks and his fine gauze undervest save where the black-red gore from his throat and shoulder had stained it. While I gazed at his massive frame, lying so still except when it rocked inertly with the lurch of the vehicle, his eyelids frayed apart till I could see a delicate line of blue between them, and then he very quietly moved his unwounded arm and, with his thumb and two fingers, carefully lifted the saturated undershirt from his chest, holding it up a moment, and heaved a deep sigh. He is not dead, I said to myself."

Longstreet was taken to the home of his friend, Erasmus Taylor, not far from Orange Court House, and, as soon as he could stand the journey, to a hospital in Lynchburg. Although not fully recovered from his wounds, he rejoined the army about the last of October, after it had taken what proved to be its final stand before Richmond.

Field, it appears from one of his letters, joined Lee and Longstreet when they reached him on their way to the front, and rode beside Lee. On coming to an obstruction of logs that had been thrown across the road by their troops in the early morning, or later by ours, Lee stopped, while Field, at his suggestion, gave the necessary orders for the removal of the logs so that the two guns which were following them could pass.

Meanwhile Longstreet with his party rode on, and within fifty yards met with the fate already chronicled. Had the road been clear, Lee would have been with them and received the fire of that fateful volley. But fortunately, not there, not in the gloom of the Wilderness, but at his home in Lexington and after his example had done so much to guide the Southern people into the paths of resignation and peace, was his life to end.

When the nature of the Wilderness is taken into account, the situation into which Lee was plunged in a twinkling, so to speak, by the wounding of Longstreet, was, in the military sense, one of formidable confusion. Behind him in the narrow road, clogged throughout by prisoners, limping wounded, and stretcher-bearers, — who that saw them once will ever forget the pale faces and appealing eyes of their burdens? — were the guns and Jenkins's big brigade marching in column. Field's and Kershaw's divisions were advancing in two or more lines of battle at right angles to the road. On Lee's right, and also parallel to the road, were Sorrel's flanking brigades, all in more or less disorder, moving by flank to the rear for the time being, preparatory to the execution of Longstreet's order for a second attack on Hancock's left, every step they take bringing them and the advancing organizations nearer utter confusion. Moreover, and adding greatly to his difficulties, the woods were enveloped in heavy, obscuring smoke.

Such were the circumstances into which Lee was suddenly thrown at that hour of momentous importance. It was an unusual and chafing trial, — I recall no instance during the war when any commander of a large army found himself in a like situation, — one that took him out of his sphere of general command and imposed upon him the burden of details which ordinarily falls on

subordinates who, as a rule, from their intimate relations with officers and troops, can more readily deal with them than the commander himself. No doubt Longstreet's plans were told to Lee by Sorrel and Field, but, whatsoever they were and whomsoever he should designate to carry them out, obviously nothing could be done till the lines were untangled; and so he directed Field to re-form them with a view to carrying the Brock Road, on which his heart was resolutely set.

Field at once began his troublesome task, and, while he is getting his troops ready for the ordeal, Lee giving him verbal orders from time to time, let us turn to the operations of our cavalry, which, for the first time in the history of the Federal army, was on the immediate field with the infantry in a well organized and compact body and under an impetuous leader. Grant had called Sheridan to the command from the western army, and no mistake was made in his choice.

In his relentlessness, boisterous jollity in camp, and in a certain wild, natural intrepidity and brilliancy in action, Sheridan came nearer the old type of the Middle Ages than any of the distinguished officers of our day. I need not give details as to his appearance, for his portrait is very familiar. The dominating features of his fleshy face with its subdued ruddiness were prominent, full, black, flashing eyes, which at once caught your attention and held it. His forehead was well developed, a splendid front for his round, cannon-ball head. Custer insisted on introducing me to him at City Point after his Trevilian Raid — Sheridan was in his tent, bareheaded, and writing, when we entered. He gave me his usual spontaneous, cordial greeting and searching look, and soon thereafter was off for the Valley, where he won great honors, breaking the clouds that were hanging

so heavily over our cause, lifting the North from a state of despondency and doubt into one of confidence in its final success, and giving Grant a relief from his burden which he never forgot. Sheridan and Meade—nature had cast them in very different moulds—soon clashed, and before we reached Spottsylvania the slumbering fire of their mutual and natural incompatibility burst into flames.

It is not my desire to stir the embers of old controversies, but my impression is that, great as Sheridan was, he never could have permanently maintained pleasant official relations with his fellow commanders on any field: he had to be in chief control, tolerating no restraint from equals. Grant alone he bowed to, and the reason Grant admired him and allowed him free rein was that Sheridan did not hesitate to take a bold initiative.

Sheridan early in the morning of the 6th put the cavalry in motion, and Custer's successful fight with Fitz Lee's division in the forenoon on Hancock's left has already been mentioned. I wish my readers could have known Custer, felt the grasp of his hand, seen his warm smile, and heard his boyish laugh. And then, too, if they could have seen him lead a charge! his men following him rollickingly with their long red neckties (they wore them because it was a part of his fantastic dress) and as reckless of their lives as he himself of his own. Really, it seemed at times as if the horses caught his spirit and joined in the charge with glee, the band playing and bugles sounding. There never was but one Custer in this world, and at West Point how many hours I whiled idly away with him which both of us ought to have given to our studies. But what were the attractions of Mechanics, Optics or Tactics, Strategy or Ordnance, to those of the subjects we talked about: our life in Ohio, its

coon-hunts, fox-chases, fishing-holes, muskrat and partridge-traps, what "Bob" said and what "Dick" did under certain amusing circumstances; in fact, about all that stream of persons and little events at home which, when a boy is far away from it for the first time, come flowing back so dearly.

It was his like, I have often thought, which inspired that lovable man and soldier, "Dick" Steele, to say in the *Spectator*, when descanting in his own sweet way on the conversation and characters of military men, "But the fine gentleman in that band of men is such a one as I have now in my eye, who is foremost in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen; the private men are his brethren, as they are of his species. He is beloved of all that behold him. Go on, brave man, immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happiness thy reward."

Reader, let me confide! there are two authors in the next world whom I have a real longing to see; one is Steele, — poor fellow so often in his cups; and the other, he who wrote the Gospel of Saint John and saw the Tree of Life.

Custer, after throwing his old West Point friends, Young and Rosser, back from the Brock Road and Hancock's left, sought connection with the ever-trusted Gregg, then at Todd's Tavern confronting Stuart, whose whole force was dismounted and studiously kept under cover, protected everywhere by hastily constructed defenses. That Stuart at this time had some plan in hand is revealed by a dispatch to him from Lee's chief of staff, dated 10 A. M., to the effect that Lee directed him (Marshall) to say that he approved of Stuart's designs and wished him success. Probably what he had in mind was one of his usual startling raids; but whatever it was, Gregg prevented him from un-

dertaking it by holding him fast to his lines, thereby retaining the cross-roads at the Tavern and securing the left of the field

At one o'clock Humphreys, acknowledging a dispatch, tells Sheridan that Hancock's flank had been turned and that Meade thought he had better draw in his cavalry so as to secure the protection of the trains. Accordingly Sheridan drew in from Todd's Tavern and the Brock Road. Wilson was brought up to Chancellorsville, and the enemy that night pushed forward almost to the Furnaces, about halfway between Todd's Tavern and Sheridan's headquarters at Chancellorsville. Thus by the time Field was ready, the Brock Road beyond Hancock's left, covering ground at once dangerous to the army if it stood still, and absolutely essential if it tried to go ahead, was abandoned. In regaining it the next day, which had to be done to carry out Grant's onward, offensive movement, Sheridan had to do some hard fighting, and met with very severe losses, the responsibility for which became the occasion of an acrimonious dispute that broke out between his own friends and the friends of Meade as soon as Sheridan's autobiography appeared. Death had overtaken Meade some years before the book was published. Perhaps he was misled by Sheridan's dispatch as to positions of the cavalry, but I have never felt that Meade's friends were quite fair to Sheridan in blaming him for falling back, since the plain purport of the orders, as I interpret them, was for him to take no responsibilities that would endanger the safety of the trains by being too far extended. To be sure, it so happened that the trains were secure; Lee's great chance, that hovered for a moment like a black thundercloud over the Army of the Potomac, passed by; and if Sheridan had left Gregg at Todd's Tavern, which, as we

see now, he might have done, the door to Spottsylvania would in all probability have been wide open for Warren. As it was, Warren found it shut

But let us go to the trains at Chancellorsville, some of which had already started for Ely's Ford to recross the Rapidan, and for whose protection all this giving up of ground had to be done. And, in explanation of their movement, allow me to say that no one scents danger so quickly as quartermasters in charge of trains. While the commander is thinking how he can get ahead through danger, they are busy thinking how they can get back out of danger. For, as a rule, quartermasters hear very little of the good, but all of the bad news from the slightly wounded and the skulkers who, sooner or later, drift back to the trains, the latter invariably telling the same sad, unblushing story, that their commands are literally cut to pieces. A real adept skulker or coffee-boiler is a most interesting specimen; and how well I remember the coolness with which he and his companion (for they go in pairs) would rise from their little fires on being discovered and ask most innocently, "Lieutenant, can you tell me where the —— regiment is?" And the answer, I am sorry to say, was, too often, "Yes, right up there at the front, you damned rascal, as you well know!"

Of course, they would make a show of moving, but they were back at their little fire as soon as you were out of sight.

That mid-day — I mean just after Hancock's overthrow, before Sheridan got his orders — not only the skulkers but many a good soldier whose heart was gone, made his way to the trains at Chancellorsville; and the quartermasters had good reason to take their usual initiative toward safety, northward in this case, to Ely's Ford, expecting every minute to hear the "rebel"

yell; for there was presageful honesty in the face and story of more than one who came back. Even the ammunition-train of the Second Corps, which as a rule stood to the last, was affected by the contagious panic and joined the anxious procession. At about six o'clock Sheridan, impressed by the state of affairs, told Humphreys that unless the trains were ordered to cross the river, the road would be blocked and it would be impossible for troops to get to the ford. What would have happened that afternoon among the trains had Longstreet not been wounded and had his troops broken through?

Meanwhile Field, under the immediate eye of Lee, was getting his men ready to renew the contest. Knowing the situation and the country as we do, it is not surprising that there was delay, or to learn from the report of the First South Carolina, one of the regiments which planted their colors on Hancock's first line of works, that there was much wearisome marching and counter-marching before they all got into place for the attack. What were left of the Texans, G. S. Anderson's and Jenkins's brigade of South Carolinians, now commanded by Colonel John Bratton of the Sixth of Field's own division, he put in several lines of battle, for it was on that side of the Plank Road that the main assault was to be made. Kershaw, by Lee's direct orders, was, with three of his brigades (Humphreys', Bryan's, and Henagan's), moved beyond them, even till his right rested on the unfinished railway. His other brigade (Wofford's) was detached to help Perry stop Burnside, who, while Field was forming, had finally gotten under headway. The only good, so far as I can see, that Burnside did that day was to detach these two brigades from Lee at a critical time.

At last, after three or four precious hours had been consumed in disentangling and getting ready, four brigades

of R. H. Anderson's fresh division and Longstreet's old corps which had broken through Sickles's at Gettysburg and Rosecrans's at Chickamauga, were under way for another trial, — their last, as it turned out, for, with but one feeble exception, Lee never tried another general assault. Had he had as many men as Grant, I have but little doubt his fighting spirit would have inflamed him to repeat and re-repeat Malvern Hill and Pickett's charge. But this time Pickett was not with him — his immortalized division was at Petersburg looking after Butler; — nor could Alexander bring up his artillery, as on the famous day at Gettysburg, to shake the lines along the Brock Road. Could he have done so, the effect, I fear, would have been disastrous.

And now, facing east, those seasoned veterans of Antietam and Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Second Bull Run, and Gettysburg, are all ready. Their line begins near the foot of the knoll that rises in the obtuse angle between the Brock and the old Germanna roads and extends southward clear to the unfinished railway. Brightened here and there and closely overhung by blooming dogwoods and innumerable throngs of spring-green leaves, on slender branches that gently brush faces and colors as the soft breezes sigh by, is the long line of gray, speckled at short intervals by the scarlet of torn banners. Little did those men dream as they stood there that Fate only a few hours before had sealed the fate of the Confederacy, that their cause was lost, and that the sacrifices they were about to be called on to make would be a waste.

On my visit to the field last May, I sat a while beneath the oaks on the knoll, — the spot is quite open and gloried with more of the stateliness of an oak forest than any point in the Wilderness, — and as my mind dwelt on those battle

lines waiting for the command "Forward" that would blot out this world for so many of them, I felt one after another the tender throbs of human ties, which stretch back to the cradle and the hearth. I was on the point of yielding to their pathos, when the background of my meditations became a vast, murky-lighted expanse, and from a break in its sombre depths a figure — perchance it was Destiny — beck-

oned Imagination to come and look down on the brave combatants in their struggle-to-the-death. The spirit of the nation was standing there with anxious look, and at her side was a glowing face. I asked Imagination who that was, and she answered, that is the Future. After many days of hatred and suffering, lo! Goodwill knocked at the doors of Conqueror and Conquered, and she joined their hands in friendly grasp.

(To be continued.)

"THE GIFT OF FORGIVING GODS"

BY MARY BORDEN TURNER

THE sacred city of Benares lifted its mysterious face to the morning sun, smiling, mystic, wonderful. Its gleaming pinnacles and gorgeous towers swam through the shining white haze of an early sky. The sunlight, as yet untainted by the feverish heat of noon, poured down from the flashing tips of two slender minarets, sentinels of Mohammed's classic monument in the midst of a glowing Hinduism; poured down, deepened, and spread in a visible golden wash over the crowded buildings, over tier upon tier of stone steps, down to the edge of the blue Ganges. It flooded a molten stream of bronze bodies and brilliant *saris* that undulated up and down the long terraces, turned to fire a thousand brass vessels that glinted through the throng. Pure and kind and innocent, it penetrated into the haggard shrines that faced the holy river, touching gently the faces of barren women who knelt before the sacred lingum of Shivah and knocked their

heads ceaselessly upon the stone pavement. Unconsciously merciless, it hung upon the mask-faces of ash-smeared fakirs, who squatted motionless by the water's edge, blinking back to the heavens, in blind self-satisfied fanaticism. Laughingly it danced through the sparkling wavelets of the Ganges, turning them to silver and sapphire; playfully it caressed the limbs of the river's devotees who came in hundreds to bathe and worship. Cool, limpid mother Ganges! Pure life-giving Sun-God!

An old woman stood knee-deep in the water, lifting her withered face and dimmed eyes to the sky. Slowly she raised her shriveled black arms above her head, and poured the sacred water from her brass jar, an offering to the sun. A group of plump Brahmin women scrubbed their clothing vigorously on the steps behind her, laughing and gossiping as they washed. A large austere man, under a straw umbrella, round

like a gigantic mushroom, dipped water from where he sat on his raft and drank, then marked his forehead and arms with ashes, elaborately careful. Far up the river, to the pearl-gray smoke of the Burning-Ghat, rippled the bright line of worshipers, but no one noticed the old woman. She was protected from the eyes of the curious by the covering of her uncomely old age, and she was oblivious to them all, isolated in the fervency of her prayer. For a moment her sorrow-stricken face quivered to the sun, then bowed itself to the waters that lapped her shrunken body, "Gunga-Mai, Gunga-Mai," she repeated, feebly imploring.

A crow dropped from the white sky over her head, and lit upon something that floated a little beyond her. It was the stiff body of a child. The old woman shrank together suddenly, cowered shaking in the water, and half stretched out her arms to the little form. "*Piari* — *meri Piari!*" she cried tremulously, yearningly; but the current of the river carried its burden onward swiftly, and only the blue waves answered her, laughing. Slowly she turned and waded back to the dry stone steps. Slowly, feebly she wrung out the drenched end of her single muslin garment, turning a bewildered face this way and that in search of some one.

As she put the meagre fold of her *sari* over her gray head, and lifted her brass jar from the stone at her bare knotted feet, he came along the steps above her, her son for whom she was looking, a tall, somewhat loosely-built, awkward youth, with a mild subdued face. On his forehead was the freshly marked sign of Shiva. He had been bathing too, and his cotton skirt clung to his body in damp folds. He carried a bundle bound to his bare bronze shoulders and a staff in one hand. Without speaking, he put his arm through hers and urged her gently up the great flight

of steps. Slowly and silently they mounted through the streaming sunlight, through the unnoticing, eddying throng, the mother leaning her frail body upon her son; and on the face of each was the leaden weight of sorrow.

"Will you rest here, Bhagwanti?" asked the young man when they finally reached the stone-flagged street at the top of the steps.

He looked into the old face patiently as he spoke, but she seemed not to hear. Her weak eyes strained beyond him to a shrine guarded by a sacred tree. A dissolute-looking man, with a red shawl flung defiantly over his shoulder, was striding around the tree, fiercely, as though he grudged the gods this atonement for his sins. Several melancholy little women crept around behind him, timidly, to atone for the sins of their husbands, around and around. Bhagwanti shook her old head.

"She had no need to do that for you," she murmured.

Her son's face contracted in a sudden twist of pain.

"Come, weary Mai-ji," he said, hurriedly yet kindly. "Come: we will seek first the Golden Temple and the Well of Knowledge. Then I will find for you sweet milk and a place to rest."

He pulled her with him down the shadowed mouth of a narrow street. She followed, mumbling.

"You were always a faithful son, yes, and a kind master to your house. 'T is your father's widow who has angered the gods. — Ah! Ram, Ram — Ram!" Her voice quavered off into silence as her bare feet slapped the dust behind her son's footsteps.

The man said nothing. He had never been one to eat many words, and of late years his labor in the fields had given him increased measure of silent patience. Since the gods had taken away the delight of his simple heart, the lustrous-eyed Lakshmi, and their baby girl,

the little Piari, he had never spoken of them, even to his mother. Her loneliness was querulous: for hours she would sit by the door of their thatched hut murmuring the name of the child, and clinging with both arms to her own empty shriveled breast; but he, it seemed, must bear his suffering like one of those poor dogs that hung sick and dumb about his lonely house in that far village whence they had come. It was for the woman's, his mother's, sake that he had made the weary pilgrimage to Benares. For him the prospect of worshiping by the sacred river held no solace; and why should he try to appease the anger of the gods?

A great crowd of pilgrims surged through the outer court of the Golden Temple, surged forward, were thrown back, and surged again about the Well of Knowledge. Thin, worn men and women they were, from far country villages, with dingy travel-torn garments, childlike hungry faces, bewildered by the clamorous clanging of temple bells, the lowing of sacred cows, the cries of peddlers who sold garlands, fruit, and glistening *ghee* for offerings. Passionately they pressed forward to drink of the blessed perspiration of Shivah, that half-filled the shiny stone basin of the well, and was doled to them in spoonfuls by a fat, squatting priest; then they tumbled past, to worship before the great red bull in the inner court. An insolent priest, with brutal, bloated face and protruding belly, stood guard by the huge head where the pilgrims knelt and left their offerings. One after another, they laid their foreheads to the stone, tossed sacred water over the beast's forefeet and dropped a coin which the priest swept contemptuously into his *chuddhar*.

Bhagwanti and her son received their portion of the blessed fluid and were swept on by the crowd. "Ai, ai," whimpered the old woman, terrified and

bruised. The boy encircled her narrow shoulders with his arms, and lifted her down the steps to the pavement before the Bull, pressing four coppers into her withered hand. Trembling she knelt with her gray head to the ground. Her weary spirit groped confusedly through the clamorous strangeness of her surroundings. She had come a three days' journey on her aged feet. Her days were all but numbered, and her heart was fevered with a sickening sense of undefined sin. Somewhere she had offended, perhaps by clinging too happily to the cherished remnants of her old widowhood. Ah, if the great Shivah would but give her some sign of forgiveness!

She dropped the coins, praying pitiously. With a harsh grunt, the priest tore her from her son's arm and hurled her across the stones of the court. She fell in a queer formless heap. The boy sprang to her swiftly. Silently he picked her up, and taking her in his strong arms disappeared in the throng, as a pebble drops through turbulent waters, leaving no trace of its path; and still the pilgrims scrambled like eager yet frightened children to worship the beast; and the priest turned to another woman who left too small an offering and beat her head to the stones with his heavy hand. And in all the passionately pulsating throng, only Shivah's bull stared straight ahead with sightless eyes, immovable.

The sun had risen slowly higher and higher, gathering feverish heat in its ascent, until it hung burning above the narrow winding streets of the city where the tide of life ran very low. All things seemed to have shriveled within themselves, except the blazing sunlight. The shadows cast by the awnings of fruit and food-shops shrank shamefacedly against the wall of high blistered buildings. Shopkeepers drooped shrunkenly as they crouched drowsing behind their

wares. Even the gay silks that hung over the balconies of the great silk-store, the one with the sign in the language of the white sahibs, hung limp and pale in the still white heat of noon. The singing of a myriad infinitesimal insects made a thin vibrant sound that danced through the atmosphere, as though the dizzy shimmer of the sunlight were become audible.

Bhagwanti's son half-carried, half-led her across the burning market-place. Her old knees knocked against each other feebly as she tottered along. Her head shook miserably against his bare shoulder. Her breath came in little gasps. Now and then she lifted her thin reedy voice in a little heart-broken wail. In a secluded corner of the square he put her down gently, with her back against the shaded wall of a food-shop. The pungent odor of many spices rose slowly from lazily-steaming cauldrons, from piles of newly-made cakes still glistening and dripping with grease. In the shelter of his booth the shopkeeper slept, squatting on his heels. He was an elderly man, with thin pointed face and spectacles pushed up over his clean white turban. Bhagwanti shook her head feebly as he roused himself and prepared to serve her.

"Is there no milk?" she whimpered.

"Yes, there is milk, weak and weary one," answered the son soothingly.

A buffalo cow, goaded by a very small atom of humanity in a ragged shirt and red, tilted turban, was lumbering from the opposite mouth of an alley.

"*Āi, Dhuid-wālā-ā-*," called the full voice of the village lad. Lazily the distant atom prodded the huge rough side of the buffalo, languidly he pulled the long tail. They moved slowly across the square, and Bhagwanti held out her brass jar thirstily. The boy squatted beneath his great cow and coaxed a stream of sweet white milk into the jar with minute, deft fingers; handed the

jar to the old woman; and, biting the coin which her son gave him, moved off again, lifting his voice shrilly in a nasal cadence of song and twisting the lumbering cow's tail abstractedly.

Bhagwanti sipped the fresh milk with trembling lips. She looked up at her son, questioningly. He had seated himself cross-legged on the platform of the shop, and was lazily rolling a betel-nut in a green leaf.

"You will finish the *pūja*? The other gods—!"

Her eyes besought him timidly. He put the ball of betel-nut into his mouth and, slowly chewing, looked up and down the hot square. A moment he hesitated, took another pull at the long pipe which the shopkeeper offered him, and turned to her, mild, patient, apathetic as always.

"I will find you when the sun moves behind the temple tower." He unfolded his legs and stood before her. "We must take the road before evening." He moved away.

Bhagwanti settled back into her corner and sipped again, but she no longer felt any hunger, only great weariness. The shopkeeper was reading a book which he held between his toes. Now and then he chanted the words aloud to himself as he swayed backwards and forwards gently. A handsome Brahmin bull paced majestically down the line of shops, helping himself here and there to choice bunches of turnips and carrots, unmolested. The square was deserted. Bhagwanti put the vessel of milk on the ground beside her. She drowsed. Her old head fell forward.

Suddenly the wail of a child pierced the hot noon silence close at hand. The old woman lifted her head with a start.

"Piari!" she murmured, half asleep.

"Die, thou wretched baby," sounded the not unkind voice of the shopkeeper.

Bhagwanti blinked. A plump naked baby girl sat in the dust at her knee, clutching in her two hands the brass jar of milk. Her short legs stuck straight out from her round little belly. Her lower lip was drawn down, dangerously trembling. Two tears plumped into the milk. The shopkeeper twisted the jar from her chubby fists, and with a cry of hungry rage the little one pulled herself to her feet, clutching the old woman's knee.

“Tis the old Mai's milk, greedy puppy,” remonstrated the man, putting the jar on the other side of the old woman.

Sobbing, the baby leaned her dimpled nakedness against the trembling old body, and dug a pair of fists into her eyes.

“Piari, little Piari!” murmured the lonely grandmother, dragging the child into her lap, and holding the milk to the quivering little mouth.

With a delighted gurgle, the baby drank, and when the last drop was drained, leaned her tousled head on the shrunken old breast and went to sleep.

“Piari!” whispered the woman again, beginning to croon the minor strain of a village song.

“What is this, foolish Mai-ji?” The voice of her son was wearied and almost impatient. His hand fell upon her shoulder a trifle heavily. He had been to one shrine after another, doing puja, patiently, hopelessly. He was very tired.

The withered face smiled up at him in utter contentment.

“It is Piari,” she breathed.

For a moment he gazed at the baby, bewildered, then turned to the shopkeeper, questioning.

“It is seven days now,” said the lat-

ter, looking over his spectacles at the child. “The old farmer who left her has never come back. He had the fever on him. Who knows what has come to pass?”

“You have taken her into your house?”

“Even so. The old man left some coppers to buy her milk, but we can keep her no longer. Already my house holds seven—five girls.”

He sighed and looked from one to another quizzically.

Bhagwanti gazed at him bewildered. She seemed not to take in what he was saying.

“What will you do with her?” asked the son.

“Leave her in the temple. Some day she will be of use in the temple.”

The man smiled knowingly.

At this the old woman scrambled to her feet, still holding the baby in her thin arms.

“Piari—a temple girl?” she cried huskily. “No! She is a sign from the gods, of forgiveness.” She looked at her son intently.

“Take her with you,” said the shopkeeper nonchalantly, turning to serve a customer. The son looked for a long minute at the poor worn figure of his mother, at the round baby asleep in her arms. Then an expression like the shadow of a flown joy crept over his mild, melancholy face.

“Perhaps it is—the little Piari,” he said. “Come, Mai-ji.” He put his arm through hers and led her away.

Before they reached the opposite side of the square, the shopkeeper saw him take the child from the woman and perch her astride his shoulder. The little one clung there sleepily. So the three left the sacred city of Benares.

THE DECLINE OF POETIC JUSTICE

BY RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

"JUST as might have happened in the old poetical-justice days," says a brilliant critic in a recent account of a drama. Is poetic justice, then, obsolete? Was it ever a legitimate element of dramatic art? How has it happened that a strict insistence on its laws has prevailed at certain times, and been abandoned at other times? These questions are not only of some importance in the historical interpretation of the drama, but may be thought to have a wider interest in connection with any effort to determine the relations between art and experience, or between fiction and the moral law.

If we should seek to try to track the dogma of poetic justice to its sources, it would lead us, like most other matters of dramatic theory, back to the *Poetics* of Aristotle. For while Aristotle said nothing about the doctrine explicitly, his view of poetry as dealing with the general or universal — as distinguished from historical narrative, which deals with particular events — furnished the chief basis for the kind of poetic justice demanded by the critics of the Renaissance. Poetry, he said, relates what "might be," rather than what "has been"; and by that which "might be" he means that which is "the probable or necessary consequence" of a prior event. If, therefore, a good citizen is accidentally killed by the fall of a statue, it is a matter for history to make note of, but suggests no tragic pleasure to the poet. But if the citizen is a murderer, and if the statue is that of the man whom he

has slain (the illustration is Aristotle's own), then there is a special satisfaction — whether you call it moral or dramatic — in contemplating the relation of the accident to what has gone before. This is clearly poetic justice, or something very much like it.

Or, if one does not want to go back to Aristotle, there is Lord Bacon, who made a very similar observation (doubtless suggested by Aristotle) in *The Advancement of Learning*. Poetry he called "feigned history," and explained its noble charm by the fact that, while "history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice," the greater art "feigns them more just in retribution and more according to revealed providence." So it gives "some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it"; for the world, said Bacon, is "in proportion" — that is, in symmetry or perfection of form — "inferior to the soul." A splendid and imperishable saying, and one which surely gives the best possible justification of poetic justice. For the essence of that device is this: in common experience we have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree, and we have not always been so fortunate as the Psalmist in learning that he "made a bad end." We have seen John Smith die when by rights he should have lived, and John Jones live when by rights he should have died. We have seen lives vanish into nothingness which were seemingly mov-

ing toward well-determined and admirable ends, others that reaped where they had not sown, and still others that remained sterile, desultory, and meaningless, from beginning to end. What is poetry for, if not to give that "satisfaction to the mind" which such experiences fail to provide?

Now the critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who tried to fit their judgments of all dramatic poetry to Aristotle's theories, found the ancient drama on the whole well calculated to satisfy the idea of poetic justice which they derived from such passages as those just considered. To be sure, they did not find that all those characters in Greek tragedy who suffered were very bad, and that those who attained some happiness were distinguishingly good; but they did find that the suffering hero had committed some fault or error which brought his trouble upon him in accordance with the will of supernatural powers. The fault might not be strictly within the field of morals; it might be due — like that of *Œdipus* — to ignorance; it might even have been forced upon the culprit by the very powers who were to avenge it; these things could be explained as peculiarities of the ancient religions. But the important thing was that one knew why the penalty had come, and saw that the chain of cause and effect was inviolably maintained.

But when they turned to Shakespeare, — admittedly the most powerful, if not the most artistic of modern dramatists, — the critics found a very different state of affairs. His tragedies seemed often to violate, not only the classical doctrine of "probable or necessary" consequences, but also the Old Testament doctrine of the intimate connection between suffering and sin. So, testing Shakespeare by these sacred rules, they found him wanting. There was Thomas Rymer, for ex-

ample, now remembered chiefly by Macaulay's having pilloried him as the very worst critic that ever lived. In fact, he was very far from being so; he was only an extremely rigid and consistent theorist, with no warmth of imaginative sympathy to interfere with the exact application of his doctrines. The ancient writers of tragedy, he said, knew as well as any of us that virtue is often oppressed and wickedness triumphant, but they also knew that such facts are "unproper to illustrate the universal and eternal truths" which it is the business of art to set forth. And he quaintly adds, "For if the world can scarce be satisfied with God Almighty, whose holy will and purposes are not to be comprehended, a poet, in these matters, shall never be pardoned, whose ways and walks may without impiety be penetrated."

The tragedy of *Othello* was chosen — and very well chosen — by Rymer, to show the extreme results of neglecting this principle, on the part of the more or less barbarous Elizabethans. What unnatural crime had Desdemona committed, to bring such a judgment upon her? "What instruction can we make out of this catastrophe? . . . How can it work, unless to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brain, pervert our affections, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre, and jingle-jangle?" Reading this, let us not abandon ourselves to invective — as most modern critics have done — against one who could so stultify himself as to make *Othello* the type of a bad play, but rather try seriously to conceive how a theorist, devoted to the orderly exhibition of poetic justice, must have been impressed by a dramatist who produced his most powerful effects by the presentation of suffering wholly undeserved, the result not only of malice but of trivial acci-

dents, and horribly meaningless in its outcome. "Topsy-turvy," the word selected by Professor Saintsbury to characterize the prevailing impression produced on him by the tragedies of Ibsen, exactly expresses the similar impression produced in Rymer's day by the tragedies of Shakespeare.

Against this view Addison dared to protest, but whether more for the honor of Shakespeare or of his own *Cato*, it would be difficult to say. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, revering the author of *Lear* and *Othello* as heartily as any critic who ever lived, was forced to admit that he "makes no just distribution of good and evil," but "carries his personages indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care." Johnson's attitude was therefore taken by Schopenhauer as representative "in all its dullness" of that "Protestant-rationalistic, or peculiarly Jewish, view of life which makes the demand for poetical justice, and finds satisfaction in it." With Schopenhauer we are of course away at the opposite pole of criticism; and his interpretation of tragedy brings out vividly, by contrast, the insistent optimism of the dogma we are considering. For to this prince of pessimists "the true sense of tragedy is the deeper insight that it is not his own individual sins that the hero atones for, but original sin,—that is, the crime of existence itself." The satisfaction of the spectator, from this standpoint, is not that of such a purging pity as Aristotle dreamed of, but rather that of a fleeting glimpse into the eternal waste and vanity of the human lot.

So the old critics were right in condemning Shakespeare, having their view of the tragic art. In other words, they were right if they *were* right,—far righter than the moderns who hunt through these tragedies with a microscope for a "tragic fault," and assume

that it must be hidden there, else they would not be legitimate drama at all. The old doctrine has warped and colored very much modern interpretation of Shakespeare, in many lands. The ordinary schoolmistress does not know that it has anything to do with Aristotle or Bacon, but has been taught that tragedy, like Providence, perfectly distinguishes the just from the unjust; and since Shakespeare can do no wrong, his plays are to be searched, like the ways of Providence, for this infinitely perfect discrimination. That another sort of tragedy may perhaps be founded upon the very inscrutability of the plotting of our lives, seems rarely to have been apprehended.

It is more than curious how we later folk, unwilling—like the men of Rymer's time and Dr. Johnson's—to condemn Shakespeare for what is not in his plays, have set ourselves to find it there, somewhat as the church fathers, concerned for the unreligiousness of the *Song of Songs*, supplied the lack by allegorical interpretation. The criticism gathering about *Othello*, as has already begun to appear, is particularly significant for our purpose. Of all our tragedies, perhaps, it leaves us with the most unrelieved and irreconcilable sense of suffering. So, despite its poetic splendor, Dr. Johnson exclaimed, after ending his annotation of the death-scene of Desdemona, "It is not to be endured!" And Dr. Furness adds his declaration: "I do not shrink from saying that I wish this tragedy had never been written." Now, to the unwarped reader, the story of *Othello* is that of two people who are well-nigh perfect both in their love toward each other and in their friendliness toward those about them, and whose fate is woven by malignant villainy, aided by mere circumstance; and, while villainy and circumstance are enabled to act as they do by virtue of

certain well-defined traits of character in the victims, the entangling fate is in no obvious or natural sense the product of their characters. The intolerableness of the outcome is due to the fact that, not only does villainy overcome innocence, but the very stars in their courses seem to take sides with villainy.

But what have the critics made of all this? The answer is to be found in certain charitably inconspicuous pages at the back of Dr. Furness's *Variorum* edition. There is much industrious fumbling for the necessary "tragic fault." Is it in Othello or Desdemona that it can be found? Snider, author of a *System of Shakspeare's Dramas*, discovers it in Othello, and accepts Iago's own theory that the Moor has been faithless to Desdemona and treacherous to his under-officer. And one gets a clear view of the reasoning in a circle which brought the writer to this extraordinary position: "Thus we see one of the fundamental rules of Shakspeare vindicated, — that man cannot escape his own deed; . . . while, *without the view above developed* [the italics are mine], he must appear as an innocent sufferer deceived by a malicious villain."

A German critic named Gensichen finds Othello unfaithful in a milder fashion. "Had Othello retained a trace of the gallantry of a lover, he would have picked up the handkerchief that Desdemona let fall. . . . It was through this neglect of a courteous act that Othello himself provided Iago with the weightiest proof of his wife's infidelity." Another example of the fact that for the most exquisite parody one must not go to the satirist but to the most serious of men.

Other interpreters, less gallant, turn to Desdemona for the source of trouble. Thus Héraud, in *Shakspeare, his Inner Life*, after lightly assuming that Othello

himself could not be innocent, or he would not so easily have disbelieved in innocence, finds that the tragedy was possible only through Desdemona's want of truthfulness. "Virtuous as she otherwise is, she has one foible, — a habit of fibbing." This fatal habit brings her to her death-bed, and persists to the moment when she tells Emilia that she has killed herself, — divine and glorious lie! (But these last words are not Héraud's.) Bodensedt, on the other hand, finds Desdemona's guilt in her treatment of her father. "I am sure that here, as in *Lear*, it was the earnest purpose of Shakspeare to represent a serious wrong done by a child to a father; . . . and so long as family ties are held sacred, Desdemona will be held guilty toward her father by every healthy mind." Still others have hinted darkly that she earned retribution by daring to join white blood with that of different hue. This group of citations may be fitly closed by one from Ludwig, which, though not touching precisely the same matter as the others, exemplifies the same insistent desire to have the master poet mete out perfect justice in his ordering of human life. "In every character of every play," says this amazing writer, "the punishment is in proportion to the wrong-doing." Surely, one thinks, this is a hasty generalization; he has forgotten *Othello* and *Lear*. But no: "How mild is the punishment of Desdemona, or Cordelia, for a slight wrong; how fearful that of Macbeth! " (The critic's point of exclamation here is quite insufficient; I therefore add another.)

But these are, of course, not typical critics, at least for English-speaking countries. They are representative only of the survival of a decaying formula. Others face the conditions more frankly, though not condemning Shakspeare on account of them; and of these some waver in their position,

perplexed by the contrast between traditional theory and the facts, while some (like Schopenhauer) glory in the boldness with which the great poet faced the facts and threw poetic justice to the winds. Perhaps the prevalent tendency of criticism in our time is toward the belief that Shakespeare, at the period represented by the great tragedies, deliberately rejected all hopeful interpretations of the human lot, and dared to set forth the inscrutable spectacle of man prostrated by a will seemingly stronger but not kinder than his own.

It may be worth while to inquire why it is that the old dogma has been so largely rejected in both the theory and practice of recent literature. For that this is increasingly true there can be little doubt. In the cruder forms of literature, to be sure, on the stage or off, poetic justice always remains; for the child-mind, whether in actual childhood or older immaturity, persists in enjoying the frank and clear-cut distribution of awards, — the “lived happily ever after” for the good, and a vaguer but equally certain end for the bad. But latter-day ethics, having rebelled against the use of a system of rewards and punishments as the chief means toward spiritual safety, is dissatisfied with the morality of such pictures of life as throw these rewards and punishments into strong relief. If one should take the pains to examine the fiction prepared for juvenile reading in our time, comparing it with that bestowed upon earlier generations, the change would probably appear still more conspicuous than in literature of a more pretentious sort. At any rate I take to be typical an instance which has lately come under my eye, in a book designed for readers of a very tender age. It deals with a fine-frocked maiden who went walking in her Sunday hat, and suggests an impending

moral, concerning which, however, we are presently undeceived.

Her wise mamma called out to her,
 “My darling Mary Ella,
 Whene’er you take your walks abroad
 You must take your umbrella ”

That naughty girl she paid no heed
 To her dear mother’s call,
 She walked at least six miles away,
 And it did n’t rain at all!

Even the dreaming child, then, while we may still conceal from him the full grimness of the moral chaos, is nowadays denied the contemplation of an ideal world where every act bears prompt and visible fruit after its own kind.

And why this change? As a part, for one thing certainly, of the general advance of what we call Realism. The sense that he is drawing “the thing as he sees it” is the characteristic inspiration of the modern artist, and a similar sense of facing the realities without flinching inspires in like manner much of contemporary thought, almost to the point of bravado. From this standpoint we find a representative critic of the day lately writing: “The centuries of dreaminess have gone by, perhaps forever, and to-day man looks with keen, unclouded vision into the verities of his existence, asking no one to prophesy smooth things, but banishing illusions, uncovering nakedness, and facing with a certain hard composure . . . the ghastly facts that render human life so terrible.” If this is what we have been slowly attaining, what wonder that poetic justice has steadily faded?

And here, as elsewhere, what we vaguely call Romanticism has joined with realism to the same end; for the two, though often quarreling between themselves, always join to make war upon the forces of conservatism. That spirit of daring which finds “relief from the commonplace” in so many diverse

ways, frequently finds it in the inversion of the axioms of poetic justice. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" is one of those axioms which at times it is a real pleasure to turn upside down; at any rate, the harvests of those who reap where they have not sown are more unhackneyed and piquant. Hence a certain satisfaction in a chaotic world, — a satisfaction which, like all the romantic joys, comes as a reaction from the outworn classical joy in a world so well ordered as to be positively wearisome.

Nor can these literary movements be kept separate from the development of radicalism and increasingly "free" thought in regions of speculation and faith. To suppose, as some do, that our time is the most unbelieving which the race has known, is to be ignorant of or to forget the spiritual history of periods no more remote than the eighteenth century. But it is quite true that rebellion against traditional beliefs, at any rate among those speaking the English language, finds nowadays a more easy foothold and a freer air than formerly. And we are all familiar with a kind of anti-Calvinism which may either take the form of finding the universe a meaningless and ungoverned thing, or, going still further round the circle, may find it actually suggestive of predestined evil, — of a power not ourselves that makes for unrighteousness. Readers of literature are acquainted with this last phase in the writings of Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose pathetic human creations are driven before a malevolence too persistent and effective to be fortuitous. Here, I repeat, we have gone almost around the circle, and come to a sort of poetic injustice which may be thought to take the place of poetic justice as an orderly force making for tragic ends.

Certain of the tragedies of Ibsen illustrate, in very interesting ways, dif-

ferent phases of the development we have been considering. In *Ghosts* we seem to be not altogether remote from "the old poetical-justice days", sowing and reaping are at any rate clear enough, though their relation is a larger one than that of the individual life, and the spirit of rebellion against old conventions appears also in the rejection of all mitigation of the tragic pain through the element of beauty. In *Hedda Gabler*, again, there is at least no complete triumph of injustice in the catastrophe; yet here, besides the intensified rejection of every vestige of tragic beauty, there is a further refusal to make the characters and their sorrows suggest some universal significance. The extraordinary individuality, not to say triviality, of the persons concerned seems designed to prevent us from thinking of them as other than passing motes and midges, dancing toward a destruction which has significance, if at all, for themselves alone. And in *The Wild Duck*, which both Ibsen and his disciples tell us marks a period of profound growth, beyond any of the other dramas, we have poetic justice treated to the process of *reductio ad absurdum*, and going down, amid the wreckage of truth, beauty, and idealism, in one ironic yet poignantly tragic crash. Over the dead body of the girl Hedvig, Molvik — representing the maudlin inanity of conventional consolation — repeats the words of Scripture: —

"The child is not dead, but sleepeth."

To which Relling — apparently standing for the clear-sightedness of disillusion — replies, —

"Bosh!"

And the same character interprets the catastrophe with this conclusion of the whole matter: —

"Life would be quite tolerable, after all, if only we could be rid of the confounded duns that keep on pestering

This *via media* is exemplified, too, in the work of Shakespeare, — certainly in some of it, and perhaps even in that of the tragic period which we have seen has made so much difficulty for the critics. At any rate, that recent Shakespearean criticism which is probably soundest takes a different view of the great tragedies from that exemplified by either of the extremes which were noted above in connection with the problem of *Othello*. Professor Dowden, for example, admitting the unique painfulness of the play, hears behind it a high note of reconciliation and spiritual triumph. “To die as *Othello* dies is indeed grievous. But to live as *Iago* lives . . . is more appalling.” There is a compensation for the ruin wrought by evil which does not depend upon the hope of a future life to make odds even. “*Desdemona*’s love survived the ultimate trial. *Othello* dies ‘upon a kiss.’ . . . Goodness is justified of her child. It is evil which suffers defeat. It is *Iago* whose whole existence has been most blind, purposeless, and miserable.” And this is precisely in harmony with the observations made by Professor Neilson concerning the alleged pessimism of the Shakespearean tragedy. To note only that good and bad go down in indiscriminate disaster is “to lose sight of the most profound distinction running through these plays, the distinction between the spiritual and the physical. . . . It is clear that Shakespeare hands over to natural and social law the bodies and temporal fortunes of good and bad alike; . . . but it is equally clear that he regards the spiritual life of his creations as by no means involved in this welter of suffering and death.” Even in *Lear* and *Othello*, then, we may find in the moment of physical disaster “a moral purgation, a spiritual triumph.”

So long, then, as the great poets and dramatists of the past are our guides,

the arts which they developed are not likely to abandon the effort to set forth the universal significance and the veiled but indestructible beauty of the human lot. If the individual experience often seems to be at odds with everything but itself; if *Job* suffers for no reason such as can be stated in general terms, if *Juliet* and *Romeo* are the victims of the animosities of their parents, and the sins of a thousand fathers are visited upon their unconspiring children; if *Desdemona* dies because her little pitiful life has found a number of malignantly potent trifles looming so big for the moment as to shut from view any source of active justice, — in the presence even of these experiences poetry still seeks to universalize its material, if only in crying, —

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things, —

and to idealize it, too, in presenting human spirits that dare war against such odds and remain essentially unconquered. In this last consideration we are certainly brought near to the reconciling element which, in the great tragedies, preserves the larger poetic justice, though the small and technical justice of the old critics be violated. If *Job* had cringed before God, and confessed a guilt he did not feel in order to escape affliction; if *Cordelia* had saved herself by going over to her father’s foes; if the love of *Desdemona* had perished in the face of injustice and falsehood; then we should have had indeed a chaos of spiritual wreckage, a poetical injustice, for which no mere beauty of form could easily atone. But on the contrary, there remains in each case, amid the very crash and vanishing of all earthly hope, a spirit that transcends common humanity as far as its suffering has transcended common experience, proving anew through poetry that the world of the senses is “inferior to the soul.”

DANTE AND BEATRICE

A VARIETY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY JEFFERSON B FLETCHER

THE definition of poetry as a "criticism of life" may be unhappily phrased, but its intention is sound. I doubt the dictum of Keats: a thing merely of beauty is not a sufficing joy forever. We have other than æsthetic emotions, other than emotional interests; and unless these also find their satisfaction in a poem, we are not, I think, wholly content with it. A supreme poem would respond to our whole nature; and in responding, reveal the poet's experience and judgment of life.

Dante's poetry is certainly, by this test, supreme. But while we cannot deny his many-sided responsiveness, we may perhaps question the significance of his responses for us. He looked at the world through glasses that no longer fit our eyes. Seen through them, life loses its accustomed perspective, and ordinary experience takes on prismatic colors which make it beautiful, but strange; so that out of his book of life we accept the poetry; the reality we question, or explain away. Most of all, we question, or explain away, the reality of his experience of love; that too must be reckoned as "poetry," which, if not merest allegory, seems at most an idealization as slightly in touch with reality as a toy-balloon tied to the ground by a thread.

Are we then, after all, reduced to the option of reading Dante as the, for us, idle dreamer of a day, not empty indeed, but past and gone, or as the diar-

ist of men and things once, but no longer, living? Does he appeal only to our antiquarian and æsthetic sides? Did he speak more literally than he knew when he gave thanks solely for

The good style, that has brought me honor?

We live in an empirical age; and the Pragmatist appears to be its prophet. Our test of reality, of truth, is human experience; and the highest truth for us is that which, verified by human experience, is of deepest import to humanity. We are, as Newman said, not to be converted by syllogisms: not that we need distrust reason, but that we know every nexus of deduction to depend ultimately upon a major premise undeduced and undeducible — save from experience. Supernatural revelation, even were we personally its recipients, would be discounted by us, because we know too well the possibilities of self-illusion, self-suggestion. But if a revelation were given to us, not supernatural, not alien to common experience, but verifiable therein, and of deepest import to humanity, assuredly we should be concerned to listen. And it is precisely such a revelation, I think, that Dante gives.

The one poem, of which the *New Life* and the *Divine Comedy* are parts, is the record of a religious experience. Its first crisis came in Dante's ninth year of age, when he first saw Beatrice, and heard in his heart the words, *Ecce*

deus fortior me. The spiritual outcome of the experience is told in the last words of the *Divine Comedy*: —

To the high fantasy here power failed,
But already my desire and will were turned —
Even as a wheel revolving evenly —
By the Love that moves the sun and other stars

Such is the redeemed soul, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. There the individual desire and will are not annihilated, not denied, but rather fulfilled; for if one really desires and wills only what omnipotence wills, there can be no disappointment. Such an one is able to say in sincerity with the blessed,

In His will is our peace

Spontaneous self-surrender to the will of God is the goal of Dante's spiritual journey. Looking backward along the way, he was able to see the impulse to such surrender in his childish love; and writing the story long after the event, he could read into the mood of the child an intelligence beyond the capacity of any child. *Ecce deus fortior me*: it is "*lo spirito della vita*," the spirit of life, the vital instinct of self, that is made to speak; therefore it is no violence to translate modernly, — Behold a god, Love, stronger than I, who am the instinct of self. And the occasion of this self-overcoming impulse, Beatrice, is forthwith recognized as his "*beatitudo*," or blessedness, not for the delight she may give, but for the spirit of self-renunciation she calls forth. Thus the two extremes of his experience meet in one religious mood: the child is no otherwise moved by the little maiden than the man

By the love that moves the sun and other stars.
She is for him from the beginning the mouthpiece of God, and the means of salvation.

There is nothing abnormal, nothing mystical, in the situation. The instinctive altruism of love is no theory, but a fact of experience. Any small boy

who, unintimidated, resigns the core of his apple to another small boy feels it after his fashion. Nancy Sykes dumbly devoted to her abominable Bill; the rake of de Musset's poem suddenly pitiful of his poor hired drab; St. Francis of Assisi renouncing all for the sake of an unseen Christ — the moods of all these are at least one in this impulse away from self.

Incredulity concerning Dante's childish love for Beatrice is thus based on a misunderstanding of what Dante meant. How, it has often been asked, could a nine-year-old boy, in whom the sex-instinct is not yet developed, experience such a passion? There is no question of sexual passion. There was never any question of that, so far as we may trust his word, between Dante and Beatrice. But whoever denies that small boys may "love" little girls adoringly, devotedly, may perform miracles of juvenile self-sacrifice for their sakes, is a person of singularly limited experience and observation. Whatever, if any, psychological distinction there may be between such "puppy love," and childish love for father or mother or nurse, at least the impulse of self-devotion, common indeed to both, is observably stronger in the former. Dante's child-love then is perfectly normal; that it was the beginning of a religious conversion he only recognized long afterward.

When recognized, this spontaneous altruistic impulse in love became the basis of Dante's religious experience, and the motive of all his poetry. To feel and follow the impulse is to be truly noble, to have a "*cor gentile*," a gentle heart. To reveal it as the power within ourselves which makes for blessedness is the mission of the "sweet new style," the message which, as Dante says, —

. . . in that manner
Which love within me dictates, I go declaring.

Dante's poetry is the story of this impulse implanted by love; of its growth from a casual and passing mood into a master passion reaching out, not to one other human being only, but to all humanity, and from humanity, by the leading of faith, to humanity's God. It is the saving grace: those who have not felt it, and only those, are damned. For all love, however base else, however dark its desire, yet in this impulse, so far looks to, leads to, the light. Therefore is Beatrice able to say that the "eternal light" shines through all love; and that,

. if aught else lure your love,
Naught is it save some vestige of that light,
Ill understood, which there is shining through
Paradiso, v, 10-12

Her assurance is no vagary of mediæval mysticism, no fallacy of a mind in vertigo, which as it spins blurs the real variety of things into a confused oneness; but a recognition of the observable psychological fact that there is in all love, highest and lowest, a stirring of generous emotion.

Precisely because the altruism of love is a spontaneous impulse, it is demonstrable only by experience, by involuntary experience. Only the lover understands the lover; hence Dante is continually declaring that he addresses those only "that have intelligence of love." Nor is he preaching love. The commandment, "Thou *shalt* love thy neighbor," is unconstitutional to our nature: we cannot love to order; we fall, not jump, in love. Dante's teacher, St. Thomas Aquinas, rightly distinguishes two psychological moments in love, a "*passio*" and a "*virtus*," an impression which evokes an expression. Both indeed are independent of our reason and will: of the impression we are passively receptive; in the expression our nature responds spontaneously, if at all. It is strange that Francesca da Rimini should plead to Dante for

Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving. For did Dante himself find requital of his love from the living Beatrice? or did he blame her for her indifference to him? On the contrary, even when she denied him her salutation, — that which had been his "blessedness," and the mere anticipation of which had kindled "*una fiamma di caritate*," a glow of good-will towards all men, — even then, far from complaining or long re-pining, he came to find his still greater blessedness in the pure altruism of love which gives all, asking nothing. In her will is his peace.

With this mood of self-renunciation begins, as he himself tells, his true "new life," and "the matter new and nobler" of the "sweet new style." But although Dante is now withdrawn into himself, and asks no least response from his lady, his mood is far from the bastard Platonism of the Renaissance, as pithily summarized, for instance, in Michelangelo's quatrain: —

Mentre ch'alla beltà ch'i' viddi in prima
Apresso l'alma, che per gli occhi vede,
L'immagin dentro ciescie, e quella cede
Quasi vilmente e senza alcuna stima.

Which may be roughly paraphrased: —

While to the beauty which I first regarded
I turn my soul, that through mine eyes perceived,

Within my soul that beauty's image liveth,
Itself as base and worthless is discarded.

Michelangelo means of course, that, possessing the idea of beauty abstracted from the particular beautiful thing, — woman or other, — we have no further use for the thing; we are not concerned to pull up after us the ladder we have climbed by. But Dante did not discard Beatrice as a thing "*senza alcuna stima*," nothing worth. He may have idealized the woman; but it was the woman still, though idealized, that inspired him. Her individual personality, her particular and unique beauty of body and soul, was for him the greatly precious thing in heaven as upon earth.

She is for him no stepping-stone to higher things, which, having served its purpose, is left behind. His last word to her in heaven is a prayer to her as an immortal personality, close indeed to the Divine Personality, but not merged or lost in that. Platonic love, humanly speaking, is selfish: it envisages the one beloved as a provocative to its own contemplative raptures. There is something almost vampirish in this going about imaginatively sucking off the sweets of girls and things just to stock up one's own mental honeycomb. The very essence of Dante's love is its unselfishness. To mark the contrast after the manner of his own allegorical vision, it is not he that fed on Beatrice's beauty, it is she that fed on his heart, that absorbed his desire and will.

It does not appear that Dante ever asked or desired from Beatrice requital of his love; it does appear that he did desire and ask from other women requital of his passion. Boccaccio imputed to him an amatorious disposition; and there are those of his poems which bear out the imputation. He himself confessed and attempted to avoid scandal attaching to certain adventures. Those two ladies whom he professes to have used as "screens" to conceal his ideal love for Beatrice, doubtless did so — by being real loves; and that lady compassionate who consoled him a while after Beatrice's death probably turned his thoughts from heaven in a way not unheard of before or since. Beatrice's caustic rebuke on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory may well have been for other fallings-off also, — Dante's words almost always carry double, — but it invited most, I think, his last and most intimate purgation, by penitence, of the cardinal sin against the very principle of redemption, — pure and unselfish love. Yet the admission of these impure loves is no bar to belief in a pure

love coexistent. Even a Paul Verlaine may profess in his *Sagesse* sincere adoration of the Virgin, along with profanest passion in his *Parallèlement*.

Within this earthly temple there's a crowd,

and some sanctify the temple as a house of prayer, and some make it a den of thieves.

The disinterestedness of Dante's love for Beatrice does not, however, reduce it to friendship or hero-worship. He felt the subtle appeal of sex also, but as an appeal for his consciousness translated wholly into terms of tenderness and self-devotion. 'Let me emphasize again the sanity of his mood over against the essential morbidness of most so-called "Platonic love," or "courtly love," or "chivalric love." The motive common to these social and literary fashions, so widely current in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, is, broadly speaking, a desire to have your dance without paying the fiddler, to devise ways and means of playing with fire without getting burned. Philandering was never dreamed of in Plato's own philosophy; and the mood of philandering is almost always morbid, when it is not merely sensualism in masquerade. But Dante tells no tale of self-indulgence in luxurious emotional titillation, of *entretiens d'amour* — or "damfoolishness." His homage is not that of obsequious vassal to capricious lord, but of the redeemed to the Saviour; for it was she that evoked in him the spirit of sacrifice which is the beginning of redemption.

In the *Divine Comedy*, indeed, it would at first sight seem that he at least imaginatively assumes requital of his love: the transfigured Beatrice condescends to him, lovingly uplifts him. "Love moved me," she tells her messenger, Virgil. Yet Dante, as he proceeds, shows clearly that moving love to be not personal, not the yearning of the individual soul to the in-

dividual soul, but a saintly charity, responsive by its nature to all, directed to him only because of his especial appeal to her in his need. Indeed, in her high place in heaven beside the ancient Rachel, she had even been oblivious of his need, until Lucia, sent by the Virgin herself, mother of charity, "meridian torch of charity," pleaded with her in his behalf. He is to her but her "friend," her "brother," in Christ. Or if a warmer impulse is awakened in her, it is that of motherhood, womanly spontaneous at the call of need: —

. She after a pitying sigh,
Her eyes directed towards me with that look
A mother casts on a delirious child.

Paradiso, i, 100-102 (Longfellow)

To her he turns as a little tired child to
its mother: —

Oppressed with stupor, I unto my guide
Turned like a little child who always runs
For refuge there where he confideth most;

And she, even as a mother who straightway
Gives comfort to her pale and breathless boy
With voice whose wont it is to reassure him,

Said to me, etc.

Paradiso, xxii, 1-7 (Longfellow)

Symbolic of their spiritual relationship
is the aspect of their physical ascent:—

Beatrice upward gazed, and I on her
Paradiso, ii, 22

Very different from this almost hieratic condescension is Margaret's intimate gladness at Faust's redemption. Margaret sees her lover returned, not merely to goodness, to God, but to herself, for herself to love and cherish and serve in heaven as on earth, only more perfectly and forever. The *Mater Gloriosa* has not to plead for him with her; it is she who makes passionate appeal to the *Mater Gloriosa*: —

Incline, O Maiden,
With Mercy laden,
In light unfading,
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this!

Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
Still dazzles him the Day's new glare

And the Virgin advises her: —

Rise, then, to higher spheres! Conduct him,
Who feeling thee, shall follow there!
Faust, Part ii, Act v, Scene 7 (Taylor)

In those higher spheres, Faust is presumably to be reunited forever with Margaret. Not so may Dante hope. Once her saving mission accomplished, Beatrice also rises to her own higher sphere, where she is forthwith, Dante once more forgotten, rapt in contemplation wholly of God.

. She, so far away,
Smiled, as it seemed, and looked once more at me;
Then unto the eternal fountain turned
Paradiso, xxxi, 91-93 (Longfellow)

Beatrice in heaven, then, remains for him what she had been on earth — a mover of personal love, herself unmoved by personal love. The same spirit of *caritate*, of loving-kindness, with which he, enamoured, identified her, living, is the principle of his apotheosis of her, dead. The real Beatrice may have merited the apotheosis, may have been such an incarnation of loving-kindness, or not — who can say? Dante, loving her, thought so, — even as every Jack in love thinks his Jill. The illusion is primal. But the only tragedy of illusion is disillusionment; and in the chance for disillusionment is the risk of requited love. For that blessedness in renunciation which Dante declared "cannot grow less," there is also a cynical justification: who renounces union with one beloved assures himself against that contempt which familiarity may — though of course need not — breed. Indeed, if Dante himself was altogether innocent of the cynicism, he must have been singular in his time. The time held woman the inferior animal, to whom man must rationally condescend, could not rationally look up. It soberly believed, as Leopardi later, that

. that which is in gentle hearts inspired
By her own beauty, woman dreams not of,
Nor yet might understand

There may be serious question, therefore, if Dante's religious experience of love could for him have remained religious had Beatrice proved kind. A Lovelace in a modern French play, being informed by his married mistress that, suddenly widowed, she is now ready to marry him, exclaims in consternation, "*Mais, madame, je vous aime en homme du monde!*" One feels, not intending irreverence, that Dante must have answered Beatrice, yielding, "*Mais, madame, je vous aime en homme d'autremonde!*" Tennyson's idealization in *The Princess* of love in domesticity, love in harness pulling toward a common goal of ideal good, was hardly thinkable for Dante. The reason was not, I think, that the code of "chivalric love," by Andreas Capellanus, redactor of the code, had declared "*amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires,*" love to be incapable of extending its power over the wedded. Dante never bowed to code or dogma — even highest dogma of the Church — without question; for him ever

. springs up, in fashion of a shoot,
Doubt at the foot of truth
Paradiso, iv, 130, 131 (Longfellow)

For him, behind the code must appear the sanction; and at least one sanction of Andreas's code was experience. As a fact of experience, marriage in the Middle Ages was not of a nature to justify Tennyson's idealization. There may be question if marriage is altogether commonly so yet.

In one sense, then, the inaccessibility, the "splendid isolation," of Beatrice was a fortunate accident. Because of it, Dante's religious experience of love was saved from possible disillusionment. Experiencing the instinctive altruism of love, he was able, uninhib-

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ited, to project the color of his own mood into her nature who had evoked his mood. For Dante explicitly concedes nobleness of impulse to woman, while he denies to her reasoned and seasoned virtue. In his ode on true nobility, he declares, —

Gentlehood is wherever there is virtue,
But virtue not wherever gentlehood,
Even as the heaven is wherever is the star,
But not the converse holds.
And we in women and in youthful age
Discern this saving grace,
So far as they are held to be shamefast,
Which yet 's not virtue, —

but is — as he explains in his commentary on the ode — “*certa passion buona*,” an estimable emotion. Such in Beatrice was that *caritate*, unreflective, passionate, the essence of her womanliness, her spiritual beauty. Awakened by her in him, the emotion becomes through his masculine reflection self-conscious, understood; and so is translated from an instinctive emotion to a rational virtue. This virtue his reason recognizes as identical in principle with “*la prima virtù*,” the supreme virtue of God, —

The love that moves the sun and other stars

In this sense, Beatrice the woman is for Dante the symbol of the lovable God. She is no mere allegory, in which truth is infolded "in covert veil" by the poet's own ingenuity. She has religious significance as a symbol, precisely as the Communion when the "Real Presence" is admitted: God lovable is "truly, really, and substantially" contained in her, as after the consecration of the bread and wine, Christ is "truly, really, and substantially contained under the species of those sensible things." Hence the symbolism of the *New Life*—the association of Beatrice with the mystic number nine, "of which the root is the Blessed Trinity"; the esoteric significance of her name, as "Blessedness"; the daring intimation of her identity with the Christ

Himself — this symbolism is not poetic fantasy or amorous hyperbole, but spiritual truth. In her presence he is as in the presence of God; and therefore his own visions and tremblings and swoonings and exaltations, morbid or incredible in a mere human lover, are normal and familiar in the religious convert of all ages.

Dante's was a time of peculiar religious sensibility; but turning instead to the matter-of-fact nineteenth century and the prosaic United States, consider the conversion, the "new life," of the young Methodist Bradley, cited by William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The confession of the obscure young American throws a strange backward light on that of the great Florentine poet. "At first," Bradley says, "I began to feel my heart beat very quick all on a sudden, which made me at first think that perhaps something is going to ail me, though I was not alarmed, for I felt no pain. My heart increased in its beating, which soon convinced me that it was the Holy Spirit from the effect it had on me." So at first sight of Beatrice, Dante's heart beat "*fortemente*," and he recognized the coming of the "*deus fortior me*," — which was divine love, even as the Holy Spirit is love.

Bradley continues: "I began to feel exceedingly happy and humble, and such a sense of unworthiness as I had never felt before. I could not very well help speaking out, which I did, and said, Lord, I do not deserve this happiness, or words to that effect, while there was a stream (resembling air in feeling) came into my mouth and heart in a more sensible manner than that of drinking anything, which continued, as near as I could judge, five minutes or more, which appeared to be the cause of such a palpitation of my heart. It took complete possession of my soul, and I am certain that I desired the Lord,

while in the midst of it, not to give me any more happiness, for it seemed as if I could not contain what I had got. My heart seemed as if it would burst, but it did not stop until I felt as if I was unutterably full of the love and grace of God . . . and all the time that my heart was a-beating, it made me groan like a person in distress, which was not very easy to stop, though I was in no pain at all."

Compare with this singular ecstasy Dante's declaration, in the eleventh chapter of the *New Life*, of the effects upon himself of Beatrice's salutation: how a flame of charity possessed him which made him pardon whosoever had offended him; how he could answer any one who spoke to him only "love!" with a countenance clothed in humility; how when she actually saluted him, at the unbearable beatitude, his body many times fell like a heavy lifeless thing. The similarity of emotional experience is obvious.

Even Dante's proneness to visions and to intercourse with spiritual presences finds its counterpart in Bradley: "And while I lay reflecting, after my heart stopped beating, feeling as if my soul was full of the Holy Spirit, I thought that perhaps there might be angels hovering round my bed. I felt just as if I wanted to converse with them, and finally I spoke, saying, 'O ye affectionate angels! how is it that ye can take so much interest in our welfare, and we take so little interest in our own.'"

And lastly, the resulting mood for Bradley, as for Dante, was a passionate desire for release from self, and an expansive impulse of altruism. In the morning, continues Bradley, "I got up to dress myself, and found to my surprise that I could but just stand. It appeared to me as if it was a little heaven upon earth. My soul felt as completely raised above the

fears of death as of going to sleep; and like a bird in a cage, I had a desire, if it was the will of God, to get release from my body and to dwell with Christ, though willing to do good to others, and to warn sinners to repent." So saying, he but says more crudely:

... Already my desire and will were turned —
Even as a wheel revolving evenly —
By the Love that moves the sun and other stars

I have dwelt on this curious analogy, because it seems to me to refute the contention that the extremes of sensibility in the *New Life* are to be taken as mere amorous and literary convention. Of course, Dante employed the parlance of his masters in love-poetry, just as he must, drawing an angel, have produced a figure which we should call Giottesque. A conventionalized phraseology does not imply necessarily an unoriginal thought any more than a conventionalized frock-coat implies necessarily an unoriginal man. Originality is not the same thing as eccentricity. The "sweet new style" was, in the first instance, simply the old garment covering a new man; as the man grew and expanded, doubtless the garment was little by little altered to fit.

In the *New Life* Beatrice is the symbol of the lovable God; in the *Divine Comedy*, she is still this, and more. She is the symbol of God's omniscience as well. To love her had been to love God; now to know her is to know God. Again, she is no mere allegory of theology, no personified abstraction like the innumerable didactic phantoms — "Lady Meed" or "Dame Sapience" or "Sister Rightwiseness" — of mediæval evocation. With the woman's body she has put off the woman's limitations. Illuminated by the divine reason, her passive goodness has developed into active virtue, *knowing* the good which it desires and wills. Therefore at the last, Dante is justified in saying to her

in heaven what he would have thought it fantastic to say to any woman on earth: —

Of whatsoever things I have beheld
I recognize the grace and potency,
Even through thy power and thine excellence.
Paradiso, XXXI, 82-84.

Of course, as need hardly be said, Dante is here imaginatively projecting his own illuminated intelligence into the mind of his immortal lady, as in the *New Life* he had projected his mood of charity into her mortal heart. It was in each case an act of loving faith. If she really lived here on earth, she may have been what he believed her to be. In any case, the burden of disproof, both of her existence and of her excellence, is upon him who doubts. At present, there is no evidence against, and there is some evidence for, her being Bice Fortinari, a real Florentine girl and woman. I cannot but hope that the present interpretation of Dante's love for her may relieve their possible relations of any seeming unnaturalness, and at the same time explain how it came to pass that this love grew for him into a religious experience, leading him to conversion and confidence of ultimate redemption.

Experience of the spontaneous altruism of love, — this alone is the major premise of his whole syllogism of life. It is in all love: neither Dante nor, for that matter, Goethe asserts that only the "woman-love" leads us upward. But as sex-love is the most intense, perhaps the only intense, love that mankind at large normally experiences, it is most, or only, in sex-love that the still, small voice of *caritate*, of self-devotion, is heard. Finally, therefore, it is as the supreme expression of this religious experience, in a phase at once most universal and most intense, that Dante's poetry is a "criticism of life," not mediæval life, but human life.

THE ENGLISH OF THE MOUNTAINEER

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

ONCE upon a time I read an essay having the alarming title, *Are We Losing Shakespeare?* The author suggested that Shakespeare's English was already practically obsolete. I felt rather unhappy about it at the time, but five years spent in the Cumberland mountains have served to reassure me on this point. In that time, I have often wished that some scholar would undertake a careful, sympathetic study of the mountaineer's English. I myself bring to the task no scholarship and only such familiarity with Elizabethan English as is imbibed in a home where Shakespeare followed close upon Mother Goose. I remember washing jam-sticky fingers and repeating with great zest, "Out, damned spot, out, I say!"

My life in the hill-country, however, has brought Shakespeare's English daily to my ears. This "mountain dialect," which seems as a rule to be taken humorously by "furriners," appears to me rather archaic than uncouth, a survival rather than a corruption. I hold no brief for the mountaineer, but I do believe that the language keeps its vigor longest where it is used for simplest, plainest service. Every student knows that the old forms linger among the masses when bookmen and polite society have lost them.

These "contemporary ancestors," as President Frost has called them, live in an almost inconceivable isolation. A few of them have never seen "yon side" the cove in which they were born. Close to the unproductive soil they live, hard by their own firesides they

hold, and speak as their grandfathers spoke when they came out of England.

A mountain child and I were climbing a steep path together when a snake darted across our way. The boy threw a stone at it, and the ugly creature flattened its head and puffed out its throat until the brownish skin looked mottled. "Lo'ye, hit's right pried," said the boy. Richard Grant White tells us that a hundred years ago "hit" was a form of the pronoun still often heard. Throughout Appalachian America, so far as I know it, this very pronoun is Shibboleth. The young mountaineer, returned from college in the low country, will carefully silence that *h*, but in unguarded moments it comes to his lips. And why not? Happily his forefathers left England before that aspirate, with others, was drowned in the clang of Bow Bells.

"His schoolin' help him mightily," says the satisfied father. "I have been holpen in a many troubles by that thar word," says the mountain woman. "Thou hast holpen thy servant," says the psalmist. "Let him thank me that help to send him thither," says King Richard.

"Hit's the truth, p'int blank," assents the woodsman, if your remark hits the white.

Just why these neighbors say "whar" and "thar" and "p'int" I do not know. I don't defend it, but I like it. The old Virginia gentleman, whose forbears were noblemen of England, and who himself was graduated from old William and Mary, where, tradition says,

they think in Greek and Latin, will tell the stranger, "Over thar is Gloucester P'int." I don't know the reason, but I assume it is a good one.

The mountaineer is conservative and brief in conversation. As I drive down to the water's edge, the ferryman hails me. "Want over?" he says. I wonder if "I'll in" is the proper response as in the days of chivalry, but answer more at length, "I'd like to drive across if the ford is safe. Can I get over all right?" My ferryman answers guardedly, "You mought, and ag'in you mought n't."

We are apt to smile, or frown, at whatever is not our own usage. "Two negatives make an affirmative," quotes the schoolma'am glibly. "Don't say a-doing," admonishes the mother, "say doing or being done." Yet Shakespeare and the mountaineer make plain to a sympathetic understanding that the double negative may make for emphasis, not contradiction; and that which is a-doing moves forward more stoutly than that which is being done.

"I ha'e n't ne'er a thing to play with," complains the mountain child. The writer of tales in "mountain dialect" ignores the legitimate contractions — left in the low country to the Scot or the poet — and writes uncouthly, "I haint nary thing."

When the small neighbor tells me, "I come on a arrant," I am tempted to criticise the noun, but bethink me of Sir Walter Raleigh's command, —

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant.

The farther one goes from a railroad, the quainter sounds the English. Forty miles on horseback bring one near to Chaucer's time. The hospitable householder calls from his cabin door, "Light, and hitch your beastie."

If the "beastie" one rides be a hobby, there is always danger that it will carry him too far. I have heard it ar-

gued that when the Highlander says, as he frequently does, "She been a-pun-in'," "we been hearty," he means, not "she *has* been ailing," "we *have* been well," but we are so, and the idiom is that of the song from *Cymbeline*. It may be so, but elisions are common, and we must judge by the ear alone, so I have not felt that this was a safe conclusion. But I should love to believe it.

The stranger is apt to be puzzled when the mountain mother tells him that "Sairy and Tom air a-talkin'." Yet I take it the phrase is used in just that sense in *Lear*, when Regan says jealously, "Edmund and I have talk'd." I told a dear old neighbor that my guest, Miss Blank, could not come to say good-by, as she had planned, because she was packing her trunk. "Ain't thar ne'er a man about?" asked Aunt Polly, scandalized. "That child ain't stout enough to pack a trunk no piece."

"Those girls are of a favor," says my mountaineer, and so does Shakespeare. "I come to pass the time of day," says my neighbor. "Good time of day unto my gracious lord," says Hastings to King Richard. When Baptista tells Petruchio that Kate "is not for your turn," I think he uses the expression as does the mountain mother who says her child is "ill-turned," or "has a mannerly turn," as the case may be. "I never seen a child that took so much dinging," says the mother. One knows the word, of course, since one's first acquaintance with little Tommy Green and big Bill Stout; but I have only lately come upon Alexander Hume's lines about the cock: —

With claps of joy
His breast he *dangs*.

The mountaineer says "afeared"; so does Shakespeare. A worthless fellow is "a sorry fellow," by both authorities. In *King Richard III*, which I quote oftener than another play only

because I read it yesterday, are these phrases, any one of which I have heard repeatedly among my mountain neighbors: "Domestic broils *clean-over-blown*"; "Then he is more beholden to you than I"; "A care-crazed mother to a many sons"; "Full as long a-doing"; "Yet from my dug she drew not this deceit"; "Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy."

A "tetchy" child, by the way, and not a sick one, is, in our hill-country, an "*ill* child."

The newcomer in the mountains hears these words as gleanings, but if the kind ones take you into their home life so far as to let you sit quietly at the fireside while they talk of the day's work, it is like listening to another and a stronger language than our twentieth-century English.

In such a home, the wife is "my woman," the husband, his wife's "man"; and it seems an earnest that here in the hills there is a survival of the times when, forsaking all others, married folk

clave only to each other, as long as they both should live. As the family gathers in at twilight, the daughter tells how little this evening's milking yielded, "though I dribbed and dribbed." The father accuses the neighbor lad who drove up the cows as "a sorry cow-herd." The mother, suckling the "least one" of the children, tells of the oldest daughter's progress in the art of weaving: "She can warp off every grain as good as ever I could; I aim to learn her to gear the loom to-morrow." The child on the floor plays with "hits puppet."

In a dark windowless little cabin the people gathered one evening for a prayer-meeting. A woman prayed in an agonized, hysterical voice for "a special blessing, Lord, a very special blessing." When her voice died away, an old man, with a long white beard, knelt stiffly with rheumatic knees and prayed in these words: "Lord, we know mighty little. You know our necessities. Bless us to suit yourself. Amen."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WILLIAM IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

OTHER authors display their pearls where they may be easiest seen; Shakespeare often hides his in his oysters. There is such a pearl in such an oyster, in *As You Like It*. We hear much of Rosalind, Jaques, Touchstone, etc., but no one, so far as we know, has dilated upon that wonderful creation known simply as William.

In *As You Like It*, William appears but once, and then in the last act. There seems to be no particular reason for his appearance, and yet what a priceless

photograph would be lacking from the great artist's gallery, had he not, as it were, strayed upon the stage, looked blinkingly about him, and hurried back to the side-curtains! He speaks but forty-four words. If we subtract the nine times that he uses "sir," there are left but thirty-five words in which to reveal the depths of his character. Yet these thirty-five words are more than enough to lay bare the psychological areas of William's being.

When he gets lost, and finds himself in the scene, Touchstone is making love to Audrey, a maid whom William

loves with all the placid reaches of his soul. He knows Touchstone is breathing words of devotion to the one dearer to him than life, but, superior to the jealousy of lesser men, tranquil in the mental adjustment of relative distances, an intellectual achievement which nowadays goes under the name of "higher thought," William says, "Good even to you." There he stands with hat off, till Touchstone bids him be covered, the type of emotionless philosophy.

Touchstone asks him his age. Is William angry at this impertinence? No, he has already provided himself with an inductive religion, a religion that includes the flowers and birds, sin and an eternal state of vibration, as in light-molecules. Yet, though he appreciates the unreality of matter, and the subjectivity of time, he adapts his language to the ears of his own day. He answers that he is twenty-five.

This answer tells us more than the superficial fact that William is slow to take offense, that he is gentle and forbearing. It tells us something of the workings of Shakespeare's genius. Romeo, in the fiery intensity of his passion, dwells in the hazy atmosphere of indefinite youth. Othello, on the other hand, is essentially a man who has seen much of the world. William does not appear impetuously young, nor inexorably old. He is twenty-five. We feel instinctively that he could not have been younger or older than twenty-five. His age seems fixed, unalterable.

Notice his response when Touchstone asks him if he was born in the forest. William says, "Ay, sir, I thank God." He cares nothing for the vain life of rushing cities, for the show and tinsel at court. His philosophy has gone far beyond that. He still, however, clings to the idea of God, and, as if to explain this primitive faith rooted in so wise a character, we are instructed

that he was born in the forest. Close to nature's heart, the song of streams and birds, the rushing of the wind, the coming of spring and the going of autumn, have well fitted him to become their interpreter.

The inquisitive Touchstone next inquires, "Art rich?"

William says, "So so."

At first the response jars upon us, for it seems to partake of the improbable. We had not expected worldly wisdom in this man of twenty-five, who thanks God that he was born in the forest. His "So so" is crafty, almost to canniness. Of course it proves that he was not very rich, else he would have said plainly that he had nothing. But why this avoidance of a plain answer? It is in such touches as this that Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature. No man is consistent at all times. No man is merely one man. He partakes of separate natures; the inheritance from many ancestors has left him essentially complex. This "So so" is an outcropping, in the natural field, of an alien stratum, which, nevertheless, is bedded in its rightful soil.

Touchstone asks, "Art wise?" and William says, "Ay, I have a pretty wit." From William's former words we would not have suspected this fact, now announced so succinctly. The young man has appeared as a philosopher, but a rather dull one; as an original thinker, dwelling close to nature, and possibly partaking of nature's unalertness. He has seemed slow. But all this misconception arose from the fact of our too easily assumed impressions. William has a pretty wit, and as we meditate upon his confident assertion, we see deeper and deeper into the justice of his claim. It is true that he has not exhibited any signs of his possession; but his very wit has kept him from betraying his wit. It is no time to make a display of one's wit, when

one's sweetheart is being courted by a successful rival. Under these circumstances, William could not be jaunty, a forced gayety would not become him. And yet, for us to grasp his character in all its roundness, it is necessary for us to know that wit is one of his qualities of mind. And it is essential that William himself should assure us of this unlooked-for characteristic. Had Rosalind or the Duke assured us that William was witty, we could not have believed the statement. Only William knows the truth, and it is for him to give it to us from the fullness of his knowledge

Touchstone at last puts the vital question to which all others have been leading. The time is come for William to bare his secret to the eyes, not only of Audrey, but of the inquisitive and unfriendly public, as typified in Touchstone. The question is put: "You do love this maid?" It is now that William reveals that sublimity of self-restraint which we have already divined. There is no quiver of emotion in his tone, no flash in his eye. If Orlando had been asked if he loved Rosalind, he would have replied in many a rounded couplet; he would have carved the answer on the trees, and sung it to the brook. William's words are, "I do, sir." That is all. He loves Audrey; he proclaims the fact, his manner of making the assertion is calm, respectful, even cold. And that is the end of the matter. Nothing is so great as love; and nothing can be added to love. There it is, William would say. Behold it! I will not paint the lily.

Such absolute stoicism, such admirable repression, angers Touchstone; he commands William instantly to depart; not only so, but he mocks him, he ridicules his passion. Audrey — unkindest cut of all! — turns upon her noble lover, unable to appreciate those finer qualities of his spirit which Touch-

stone's lacks, and she says, "Do, good William!"

William says nothing of Audrey's want of appreciation, he does not reproach her for her contempt of his love. He says to her nothing at all. But he turns to Touchstone, and with a cheerful nobility that is saturated with the essential essence of the sublime, he says, "God rest you merry, sir." The rest of William's life-history is expressed in one small word in italics, a word that, in its universality, embodies the final story of every man, be he king or peasant, philosopher or blockhead, an Orlando or a William, — *exit*. Such is the life, and such the man. William's last name we are not to know. He appears in the play when he is not wanted, he vanishes before we have ceased to wonder why he came. When everybody marries somebody in the last scene, nobody marries William. He loved much, but was himself unloved.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE GATE

I KNOW a story of another Scotch laddie who was asked what he wanted? what would make him happy? and promptly he answered, "Cream parritch and cream to them, and to swing on a yett (gate) a' day."

This story was told by a man who was once a boy in a beautiful Scotch village himself, and who used to stir up the cows when they were chewing their cud, and drive them off, and warm his bare toes in the grass heated by their bodies; he used to kneel on the edge of a stream, and feel with his hands under the bank, and find a big fish, and pass his fingers gently all over it, feeling its whole smooth form, while it lay quite still. And sometimes of course he would close his hands and lift out a salmon for dinner. He used to crouch in the track of a running hare, and the scared creature, with its eyes turned back,

looking for trouble behind, would run right into his arms — "and we often had hare soup."

A man who was so close to nature as that would be truthful — at least so we are taught, and I suppose cows and fish are more clearly nature than men and women. So the truth of the story is demonstrated, if that is any addition to it.

Whether it is true or not, it is a very important story, for surely we may all have cream parritch — ay, and cream to them, and swing on gates till our heads swim, if we are sure we want to. Happily we do not all want to, or there would not be half enough gates to go round. There is no accounting, the proverb says, for tastes. I have heard of certain people who went a great distance to church. The service was long. The sermon lasted more than an hour, and there was another service in the afternoon, with another sermon. There was not time for these worshipers to go home and return for the afternoon service, so they took their lunch* and ate it in church, and spent the entire day there. Need I say this also was in Scotland?

Our Puritan ancestors — not so long ago — used to sing a hymn beginning thus: —

There is a dreadful hell
Of never-ending pains,
Where sinners do with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

The tune is as dreadful as the words. Surely no higher critic would have the heart — if he had the power — to rob these believers of a hell at once so awful and so amusing? They lavished all their gifts of imagination on it, and made it as perfect as they could; it needed only their own presence there to be an ideal hell. They would have repudiated with horror the idea that they enjoyed it, but doubtless all the good it ever did was in the uncompre-

hended thrill it gave them. Stand aside and let them swing their gates to their hearts' content; for if you try to stop them or slow them down, who knows but they may show you the utter and quite demonstrable silliness of your continuing to practice on your 'cello, or crossing the ocean every year to look for an hour at the Nattier which has enslaved you so that you know no peace?

"On n'apprend pas en s'amusant," says a schoolmaster severely to dear-Monsieur Sylvestre Bonnard. "On n'apprend *qu'en* s'amusant" retorts that philosopher. When I was a child I was so fortunate as to go to a school where we were allowed to enjoy our lessons. When Washington or any of his generals won a battle, we sprang to our feet and cheered — indeed I think I remember Eugene leaping on to his desk, but this was at a crisis of great emotional fervor — a sudden wrenching of victory from defeat — a triumph artfully led up to by a great teacher. We were allowed to choose our own punishments, and were not punished at all if we did not think we had been bad. I wish I could tell with modesty how well we all came out. Some of us are famous, — or about to be, — and we are all of course highly developed individualities. One of that class, a boy, has painted and drawn animals all his life, so lovingly that now the world loves his animals too. A lady heard him mention Oxford, and with a stern ambition to learn from one who knew, she asked him what he had admired most in that ancient seat of learning (and had her tablets ready). The artist's eyes grew dim with the memory of beauty. "I saw a golden-haired sheep in Oxford," he said softly. He was swinging on his own gate as he has done all day, and let us hope the cream parritch are coming to him — with cream to them.

"I care not who knows it," says the greatest story-teller of them all, "I write for the general amusement." And it is because he amused all the world, beginning with himself, so well, that his fellow men have loved him so much (and after the perverse unhumorous way of mankind, have made a classic of him, and force their children to read him — with notes). But funnily enough, a little boy I know of happened to get the most education out of his books in quite another way. He used to pass a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, and stopped to gaze at the first page of a book exposed to view in the window; he became absorbed, and stood with his eager little face pressed against the glass till he had devoured every word on the two pages, and then walked reluctantly on to school. But the bookseller, who happened to be a very human being, had seen the greedy little eyes, and he turned the leaf, so that on the way home the boy read two pages more of the story; and every day four more until he had read the whole book.

It was *Waverley*, and of course it was "part of his education," though he did not think so. Who would not be educated by loving those gentle females with "ringlets betwixt brown and flaxen," and those brave simple knights and very royal kings? Many admirable things are told in the life of the great romancer, but best of all is the fact that when he came into the room his children and their friends (notwithstanding that the young of the human race are the shyest and most suspicious of all the wild animals) never stopped playing leap-frog, or flirting, or any other game they were engaged in; he was permitted to join if he felt like it, or to look on, but the game never stopped — and this when he was honored by the world as something between a god and a great prince; when

he had invented the art of romantic fiction and almost created a country. No wonder so many ladies proposed to him, though he was old and lame and in broken financial circumstances. Here was the ideal man, who had the world at his feet, and who could come into the room and join in the fooling of the young people without (I can think of no better expression than my brother's, though they may have had a different word for it at Abbotsford) — without "gumming" the party. The ladies did right to marry him if they possibly could.

I do not know what became of my lad of definite desires. Certainly he got what he wanted. He may be a great philosopher or a good gardener; he may be only a millionaire if his aim continued to be as narrowly material; but is there not in the unprofitable longing to swing everlastingly on a gate, the germ of a hope that he may have become a poet?

THE DOMESTIC PESSIMIST

THE pessimist, as a friend or neighbor, is not a problem. He is rather a relief to the monotony of life. His lamentations that all is wrong with the nation and the church and the world may be somewhat depressing at first hearing, but presently they come to be appreciated as an agreeable provocative to one's sense of humor. Mrs. Mundy, in Mr. E. F. Benson's *Paul*, is a delightful example. This lady, in painting a water-color of a Mediterranean bay, had managed to infuse something of her own melancholy into the radiant Italian sunshine. "One felt that it might begin to rain any minute."

But the pessimist within the home is another matter. Here it is not a question of an occasional conversation, but of a persistent obsession. When some one to whom we are bound by close

relationship and strong affection looks invariably upon the dark side of every plan that affects the fortunes of the family, it becomes more than a joke. The ethical textbooks, so generous in their advice concerning rare predicaments, give us little or no help in this everyday perplexity.

The situation I have in mind is not one in which the pessimist possesses the deciding authority or can even cast a vote. If his opinion were law, the result might be painful, but our course would be clear. The difficulty arises when there is involved no consideration of obedience, but rather the avoidance of friction. Perhaps the most frequent instance is that of parents who have somehow contracted a fixed idea that the children they have brought into the world are doomed to be unlucky or unwise in everything they attempt. This feeling may not reveal itself, or even exist, during the disciplinary period; it begins to appear when the sons and daughters acquire their independence and take their own place in the world. The apprehension of evil is thus the more pathetic because it goes with an absolute helplessness to modify the programme which causes such grave forebodings.

Sometimes, as in Mr. Gosse's *Father and Son*, this anxiety is produced by divergence in religious belief. In the case of R. L. Stevenson, the strained relations due to this cause were complicated by disagreement as to the choice of a career. "The father," Dr. Kelman tells us, "had apparently taken it for granted that every generation of Stevensons would accept its destiny in engineering and the Northern Lights. The son had other views, and cared for nothing but literature." The temporary adoption of "the uncongenial compromise of the law" only resulted in the disappointment of both the parties to it. As regards professions, it may

be accepted as a general rule that no father holding what is practically a life appointment can easily be persuaded to look other than gloomily upon the prospects of a son who disregards security of tenure for the sake of the greater opportunities offered by a free career. Or perhaps it is a marriage that converts into a certainty the parent's growing suspicion that his children will never acquire the capacity of sound judgment. I once knew the head of a large household who so much resented the marriage of his sons and daughters that he refused to attend the wedding of any one of them. Yet he was so far from being pessimistic about matrimony in general, that he was accustomed to advocate a tax on bachelors.

When the cloud of apprehension has once settled down, everything that happens only darkens its hue, and no rift is possible through which the silver lining may be seen. The other day a young man of my acquaintance thought it worth while, before embarking on a somewhat strenuous enterprise, to get himself overhauled by a physician. He was told, to his disappointment, that his general health was by no means so robust as he had supposed, and that he would do well to adopt certain precautions, if not to give up his projected scheme. The comment of his father, on hearing of the medical report, was: "I wish you had seen another doctor as well. He might have — detected some additional symptoms."

But where, you will ask, is the ethical problem? It is not the mere difficulty of cultivating a cheerful mood when one's own discouragements are reflected back, so to speak, by the mirror of a pessimistic friend. That is a trouble, no doubt; but there are well-known alleviations of it within reach. The real embarrassment has to do, not with our own comfort or peace of mind, but with our friend's. We know

that to acquaint him with certain facts concerning ourselves — facts that in our judgment are not discreditable — will cause him suffering. Shall we make them known to him, or shall we withhold them? Not every one can screw his courage up to so bold a course as was taken by the late Sir James Seeley. For many years, it is reported, he concealed and even denied the authorship of *Ecce Homo*. A well-known literary critic has testified to having heard him deny it on three separate occasions during one evening. This was deliberately done out of consideration for the susceptibilities of his father, a strict Evangelical. After his father's death Seeley avowed the book as his own.

The case would be a great deal simpler if it were simply a question of reserve in communicating the story of one's blunders and failures. But a little experience is enough to show the need of caution in reporting successes also. The domestic pessimist has an amazing capacity for peculiar interpretation. You must beware of raising his standard of expectation too high. This month, perhaps, you are exhilarated by an exceptional stroke of good fortune, and you pass on the news of it in the hope that it may do something to induce a more cheerful outlook. That is all very well, but if you are not able to produce next month an equally gratifying piece of intelligence you will learn that you are on the down-grade. How a normally pessimistic attitude may be made more gloomy by an occasional streak of irrational optimism, followed by an inevitable disappointment, is illustrated in the experience of a friend of mine, who not long ago was appointed assistant manager of a certain business. At the time, the manager himself was in failing health, and would clearly need a successor before long. My friend's appointment — a quite satisfactory one in itself — carried with

it, however, not the least prospect of promotion; and indeed the peculiar circumstances of the business made it in the highest degree unlikely that his own qualifications would be thought sufficient for the higher post. Presently he discovered by accident that his father, an inveterate pessimist, had somehow got it into his mind that this appointment meant the reversion of the managership at the first vacancy. By dint of repeated and detailed explanations, my friend dispelled, as he thought, the erroneous conclusions the old gentleman had drawn. After a year or two the manager resigned. No applications were invited, and an outsider was promptly chosen to fill his place. The assistant manager felt no grievance at being passed over. But the father's reception showed that, in spite of all the argument, his unfounded expectations had continued with him all the time. The disappointment was so severe that it made him actually ill.

If there can ever be such a thing as a dilemma, it surely arises in circumstances of this kind. A policy of reserve or accommodation is hateful. It makes the conscience uneasy with the suspicion that in the course we are pursuing we are sailing perilously "near the wind." Can we diverge even to this extent from absolute truthfulness without injury to our self-respect? There is a risk, too, in some cases that the disturbing news may reach our friend after all from some other source, with the inevitable result of our being reproached with lack of candor, and the possible result of an alienation of sympathies. On the other hand, there is the certainty that complete frankness will disturb the peace of mind of those we love and esteem, without doing either them or us any good. And, if we do tell them the facts, shall we really be telling them the truth, after all? For

we know that our story will have to pass through the distorting medium of their gloomy imaginations before it makes its impression upon them, and that, whatever we say or refrain from saying, it is flatly impossible to produce upon their minds a fair picture of the real situation. Here we are evidently entangled in a casuistical thicket. Will some professional moralist, who is also a man of the world, be good enough to extricate us?

SHRINKAGE IN DIET

THIS is a leaf from my Book of Lamentations, offered to all "contributors" who, like myself, know too much. A cryptic mole by nature, I am in the full blaze of latter-day investigation. I live with the most fearless and gallant rider of a hobby on our planet of curios — a Pure-Food Expert. He rides it bare-back; and at times it rears its front hoofs broncho-wise, and with its hind ones stirs a dust to tease the eyes of non-quadrupedantic oncomers. I was formerly one. I footed it, hugging my illusions and defying Science. It was an impious challenge. I was doomed to know, — I who should have come to my own, in the morning twilight of the world, when the haze was on the hills. Time was when I felt the exhilaration of the road; when with pores open, digestion good, I was the yokel of cheerful Ignorance. I am no longer a wise fool. I have given hostages to health — I who had it without seeking. By "taking thought," I have parted from my twin, Contentment. My body still jogs on the road, but my mind is dizzying on an aeroplane. I have married the rider of the hobby!

When a girl, I played the rôle of fair Ellen carried off by young Lochinvar. We decamped on a saw-horse. It was symbolic of my fate. For the hobby sometimes takes that wooden and in-

dustrial form. Then I mount it too. We make up in noise what we lack in speed, and many are deceived thereby. We shout and spur and apply the cudgel as Stevenson did to his donkey, and seem to be going somewhere. We do not get there, but that is to my liking. I am neither a coming woman nor a going one, but just stationary. The saw-horse phase suits my timorous nature and my home-keeping wits. I am not dispositioned to ride a Rosinante or a Pegasus, at each of which classics the hobby takes a turn. Then I am left low — as to my tenement of clay. I sit a groundling with my soul elate, and watch the flying feet of the courser without a desire to shout, "Whoa!" I am afraid of a live horse — there, it is out! — and I live with the least cowardly equestrian of my time. Let me prove it.

Before this present age, so blinding with superfluous light, I sat me down to a rasher of bacon, a steak smothered in onions, or a Deerfoot sausage in a snowdrift of mashed potato, with the gustatory innocence of a Bobo. So blissful was my ignorance that wisdom seemed to me the supreme folly. But the serpent came into my garden and proved me a daughter of Eve. Having tasted of the tree, I sought Adam and found him in a Socratic state of mind. He had already mounted his high horse Interrogation, and was sniffing afar the field upturned by the rake, when Chief Wiley blew his bugle.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

No; I'll say that for my rider — " 't was sore against his will " that he made the dinner wait to be inspected and certified. To that pass it soon came in our once cheerful home. Then for a season, repose for horse, rider, and pedestrian, under the protective symbols " U. S. "

But as a deluded soldier thinks the victory won, and wrapped in Old Glory lies down to pleasant dreams, only to be rudely awakened by the blast of war, so we. That grim phantom, "Infected Beef," whether "a spirit of health or goblin damned," has crossed our threshold, and banished from our board the juicy rib-roast and the merry soup-bone. Old Mother Hubbard would feel at home in our cupboard.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

The little pig vanished first, leaving his footprints in memory — a veritable dream-child. The hindquarters of the lamb capered after, on purely sentimental grounds.

Mary loved the lamb, you know

In a hapless hour I pastured with the sheep and fed them by hand. I saw the trustful lambkins lured to their death and carted bleating to the shambles. Henceforth I could eat no mutton or chops while the world stands.

I do not know where this contraction of edibles will end. The turkey-gobbler once wrung his own neck, so to speak, in a morning serenade. But I have recently seen the comedy of young turkeys going to roost, and I cannot bear the thought of turning so cheerful a play into a tragedy. As to the chicken, I am not yet a total abstainer, but temperate; like the woman who so loved birds that she wore only the wings. The hen, apart from that age-limit which renders all veterans immune in our dietary, has a feminine idiosyncrasy of indecision that so endears her to my halting and shifty mind at the street-crossing, that I no longer inquire curiously into her strength of sinew and the number of her days, but give her the benefit of the doubt. The speckled trout, the pink-gilled salmon, I have loved and lost. Fishermen Walton and Van Dyke may jeer at me, and point the finger of science at the di-

minishing phosphorus in my brain, already too little to make a good lucifer match; but were it as rare and as precious as radium, I would not obtain it from an "inameled trout."

I am laying bare my foible. I am a sentimentalist. And I am yoked to a practical reformer on whose table of the law is written, "Thou shalt eat no canned goods while benzoate of soda preserveth the wicked." Him I have promised to obey!

Between my weakness and his strength, our dietary long since reached the limit of expansion — the crinoline stage — and is like the present fashion in gowns, slim and unlovely, adapted only to the lean and lank. Game is ruled out: by me because the bird is in my heart; by Adam because it is in cold storage. The egg remains — that one perfect object in the world, which yet cannot stand alone — so like woman! But our diet is steadily contracting, and I foresee the day when we shall insist on a supply from one hen, government-inspected, and warranted never to set when she can lay.

NIGHT

THE campfire had died down to a bed of waning coals. Overhead, the sky was moonless and without a cloud. The trees were about me, and darkly mysterious in the mountain night. The ravine where I had camped was quiet and slumberous, and neither night-bird nor coyote called through the silence. It seemed as if I alone of all the animals of the universe were sleepless and sentient in the night. Yet it was a peaceful insomnia which possessed me; it could be nothing else with the great suns and unfathomed reaches of stars above me, with the night and the trees for my shield and cloak, and the eye of the fire to keep me company. All that day I had been dreaming

dreams and planning the future, and, what with my long tramp over the mountains and my continuous exalted mood of hope and unreasoned satisfaction, when I came to roll myself in my blankets by the fire I found myself sleepless and eager. My mind would not cease its activity, my nerves were highstrung and taut, and my heart beat passionately. Nor could I compose myself to rest, struggle as I would. The longer I lay, the more wakeful and energetic grew my mind, and Sleep, the benign goddess, was unconquerable and distant.

Sleeplessness, too, as well as Sleep, is to be courted, and welcomed when she comes in gentle guise. But too often she is terrible and Medusa-crowned, one of the unseen Eumenides, more feared than Morpheus or any old deity of nightmare and unconsciousness. Night after night, week after week, I have lain with wide eyes, staring deep into the void dark, my body composed and still only by a constant muscular effort, while the curse of insomnia dragged on my nerves. Through the chained hours I would brood upon the evenings of childhood, when, healthily tired, thoughtless, contented, I would be put to bed at dusk and on the instant vanish, and appear again in the morning, so that for many years night and darkness were hardly even names to me, and their sensations were altogether unknown. But with insomnia came bitter knowledge, made all the more unhappy by a clear, even a vivid, recollection of childish peace and ignorance. I have experienced nightmares the most harrowing, but there can be no nightmare whose terror equals the terror of prolonged insomnia. Oh, the waking dreams and the memories, the illusions, fears, morbidities, the quick-changing black thoughts and fancies, the helpless waitings and tossings, — the utterly helpless waitings and toss-

ings, — the myriad, Janus-faced elves and gnomes of the night, that dance on our pillows! The long, snail-crawling, almost eternal moments! And, through the days, weakness, lassitude, a drowsiness verging on elusive sleep, but starting awake at a nod; and the mingled hope and fear for the coming night! The Chinese torture of dripping water is no more tormenting than this torture of insomnia. Yet one must know the disease even faintly to realize the great boons of sleep and coma and non-existence.

Horrid and Gorgonian, snake-locked indeed, is the goddess Insomnia; but there is also another deity of Sleeplessness, gentle-faced and tender and full of wisdom and rest. How variant she from her torturing sister! To be awake and contented, watchful, hearkening, filled with peace and quietude, in the still, calm, everlasting night of space! There is neither disease nor hardship in this; rather it is a thoughtful pause on our life's journey, a contemplative night snatched from hurrying existence, a rest by the way. Life flares, a fiery comet, and shortly whirls out. In the rush and roar and combustion, rare intervals of midnight wakefulness fall as benedictions indeed, for only then we have time to ourselves, time to stop and breathe and look about us and contemplate the eternity through which we are for a moment hurrying. In the daylight we belong to the world; sleep snatches us from and restores us to it. Our feet shuffle the pavements of life with what pleasures and agonies, — but always hurriedly, feverishly, as if the pursuing moment were armed to strike us down, — while we weave in and out through crowded humanity. This is the buzz and swarm and agitation of the gnat-cloud, hovering and dancing above a summer pond. But night is the pond itself, whence the darting and the turmoil breed and emerge

and vanish again; always hushed, brooding, creative, always calm and lead under the flutter of life.

Night was a cathedral of rest, where I lay museful and sleepless. A cathedral built of the canopied stars and the stretched skies, of far-towering rock-ribbed walls of mountain, and aisles and long reaches of pines hidden in darkness, with an incense-laden air, drowsed by green perfumes, and at my feet the altar-eye with its pillared smoke. I threw off my blankets and put new logs on the dying fire; and in a moment an infantile tongue of flame licked up the rough bark, and fell, and struck again like a snake. Underneath the heavy dead wood, the bed of ashes glowed ruddier, and trembling sparks trooped through it. A log snapped, the red flames leaped suddenly under a fusillade of reports, and hot sparks flew upward in a starry stream. About me the dusky night sharply shut, and grew black and closely environing, while a circle of flaring light pushed it back and held it, and built for me there in the heart of the darkness a walled cavern. Last, the pitch-pine stump that I had laid upon the logs caught and hissed and glared, and a white flaring light filled my unsubstantial realm and made of the walls of darkness sable hangings bellying and blowing about me.

This was my fire-built chapel in the cathedral of night, where I might muse, and by wordless emotion communicate with the gods. Here I might rest by the way. With the others of my kind, — with the flies, and the swallows and the human men, — I too had been hurrying I knew not where, feverishly fluttering and darting down the high-road, intent on doing something, on gaining somewhat, on achieving

some unknown, upon reaching the yawning goal. I had had no time to look about me, no time to pause on the road, no time to stray away over the green slopes and gather pleasures, no time for anything but death. I had been hurrying down the way in anticipatory eagerness. I could not bear to stop in the pleasant pavilions of night until now, when favoring Sleeplessness brought me to the chapel by the way, — to the *caravansérai* of darkness, the pilgrim-house of monastic night, — and I looked about me at the strange world that I had before never found time to view. So I saw for once the beautiful land of Faerie, through which the white, dust-laden road runs to my tomb. But here I could rest, for was not this, in very truth, the felicity to which I was hurrying?

This peaceful, dead, thoughtless, and majestic Night is the goal of men and planets and suns and universes, and all are hurrying thither pell-mell, crowding and racing and eager to be received into darkness. This is the Alpha and Omega, the mother and the tomb. It was to this alone that I had been so strenuously tramping, and to which, whether I would or not, I must yet journey. And, sitting there in the sleepless silence, the goal seemed for the moment very desirable, and filled with an unimaginable felicitous peace. The drear burden of personality, the agony of life and of memory, here they will wither into darkness, I dreamed, and into the supreme happiness of Nirvana. In that hour, alone in the mountains, I fancied that I tasted an anticipatory draught of the nectar of death, I dreamed that I rested for a prophetic moment in the soul of the infinite, and, drunk with night, I found the haven inexpressibly desirable.

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THE CHANGE IN THE FEMININE IDEAL

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

WHEN I planned to write this paper, I thought I would call it "The New Woman"; but the last page of *Puck*, and the first of *Punch*, rose before me; ladies in bloomers, with latch-keys, mothers-in-law and club-women and Suffragettes, made the title impossible. When you come to think of it, it is curious how fatal it is, either to a situation or to an individual, or even to a name, if in an evil moment it becomes funny. And that the New Woman has been funny, I suppose there can be no doubt. Indeed, one can hardly say "The New Woman" with any hope of being taken seriously; although some of us feel that certain conditions of which she is a symptom are serious enough, in all conscience!

However, as I am going to venture to speak of her, I shall begin by mentioning briefly those facts which lead me to conclude that she exists — outside the columns of the jocose newspaper, and not as a mere eccentricity of sex. Of course there have been sporadic "new women," ever since the world began, and they have shocked the old women and amused the men, young and old, just as our new women shock or amuse to-day. When Miriam and her

friends took timbrels in their hands and danced out before the children of Israel, declaring that the Lord had triumphed gloriously, for the horse and his rider had been thrown into the sea, no doubt the women who were too fat or too stiff to dance, declared that such things were unknown when they were young; and when Deborah sat under the palm-tree between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim and judged Israel, I am sure there were respectable housewives who called her a "very unwomanly woman."

There have always been occasional women who did so-called unwomanly things, that is, unusual things, things generally left to men; there have always been stray women, who have distinguished themselves in art, or politics, or religion, or science; but they were conspicuous, because they were strays. Achieving women are not very conspicuous now, simply because there are more of them. Indeed, the New Woman is almost ceasing to be "new," and that is why she is ceasing to be entirely a joke; for there is something more than a joke in all this curious turning upside-down of traditions and theories in regard to women; something more than a joke in the girl with a latch-key; in the matron who gives

her time to civic affairs or to berating officers of the law; in myself here on this platform instead of being at home, as a good and contemptuous man said to me once, "making soup."

To my mind there are several things which point to the conclusion that this amusing person, who is called the New Woman, is to be reckoned with as a reality which is not entirely amusing; but I shall mention only two of them: the first is a *prevailing discontent among women*; and the second, a *change in what we might call the "feminine ideal."* Once grant these two things, the discontent and the change, and we find ourselves face to face, not only with the lady herself, but with certain sobering possibilities which accompany her. For that discontent and change are in themselves sobering, is as certain as that they are in themselves hopeful. There is always a threat where there is a promise. That the condition of women is full of hope, is obvious enough to any open-minded person, so obvious that we need not dwell upon it here. We are all of us, I think, conscious of a certain lifting up of the heart when we see what the women of to-day have achieved, and what their influence has accomplished. We believe in the New Woman, and we are proud of her; indeed, the last thing that is needed is to give us a good opinion of ourselves! And that is why I am going to attempt the ungracious task of speaking only of the threat which her existence expresses; — the hope may be taken for granted.

All the privileges of life hold this union of a threat and a promise. The opportunity of wealth implies the opportunity of meanness; the happiness of parentage walks side by side with the temptation to be selfishly indulgent; if we have the chance to be faithful, there is always the corresponding chance to be unfaithful; if woman has, as she asserts, the power to make hu-

man society over, she has at the same time the opportunity to wreck it. A hope always implies a menace. It is neither cowardice nor pessimism then which makes serious-minded men and women say that with the promises and privileges of life, as they are revealing themselves to woman in her discontent and in her changing ideals, there is also a danger.

II

Of the *prevailing discontent among women* I shall speak very briefly, and I must not go into certain industrial and economic conditions which have forced stern and inevitable discontents upon us all; nor shall I refer to the discontents of foolish or second-rate minds, — those vacant minds that are discontented unless they *dope* themselves with amusement — novel-reading, bridge-playing, theatre-going. It is women with minds of this quality who have put their sex to shame in the last year or two by the wild vulgarity of their silly, and hideous, and selfish hats (these adjectives will, I think, bear analysis); but happily such women are generally too indolent or too ridiculous to do much harm to the community — their example being really a warning, and their precepts too uninteresting to be listened to. It is the discontents of the woman of privilege, the woman of sane and sheltered life, which have real significance.

I am sometimes amused to have the response made by some mild-eyed, domestic creature, in her comfortable home, with her little children about her knees, "Why, I don't believe women are discontented. I'm not discontented!" and so ending the subject; for women must, it seems, always be personal. It is recorded that a husband, discussing this tendency with his wife, said oracularly, "You women make everything personal." And the lady, aggrieved,

responded, "*I don't.*" Yet even this satisfied and sheltered woman can hardly venture outside the warm and narrow circle of her own content, without hearing a shrill feminine chatter and clamor, a more or less petulant criticism of life as it is lived; a demand, — often intelligent but sometimes extremely silly and devoid of any economic basis, — a loud demand for the reconstruction of many things: government, business, the laws of property, the education of children. This contented woman (who has to be told by her husband whether she is a Republican or a Democrat), whose property never troubles her because her dear and honest men-creatures take such affairs from her shoulders, whose children are admirably well and good, — even this happy and contented woman must know that all women are not so satisfied as she. Even while she thanks God that her girls are not as other mothers' girls, she is aware of her neighbor's daughter's discontent.

This young person — a wholesome, lovable creature with surprisingly bad manners — has gone to college, and when she graduates she is going to earn her own living. She declines to be dependent upon a father and mother amply able to support her. She will do settlement work; she won't go to church; she has views upon marriage and the birth-rate, and she utters them calmly, while her mother blushes with embarrassment; she occupies herself, passionately, with everything except the things that used to occupy the minds of girls.

Restlessness! Restlessness! And as it is with the young woman, so it is with the older woman. Countless Woman's Clubs, largely composed of middle-aged women, have sprung into eager existence in the last twenty years: they are admirable and helpful organizations, but they all express in one way or another the restlessness of growth,

a restlessness infinitely removed from the old content of a generation ago. The "*club-woman*," as she likes to call herself, has none of her mother's placid content with things as they are, any more than she has the pretty little accomplishments of her mother's youth, or her small conventional charities, or her sweet and gracious and dutiful living.

III

But it is not the various discontents, it is the changing ideals of women, which seem to me most significant, — because the ideals are responsible for the discontents. The feminine ideal has changed, and is still changing; changing, indeed, with a rapidity extremely jarring to those of us who have reached complacent, and too often narrow-minded, middle age. We need only compare the women of to-day with our mothers (for it is not necessary to go very far back) to realize how great the change is. Of course there were women a generation ago, as in all the generations, who asserted themselves; but they were practically "*sports*." Now, the simple, honest woman; the shy, respectable, commonplace, dear woman; the woman of ringlets (as it used to be) and many babies, or of pompadours and fewer babies; the good housekeeper, the good wife, the good mother — is evolving ideals that are changing her life, and the lives of those people about her.

As for the difference between us and our mothers, of course we all begin by protesting that if we can ever hope to do our duty as well as they did, our consciences will acquit us. Who of us women, in our comfortable living, dare compare ourselves to our mothers? They did not talk about their "*rights*"; they fulfilled them — in taking care of their families. They did not talk about "*reforms*"; they would have thought interference in municipal questions,

and agitation for legislation, most unbecoming and unfeminine. They had, bless their dear hearts! a gentle and ladylike irresponsibility in regard to the world lying in darkness in city halls or legislative chambers — though they gave their pennies toward the saving of souls in dark Africa, with a true, even tender emotion, to which most of us are strangers. No; the mothers of forty or fifty years ago had no theories about improving the world (except the heathen) outside their own respectable doors; but they had strength, and patience, and tenderness, and courage, and *selflessness*. (That, I think, would be the name of their ideal — selflessness) Can we remember that selflessness, and see no difference between it and the present feminine individualism?

We, or at any rate our daughters, have begun to say that the old selflessness — dear and admirable beyond a doubt to those who were made comfortable by it — was often demoralizing to an appalling degree. Their own individual welfare and happiness was the last thing our mothers thought of. Instead, they gave all their power, moral, intellectual, physical, to their households; and in so doing practiced, sometimes, a curiously immoral unselfishness, which, because it absorbed the chances of sacrifice, turned well-meaning husbands into brutes, and children into disagreeable tyrants. Our mothers had a monopoly of unselfishness: they gave, instead of received; they grew in grace, but it was at the expense of their families. Such virtue wrote upon their tombstones, "Here lies a saint, who never thought of self"; and it helped to make us the selfish men and women that some of us are to-day.

There is another point of conspicuous difference, and of tremendous social significance, between the woman of yesterday and the woman of to-day. We have

come to appreciate the fact that our mothers were unconscientious concerning the right of children *not* to be born. We are beginning — alas, only just beginning — to say that when parents, unable to support a child in physical and moral and intellectual well-being, bring such a child into the world, for the state, or for their unfortunate relations, to support, they are socially criminal. Contrast our mothers' ideas of large families with that! Quantity, not quality, marked the good mother of fifty or sixty years ago. And there are folk to-day — some of them in high places — who still cling to that tradition; but one would like to ask such persons whether the state would have been benefited if, for instance, in a recent notorious murder trial in New York, the principal had been twins? No; maternal instinct, that exquisite blossom of pure animalism, is now striking its roots into spiritual responsibilities, and is becoming divine enough to forbid an undesirable existence.

It is such contrasts as these between the past and the present, that show what a change there is in the ideals of women; but the contrasts — generally so favorable to the present — are so many and so obvious, that it is not necessary to point them out. The really important thing is to recognize what it is which is creating the change. There are, it seems to me, two forces at work: one is the sense of individualism, and the other is the sense of social responsibility. Both seem to have been evolved in women in our generation; and at first sight, both seem only hopeful. Each in itself is good. We do not have the sobering misgiving which comes with a recognition of the prevailing discontent among women. But here again the hope implies a menace: for these two forces, — a woman's sense of her right to her own life, which we call individualism, and her sense of her abil-

ity to help others, which we call social responsibility, — both so noble and so full of promise, sometimes threaten the very springs of life. For the fact is, with all its hopefulness, individualism may be selfish; and with all its nobility, social responsibility may be shallow: and selfishness is a threat to the family; and shallowness is a threat to the state. And when we recognize these two threats, some of us are beginning to tremble for the hope.

Let us consider first the impulse of individualism as we see it in the home life. The sudden and very general expansion of the girl's horizon is manifest to everybody. She apes the independence of the boys, and often emphasizes it with an affected and ludicrous swagger (which the boys, at any rate, see through, and do not really like); but with that independence, she has grasped at the splendid possibility of physical perfection, which implies a resulting mental strength heretofore classed as masculine. This is fine, and apart from its occasionally æsthetic objectionableness, we all rejoice in it. The day of the interesting feminine invalid is gone, thank Heaven! There was a rhyme of our childhood which ran, —

The bride, *of course*, fainted,
For, being acquainted
With manners, she knew what was right.

But nowadays brides hardly blush, much less faint. Instead, our girls are approaching Walt Whitman's ideal woman. He begins with the vigorous egotism of the healthy animal: —

I see that they are worthy of me — I will be the
robust husband of these women.
They are not one jot less than I am,
They are tanned in the face by shining suns and
blowing winds;
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and
strength;
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot,
run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend
themselves;
They are ultimate in their own right, they are
calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves.

Themselves! The young woman of to-day is supplementing a certain old-fashioned word, *duty*, by two other words, "to myself." Sometimes just being happy, just enjoying herself, seems to be a duty, — but for the most part, our girls are not so trivial as that. They feel that education and the grasping of opportunity are duties; the cultivation of the mind, or, for that matter, cultivation of the soul; the finding a vocation, the joining a sisterhood, the going off to take care of lepers. Noble impulses, all of them, but contrast them with the old ideal, and you will notice one thing: in all such expressions of individualism, the family is secondary. The new ideal attacks the old.

This is especially striking in what we call the higher education, which has become so general since the days when I went to a school kept by English ladies, where we celebrated the Queen's birthday and were instructed in deportment and religion. I do not mean education merely in regard to school-books; so far as that goes, I doubt whether we are much more deeply educated than those of our mothers who happened to be studiously inclined, though we may be more widely educated. I mean the spirit of the higher education.

Now there is a certain regal word, the only word that can finally compel the soul, the word *ought*. Our girls know how to say, "I want," and "I will," or sometimes, "I must"; but they are not learning to say, "I ought." Instead, the education of to-day too often cries out to them in their colleges: "Look! The heavens and earth and waters that are under the earth are yours! The song that the morning stars sing is for your ears. The eternal tides of life await your adventurous prow. The very winds of God are blowing for your sails!" "You — *you* — you —" the higher education cries; "never mind other people; make the most of

your own life. Never mind marriage: it is an incident; men have proved it so for themselves; it is just the same for women. Never mind social laws; do what your temperament dictates — art, affairs, enjoyment even. But do your duty to yourself!"

"And," remarks the observer of an older generation, grimly, "*the Devil take the hindermost!*" Then he adds, — the observer is generally he, — he adds, with the candor peculiar to his engaging sex, that, according to his poor way of thinking, he would call the state of mind of the girl who acts on this advice, just plain garden selfishness.

Of course, he is only a man; but certainly some thoughtful women wonder whether these gracious opportunities of learning which are flooding in upon women, are not translated in terms of *self* in the minds of many girls?

Hannah Kimball sums up this passion for growth that is so characteristic of the New Woman, in four subtle lines: —

Shall I seek Heaven that I may find a place
Where with *my* soul 't is well?

If I seek thus, though I may strive for Heaven,
My face is turned towards Hell

And there is another scripture which saith, "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

A very striking instance of individualism occurs in the life of Sister Dora. We all remember how she left her home and went into hospital service. She did an immense amount of good; she relieved suffering, she comforted, and strengthened, and ennobled. And she was deaf to the pitiful, unsensational, homely need of her in the little English rectory she had left. She was a saint, and the poor, and sick, and outcast, named her sister; but in the station of life where it had pleased God to call her, she was not a sister. Was she wrong? Was she right? Far be it from

us to say! But there is a question here that the new woman has raised, which vitally affects the family: what is the relative value to society of individual development, which comes at the cost of family life?

But, somebody says, "Is n't one to seek for goodness, or culture, for one's self?" Surely yes! But is there any culture, of mind or soul, to equal that which comes from the simple doing of one's duty? Of course, the puzzle is, what is duty? It may be to go away and live one's own life and exploit one's own soul, that is certainly possible. But I wonder if it is frequent? For my part, I should say that it was only safe when it was done for love, not of self, but of humanity.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd
in music out of sight!

The desire to save one's soul is full of dreadful risks. The pursuit of personal salvation and team-play are rarely found together. Indeed, that wicked old Calvinistic theology stated a profound truth when it bade a man be willing to be damned for the glory of God! There is one touchstone, it seems to me, that may be applied to culture, either material or spiritual, to see if it may be taken honestly; it is this: "Is this culture for myself, or for others? Do I live to myself, or even save my soul to myself?" Do you remember certain deep words spoken by One who, being the supreme Aristocrat of the world, yet said, "I am among you as one who serveth"? "For their sakes," He said, "for their sakes, I sanctify myself." For their sakes! Surely no individual prosperity, no realized ambition of soul or body, can hurt one who can say for "their sakes" I am rich, I am learned, I am comfortable; yes, even for "their sakes" *I am religious!* But how many individualists can say that?

IV

The sense of individualism, as it expresses itself in the occupations of women, is one of the most interesting economic facts of our generation, — but it is too large and involved a subject to take up here. I must only say that individualism has taken advantage of certain grim industrial necessities to create the business woman — not the occasional and shrinking figure of a generation or so ago, the “woman in business,” who was pitied and smiled at and helped; but an eager, hard-headed, strenuous person, ready to give and take, neither asking nor granting favors; she is, generally speaking, a fine, wholesome, sound person. But, however clearly we may see the necessity that has created, and the hope that accompanies her, some of us see, also, a menace to family life.

There is another threat in the promise of individualism, and to my mind it is the most serious of all. I mean the matter of divorce, — for divorce is supreme individualism.

Somehow or other, after we “began to stand on our hind legs,” we hammered out of bitter experience one hard fact, namely: that because of what we may call “property,” the matter of descent must be kept clear. The cave-dweller wanted his stone axe to descend to *his* son, by *his* woman, and not to another man’s son by the same woman. Here, in the evolution of the idea of property, is, curiously enough, in its naked crudity, the beginning of the *sense of honor* governing the relations of a man with another man’s wife. But out of this idea of property came the belief that the relationship of the man and the woman, once entered into, must be permanent; thus the family was created. The process does not seem a very lofty stepping-stone to a divine and spiritual ideal of marriage; but

with the race, as with the man, it apparently must be first that which is natural, then that which is spiritual. So in all these painful ages of evolution, body and soul have wrestled together, until, at last, Occidental civilization began to say, one husband and one wife till death us do part!

Man is imperfectly monogamous still (or, at any rate, *men* are), but man builds his civilization on the indestructibility of the family. One traces it down: the state, the tribe, the family, a series of concentric rings, as Sir Henry Maine expressed it, in *Ancient Law*. And in the centre of the rings is marriage. Civilization, in other words a highly differentiated idea of property, is like a pyramid standing on an apex that rests on the permanence of marriage. Any one who tampers with the stability of that base, tampers with civilization. “But,” says the author of *The Secret Life*, “how bitter, slow, and toilsome, has been the upward struggle to subdue, for the good of the mass, the lusts of the individual!” For this idea of marriage asserts that the individual’s happiness is a secondary consideration. But all the same, the individual, crushed by that impersonal, delicately-balanced apex, suffers; and now the individual is beginning to protest; and he voices that protest in the divorce courts. The fact is, this matter of divorce, the most intensely social question in the world, is almost invariably treated as an individual question; for it is not for the sake of society that a man and woman are divorced; it is not, as it well might be, to avoid the sin and shame of bringing children who are spiritually illegitimate into the world; it is for their own selves, it is that they may have another fling of the dice, another chance to be happy!

See how this desire — this poor pathetic human desire of us all — is presented to us: “It is base for a man and

woman who hate each other to live together." To that we, looking on, achieving with sympathy, and knowing too well that the condition of the unhappily married man or woman is the nearest approach to Hell on this earth, to that we must agree,—it *is* base,—unless sanctified by a very lofty sense of duty. "So we will part!" the frantic voice goes on. And we must sometimes agree to that, too; indeed, some of us would do more than merely agree, we would protest that bad marriages were not dissolved nearly often enough for the good of the state. For if the state depends for its existence on the preservation of the family, the family for its existence depends upon the preservation of its own unity. To imprison hatred within the little circle of a wedding-ring does not often make a family, it generally merely destroys a home. Divorce is sometimes the only way to safeguard the family idea which has been put in jeopardy by our careless liberty in the matter of marrying. But the individual morality, which recognizes the baseness of a marriage without respect, goes, often, a step further than mere parting, mere legal separation; it is not content with that, which would answer every purpose of safety, honor, and decency. Following the assertion that marriage must be dissolved for the sake of morality, comes the admission that it is really for the sake of the individual's future happiness: "I will get a divorce, and marry A, B, or C, whom I love (for the time being), and who will make *me* happy."

Here, surely, is the heart of the whole matter: the demand for personal happiness. And in that perfectly natural demand we touch what seems to be the fatal defect in our present attitude towards marriage. The individualist believes that happiness is the purpose of marriage,—whereas happiness is only an incident of marriage.

The purpose of marriage is the protection of the family idea. Happiness and marriage may go together; God send they do! But if the incident of happiness is lost, duty remains! the obligation of contract remains; marriage remains—it remains, even though, for profoundly righteous reasons, the principals have seen fit to separate by the width of the world. Marriage is civilization's method of remaining civilized. It is deep with the elemental human impulses of life for generations which are to come; it is solemn with its opportunities of spiritual insight through suffering; it is dreadful with its sense of responsibility for the ideal of permanence, which makes us men and women and not beasts; an ideal which we are to hand on, like a torch, from heart to heart, from soul to soul! hand on through the heaven of happy love, if it may be,—or through hell, if it must be,—but never losing our hold upon it, because if we do, if we let the flame of idealism be quenched in the darkness of the senses, our civilization must go upon the rocks!

Over and over we see this belief—that happiness is the purpose of marriage—leading to the divorce court, and almost always (alas, that we must say so!) woman leads the way. Man apparently is better able to stand by his failure, to play the game through, so to speak; but woman, who can bear physical suffering better than he can, has apparently less endurance when it comes to spiritual suffering. And so she cries out for escape from the consequences of her own blunder, and freedom to try and find happiness in a new experiment. And how logical and how pitiful her cry is! "Why should a wronged and innocent person, who has made a mistake in marriage once, be compelled to renounce the chance of happiness in remarrying? What can be wrong in that?" demands the

individualist ardently. Nothing! nothing,—if every man and woman of us lived or died or married to ourselves alone. But if meat cause my brother to offend . . . Oh, what a sense of social responsibility St. Paul had—if my happiness in remarrying lessens in my brother's eyes the *racial* importance of the permanence of marriage, then will I give up my happiness.

The advocate of the remarriage of divorced persons replies to this, that to forbid remarriage would be to encourage sin. Perhaps. Yes, alas, perhaps; but it would discourage divorce, because it would make the matter of getting married far more serious; there would be, perforce, more soberness, discretion, and fear of consequences, if possible blunders could not be so lightly rectified by the divorce courts. Not that we should make it harder to get a divorce,—perhaps it is too hard now; but we should make marriage a far more solemn and difficult matter. And as for the increased sin which might follow legislation forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons, what shall we say? That sometimes the integrity of the greatest number is paid for by the wrong-doing of the few? That is a hard saying, but perhaps, when we say it, we are finding a deeper depth of truth in still another scripture: "It is expedient that one man should die for the people." But the individual does not wish to die for the people, he wishes to live—for himself; he does not wish to endure, so that the foundations of society may not be weakened by his search for happiness.

If only this pathetic creature, clamoring for personal happiness at any cost to the race,—if only he could realize that when individual happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it!

v

While this strident voice is crying in the wilderness for self-culture, self-advancement, self-satisfaction,—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,—it is crying, on the other side, for power to act for the public good; and that we call the sense of social responsibility. Women are taking part in many public matters in which a generation ago they were not in the least interested. They are making themselves heard in municipal affairs with no uncertain voice; city housekeeping seems to them a duty; they want clean streets, and decent markets, they see that penal institutions ought to be improved, and that the conditions of labor need investigation and legislation; and they say so, often with an impetuosity so nearly childish that it antagonizes legislators,—or amuses them, which is even worse. But how strenuous, and fine, and courageous it all is! Every one feels that; every one appreciates its obvious hopefulness; but it is the danger which accompanies the hope, it is *shallowness*, which is too apt to be overlooked.

This sense of social responsibility is expressing itself, first and foremost, in the determination of women to exercise the suffrage. Out of that determination spring, of course, many fine and noble purposes, which would contribute to the general well-being of the race. In the excitement of her high aims, and her dogged intention to have the ballot (even if she upsets the whole kettle of fish, so to speak) a curious thing has happened: she does not apparently realize that she has secured by intelligent influence, and plain unsensational common sense, a large number of rights and privileges without the ballot. But, all the same, she is eager to try her "'prentice han'" in a government,

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se most complicated machinery is ballot.

ncidentally, she proposes to force n men the feminine view of moral-

. "Let me get the reins in my hands,"

says, "and I will make men tem-ate; I will make them pure; I will : corruption out of their politics. In t, my vote shall make human nature ase to be human nature!" What the tside, gaping, anxious world thinks us when we make such statements, e do not stop to hear, — perhaps we ould not like it if we did! Curiously ough, however, even while the new oman insists upon the civil equality f men and women which will be se-ured by woman suffrage, there has ome, upon her part, an insistence n their essential difference, which is nost unlovely. She has her "Woman's Building" at the World's Fair, her 'Woman's Editions' of newspapers, and the exploitation of "Woman's In-ventions." Heretofore the work of women in the arts has been simply work, good or bad, as the case may be, and considered irrespective of sex; now, it is classified as "feminine," and loses immeasurably in consequence.

I hope I shall not be thought too dog-matic if I say that I believe there was very general regret among thoughtful women that there should have been a Woman's Building at Chicago in 1893, and that it was on the whole a mortifying and humiliating display. How much better if the few great things — the noble pictures, the valuable inventions, the dignified expressions of any art or science — had been placed among their peers, and not put aside as noticeable because women did them. Such insistence upon sex in work is an insult to the work, and to the sex, too. In fact, all this emphasis on the difference between women and men is too apt to remind one of what Dr. Johnson

was like a dog standing on his hind legs, — the wonder was, not that she did not do it well, but that she could do it at all!

This sense of social responsibility which has, at least to some extent, dictated woman's demand for the ballot, is perhaps the most delicate spiritual possession of the human creature; and into eager, unused woman's hands has come this priceless toy — for indeed, in our dilettante charities, in our passionate reforms, in our light-hearted disrespect for law, in our sentimental cocksureness, can we honestly deny an excited, conceited, inconsequent empiricism which is saturated with self-consciousness, and treats this divine and spiritual instinct as a new plaything?

Yes, surely, the danger in the promise is *shallowness*.

Look at this very matter of suffrage, which the New Woman demands so that she may right the wrongs of time, — does she stop to reflect with what terrible elements she is playing? She is reaching out, panting for, insisting upon — power! True, it is power to make for righteousness. "Am not I," she cries, reproachfully, "I, an intelligent and educated woman, better qualified to vote than my ash-man?" "True," replies public opinion, "but shall the suffrage therefore be given to your cook?" But to gratify that desire for power, the New Woman is willing to include her cook; she is willing to multiply by two the present ignorant and unconscientious vote, a vote which many thoughtful persons, anxiously doubting democracy, believe is already threatening our national existence. Universal man suffrage (saving your presence, gentlemen!) has certainly not yet proved itself a success; it is still in the experimental stage; but that does not discourage the New Woman, in the midst of the most critical experiment in government

which the world has seen, from asking for the further complication of universal woman suffrage. She has never, so far as I know, suggested for women an educational qualification far, far stricter than that which has accomplished so little for men; she does not even propose suffrage for widows and unmarried property-owning women, which would go a little way toward eliminating the irresponsible vote. Her cry is, "All of us — or none of us!" — just because many men, absolutely unqualified to do so, vote, let many absolutely unqualified women do the same! Could there be wilder (alas, that I must say so), more feminine logic than that?

We have suffered many things at the hands of Patrick; the New Woman would add Bridget also. And — graver danger — to the vote of that fierce, silly, amiable creature, the uneducated Negro, she would add (if logical) the vote of his sillier, baser female.

I hope I am not understood as being opposed to woman suffrage. I am only protesting against suffrage for all women; just as I would protest (if there was any use in doing so) against suffrage for all men. In other words, I protest against any extension of the suffrage. And my protest is not at all because of any traditional sentimentality as to woman's inherent unfitness. The objection of the Antis that the majority of women do not wish to assume the responsibilities of the suffrage, is, of course, entitled to respect; but the assertion that women cannot take time from their households, their bridge-playing, or their shops, to go to the polls, would be irritating, if it were not ridiculous; and that cant phrase (which is almost enough to make the hearer a suffragist on the spot!) to the effect that the hand that rocks the cradle is unfit or unable to cast a ballot, is as silly as it is unconvincing. If the hand is so foolish or so incapable as

that, it is more dangerous to the state to trust a cradle to it than to trust a ballot. No; my objection is only on the ground of expediency: all things are lawful, — to go back to St. Paul, — but all things are not expedient. If there could be a qualified suffrage for men *and* women, the case might be different. But the unqualified men won't give up what they have got, and the unqualified women are trying to get what they don't deserve; — so there you are!

In their passionate desire for the public good, women seem to have more heart, and less head, than men; they seem to be more single-minded, but with all their earnestness, there is a sentimentality, a lawlessness, an emotional shallowness, a lack of thoroughness, in the way in which they approach public questions, which, quite apart from the question of doubling the irresponsible vote, makes the matter of their exercising the suffrage alarming. And in nothing is their shallowness more alarming than in their indifference to law. The most majestic thing humanity has evolved is surely the abstraction called *law*. That the administration of law is defective is neither here nor there. Of course it is defective; but the idea itself, law itself, terrible and glorious, is the wonder of time. That we, poor "agglutinations of dust," as Stevenson calls us, that we should have evolved law, surely shows us to be part of the Eternal Law that is named God.

And how does the New Woman regard this majestic thing? She flouts it; she makes merry with it; she treats it as something to be used for her well-being, or her amusement, or else — down with it! Of course, this disrespect for law is at present an American, not merely a feminine, characteristic; but in the past, women, if they have not respected the abstraction, have at

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st had a wholesome fear of the real-
. And in so far as they were *afraid*,
y were a balance to that spirit which
ls the American man "make the
v he flouts, and bids him flout the
w he makes." But now woman's dis-
spect for law, as regards her own con-
ct, is especially alarming because
' what her example means to the
ildren.

Nevertheless women are ready enough
o use the law for their emotional ends.
s an instance of this, look at the way
omen have sprung up like mushrooms,
n a night, to declare that they are ca-
ble of solving the riddle of the painful
world, that riddle which is tangled up
with the very fibres of human nature,
which is full of mystery and misery,
and which yet, in some strange, dark
way, is built upon everlasting law. I
mean prostitution. The New Woman,
whose *métier* at this moment happens to
be reform, says, lightly: "We'll close
disreputable houses by law," and feels
that all is settled. When man, sad
enough, puzzled enough, and humble
enough, too, if he is the right kind of
man, says tentatively, "But may we
not perhaps scatter the poison by that
process?" see how the New Woman
scorns him for his cowardice, or his
baseness!

In this connection I recall a grim
illustration of the effect of a shallow
sense of social responsibility, mixed
with sentimentalism. A company of
good and earnest women took steps to
secure the enforcement of a certain law
in regard to disreputable houses; as
a result a whole street full of these
hideous places was closed, and the in-
mates went flocking out upon the town,
like evil birds of prey. A young woman
who had once lived in one of these
houses was at that time in my care,
and I asked her what would become of
these poor creatures, whom the *good*
sent out into the world —

each one of them a microbe of sin! I
can never forget her reply: "Oh, they
do a very good business on the street."
Then she added, casually, four sinister
words, "a better business, really." So,
in one instance at least, did the new
feminine sense of social responsibility,
decking the law with sentimentality,
do its part to retard righteousness in a
community. The New Woman tried to
reform details, to check symptoms. She
would cut off the branches of evil, over-
looking the root deep down in human
nature; she would, in fact, produce spir-
ituality by legislation, forgetting that
the Kingdom of God is within us, —
must be within us! But the process
with which Nature works to build that
kingdom is too slow for her fury of
impatience for goodness.

Hot with her new sense of social
responsibility, she says drunkenness is
of the Devil; and the advocates of high
license are procurers to the lords of
Hell. She is going to shut up the saloon
— just as the pressure of her influence
has already abolished the canteen in
the army, with a corresponding and
awful increase of drunkenness. The
education of self-restraint has no part
in the New Woman's scheme of reform.
She does not take into account the
slow and painful process of evolution
which has, in a hundred years, brought
about a finer temperance than our for-
bears could have dreamed of, in the
days when it was gentlemanly to roll
under the table after dinner. Yet
think what it means to character to be
temperate, rather than to be carried
about, whither one would not, in the
strait-jacket of legally enforced total
abstinence! — to say nothing of the
criminals that such enforcement would
inevitably create out of decent folk.

With the ballot in her hand, the
New Woman would make laws to pre-
vent drunkenness. In other words, she
seems to confuse a purely individual

issue with a social issue. She would bend society to the needs of the individual, for her conviction of the necessity of legislative interference springs so often from personal experience. Women suffer from the curse of liquor as men do not. The drunkard suffers in his own person, as he deserves to do; but his wife or mother suffers because he suffers. Stinging, then, with her personal misery, the New Woman says, "I will close the saloons so that temptation shall be removed," — with never a thought for the education it would be to some other woman's son to learn to pass that saloon without going in; still less does she reflect upon that nobler education of moderation which means the sane use of liquor. Yet which is better — to remove temptation, or to teach people to overcome temptation? To prevent badness is to prevent goodness, for an unwilling action has no moral significance. And certainly the highest righteousness includes the highest power of being bad if you want to be.

One cannot but think what it might mean in character to the race to have this passionate and noble New Woman, who would reform things, recognize the right of the individual (where society is not directly menaced) to choose between righteousness and baseness; and that implies his right to work out his own salvation, by suffering, yes, and by sinning, if it is necessary. Ah, but regeneration on those lines takes so long! We are so eager to make people good that we forget that the consequences of wrong-doing — suffering, pain, failure, and even death — may be the angels of God, those angels who are given charge over us, to keep us in all our ways. The thousand years of the Lord, we would put into one day! Our day — not His.

Indeed, the New Woman's intemperate temperance betrays her small

honor for human nature, her small belief in time, but her very large confidence in her own judgment. Archbishop Whatelev said, with flippant but humorous discourtesy: "Women never reason, or if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises — *and they always poke the fire from the top.*"

This new element in reform which seems to be poking the fire from the top, this New Woman, does not know how to wait. Haste! That is surely the danger which walks at the elbow of our most noble instinct of social responsibility. It is this haste which has lately driven some of us into ludicrous and wicked disrespect for law; it has made us, with mistaken kindness, seek to interfere with individual development which comes by wrong-doing and pain; it has robbed us of patience with differing opinions; it has created a god in its own image, and cries out that he shall be worshiped only in ways of which it approves. Oh, let us learn to wait; it does not follow that we must be idle because we refuse to be precipitate; it may only mean that we have a faith that is large in Time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end. Indeed, there seems to me a certain unhumorous arrogance in this bustling, feminine haste to make over the world — it is as if we thought ourselves so important that nothing could go right without us. It is the same sort of hurrying "anxiety to do" which every housekeeper of us knows so well in her little daily affairs, an anxiety that adds so successfully to the discomfort of our families. Yet, when you come to think of it, — it may not be flattering, — but when an illness sweeps us off our feet or some duty calls us upon a journey, how well our families do get along without us! I have often been struck by it in my own household.

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this same fretting impatience that
vs itself in the attitude of women
ard reforms. But our sense of hu-
is surely in the eclipse when we
e ourselves so seriously, for, after all,
d has drawn this earth along its
h among the everlasting stars, suns
ve burned and cooled, nations have
ed and died, and human life has
awn nearer and nearer that "far-off
vine event, to which the whole crea-
ion moves," — without us.

id fear not lest Existence, closing your
count, and mine, should know the like no more,
e Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
illions of Bubbles like us, and will pour

Then You and I behind the Veil are past; —
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
as the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast

Beautiful, dark, true words; a lofty
fatalism which declares that the Judge
of all the Earth does right. But not the
final words for us, who have come to
know that we are workers together
with the Eternal.

I suppose the plea for time is really
a plea for *law*, and that always seems to
me a statement of the faith that is in us:
"I believe in God, the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth —" Yes,
of the new heavens and the new earth,
which we hurrying, worrying, experi-
menting little human creatures would
usher in — day after to-morrow!

Of course, if this high reminder that
God will take care of His own business
is meant for those of us who hurry and
clamor to push on the processes of evo-
lution, it is meant just as much for
those who shrink and hold back, lest in
all the shallowness of living, and all the
selfishness of life, we should, like cer-
tain animals in the New Testament,
rush violently down a steep place into
the sea. Take courage to wait, one
cries to the younger generation; take
courage to go forward — to those who,

VI

But after all, in spite of their dangers,
are not individualism and the sense of
social responsibility the two working
hands of one central heart, — a heart
that we call Duty? Surely neither can
be cut off from that life-giving source
and live, and neither can work against
the other without the destruction of
the whole. It is, of course, Kant's cate-
gorical imperative, expanded into the
homely terms of duty: *No one may do
that which, if done by all, would destroy
society.* In other words, the individual
must see that when the gaining of his
own poor little happiness involves an
injury to a great human ideal, it is bet-
ter to cut that happiness off and cast it
from him, than to do his part to bring
the body politic to hell-fire. When so-
cial responsibility conflicts with indi-
vidualism, as exemplified by the re-
moval of the chance to choose between
good and evil, then society must wait
and let the individual soul learn its own
bitter lesson of sin, and righteousness,
and judgment.

One is impelled to cry out to the
older woman and the new, "Oh, see
largely, see widely! Realize that this
flash and minute of existence is but a
line, a dot, in the horizon of time. Do
not think that law is to be pushed on,
just because we are in a hurry. Do not
think that God will loiter, just because
we are slow. This small, glittering frag-
ment of time here under our eyes, blind-
ed as we are by the dazzle of eternity,
is almost nothing to the sum of the
whole! Do not haste. Do not hold
back.

Youth shows but half —

and she is still so young, this woman
of our new and solemn and glorious
day —

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor
be afraid!

THE SUPPRESSION OF IMPORTANT NEWS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

I

Most of the criticism launched at our daily newspapers hits the wrong party. Granted they sensationalize vice and crime, "play up" trivialities, exploit the private affairs of prominent people, embroider facts, and offend good taste with screech, blare, and color. But all this may be only the means of meeting the demand, of "giving the public what it wants." The newspaper cannot be expected to remain dignified and serious now that it caters to the common millions, instead of, as formerly, to the professional and business classes. To interest errand-boy and factory-girl and raw immigrant, it had to become spicy, amusing, emotional, and chromatic. For these, blame, then, the American people.

There is just one deadly, damning count against the daily newspaper as it is coming to be, namely, *It does not give the news.*

For all its pretensions, many a daily newspaper is not "giving the public what it wants." In spite of these widely trumpeted prodigies of costly journalistic "enterprise," these ferreting reporters and hurrying correspondents, these leased cables and special trains, news, good "live" news, "red-hot stuff," is deliberately being suppressed or distorted. This occurs oftener now than formerly, and bids fair to occur yet oftener in the future.

And this in spite of the fact that the aspiration of the press has been upward. Venality has waned. Better and

better men have been drawn into journalism, and they have wrought under more self-restraint. The time when it could be said, as it was said of the Reverend Dr. Dodd, that one had "descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper," seems as remote as the Ice Age. The editor who uses his paper to air his prejudices, satisfy his grudges, and serve his private ambitions, is going out. Sobered by a growing realization of their social function, newspaper men have come under a sense of responsibility. Not long ago it seemed as if a professional spirit and a professional ethics were about to inspire the newspaper world; and to this end courses and schools of journalism were established, with high hopes. The arrest of this promising movement explains why nine out of ten newspaper men of fifteen years' experience are cynics.

As usual, no one is to blame. The apostasy of the daily press is caused by three economic developments in the field of newspaper publishing.

II

In the first place, the great city daily has become a blanket sheet with elaborate presswork, printed in mammoth editions that must be turned out in the least time. The necessary plant is so costly, and the Associated Press franchise is so expensive, that the daily newspaper in the big city has become a capitalistic enterprise. To-day a million dollars will not begin to outfit a metropolitan newspaper. The editor

no longer the owner, for he has not, and cannot command, the capital needed to start it or buy it. The editor of the type of Greeley, Dana, Medill, Hutton, Halstead, and Raymond, who owns his paper and makes it his avowed body, the projection of his character and ideals, is rare. Perhaps Mr. Watterson and Mr. Nelson are the best living representatives of the type.

More and more the owner of the big daily is a business man who finds it hard to see why he should run his property on different lines from the hotel proprietor, the vaudeville manager, or the owner of an amusement park. The editors are hired men, and they may put into the paper no more of their conscience and ideals than comports with getting the biggest return from the investment. Of course, the old-time editor who owned his paper tried to make money, — no sin that! — but just as to-day the author, the lecturer, or the scholar tries to make money, namely, within the limitations imposed by his principles and his professional standards. But, now that the provider of the newspaper capital hires the editor instead of the editor hiring the newspaper capital, the paper is likelier to be run as a money-maker pure and simple — a factory where ink and brains are so applied to white paper as to turn out the largest possible marketable product. The capitalist-owner means no harm, but he is not bothered by the standards that hamper the editor-owner. He follows a few simple maxims that work out well enough in selling shoes or cigars or sheet-music. "Give people what *they* want, not what *you* want." "Back nothing that will be unpopular." "Run the concern for all it is worth."

This drifting of ultimate control into the hands of men with business motives is what is known as "the commercial-

The significance of it is apparent when you consider the second economic development, namely, the growth of newspaper advertising. The dissemination of news and the purveyance of publicity are two essentially distinct functions which, for the sake of convenience, are carried on by the same agency. The one appeals to subscribers, the other to advertisers. The one calls for good faith, the other does not. The one is the corner-stone of liberty and democracy, the other a convenience of commerce. Now, the purveyance of publicity is becoming the main concern of the newspaper, and threatens to throw quite into the shade the communication of news or opinions. Every year the sale of advertising yields a larger proportion of the total receipts, and the subscribers furnish a smaller proportion. Thirty years ago, advertising yielded less than half of the earnings of the daily newspapers. To-day, it yields at least two-thirds. In the larger dailies the receipts from advertisers are several times the receipts from the readers, in some cases constituting ninety per cent of the total revenues. As the newspaper expands to eight, twelve, and sixteen pages, while the price sinks to three cents, two cents, one cent, the time comes when the advertisers support the newspaper. The readers are there to *read*, not to provide funds. "He who pays the piper calls the tune." When news-columns and editorial page are a mere incident in the profitable sale of mercantile publicity, it is strictly "businesslike" to let the big advertisers censor both.

Of course, you must not let the cat out of the bag, or you will lose readers, and thereupon advertising. As the publicity expert, Deweese, frankly puts it, "The reader must be flimflammed with the idea that the publisher is really publishing the newspaper or magazine for him." The wise owner will

"maintain the beautiful and impressive bluff of running a journal to influence public opinion, to purify politics, to elevate public morals, etc." In the last analysis, then, the smothering of facts in deference to the advertiser finds a limit in the intelligence and alertness of the reading public. Handled as "a commercial proposition," the newspaper dares not suppress such news beyond a certain point, and it can always proudly point to the unsuppressed news as proof of its independence and public spirit.

The immunity enjoyed by the big advertiser becomes more serious as more kinds of business resort to advertising. Formerly, readers who understood why accidents and labor troubles never occur in department stores, why dramatic criticisms are so lenient, and the reviews of books from the publishers who advertise are so good-natured, could still expect from their journal an ungloved freedom in dealing with gas, electric, railroad, and banking companies. But now the gas people advertise, "Cook with gas," the electric people urge you to put your sewing-machine on their current, and the railroads spill oceans of ink to attract settlers or tourists. The banks and trust companies are buyers of space, investment advertising has sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and telephone and traction companies are being drawn into the vortex of competitive publicity. Presently, in the news-columns of the sheet that steers by the cash-register, every concern that has favors to seek, duties to dodge, or regulations to evade, will be able to press the soft pedal.

A third development is the subordination of newspapers to other enterprises. After a newspaper becomes a piece of paying property, detachable from the editor's personality, which may be bought and sold like a hotel or

mill, it may come into the hands of those who will hold it in bondage to other and bigger investments. The magnate-owner may find it to his advantage not to run it as a newspaper pure and simple, but to make it — on the sly — an instrument for coloring certain kinds of news, diffusing certain misinformation, or fostering certain impressions or prejudices in its clientèle. In a word, he may shape its policy by non-journalistic considerations. By making his paper help his other schemes, or further his political or social ambitions, he will hurt it as a money-maker, no doubt, but he may contrive to fool enough of the people enough of the time. Aside from such thralldom, newspapers are subject to the tendency of diverse businesses to become tied together by the cross-investments of their owners. But naturally, when the shares of a newspaper lie in the safe-deposit box cheek by jowl with gas, telephone, and pipe-line stock, a tenderness for these collateral interests is likely to affect the news-columns.

III

That in consequence of its commercialization, and its frequent subjection to outside interests, the daily newspaper is constantly suppressing important news, will appear from the instances that follow. They are hardly a third of the material that has come to the writer's attention.

A prominent Philadelphia clothier visiting New York was caught perverting boys, and cut his throat. His firm being a heavy advertiser, not a single paper in his home city mentioned the tragedy. One New York paper took advantage of the situation by sending over an extra edition containing the story. The firm in question has a large branch in a Western city. There too the local press was silent, and the

opening was seized by a Chicago paper.

In this same Western city the vice-president of this firm was indicted for bribing an alderman to secure the passage of an ordinance authorizing the firm to bridge an alley separating two of its buildings. Representatives of the firm requested the newspapers in which it advertised to ignore the trial. Accordingly the five English papers published no account of the trial, which lasted a week and disclosed highly sensational matter. Only the German papers sent reporters to the trial and published the proceedings.

In a great jobbing centre, one of the most prominent cases of the United States District Attorney was the prosecution of certain firms for misbranding goods. The facts brought out appeared in the press of the smaller centres, but not a word was printed in the local papers. In another centre, four firms were fined for selling potted cheese which had been treated with preservatives. The local newspapers stated the facts, but withheld the names of the firms, a consideration they are not likely to show to the ordinary culprit.

In a trial in a great city it was brought out by sworn testimony that, during a recent labor struggle which involved teamsters on the one hand and the department stores and the mail-order houses on the other, the employers had plotted to provoke the strikers to violence by sending a long line of strike-breaking wagons out of their way to pass a lot on which the strikers were meeting. These wagons were the bait to a trap, for a strong force of policemen was held in readiness in the vicinity, and the governor of the state was at the telephone ready to call out the militia if a riot broke out. Fortunately, the strikers restrained themselves, and the trap was not sprung. It is easy to imagine the headlines that been used if labor had been

found in so diabolical a plot. Yet the newspapers unanimously refused to print this testimony.

In the same city, during a strike of the elevator men in the large stores, the business agent of the elevator-starters' union was beaten to death, in an alley behind a certain emporium, by a "strong-arm" man hired by that firm. The story, supported by affidavits, was given by a responsible lawyer to three newspaper men, each of whom accepted it as true and promised to print it. The account never appeared.

In another city the sales-girls in the big shops had to sign an exceedingly mean and oppressive contract which, if generally known, would have made the firms odious to the public. A prominent social worker brought these contracts, and evidence as to the bad conditions that had become established under them, to every newspaper in the city. Not one would print a line on the subject.

On the outbreak of a justifiable street-car strike the newspapers were disposed to treat it in a sympathetic way. Suddenly they veered, and became unanimously hostile to the strikers. Inquiry showed that the big merchants had threatened to withdraw their advertisements unless the newspapers changed their attitude.

In the summer of 1908 disastrous fires raged in the northern Lake country, and great areas of standing timber were destroyed. A prominent organ of the lumber industry belittled the losses and printed reassuring statements from lumbermen who were at the very moment calling upon the state for a fire patrol. When taxed with the deceit, the organ pleaded its obligation to support the market for the bonds which the lumber companies of the Lake region had been advertising in its columns.

On account of agitating for teachers' pensions, a teacher was summarily dis-

missed by a corrupt school-board, in violation of their own published rule regarding tenure. An influential newspaper published the facts of school-board grafting brought out in the teacher's suit for reinstatement until, through his club affiliations, a big merchant was induced to threaten the paper with the withdrawal of his advertising. No further reports of the revelations appeared.

During labor disputes the facts are usually distorted to the injury of labor. In one case, strikers held a meeting on a vacant lot enclosed by a newly-erected billboard. Forthwith appeared, in a yellow journal professing warm friendship for labor, a front-page cut of the billboard and a lurid story of how the strikers had built a "stockade," behind which they intended to bid defiance to the bluecoats. It is not surprising that when the van bringing these lying sheets appeared in their quarter of the city, the libeled men overturned it.

During the struggle of carriage-drivers for a six-day week, certain great dailies lent themselves to a concerted effort of the liverymen to win public sympathy by making it appear that the strikers were interfering with funerals. One paper falsely stated that a strong force of police was being held in reserve in case of "riots," and that policemen would ride beside the non-union drivers of hearses. Another, under the misleading headline, "Two Funerals stopped by Striking Cabmen," described harmless colloquies between hearse-drivers and pickets. This was followed up with a solemn editorial, "May a Man go to his Long Rest in Peace?" although, as a matter of fact, the strikers had no intention of interfering with funerals.

The lying headline is a favorite device for misleading the reader. One sheet prints on its front page a huge "scare" headline, "Hang Haywood

and a Million Men will march in Revenge,' says Darrow." The few readers whose glance fell from the incendiary headline to the dispatch below it found only the following: "Mr. Darrow, in closing the argument, said that 'if the jury hangs Bill Haywood, one million willing hands will seize the banner of liberty by the open grave, and bear it on to victory.'" In the same style, a dispatch telling of the death of an English policeman, from injuries received during a riot precipitated by suffragettes attempting to enter a hall during a political meeting, is headed, "Suffragettes kill Policeman!"

The alacrity with which many dailies serve as mouthpieces of the financial powers came out very clearly during the recent industrial depression. The owner of one leading newspaper called his reporters together and said in effect, "Boys, the first of you who turns in a story of a lay-off or a shut-down, gets the sack." Early in the depression the newspapers teemed with glowing accounts of the resumption of steel mills and the revival of business, all baseless. After harvest time they began to cheep, "Prosperity," "Bumper Crops," "Farmers buying Automobiles." In cities where banks and employers offered clearing-house certificates instead of cash, the press usually printed fairy tales of the enthusiasm with which these makeshifts were taken by depositors and workingmen. The numbers and sufferings of the unemployed were ruthlessly concealed from the reading public. A mass meeting of men out of work was represented as "anarchistic" or "instigated by the socialists for political effect." In one daily appeared a dispatch under the heading "Five Thousand Jobs Offered; only Ten apply." It stated that the Commissioner of Public Works of Detroit, misled by reports of dire distress, set afoot a public work which called for

five thousand men. Only ten men applied for work, and all these expected to be bosses. Correspondence with the official established the fact that the number of jobs offered was five hundred, and that three thousand men applied for them!

IV

On the desk of every editor and sub-editor of a newspaper run by a capitalist promoter now under prison sentence lay a list of sixteen corporations in which the owner was interested. This was to remind them not to print anything damaging to these concerns. In the office these corporations were jocularly referred to as "sacred cows."

Nearly every form of privilege is found in the herd of "sacred cows" venerated by the daily press.

The railroad company is a "sacred cow." At a hearing before a state railroad commission, the attorney of a shippers' association got an eminent magnate into the witness chair, with the intention of wringing from him the truth regarding the political expenditures of his railroad. At this point the commission, an abject creature of the railroads, arbitrarily excluded the daring attorney from the case. The memorable exhortation which that attorney gave the commission to its face was made to appear in the papers as the *cause* instead of the *consequence* of this exclusion. Subsequently, when the attorney filed charges with the governor against the commission, one editor wrote an editorial stating the facts and criticising the commissioners. The editorial was suppressed after it was in type.

The public-service company is a "sacred cow." In a city of the Southwest, last summer, while houses were burning from lack of water for the fire hose, a lumber company offered to supply the

firemen with water. The water company replied that they had "sufficient." Neither this nor other damaging information concerning the company's conduct got into the columns of the local press. A yellow journal conspicuous in the fight for cheaper gas by its ferocious onslaughts on the "gas trust," suddenly ceased its attack. Soon it began to carry a full-page "Cook with gas" advertisement. The cow had found the entrance to the sacred fold.

Traction is a "sacred cow." The truth about Cleveland's fight for the three-cent fare has been widely suppressed. For instance, while Mayor Johnson was superintending the removal of the tracks of a defunct street railway, he was served with a court order enjoining him from tearing up the rails. As the injunction was not indorsed, as by law it should be, he thought it was an ordinary communication, and put it in his pocket to examine later. The next day he was summoned to show reason why he should not be found in contempt of court. When the facts came out, he was, of course, discharged. An examination of the seven leading dailies of the country shows that a dispatch was sent out from Cleveland stating that Mayor Johnson, after acknowledging service, pocketed the injunction, and ordered his men to proceed with their work. In the newspaper offices this dispatch was then embroidered. One paper said the mayor told his men to go ahead and ignore the injunction. Another had the mayor intimating in advance that he would not obey an order if one were issued. A third invented a conversation in which the mayor and his superintendent made merry over the injunction. Not one of the seven journals reported the mayor's complete exoneration later.

The tax system is a "sacred cow." During a banquet of two hundred single-taxers, at the conclusion of their

state conference, a man fell in a fit. Reporters saw the trifling incident, yet the morning papers, under big headlines, "Many poisoned at Single-Tax Banquet," told in detail how a large number of banqueters had been ptomaine-poisoned. The conference had formulated a single-tax amendment to the state constitution, which they intended to present to the people for signature under the new Initiative Law. One paper gave a line and a half to this most significant action. No other paper noticed it.

The party system is a "sacred cow." When a county district court declared that the Initiative and Referendum amendment to the Oregon constitution was invalid, the item was spread broadcast. But when later the Supreme Court of Oregon reversed that decision, the fact was too trivial to be put on the wires.

The "man higher up" is a "sacred cow." In reporting Prosecutor Heney's argument in the Calhoun case, the leading San Francisco paper omitted everything on the guilt of Calhoun and made conspicuous certain statements of Mr. Heney with reference to himself, with intent to make it appear that his argument was but a vindication of himself, and that he made no points against the accused. The argument for the defense was printed in full, the "points" being neatly displayed in large type at proper intervals. At a crisis in this prosecution a Washington dispatch quoted the chairman of the Appropriations Committee as stating in the House that "Mr. Heney received during 1908 \$23,000, for which he performed no service whatever for the Government." It was some hours before the report was corrected by adding Mr. Tawney's concluding words, "during that year."

In view of their suppression and misrepresentation of vital truth, the big

daily papers, broadly speaking, must be counted as allies of those whom — as Editor Dana reverently put it — "God has endowed with a genius for saving, for getting rich, for bringing wealth together, for accumulating and concentrating money." In rallying to the side of the people they are slower than the weeklies, the magazines, the pulpit, the platform, the bar, the *literati*, the intellectuals, the social settlements, and the universities.

Now and then, to be sure, in some betrayed and misgoverned city, a man of force takes some little sheet, prints all the news, ventilates the local situation, arouses the community, builds up a huge circulation, and proves that truth-telling still pays. But such exploits do not counteract the economic developments which have brought on the glacial epoch in journalism. Note what happens later to such a newspaper. It is now a valuable property, and as such it will be treated. The editor need not repeat the bold strokes that won public confidence; he has only to avoid anything that would forfeit it. Unconsciously he becomes, perhaps, less a newspaper man, more a business man. He may make investments which muzzle his paper here, form social connections which silence it there. He may tire of fighting and want to "cash in." In any case, when his newspaper falls into the hands of others, it will be run as a business, and not as a crusade.

V

What can be done about the suppression of news? At least, we can refrain from arraigning and preaching. To urge the editor, under the thumb of the advertiser or of the owner, to be more independent, is to invite him to remove himself from his profession. As for the capitalist-owner, to exhort

him to run his newspaper in the interests of truth and progress is about as reasonable as to exhort the mill-owner to work his property for the public good instead of for his private benefit.

What is needed is a broad new avenue to the public mind. Already smothered facts are cutting little channels for themselves. The immense vogue of the "muck-raking" magazines is due to their being vehicles for suppressed news. Non-partisan leaders are meeting with cheering response when they found weeklies in order to reach their natural following. The Socialist Party supports two dailies, less to spread their ideas than to print what the capitalistic dailies would stifle. Civic associations, municipal voters' leagues, and legislative voters' leagues, are circulating tons of leaflets and bulletins full of suppressed facts. Within a year five cities have, with the taxpayers' money, started journals to acquaint the citizens with municipal happenings and affairs. In many cities have sprung up private non-partisan weeklies to report civic information. Moreover, the spoken word is once more a power. The demand for lecturers and speakers is insatiable, and the platform bids fair to recover its old prestige. The smotherers are dismayed by the growth of the Chautauqua circuit. Congressional speeches give vent to boycotted truth, and circulate widely under the franking privilege. City clubs and Saturday lunch clubs are formed to listen to facts and ideas tabooed by the daily press. More is made of public hearings before committees of councilmen or legislators.

When all is said, however, the deflection of the daily press has been a staggering blow to democracy.

Many insist that the public is able to recognize and pay for the truth. "Trust the public" and *in the end* merit will be rewarded. Time and again men

have sunk money in starting an honest and outspoken sheet, confident that soon the public would rally to its support. But such hopes are doomed to disappointment. The editor who turns away bad advertising or defies his big patrons cannot lay his copy on the subscriber's doorstep for as little money as the editor who purveys publicity for all it is worth; and the masses will not pay three cents when another paper that "looks just as good" can be had for a cent. In a word, the art of simulating honesty and independence has outrun the insight of the average reader.

To conclude that the people are not able to recognize and pay for the truth about current happenings simply puts the dissemination of news in a class with other momentous social services. Because people fail to recognize and pay for good books, endowed libraries stud the land. Because they fail to recognize and pay for good instruction, education is provided free or at part cost. Just as the moment came when it was seen that private schools, loan libraries, commercial parks, baths, gymnasias, athletic grounds, and playgrounds would not answer, so the moment is here for recognizing that the commercial news-medium does not adequately meet the needs of democratic citizenship.

Endowment is necessary, and, since we are not yet wise enough to run a public-owned daily newspaper, the funds must come from private sources. In view of the fact that in fifteen years large donations aggregating more than a thousand million of dollars have been made for public purposes in this country, it is safe to predict that, if the usefulness of a non-commercial newspaper be demonstrated, funds will be forthcoming. In the cities, where the secret control of the channels of publicity is easiest, there are likely to be founded financially independent news-

papers, the gift of public-spirited men of wealth.

The ultimate control of such a foundation constitutes a problem. A newspaper free to ignore the threats of big advertisers or powerful interests, one not to be bought, bullied, or bludgeoned, one that might at any moment blurt out the damning truth about police protection to vice, corporate tax-dodging, the grabbing of water frontage by railroads, or the non-enforcement of the factory laws, would be of such strategic importance in the struggle for wealth that desperate efforts would be made to chloroform it. If its governing board perpetuated itself by co-optation, it would eventually be packed with "safe" men, who would see to it that the newspaper was run in a "conservative" spirit; for, in the long run, those who can watch for an advantage *all* the time will beat the people, who can watch only *some* of the time.

Chloroformed the endowed newspaper will be, unless it be committed to the onward thought and conscience of the community. This could be done by letting vacancies on the governing board be filled in turn by the local bar association, the medical association, the ministers' union, the degree-granting faculties, the federated teachers, the central labor union, the chamber of commerce, the associated charities, the public libraries, the non-partisan citizens' associations, the improvement leagues, and the social settlements. In this way the endowment would rest ultimately on the chief apexes of moral and intellectual worth in the city.

While giving, with headline, cut, and

cartoon, the interesting news, — forgeries and accidents, society and sports, as well as business and politics, — the endowed newspaper would not dramatize crime, or gossip of private affairs; above all, it would not "fake," "doctor," or sensationalize the news. Too self-respecting to use keyhole tactics, and too serious to chronicle the small beer of the wedding trousseau or the divorce court, such a newspaper could not begin to match the commercial press in circulation. But it would reach those who reach the public through the weeklies and monthlies, and would inform the teachers, preachers, lecturers, and public men, who speak to the people eye to eye.

What is more, it would be a *corrective newspaper*, giving a wholesome leverage for lifting up the commercial press. The big papers would not dare be caught smothering or "cooking" the news. The revelations of an independent journal that everybody believed, would be a terror to them, and, under the spur of a competitor not to be frightened, bought up, or tired out, they must needs, in sheer self-preservation, tell the truth much oftener than they do. The Erie Canal handles less than a twentieth of the traffic across the State of New York, yet, by its standing offer of cheap transportation, it exerts a regulative pressure on railway rates which is realized only when the canal opens in the spring. On the same principle, the endowed newspaper in a given city might print only a twentieth of the daily press output and yet exercise over the other nineteen-twentieths an influence great and salutary.

THE THIRD GENERATION

BY AGNES REPPLIER

RICHARD POLWHELE the first, aged seventy, and Richard Polwhele the third, aged seven, were driving home from Fairmount Park in a state of profound and mutual satisfaction. Richard Polwhele the second, an excellent man of business, but otherwise of no especial significance, had been dead four years. To his father he was a fast-fading memory; to his little son, a name only, a name spoken occasionally in his mother's most impressive tones. "Your *dear* father, Dicky!" whereupon Dicky unconsciously assumed a *visage de circonstance*. He had the facile sympathy of a child, and a child's fortunate forgetfulness. Mrs. Polwhele believed that he still remembered his father, just as she believed that she still mourned her husband. Indeed, she naturally attributed one phenomenon to the other.

The truth was that grandfather and grandson were, for the time being, all-sufficient for each other. To Dicky his grandfather's house was a paradise of delights, where ginger-cakes, diamond and heart-shaped, dwelt in the unguarded seclusion of the pantry, where bulky and beautiful picture-books lay upon the centre-table, and where ivory chessmen assumed their proper functions as playthings for a child. To old Richard Polwhele, Dicky was simply the centre of the universe. He had been all his life a man of active interests and of calm affections. His wife had died when his only child was born. He had been, in technical language, "faithful to her memory,"—that is, he had never felt

the smallest disposition to marry his housekeeper, or little Richard's governess, or any of the more eligible young women who had from time to time crossed his horizon. Those were the days when the firm of Polwhele & Shepperton, importers of woolens, was struggling in heavy waters, was righting itself bravely, was laying the solid foundations of wealth; and the senior partner had as little leisure to mourn his wife as to replace her.

The sandy-haired child in the nursery grew up to be a sandy-haired schoolboy—looked after with intermittent zeal by a dozen aunts and cousins—and was ready for college before his father had an opportunity to observe what, in another man's son, he would have been disposed to call dullness. It was not until after his admission into the firm that Richard the second manifested those sterling qualities which won the deep respect of Richard the first, and helped to make the name of Polwhele & Shepperton a synonym for success. When he married a widow with two little girls he was admittedly the best of husbands and stepfathers. Four years later he died, leaving one child, Richard the third, who had already begun to focus the rays of his grandfather's affection into perilous intensity.

By the time Dicky was seven, Mr. Polwhele's friends—elderly, unsympathetic gentlemen who had survived their own ardors and enthusiasms—grew visibly apprehensive whenever the grandson's name was mentioned. Dicky was not a child of brilliant parts, and the

anecdotes they were compelled to hear were lamentably akin to those related by the immortal Mr. Woodhouse in praise of his grandchildren. Even Mr. Polwhele's repeated and rapturous assurances that the little boy bore the most amazing resemblance to himself at that early age failed to interest other grandfathers who were enjoying a somewhat similar distinction. "The child can't and won't learn his multiplication-table," was one of the many confidences imparted to the long-suffering Mr. Shepperton, who had nine grandchildren of his own. "By George! I would n't either when I was a brat"; and the astute old merchant wagged his head over this remarkable inheritance of antipathy.

So it was that Richard Polwhele experienced a pure delight in driving two hours on a chill November afternoon with a fidgety little boy, who stood up every few minutes in the victoria, and dragged the carriage-rug from his rheumatic knee. So it was that his pleasure deepened when, as they neared town, the tired child nestled close to his side, and he could feel the pressure of the beloved little body against his own.

They had turned into 21st Street when Dicky raised his head. "Mother said I must go straight home," he announced.

His grandfather's face lengthened. "But I thought you were coming to see Alexander's kittens," he protested, with a note of almost ludicrous disappointment in his voice.

Dicky sighed. "Mother said I could see the kittens to-morrow. She said to tell you I went to dancing-school this morning, and Murray Nelson comed home with me to dinner, and we played at shipwrecks, and I was tired, and three things was enough for Saturday; and I had n't studied any lessons, and —"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Pol-

whele, who knew from experience that his daughter-in-law's arguments were cumulative rather than convincing, "you must do as your mother bids you", and they drove for a few minutes in silence.

Then Dicky wrinkled his brows. His thoughts were still dwelling with Alexander. "Agnes says" — Agnes was his elder half-sister — "that cats don't like boys. She says they almost never do. Did cats like you when you were a little boy, grandfather?"

Mr. Polwhele hesitated. He had been a country lad, with the straightforward, unimaginative brutality of his class, and he felt a pang of late remorse when he contrasted his little grandson's gentleness with his own slaughter-stained childhood. "I am afraid not, Dicky," he said soberly; and then — glad of the diversion — "there is your mother coming up the street just in time to meet you."

Dicky sprang up joyfully, and Mrs. Polwhele quickened her step when she saw the carriage stopping at her door. She was a comely woman with brown inquisitive eyes, crisp hair, a serene temper, and a talent for discovering and interpreting the obvious.

"I am glad you brought him home early, father," she said. "He goes to a dancing-class on Saturday mornings, and to-day he had a little friend to dine with him, and they played so hard, and he seemed tired and fretful, and it is better for him to be indoors before dark, and you know he dines with you anyway to-morrow, and can play with the kittens all afternoon. It is not worth while to let children wear themselves out on Saturdays, simply because they don't go to school."

"Quite right, quite right!" interjected Richard Polwhele. "Don't stand in the cold, Emily. Good-night, Dicky. Drive on, James!"

And as the carriage rolled off, the

old gentleman tucked the rug snugly around his knees, and meditated on the conversational proficiency of women. "And Emily has had two husbands!" he muttered to himself. "Odd thing, very! To be sure, Richard — but Gordon Bright was a clever fellow, a really clever fellow. Far from domestic, though. Older than she was by a good bit, and *very* far from domestic." — And Mr. Polwhele chuckled softly. He had the indulgence common to threescore years and ten for long-remembered delinquencies.

It is a world of disappointments, even for good little boys. When Dicky arrived at his grandfather's house the next forenoon (Mr. Polwhele dined at two on Sundays, and his grandson had for the past year or so shared — with restrictions — this comfortable meal), Alexander's kittens were nowhere to be found. Alexander herself, with an assumption of innocence so elaborate that only Dicky could have been deceived, sat toasting her paws by the fire, and accepted with supercilious composure the little visitor's soft caresses and condolences. She had the arrogant and suspicious nature of an upstart. Lifted from obscurity to affluence by Dicky's notice and esteem, she received, as due to her own worth, the suddenly acquired luxuries of life. Dicky had brought her out of kitchen and cellar, to sit unmolested — where never cat had sat before — on Mr. Polwhele's hearth-rug. From Dicky's hands she had taken her first saucer of cream. He had named her after the conqueror of the world. He had established her rights in his grandfather's household, and for his sake her offspring had been welcomed as princes of the earth. But what should a base-born cat know of honor or confiding trust? Alexander's kittens had disappeared from their box, and Dicky's

bitter disappointment was smothered under pity for her bereavement.

Mr. Polwhele looked on with blissful amusement as his little grandson patted the sleek head, and sighed sympathetically over the maternal pangs. Then the idea of frustrating, without betraying, Alexander came into his mind.

"Listen, Dicky," he said. "Why don't you go and find those kittens? They must be somewhere about the house. She could n't have carried them — I mean they could n't have gotten out in the night when the doors were locked. Go and look until you find them, and tell Charles to search the cellar carefully."

Dicky scrambled to his feet. "But they are so little, grandfather," he said. "They don't know how to walk yet, and they can't see. Somebody must have stolen them."

"I think not, my boy. No great demand for kitten-stock in the market. If you look hard, you'll find them."

Dicky started for the door. Alexander raised her perfidious head as he went out; then, reflecting on the safety of her hiding-place, shut her eyes and settled down to a comfortable nap. Her drowsy purr bespoke contentment and a mind at ease. Mr. Polwhele finished his newspaper, and took up the *Voyage of the Beagle*. The fire glowed on the hearth. The autumn sunlight slanted through the windows. The room was wrapt in warmth and silence and security.

It was a long while before Dicky came back. He brought no kittens, but held in his hands an oblong tortoiseshell box. His face was flushed, his eyes troubled. He went straight to his grandfather's chair. "I broke this, grandfather," he said. "I let it fall, and it broke."

Mr. Polwhele closed his book. He looked first at his grandson, and then

at the tortoise-shell box. It was of beautiful workmanship. Delicate gold arabesques and scrolls ornamented the four corners, and from each corner a gold unicorn came leaping through the intricate tracery. There was no key, but the tiny gold hinges had been wrenched loose in the fall, and the lid hung half-open. On a gold plate was engraved the name Felicia Leigh. The box held nothing but letters.

"Where did you find this, Dicky?" asked Mr. Polwhele.

"In—in—you know, grandfather. —In the room that was grandmother's."

"Whereabouts in your grandmother's room?"

There was no answer.

"Whereabouts in your grandmother's room?"

No answer.

"Whereabouts in your grandmother's room?"

"In grandmother's desk." The voice quavered so pitifully that Mr. Polwhele stopped scrutinizing the box, and looked at his grandson.

"You are not going to cry, are you?" he said sharply.

Dicky rather thought he was. His little breast heaved, and the room, seen through a blur of tears, grew dim and wavering. But he struggled bravely and answered, "No, grandfather."

"That's right. You are not a girl, remember! You went into your grandmother's room to look for the kittens, Dicky?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"But you did not think the kittens were in your grandmother's desk?"

"No, grandfather."

"Why did you open it?"

A pause.

"I wanted to, grandfather."

Mr. Polwhele put out his arm, and drew his grandson to his side. "That is n't a good and sufficient reason,

Dicky," he said. "Do you know the meaning of the word dishonorable?"

Dicky's brows wrinkled. It was a trick the child had when thoughtful or perplexed. At present he believed he did understand what his grandfather meant; but definitions are difficult things, so he preserved a discreet silence.

"You had a right to go into your grandmother's room," said Mr. Polwhele remorselessly, "but no right to open your grandmother's desk. That was being a prying little boy. It is because I do not expect you to do such things that I trust you to play where and how you please. Do you understand that much, Dicky?"

The child nodded. Then he wedged himself closer to his grandfather, as though conscious that proximity was his best defense, and ventured upon a change of theme. "Charles says the kittens are not in the cellar," he murmured softly.

Mr. Polwhele accepted the flag of truce proffered with timid confidence. He understood Dicky's little well-bred effort to reestablish friendly relations. His mind flew backward over sixty years, and he saw himself—a convicted culprit—endeavoring to engage his mother in amicable conversation, while her darkened brow and the near prospect of his father's homecoming gave him just cause for uneasiness. A delicious warmth filled his heart as he contemplated the beloved little inheritor of his own proclivities. They were alike, though seemingly so different. In the drawer of his writing-table lay a daguerreotype of a boy, — a square-headed, snub-nosed boy in a clumsy jacket, — and many times had he traced with a cunning hand the points of resemblance between this picture and the smooth-browed, serious child at his knee. His sense of contentment grew strong and sweet when

Dicky's arm stole around his neck, and Dicky's gray eyes mutely begged for pardon. He was by nature stern, and held that all transgressions should be paid for heavily; but the dearest thing in life to him was his grandson's intimacy of affection. Not for worlds would he have risked the loss of this comradeship. The child was not characteristically fearless; he had learned that from his grandfather there was nothing to be feared.

Perhaps Mrs. Polwhele was right when she laid stress upon what no one else had ever been able to perceive, — Dicky's nervous temperament. Certainly the breaking of the box, or the loss of Alexander's kittens, or some other cause unknown, had lowered his spirits and subdued his customary activity. He ate very little dinner, and refused a second plate of ice-cream. Even Alexander's disappearance, which occurred immediately after the meal was eaten, failed to arouse him to pursuit; and he spent the afternoon looking languidly over his favorite books, Retzsch's *Outlines of Faust*, and Finden's *Beauties of Moore*. The latter volume was his soul's delight. Prone on the hearth-rug, he sped from engraving to engraving, dwelling amorously on the opulent charms which each lady so lavishly displayed. The Desmond's Love was preëminently a favorite, though Nourmahal and Zelica pressed her hard. Kathleen weeping over her unresponsive saint, and Lea dying in the arms of her radiant angel, thrilled his little heart; while to the adventurous damsel who wandered over Erin, encumbered with "rich and rare" gems, he paid the homage of an infant Galahad.

His absorption in his harem of beauties grew more profound as he surrendered his soul to their seduction; and when his half-sisters called for him

unusual occurrence — exceedingly unwilling to go home. He clung to his grandfather's chair, inventing one excuse after another to necessitate a few moments' delay; and, when departure became inevitable, his brow clouded, and only the timely recollection that he was not a girl saved him from the degradation of tears. Mr. Polwhele smiled as the troubled little face was lifted to his own. Even while enjoining obedience, he exulted secretly over Dicky's reluctance to obey. At the last moment the child's gray eyes sought his grandfather's with an impelling earnestness of gaze. A little choking sob rose in his throat. He made a futile effort to hold back as he was led through the doorway, an effort frustrated with pardonable impatience by the sisters. There was a slight but audible scuffle in the hall, and the door closed between grandfather and grandson. The Sunday's visit was over.

Mr. Polwhele stirred the fire, put on another log, lit a second cigar, picked up the *Voyage of the Beagle*, and abandoned it for the *Beauties of Moore*, which had been left open on an adjoining chair. He glanced with amusement at the Desmond's disheveled love, and at the still more disheveled Evelcen mourning in her dishonored bower. His mind was filled with the thought of Dicky lying on the hearth-rug, turning the pages with elaborate care, and seeking now and then a word of explanation. Why was the angel with beautiful folded wings called a Peri, and the lady sitting in the forest a "stricken deer"? Mr. Polwhele's smile broadened as the image of his grandson became more and more distinct, and he rehearsed meditatively the incidents of the day.

Then before his mental vision the seven-year-old Dicky grew to be seventeen, to be twenty-seven. What glorious chances would be his in life! Mr. Polwhele held, theoretically, that young

men should work their way through the world. He had well-defined views on the value of incentives, and subscribed cordially to the current American belief that scant education, hard toil, and early anxieties, make a strong and successful citizen. Yet, none the less, he exulted in the thought of the great wealth which would be his grandson's portion, and of the limitless opportunities it would give him. None the less he rejoiced in his heart that Dicky would not have to work as he had worked, to save as he had saved, to know the sharp insistent cares which had been familiar to his early manhood. He had sown; his grandson should reap. He had fought the battle; his grandson should enjoy the victory. Richard Polwhele the third, a fair and unstained name, for the old merchant held his honor high. There was good blood flowing in his veins, and Dicky should inherit traditions as well as wealth, — traditions which should rob wealth of its perils. In a reverie so deep and blessed that the waning of the November day was unperceived, Mr. Polwhele sat smoking by the fire, and tasted with the tranquillity of old age the unstinted sweetness of life.

The entrance of the butler aroused him from his dream. Charles lit the lamps, observed austere that the open window was chilling the room, and he wondered if Master Dicky had n't caught his death of cold, closed it with ostentatious firmness, drew the curtains, replenished the fire, put the *Beauties of Moore* back in its exact place on the table, with Retzsch's *Outlines* on top of it, straightened the chairs, and withdrew. He was an indulgent servant, although his manner was severe, and his master stood in no real fear of him. Mr. Polwhele merely raised the window again as soon as he was alone, and had once more opened the *Voyage of the Beagle* when his glance

fell on the tortoise-shell box with the broken lid. He sighed as he picked it up, and surveyed the damage wrought by Dicky's awkward little fingers.

Poor Felicia! How many years had sped by since she handled this pretty toy! That his wife's desk, his wife's toilet-table, his wife's little bookshelf, should have been left untouched since her death was not proof of any deep sentiment on her husband's part. Everything under his roof had remained for that length of time in its accustomed place. The *Beauties of Moore* had lain in the same spot on the table when Felicia was alive, and Retzsch's *Outlines* on top of it. The bronze thermometer with a scantily draped female leaning aimlessly against a fluted column, the hollow glass ball inclosing a winter landscape which, when reversed, was hidden by whirling snow, had cumbered his writing-table since the beginning of his married life. And for thirty-seven years, yes, fully thirty-seven, the tortoise-shell box with its gold unicorns had been hidden in Felicia's desk.

Poor Felicia! She must have had some presentiment of her fate, for she had grown sad and silent during the last months of her life, and there was the shadow of fear in her charming eyes. Mr. Polwhele had never been an imaginative man, and business cares were then pressing upon him mercilessly; but he had learned to know that look of disquietude, and to pity it. There were times when he had felt a pang of apprehension, and had wondered painfully if many young wives paid with their lives for what was after all their highest happiness as well as their supreme duty. The end had come suddenly. Felicia had been swept from his path as a leaf is swept by the blast. She had never rallied, never regained consciousness after the premature birth of her baby; and the sad eyes with the tortured look in them had closed wear-

ily and indifferently upon the world.

It was a great pity. Richard Polwhele's regret went no further than this pang of sympathy for the dead who had lost so much by dying. No sense of personal loss had survived thirty-seven years to stab his heart at sight of his wife's trinket. He looked with approval at the beautiful little box he held, and lifted the broken lid. It was more than half-filled with letters addressed to Felicia; but crushed on top of these was a sheet of her own writing, the lines slanting nervously downward in a fashion her husband well remembered. He had many times laughed at her inability to "write straight," and had offered to rule paper for her, as for a child. He thought of this now as he took up the flimsy crumpled sheet.

There was an intricate monogram in one corner, a foolish tangle of letters, and beneath it came leaping from the paper the words, "For God's sake, Dickon dear." — "Dickon!" Richard Polwhele lifted his head, and frowned. When had Felicia ever called him Dickon? He had been Richard all his life. Not even in boyhood had his name been softened into Dick, and Dickon was an unfamiliar substitute. He had never known but one Dickon, Dickon Voss, and his frown grew heavier at the recollection. With the unhesitating impulse which forces us to face some hidden menace and put it forever to flight, Mr. Polwhele opened his wife's letter and read: "For God's sake, Dickon dear, come to me and take me away! The baseness of my own soul is killing me. I cannot bear it, indeed I cannot bear it any longer. If you do not take me away before your child is born, I shall never —"

That was all. There was no date, nor any need of one. Those faltering downward lines were the last Felicia Polwhele

Death had come in

her lover's place, and had ended her degradation. As the meaning of the words forced itself upon Richard Polwhele's mind, and a confused throng of incidents, indications, details, whirled madly through his memory, his first conscious sentiment was pity, — pity chilled by abhorrence of the thing he pitied. What weeks and months of agony had been borne by his young wife, who was so unfitted, physically and spiritually, for endurance. He knew now why the shadow of fear had deepened in her eyes, the desperate fear of a weak creature caught in a trap. The thirty-seven years that had passed since Felicia's death dulled for a moment his own sense of wrong. He looked back through a soft obscuring haze upon his blighted home. The baby —

Suddenly, as if a swift and scorching fire shot through his veins, came the thought of Dicky, Dicky his little grandson. No, not his, not his at all. Dickon Voss's grandson. Not his. God! could it be? There came a roaring in his ears, a horrible spasm of pain gripped his heart, his breath labored fearfully. Dicky! He raised his ashen face, and his staring eyes saw in the lamplight the little figure still lying on the hearth-rug, — the beloved little figure that was all the world to him. Then there rushed upon him tumultuously, mercilessly, the memory of the happy hours he had spent with his grandson by his side, the memory of the happier minutes when he had traced his own features, his own gestures, his own personality, in the inheritor of his name.

The bitterness which flooded his soul was acrid, hideous, unbearable. There was even something grotesque in the excess of his affection for this child of alien birth, this innocent impostor who had awakened the first overpowering emotion of his life. Mingling with his sense of personal down-

fall was a confused impression of general disaster, as if the walls of his house were swaying in an earthquake. The social fabric, built of necessity on woman's fealty, the well-ordered processes of civilization, which have for their sole support a thing so frail as woman's virtue, crashed into nothingness. Sickened by the shock, he steadied himself with an effort, and, as his vision cleared, his desolation deepened. He stood dishonored and alone in his old age. He had no grandson, and the child whom he loved better than his life was but the symbol of degradation and defeat.

The logs smouldered in the fireplace, a few red embers glowed and darkened, the curtains swayed in the rising wind. The room, so full an hour ago of warmth and comfort, looked sombre and menacing; but Richard Polwhele sat quietly by his blackened hearth, with his dead hopes for company.

DEAR MR. POLWHELE, —

Mother bids me tell you that Dicky is ill. He was feverish all night. Dr. Ellis fears it is diphtheria. He is isolated on the third floor with mother and a nurse. She says you had better not come to the house. She will not be able to see anybody, but Esther and I will keep you informed by telephone. Dr. Ellis was here before breakfast, and is coming again in the afternoon. He thinks, if it is diphtheria, it will be a light case. Mother says please not to worry.

Affectionately,
AGNES BRIGHT.

This was the missive which, on Monday morning, carried consternation to the heart of Mr. Polwhele's household. The servants gossiped solemnly about their master's infatuation for his grandson, and reached a unanimous conclusion that Dicky's diphtheria was a "warning." They were all of them

fond of the child, who had been gently reared, and who, as the cook observed, gave no more trouble to anybody than the blessed Saint Aloysius himself; yet none the less were they convinced that Dicky would die, and that his death would convey a salutary lesson. As for Mr. Polwhele, there was that in his face which forbade any approach to condolence. Even Charles did not dare to do more than transmit to his master whatever messages the telephone might have brought in his absence.

For five days these messages swayed from bad to good, from good to bad again; and there was a moment of sickening suspense whenever the sharp insistent clamor of the alarm was heard in the silent house. Mr. Polwhele went every day to his office, dictated his correspondence, and met Mr. Shepperton's open-hearted concern with a leaden composure, extremely disconcerting to that honest gentleman, who had been long accustomed to smile whenever the word "Dicky" was spoken. But those five days wrought in the senior partner a change too startling to be overlooked even by the poverty-pinched, light-hearted office-boy, who stared furtively at his master's averted face.

Richard Polwhele did not know that his eyes looked like the eyes of his dead wife, — hunted and desperate. He knew only that, hour after hour through the long day and longer night, his mind revolved wearily, ceaselessly, around one grim confronting question. If Dicky died, — his heart contracted at the thought, — the question would be answered. If Dicky lived, how should he, Richard Polwhele, deal with Dickon Voss's grandson? It was the same child whom he had taken into his arms on Sunday. The serious eyes, the soft curved lips, the loving little heart, were all the same. Could he eliminate the stain of parentage, and hold the boy as his own, simply because he loved him?

Whenever this thought grew sweet and warm, there came a cold breath of pride, and chilled it in his soul. Tradition and the instincts of race were too strong to be routed by affection. There were times when the image of Dicky fighting for his life obliterated all other bitterness, and deadened all other pain.

"He cries out for you constantly," Agnes had telephoned on the third evening. "Almost always he calls the doctor 'grandfather,' and to-day for a long time he thought you were in his room, and kept begging you not to go."

Mr. Polwhele whitened to the lips when he received this message. He did not groan aloud, because Charles, always eager for news, was standing by his side; but his step, as he climbed the stairs, was so unsteady that the servant longed, but did not dare, to offer him assistance. He had never been a hale man, though this made little difference. No mere bodily vigor could have withstood the two-fold pressure, the unceasing, unresting conflict which was grinding his life away. Dicky cried for him. Dicky called the doctor "grandfather." The little grating laugh which followed this recollection was not good to hear. As well the doctor as another. In his misery he envied happier grandfathers whose little true grandsons lay dying. Their grief was sacred. If their hopes were broken, they had peace with honor; while from his roof peace and honor had forever fled. Dicky cried for him. Dicky, in his fever, begged him not to go. Dimly he perceived the sweetness which would have underlain fear and pain, had not sin robbed sorrow of its worth.

The sixth day brought a change of news. Dicky was better. The anti-toxine had done its work. The throat was clearing. The fever was gone. Dicky was very weak, but the doctor was encouraging, and they were all full

servants in Mr. Polwhele's house, having kind Irish hearts, rejoiced in the downfall of their predictions, which is a generous thing to do. Sunday, the seventh day, brought many visitors, sympathetic and congratulatory, but Mr. Polwhele saw no one. On Monday morning he did not go to his office. He could not face the felicitations of his partner. He could not trust himself to say with a smile that his grandson was improving. He feared to let his haggard eyes rest on the eyes of friends. At breakfast-time word came that Dicky had slept well and was visibly stronger. At noon one of the sisters telephoned that Dr. Ellis pronounced the little patient to be "doing splendidly." In the evening the doctor himself informed Mr. Polwhele over the wire that he had just left his grandson, and considered him out of danger.

So it had come to this. There would be no intervention of Providence to take from him, Richard Polwhele, the duty of decision. Dicky would live. He would get well, and come again to the house, as in the old innocent days, and lie on the hearth-rug, and look at the *Beauties of Moore*, and play with Alexander's kittens, and lean his little fair head upon his grandfather's shoulder. The man who had been Richard Polwhele ten days ago would have been happier than the angels in Heaven at the bare thought of such felicity. The man who was Richard Polwhele tonight shivered and grew cold at heart. Dicky would live. He would grow up to inherit a name and a fortune which should never have been his father's, and to which he had no right. Dickon Voss's grandson. Mr. Polwhele knew the stock from which the child had sprung. Twenty years ago Dickon Voss had died, and the tongues which had spoken evil of him were silent now, because he had been forgotten by his world. But his was a tarnished mem-

ory to lie hidden under the shelter of an honest man's name.

Hour after hour, hour after hour, Mr. Polwhele bade himself decide. It had never been his life's habit to postpone any decision when the time for resolution had come; and, if the child were out of danger, the time had come to-night. Hour after hour, hour after hour, love fought a losing battle with pride, and shame, and anger, and with the invincible force of inherited purposes and principles. Love fought hard, bringing up again and again and again the image of Dicky in the fire-light, whispering with Dicky's voice, touching the bowed head with Dicky's gentle fingers, pressing soft kisses with Dicky's lips upon the withered cheek. But like a wall of ice around the old man's heart was the thought of Dickon Voss's grandson. At midnight the struggle was over. Love was routed. Mr. Polwhele wrote, with infinite difficulty but in a legible hand, a letter to his lawyer, appointing an hour for a meeting the next day. The letter, stamped and sealed, was found on his table in the morning, but no one thought to mail it, for Mr. Polwhele was lying unconscious on the floor, and at first the servants thought that he was dead.

He did not die until thirty-two hours later. Mrs. Polwhele, properly disinfecting and with the connivance of the doctor, hurried to his bedside, and tried to tell him, amid many tears, that Dicky was getting well, that Dicky sent him love. She looked worn and white with anxiety, and she gave every one to understand that Dicky's illness had been too much for the grandfather who idolized him. Striving tenaciously to force her way through the barriers which hedge the dying, she knelt for hours by the bed, saying over and over again, "Father dear, Dicky is not going to die. Dicky is going to live. Fa-

ther dear, he loves you so, he longs so to see you. Father, do you understand?"

But there was no answering light in the old man's eyes, no least pressure of the old man's hand.

"Do you think he is absolutely unconscious?" Mrs. Polwhele asked the doctor; and the grim answer was: "No one has ever come back from this stage to tell us anything."

When night fell, Charles hounded the other servants to their beds, but refused, himself, to leave his master's side. He sat with the nurse, and watched the spark of life which was so feeble and yet so terribly hard to extinguish. With the earliest dawning of day Mr. Polwhele died.

"The fact is," observed Mr. Shepperton after the funeral, "that the shock of the boy's illness killed him. He looked like a dead man the first day he got the news. When I heard he'd had a stroke, I knew all was over with him, and I was n't a bit surprised either. I'd expected something of the kind from the start. There never was a man or woman so wrapped up in a child. And here's Dicky just as well as ever."

"I suppose the boy will inherit everything?" said Mr. Shepperton's son-in-law, freeing himself from his black gloves.

"Everything, without a shadow of a doubt. A few legacies off the lump, and all the rest goes to Dicky."

"It's a great deal too much for one boy," said the son-in-law peevishly. "Send him straight to the bad, in all likelihood."

"Well, I would n't say that," corrected Mr. Shepperton. "He is a nice little lad, and he has good blood in him, good blood."—And the junior partner sighed deeply. Richard Polwhele had been his lifelong friend, and he sorrowed sincerely for his death.

ANATOLE FRANCE: AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

BY CLAUDE C. WASHBURN

It was a November evening. Outside, the rain was sweeping in gusts against the windows; but indoors, with the curtains drawn and a fire burning on the hearth, my little sitting-room was warm and cheerful. I had spread my papers out on the table before the lamp, and put a new pen in the holder; but as I rose to light what I swore should be my last cigarette before going to work, one of the tiny logs in the fireplace collapsed with a shower of sparks. A sudden blaze followed that illumined the whole room, and shone especially on the green, gold-lettered back of a volume in one of the shelves opposite. I stepped across and took it down. It was *Le Mannequin d'Osier* of Anatole France, the book that I love the best in contemporary literature. I carried it over to my place by the fire and opened it, with that sweet sense of doing something a little wrong, to a favorite passage, intending to read only a few lines. But once under the spell of its incisive gem-like French, and the searching irony of its philosophy, I could not lay the book aside, but read on and on, turning the leaves in spite of myself, resolving as I began each new chapter that when it was finished I would stop, and each time breaking the resolution, until finally I reached the last word of the last page, and closed the covers with a sigh.

Then I glanced at my watch; it was one o'clock. Too late to do any work now, and there was no good in regretting; so I put my papers away, and sitting back, with *Le Mannequin d'Osier*

still in my hand, fell to reflecting on it, and wondering about its author.

It is strange how few among the great men of the past one wishes he might have known personally. I should like to have met Shakespeare and Mozart and Molière, it is true, and I would give all I possess to have been the humblest of Shelley's friends. But as for most of the others, I am content with what they have left me of themselves. Toward authors of our own day, however, our feelings are necessarily different. We are in sympathy with their point of view. Their ideas are ours, only completer, more logically developed, better expressed. Their faults especially, which we possess in a greater degree, endear them to us. Thus it frequently happens that in reading a contemporary author we feel him to represent what is best and most worth-while in us; we are conscious of a desire, that is almost introspective, to meet this higher self face to face. So it was with me, as I sat looking into the fire, and fingering abstractedly the familiar pages of the book I had just reread.

I ran over in my mind all the scattering information I had been able to gather concerning Anatole France—or Monsieur Thibaut, if you prefer his real name. He lived, some one had said, in a very small and closed society; and when he entered a *salon* every one was suddenly silent as at the entrance of a king. What means were there for an obscure foreigner to meet this genius, acquaintance with whom had become so rare and precious a thing for his own coun-

trymen? I might write to him, but my letter would be only one of perhaps fifty. It had doubtless been many years since he had been able to feel anything but weariness in glancing over these monotonous outbursts of anonymous praise. Perhaps he no longer read them, but employed a secretary just to throw them into the fire. Nevertheless the idea tempted me. There could be no harm in writing, and I did not need to send the letter. I drew up close to the table and began.

It proved a difficult undertaking. All the thoughts awakened by the Abbé Guitrel, the préfet Worms-Clavelin, and the observations of Monsieur Bergeret — thoughts that touch on nearly every subject under the sun, as you will know if you have read the book — clamored to be expressed, and go trailing page-long parentheses behind them. But this would not do. The language of a letter fit for the greatest modern master of French to read must be concise and straightforward. I ended by suppressing the thoughts. When I had finished and was considering the scanty result, I reflected that to have spent the evening in work would have been less laborious. But here is what I had written:—

MONSIEUR: —

It is only because, having just reread *Le Mannequin d'Osier* for the fourth time, I feel it would be ungrateful not to try to express something of the humble admiration I have for the creator of Monsieur Bergeret, that I venture to write to you. When I read *Le Livre de Mon Ami* and *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* I had self-restraint enough to repress the impulse I felt to tell you of the delicate pleasure they gave me; but with your *Histoire Contemporaine* it is different. Those four volumes have done more than afford me keen enjoyment: they have made me think

thoughts I should never have discovered by myself. Their point of view has helped to form my own. For the second one of the series I have a greater admiration than for any other prose work of the last twenty years. It would be useless to write you what I think of the book, if this were an intellectual letter it would be impertinent. Only permit me to say, monsieur, that we "transatlantiques," as well as your own countrymen, appreciate the wholesome irony, the profound philosophy, the interest in humanity as it is, and the perfect art of *Le Mannequin d'Osier*.

It would have shown, I know, a truer gratitude on my part to have spared you this expression of enthusiasm, but I could not help myself. Before a splendid spectacle in nature one invariably utters a cry. The spectacle is not improved or in any wise changed, but the cry is irrepressible; it is uttered for one's self. Thus this letter is written really for myself. If you should take it in any other way I should fear that you thought me a seeker of autographs.

Croyez, monsieur, etc.

Here followed my name (written very legibly); I did not add the address (it was printed on the paper).

I laid the pen on the table, and pushed back my chair, then leaned over to throw more wood on the embers that were growing gray. In the morning I would send the letter.

Time passes as though one were only looking into the fire; events are scarcely more real than dreams. Could it be that the month had changed to December, and the rain to snow, when one morning Eugénie brought me, together with two wedding announcements from America (for five years my friends seem to have had nothing to do but marry), an envelope addressed to me in an unfamiliar hand, bearing the Paris postmark! I shall never

feel anything sweeter or more improbably perfect than my joy at the contents. They were simple, only a few lines on a sheet of thin paper: —

VILLA SAID,
AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE,
December tenth.

MONSIEUR: —

Permit me to thank you for your flattering letter, and to express the hope that if you have no other engagement for Wednesday the fifteenth of December you will be kind enough to call on me that afternoon between four and five o'clock.

Be assured, monsieur, that I do not think you a "seeker of autographs," et croyez, etc.

ANATOLE THIBAUT
(Anatole France).

If I had no other engagement! I would have canceled anything, — even an appointment to take tea with Madame Steinheil!

Looked back upon, one's life is a series of disconnected scenes, islands floating in a sea of forgetfulness. There is nothing to prove to me that the days between that on which I received the letter and the Wednesday following existed; if they did, they must have been a period of impatient dullness. But the afternoon of the *rendezvous* is as distinct as yesterday in my memory, beginning with the moment when the servant led me from the door of the villa through a half-seen hallway to another door, the heavy hangings of which he held aside while I crossed the threshold, then let fall behind me. As I entered the room beyond, which I rather felt than saw to be a study, a man rose from an armchair beside an Empire table, and advanced to meet me. I was face to face with Anatole France.

My first impression, if I am to be honest, was not that he had wonderful

eyes, nor yet that he was below medium height, and was rather stout (though it might have been any of these), but a banal surprise that he should so strikingly resemble the portrait of him that I had seen at the Salon the preceding summer. It was less as though his likeness to it were remarkable (this, I suppose, because I had seen the picture first, was the perverse way I found myself putting the thought), than as though he actually were the portrait.

"You are very welcome, monsieur," he said, in French so exquisitely enunciated that the rasping quality of the voice itself was at once forgotten. "Pray be seated. Will you smoke?" Then, when he had lighted the cigarette he had proffered me, and his own, he sank into a chair opposite mine, and rested his chin in his hand. "You are even younger than I thought," he observed at last without seeming to look at me.

"You knew I was young?"

"Yes," he said, but in the tone in which he might have admitted that this was a large city or that we had been having cold weather. "You imagined that I had come to find letters of appreciation tiresome."

"You have not?"

"No," said Anatole France. "I still read them. Authors always do. I no longer get any pleasure from them except" — courteously — "such as yours, but were they to cease suddenly I should feel discontented and abused."

One end of his upper lip curled down into a cynical little wrinkle. He was like his own Monsieur Bergeret now, — and yet not like him either, less human somehow. I knew Monsieur Bergeret personally; I felt that I should never know his creator. I could not rid myself of the idea that he was just the portrait I had seen in the Salon.

"At all epochs," continued Anatole France, "the mind has been popularly considered as subject to none or to

strange and incomprehensible laws essentially different from those simple ones that govern the body. The murmurs of philosophy, whose persistent tendency has been to prove the contrary, have never reached the ear of the masses; and indeed had they done so, it is matter of doubt whether the masses would willingly have listened, for these popular misconceptions are obstinate and tenacious; it is through them that superstition and the belief in the miraculous maintain themselves. Philosophers welcome each reduction of complexity to simplicity as a new step toward the ultimate comprehension of the universe which is their dream; but the masses, cherishing the belief that certain things cannot be understood, look upon each such reduction with disapproval. Columbus was derided, and it is given to few to be as unpopular as Galileo."

I nodded approval. An immense pride was swelling in my heart. For I too had thought this out. The master whom I revered was expressing ideas I myself had felt. A desire to cry as much into his ear and force his admiration wrung me; but I suppressed it to listen again.

"The public, it is true, have," he went on, "some justification for the skepticism with which they have always treated the conclusions of philosophers, but I have only to turn my eyes inward to be increasingly convinced that here at least philosophy is in the right. The attributes of my mind — will, attention, and the rest — are, I observe with an instinctive displeasure, subject to the same laws that rule my body. The athlete experiences pleasure from his over-developed sinews during the brief time that he retains the memory of his former inferiority; afterwards, comparison becoming impossible once the recollection of what he was has faded, he is conscious of no

superiority. Nevertheless he has become the slave of his own strength. The muscles which he has trained into abnormal power must be ministered to, or a degeneration of his whole body will set in. Thus it is with the minds of authors. Their vanity has grown with pampering like the liver of a Swiss goose. Flattery, which at first afforded them enjoyment, has become a necessity."

He stopped, with a bitter smile.

"For pleasurable companionship," he added, "seek out men of affairs. Avoid authors and artists."

"And musicians," I suggested.

"And musicians," rejoined Anatole France fervently.

There was a little pause. I was unhappy; for my exultation that Anatole France had expressed my own thought was less than my dissatisfaction that he did not know it.

"There were so many things I wanted to speak to you of," I said at last helplessly, "and now they are all gone. Do you remember Heine's account of his meeting with Goethe? He had thought for years of the things he would discuss with the great man, but when he finally met him he found nothing to say except that the plums were ripe along the road he had followed."

"But I am very far from being Goethe," said Anatole France.

"Not so far as I from being Heine," I added hastily.

The author of *Thais* smiled again. "The compliment is neat," he observed.

I thanked him deprecatingly, but I felt secretly that he was right.

"You are the first American," he remarked, "to — you are American?" (I nodded) — "the first to write me concerning Monsieur Bergeret. I had fancied him unknown in your country."

"In America," I replied, "every one who reads French knows *Le Livre de*

Mon Ami, and every one who reads anything besides magazines and current fiction is familiar with *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*; but those who delight in *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, emancipated as they are from social caste (for such emancipation is one of the essentials to understanding Monsieur Bergeret), belong, I think all the more, if unknowingly, to an intellectual caste, one of whose rules is that acquaintance with an author's books does not give one the right to infringe on his personal life. I have broken the rule. I am unworthy of my class."

"It was a foolish rule," said Anatole France.

His eyes sparkled, and I laughed. I was reminded of a fencing exhibition I had witnessed once at the exercises of a girls' school. There had been no lunging, but much saluting and courteous crossing of foils.

"You said in your letter," he remarked simply, "that you admired my *Histoire Contemporaine*, but you did not say why. I should like to know now — if you will tell me?"

I was flattered. It could be only interest in me that prompted his question; for he knew already a thousand times better than I why the books were masterpieces. He could learn nothing new about them from my reply, but he would learn what manner of person I was. My responsibility to myself was oppressive.

"There are so many reasons," I stammered. "I do not know where to begin."

"Beginnings are hard and invariably wrong," he observed thoughtfully, "so it does not matter; begin anywhere."

"I think most of all it is for their point of view," I said, "that I like the books, — the scrutinizing irony with which in them you look out on life, generalizing freely and acutely, but

honestly and carefully, never unworthily from the mere masculine love of generalization; and finding the most where it seems to me the most is always to be found, — in the little things. It was, unless I mistake, from the tearful brutish protest of the servant Euphémie that Monsieur Bergeret drew the profoundest reflection in *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, — that concerning the failure in the feminine mind to distinguish between the creative and the destructive forces."

"Yes," he assented.

"People have reproached you for treating too much the petty (*mesquin*) side of things, but that is because, accustomed to the heroics of most works of fiction, they forget that it is almost entirely of what is *mesquin* that life is composed. There are heroics — and heroism too — in your books; who will say that there were not both in the conduct of poor Madame de Bonmont? But, as nearly always in life, they were at the same time absurd; and this, too, was unpleasant to those readers."

"You are a warm adherent," said Anatole France with a smile. I flushed. "But what you say is discerning," he added kindly. "My *Histoire Contemporaine* will never be genuinely liked by the mass of readers, not even by the mass of intelligent readers: they have been fed too long on sweets, — though less here, I believe," he continued, "than in England or America."

"Oh," I exclaimed sadly, "in England and America it is considered praise to say of a book that it may without danger be placed in the hands of a sixteen-year-old girl. The effect on our prose has been appalling. That some books should be written for girls of sixteen, is well enough; that all books should be, is distressing. The result has been to bar our prose writers from the frank consideration of much that is

vitality important in life, and to force them often into hypocrisy."

"Yet you have had books which were not afraid to discuss things as they are."

"In the eighteenth century, yes; few since. Our poetry, thank God, has always been freer."

"Your poetry is inimitable; and your prose may yet be emancipated. Victorianism, Englishmen tell me, is dying."

"There was something else," I remarked a little timidly after a pause, "that I wanted to say of the *Histoire Contemporaine*. It will perhaps weary you, but I should feel an ingrate if I should go away without having said it."

"I should be sorry not to hear it," he returned. "What you have already said has interested me."

"It was," I continued, "that in the form of those books you have gone one step beyond the novel."

It seemed to me that, for the first time, I had really interested Anatole France. He looked at me keenly.

"The novel is a splendid form, — the best we have had," I went on, "and much has certainly been done through it; but even the novel truckles to romance. It has too sharp a beginning, too definite an ending; it is too much a whole to be capable of entire usefulness. In it the characters created fit together too nicely, so that in looking back from the end to the beginning one is aware of a rigid unity, a careful plan. To achieve such a work of art, to eliminate everything that has no bearing on the theme, to create only characters that serve in its development, must demand great talent; but, noble as the result is, it seems to me cramped by its own perfection. Life is not like that. It has both purpose and purposelessness. Things do not dovetail so accurately. Everywhere there are rag-

ged ends hanging loose. In the four books of the *Histoire Contemporaine* you let them hang. The characters you created have some influence on one another, but no more than they would have had if they had actually existed, and never for the furtherance of an artistic scheme. At times their lives touched, at times ran separately. And yet it seems to me that in standing aside as you did, in watching it all as an observer, in giving never your own view of life, but the view held by each of your characters, you achieved a wider and truer unity than was ever reached in a novel."

I paused apprehensively, abashed at my presumptuousness. But the author's look was kindly.

"Your appreciation," said Anatole France, "is very grateful to me. That was indeed what I attempted to do."

Then we talked on — mostly it was I who talked — of Monsieur Bergeret, of Madame de Gromance, of the Abbé Lantaigne, and the Abbé — later the Bishop — Guitrel, of the préfet Worms-Clavelin and his amazing wife, and of the dog Riquet.

"The dog Riquet," observed Anatole France, "has the character accorded by all novelists who are liked to their heroes. In his attitude toward life there are unselfishness, humility, and idealism. These qualities are, in fact, to be found only in dogs. That is why novels, as you have so justly observed, are untrustworthy."

I rose to go. "It would be useless to attempt to tell you, monsieur, with what gratitude and pleasure I shall remember this hour you have granted me," I said — and he must have recognized my sincerity, for his smile was kindly. "It is such courtesy as that you have shown me which makes me love Paris," I went on. (There were vague thoughts struggling to take shape at the bottom of my mind. I must ex-

press them; for I felt them to be worth while.) "Friends, I think, are for the big things of life" (I know I spoke confusedly), "to depend on or to help in the great emergencies, and the two or three friends one needs one can perhaps most readily find among his own people. But while the big things arrive only very rarely, the little things are with us every day; our very social existence is constructed of them. For them one has acquaintances; and acquaintances are more readily made here, I believe, than anywhere else under the sun. Friendship, after all, is somewhat barbarous, requiring on both sides a total loyalty which is unnatural, given the mutual knowledge of faults that must exist in so close an intimacy; acquaintanceship is less exacting and more civilized, binding one to nothing, and asking only that faults be kept discreetly out of sight for the time being. You knew, monsieur, that you would see me only for an hour and then perhaps never again, and yet there has been no hint of that in your kindness to me. You have talked with me as pleasantly as though we had dined together yesterday, and were to drive in the Bois to-morrow. Paris is the only civilized country in the world. That is why I love it."

"Thank you," said Anatole France. "That is a very pretty speech."

"It was a very long one," I replied.

"You live in Paris always?" he inquired, touching the bell.

"Yes."

"One has to be a little foreign to be a Parisian," he went on musingly. "Those Frenchmen who are not so already, hasten to marry an American or adopt an English accent. But you will go back."

"To my own people?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry you say that, for I have secretly known it all along."

"Why be sorry?" he asked. "Is it so dreadful — America?"

"No," I said quickly, "not dreadful. It is vulgar; but its vulgarity is only a sign of its exuberant vitality."

Anatole France nodded. "Vulgarity is to be found in whatever is great and young and splendid. Beethoven was vulgar, and Shakespeare, and Michael Angelo."

"No, truly it is not dreadful," I repeated remorsefully.

He smiled. "No one is so detached as he thinks himself," he said. "One destroys prejudice after prejudice and conviction after conviction, as a man in a balloon cuts the cords that connect him with the ground and prevent his rising to a point whence he can look down on all things with a just and comparing gaze; yet there are always a thousand delicate fibres that hold him back from perfect freedom. You are cutting, cutting, but you are not completely detached, nor will you ever be. When I asked you whether America was dreadful, you felt a swift shame at having insinuated as much. You are still patriotic."

"Perhaps," I murmured.

"Yet patriotism is just one of our innumerable prejudices. In a way, I confess to finding it admirable. I envy the ability of a man to hate passionately and inclusively a whole race simply because he does not belong to it. I envy him because such a hatred reveals an intensity of feeling of which I am incapable. I envy because I cannot understand. People are so pitifully alike [*se ressemblent si tristement*]," said Anatole France wearily.

"It is strange," he went on, "that patriotism should be so hard to shake off; for it is one of the most obvious prejudices. It is indeed no more than an expression of vanity, of the old thought, 'What's mine is better than what's yours.'"

"Perhaps that itself is the reason," I suggested. "Is not vanity very important?"

"True," he assented. "Not vanity but selfishness, of which vanity is a corollary. Selfishness is at the root of every creative impulse. Without it the world would stop—or that little scum on the face of the world, that senseless activity we call life—"

"L'espèce de corruption que nous appelons la vie organique," I quoted swiftly.

"I am flattered that you remember so well," said Anatole France. "Ambition, inspiration, love, — they are all forms of selfishness, love more than the rest, as it is the most intensely creative."

"But," I asked, "if patriotism is only vanity, why is it held to be something high and noble?"

"At all times," he replied, "men's vanity has made them contemplate incredulously their own futility, and led them to imagine themselves the tools of some higher force. With this premise, selfishness was no longer a conceivable motive. It does no harm for the philosopher to recognize that God is on the side of the greater numbers, but the common soldier must think differently. No war of aggrandizement, or of selfish interest, has ever been successfully waged without a noble catchword. 'God and My Right' was the slogan of Henry V as he laid waste France; the Germans sang '*Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott*' in the Franco-Prussian war, which was brought on by a forged telegram; and a poetess of your own country, I am told, has, in a popular hymn, made the armies of the North, in your late war, suggest that as Christ 'died to make men holy' they would 'die to make them free.'"

The servant had been waiting a long time. Anatole France took my hand.

"Your visit has given me a real pleas-

ure," he said kindly. "I hope you will believe me."

"I must because I want so much to," I answered wistfully.

Then when I was almost at the door, "You will go back sooner or later to your own country," he added, "but do not feel badly. You will never quite become part of it. Even from a captive balloon one has a wider, less biased view than from the ground."

I drifted out of the house and down the Avenue du Bois in a dream. Anatole France had said that my visit had given him pleasure. Anatole France had talked with me as with an equal. And, indeed, reflecting on the interview, I was not displeased with myself. That speech on friendship and acquaintance-ship had held ideas. The memory of the mocking little smile that had played around one corner of the great man's mouth from time to time barely troubled me. It was for others that his face had taken those lines; me he had not laughed at, I was sure.

But, in considering myself, which I have always done rather closely (with an intense, if amused, interest which my growing conviction, that what I see there is rarely unique, keeps from becoming fatuous), I am continually amazed at the abrupt changes in my moods. Thus I had proceeded but a little way before my exhilaration left me like a fog that, suddenly lifting, lays bare the barren country beneath. I had seen Anatole France and heard him speak, and my sole concern was for what I had said, for the impression I had made. I had been given such an opportunity as would not come to one American out of ten thousand, and I had squandered it. I had had an hour with Anatole France, and I had spent it in trying to show him that he might talk to me without stooping. Moreover, it was clear to me at present that this too had been at the root of my de-

sire to meet my hero. I understood the twisted smile now, and was swept with humiliation. Then, effacing this petty shame with a profounder regret, came the thought of what I might have learned if I had not been preoccupied with myself. I had been unworthy of my riches; they had been, I muttered, as pearls before — I would not finish the quotation. The word was too offensive in French, and I was still thinking in French. I had indeed seldom felt more French than now when I knew so well that I should some day go back to America. And, after all, whatever I had missed, my hour with Anatole France had been splendid. (You will know without needing to be told that, having reached the end of the avenue,

I was gazing up now at the Arc de Triomphe, if, like me, you too have stood before it and felt your own inner bickerings stilled by its white solemnity.) But the regret, though less acute, remained. There were so many things I might have learned! Why had I not at least asked . . .

The bell in a nearby church boomed two, and I started up in my chair with a smile. When one looks into the fire it is as though time were passing; dreams are almost as real as events. It was still November. My letter to Anatole France was on the table at my hand. I picked it up, laid it on the coals, and watched it as it curled inward, turned black, and burst into sudden flame.

BACHELORDOM

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

THE typical old bachelor — crusty, irritable, solitary — seems to be passing away, if indeed he is not already extinct. Nowadays there is every encouragement for Bachelordom, until it has developed from a single state to a United Kingdom with royal palaces in all great cities.

There was a time when the typical bachelor was pictured seated alone in a sadly neglected room, pushing a reluctant needle through unyielding cloth, as he strove awkwardly to sew a button on his coat, using the side wall of his room for a thimble. That is all done away with now, when the Universal Valet Company, Unlimited, sends its motor to the door of the Bachelor Apartments, and carries away the garments

of Benedick, returning them at nightfall, every button reinforced, every spot and stain effaced. And in what careless comfort does Benedick live! Unhindered by feminine niceties, he sets down his pipe where he will, and swings about his room in easy half-dress, shouting the Stein Song at the top of his voice without let or hindrance.

Over his head lives Sonntag, musical director at the Varieties. Friends supping with him in his rooms at midnight have argued vociferously the pros and cons of Wagner's music till Sonntag, weary of ineffectual argument, has silenced it by rushing to the piano and pouring out the music of *Tristan and Isolde*. The instrument has fairly trembled under Sonntag's mighty hands!

When he reached the culmination of the love-song in the second act, have not Sonntag and his friends made the very walls echo their approval? Yet no protests from wakeful womankind, in quavering soprano tones, have followed this untimely outburst.

Of all the dwellers here, only Dobson on the eighth floor approximates the typical old bachelor. What hair he has, long since ceased to require the shears; yet Dobson invariably pays a monthly visit to Tony's, where a farcical clipping is performed. There is a rotundity in Dobson's figure which goes well with the twinkle that may, at times, be found in his brown eyes. But there is a hesitancy about his footfalls which speaks eloquently of punch-loving ancestors and hereditary gout. If one is inclined to resent Dobson's occasional bursts of ill-temper, let him remember this inheritance, and deal gently with the legatee.

Many a cosy supper have I had with Dobson. As we have many tastes in common, he often invites my company; and as I can never resist an opportunity to pore over his books, I seldom decline. More than once I have neglected, to the burning point, the toast I was supposed to be making, being lured away by some favorite author, — perhaps Florio's *Montaigne*. The mellow old essayist is always associated in my mind with Dobson's copy in red buckram, with bold, beautiful letters on a faintly yellow page.

Dobson entertains so seldom, and a feast means so much to him, that he surrounds it with symbols and sentiment. We were going off for a tramp, one Sunday, over the Orange mountains. He magnified the trip into an Alpine expedition, and planned what he called a Swiss breakfast before we started. The rolls came from a Swiss baker whom Dobson had discovered in his roamings, for he loves to ferret in

odd corners of the city. Doubtless the goat's milk was merely bovine. The honey, I know, came from Jersey, but better was never pilfered from the bees in the valleys about Monte Rosa.

As we sat and enjoyed the good fare, Dobson's talk was all of mountain-climbing and Alpine adventures, of perils encountered in crossing crevasse and glacier. Alas, the only really dangerous crossings we made in our subsequent trip were over barbed wire!

One June day, we tramped the Wheatley hills and returned to the city in the moist summer twilight, warm and wearied. Dobson's room was cool and quiet, and here we enjoyed the Feast of Strawberries. His sister had recently sent him some china from England, — Wedgewood it was, quaint in shape, cream-tinted, and bordered with tiny strawberry vines and pendent fruit. I hulled the berries while Dobson read in a low musical voice translations which he had made from the Sicilian poets, exquisite idyls which even in prose version were vibrant with life and passion. Over the heaped-up berries we poured purple Chianti, frosted them with sugar, and sat feasting in silence, watching the twinkling lights in the city below us — and dreaming — dreaming —

At Christmastide, Dobson had a distinctive feast. Madame Rampolli, who lives around the corner and keeps a queer grocer's shop full of wonderful things, *grassini*, *marrons glacés*, and the like, baked at his request a loaf called by her *pantoni*. Of airy lightness it was, and toothsome! As you ate, occasional tid-bits scattered through, nuts, citron, and kindred delights, gave your appetite an unexpected fillip. Long after it was stale, we toasted it into crispness and crunched it delicately. But at Christmastide its freshness needed no toasting, and we ate it gratefully, washing it down with Dobson's favorite Chianti, while he sat and told me a

tale which never wearied in the repetition, — how he had spent Christmas once, in a hamlet in North Italy. On the eve of the Nativity, he joined the simple peasants of the countryside in the little church. Here mass was sung, and at the hour of midnight, a shepherd came in from the hills, bearing in his arms, nestled against his shaggy coat, a little lamb, which he gave into the hands of the waiting priest, while the people fell upon their knees amid murmured blessings and prayers.

From this feast, so full of Christian ideals, it seems a far cry to a banquet savoring of heathendom. When he is in a chatty frame of mind, Dobson telephones me, and I join him on my way uptown for a mingled dish of tea and gossip. Two quaint *cooksoom* of Royal Medallion china with glittering brass bases stand in state upon his table, near the copper kettle bubbling over the blue flame. We brew the tea, a simple operation when done in true Chinese fashion by pouring the boiling water over the fragrant green leaves in the *cooksoom*. Dobson learned the art from the Celestials in Mott Street. Watch him lift the dish in those deft fingers, and with Oriental expedition pour the amber brew into his cup, tipping the cover sufficiently to permit a generous flow, yet retaining the floating leaves imprisoned in the *cooksoom*. In Dobson's presence, you dare not ask for sugar, lemon, or cream, those superfluities of the feminine mind, or arrack, that masculine adulteration. He who drinks with Dobson, drinks as do the squint-eyed wearers of the pig-tail in Chinatown.

Do the ogling belles of the Flowery Kingdom who ornament the Royal Medallion ware and who exchange confidences thereon, affect our conversation? Or is it the result of the gentle beverage, so intimately associated with the fair sex? I have observed that at

this ceremony Dobson's talk is of a personal, gossipy nature. It is at such times that my host refers, however slightly, to the lady whose portrait hangs over his mantel, the flower of a long line of seafaring New Englanders, they who brought these *cooksoom* overseas. She sleeps now in a quiet churchyard, within sound of the ocean her people loved and labored upon. It is in memory of her that Dobson, who was surely intended to be the head of some happy household, lives alone in Bachelordom.

The blue flame under the kettle flickers and dies. The light of the late afternoon grows fainter and fainter. Shadows creep out of the corners of the room. Our talk becomes intermittent, and ceases at last. Who is this that, with a rustle of silken draperies, glides softly out of the shadows? Surely it is the lady whose portrait hangs yonder! You recognize her by the tortoise-shell comb in the quaintly dressed hair, and by the shawl of china *crêpe* falling over her sloping shoulders. She steals about the room, banishing its untidiness. Books are straightened on the table, curtains which swung awry fall into graceful folds, flowers smile upon the mantel-shelf. There is an unexpected orderliness and comfort about the place.

Listen! She is singing under her breath. She pauses and looks up. Now you, too, may catch the sound which arrested her attention. It is the prattle and laughter of children who seem to be coming toward her.

You glance at Dobson in his chair, — is he nodding? The lady pauses at his side, her hand on his shoulder, her eyes turned toward the children in the shadows. She is about to bend over and kiss the bowed head, and with a feeling of guilty intrusion, I pick up my hat, tiptoe across the room, and slip noiselessly through the doorway, out of Bachelordom!

STANLEY'S AFRICA THEN AND NOW

BY JAMES M. HUBBARD

THE tenth of November, 1871, is the most notable day in the history of Equatorial Africa. For on that day took place the meeting between two men, Livingstone and Stanley, on which depended the future of that vast region: whether it should remain, as it ever had been, "Darkest Africa," or whether the light of civilization should dawn upon its night. To have seen the two, one would never have dreamed that the fate of millions hung upon their meeting. Livingstone was a prematurely old man, so nearly worn out by the hardships of a most strenuous life that in a few months his faithful followers would find "the great master," as they called him, kneeling at the side of his bed, dead. Stanley was a young man of thirty, whose sole aim in the meeting was to get material for the newspapers of which he was the correspondent. But his previous career was such as to render him capable of any task which required simply resourcefulness, energy, and faithfulness to duty.

His father having died in Stanley's infancy, and his mother having cast him off, he was brought up in a Welsh workhouse. Inhuman cruelty caused him, a boy of fifteen, to flee from the "house of torture," as he calls it in his recently published *Autobiography*,¹ and soon after to ship as cabin-boy on a vessel bound from Liverpool to New Orleans. His treatment here was such as to cause him to desert from "the floating hell," it having been the frequent cus-

tom in those days for shipmasters to treat their boys with such brutality that they would desert on reaching port and so forfeit their wages. The next few years were spent in stores, on plantations, and on a Mississippi flatboat.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the 6th Arkansas Regiment, was taken prisoner at Shiloh, and carried to Camp Douglas, Chicago. His sufferings were such in this "prison-pen," that, to secure his release, his sympathies also now being entirely with the North, he enrolled himself in the United States Artillery service. But after a few days the prison-disease laid him prostrate, and he was carried to a hospital and soon after discharged, a "wreck." Two years later he enlisted in our navy as "ship's writer," and served till the end of the war. Being present at the capture of Fort Fisher, his graphic account of the bombardment was published in the newspapers, and a career as correspondent opened before him.

Next we find him in Asia Minor, where he is taken prisoner by a horde of Turkomans, severely beaten, and robbed of all his money. Then he accompanies General Hancock in his bloodless campaign against the Comanches, and Lord Napier in the English Abyssinian expedition. After other varied experiences in Spain, Egypt, Turkey, and Persia, we find him at last on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, successful in his search for the great missionary explorer.

For four months the two men were

¹ *The Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley.*
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1909

together, and the affection of the youthful adventurer for his companion became so great that on their parting, he writes, "I was so affected that I sobbed, as one only can in uncommon grief. . . . For a time I was as a sensitive child of eight or so, and yielded to such bursts of tears as only such a scene as this could have forced." The nature of the change wrought in him by Livingstone's influence can be learned from this extract from his diary, written on the day he received the news of his death. "Dear Livingstone! Another sacrifice to Africa! His mission, however, must not be allowed to cease; others must go forward and fill the gap. 'Close up, boys! Close up! Death must find us everywhere.' May I be selected to succeed him in opening up Africa to the light of Christianity! . . . May Livingstone's God be with me, as He was with Livingstone in all his loneliness. May God direct me as He wills. I can only vow to be obedient, and not to slacken."

This was not a mere passing impression, for in less than a year, November 12, 1874, he is again on the East African coast, ready to take up Livingstone's unfinished work. Equatorial Africa was a region of over two million square miles in extent, at that time practically unknown except in the parts adjacent to the sea. A few Europeans had reached the lakes from the east; one had ascended to them by the Nile; and another had traced the course of the Congo for a distance of between one and two hundred miles. The only contact which this vast territory, two-thirds as large as Europe, then had with the outside world was through the ivory and slave trade. In the eastern part gangs of natives, 240,000 in number, every year as late as 1892, men, women, children, taken captive for the purpose by the Arab traders, brought the ivory down to the coast. The cara-

van routes were strewn with dead bodies, for barely one in six who started reached the coast alive. Those who did were shipped as slaves to Arabia, Persia, and Egypt. Two children out of three of every family of the coast-natives were also taken as slaves by the Arabs. The western region bordering on the Atlantic had been for four centuries simply a hunting-ground for slaves.

Stanley's previous experiences in this region had shown him the physical difficulties which confronted the intending traveler. For when the question presents itself to him, "Shall I attempt to solve its mysteries?" he writes: "The torrid heat, the miasma exhaled from the soil, the noisome vapors enveloping every path, the gigantic cane-grass suffocating the wayfarer, the rabid fury of the native guarding every entry and exit, the unspeakable misery of the life within the wild continent, the utter absence of every comfort, the bitterness which each day heaps on the poor white man's head, in that land of blackness, the sombrous solemnity pervading every feature of it, and the little — too little — promise of success which one feels on entering it. But, never mind, I will try it!"

His first work of exploration in the interior was the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza, to find out whether it was really one lake or a cluster of shallow lakes or marshes. On the north shore he was met by a flotilla of war-canoes sent by the King of Uganda to greet the white man and beg him to come and see him. Stanley accepted the invitation and for three months was the guest of Mtesa. The thing which most impressed him was the anxiety of the king and his chiefs to learn about the stranger's country. At one interview, many chiefs being present, the subject of the white man's faith was broached. With keen regret that Liv-

ingstone was not there, Stanley did his best to give some rudimentary facts. "As I expounded," so he writes in an article,¹ "I observed fixed attention on the part of the king and courtiers such as I had not noticed before. The rule had been understood by all that talk should be brief and various, but now it became animated and continuous. Gestures, exclamations, and answers followed one another rapidly, and every face was lighted up by intense interest. When we finally adjourned, the subject was not exhausted, greater cordiality was in the hand-shakes at parting, and Mtesa urged that we should continue the discussion on the next day. And so we did for several days. It seemed that the comparisons of Mohammed with Jesus Christ were infinitely more fascinating than the most lively sketches of Europe, with its wonders and customs; and truly the description of the accusation of Christ, his judgment by Pilate, and the last scene on Calvary, was the means of rousing such emotions that I saw my powers of discerning character had been extremely immature and defective."

On the happy suggestion that he should leave behind some souvenir of his visit, he began, with the help of the king's drummer and one of his own boys, to write upon thin and polished boards of whitewood, about sixteen by twelve inches, some of the things he had told them. At the end of his stay "the translations which we made from the Gospels were very copious, and the principal events from the creation to the crucifixion were also fairly written out, forming a bulky library of boards. When the work was finished, it was solemnly announced in full court that for the future Uganda would be Christian and not Mohammedan."

On his telling the king that he must leave him, Mtesa exclaimed, "What is the use, then, of your coming to Uganda to disturb our minds, if, as soon as we are convinced that what you have said has right and reason in it, you go away before we are fully instructed?" He explained that he was not an instructor in religion, he was simply a pioneer of civilization, but that if the king really wished for instructors he would write to the people of England to that effect, and he was sure they would send proper men. "Then write, Stamlee, and say to the white people that I am like a child sitting in darkness, and cannot see until I am taught the right way."

Stanley did write immediately, and gave his letter to one of General Gordon's staff who had come to the country on a political mission. Colonel Linant was killed on his way back to Khartum, but the letter was found on his dead body and given to Gordon, who sent it to England, where it was published, November 5, 1875, in the *London Daily Telegraph*. On the evening of that day the Church Missionary Society received twenty-five thousand dollars from an anonymous giver, and in a short time one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars had been contributed to the Uganda fund. When, a year later, the first missionaries reached the country, they were received with great public demonstrations of joy. On their return to their tents after their welcome, a messenger came, saying that the king wished to see them privately. Upon their being ushered into his presence the first question Mtesa asked was, "Have you brought the book?"

After leaving Uganda, Stanley went to the headwaters of the Congo and followed the river in its downward course, until, three years after leaving the Indian Ocean, he gazed upon the Atlantic. His work of exploration was

¹ "How I acted the missionary and what came of it." *The Youth's Companion*, December 20, 1900.

done; now for the harder task, civilization. "That was henceforth the main purpose and passion of his life," writes Lady Stanley. "For him, the quest of wider knowledge meant a stage toward the betterment of mankind. He had laid open a tract comparable in extent and resources to the basin of the Amazon, or the Mississippi. What his vision saw, what his supreme effort was given to, was the transformation of its millions of people from barbarism, oppressed by all the ills of ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, into happy and virtuous men and women. His aim was as pure and high as Livingstone's. But as a means, he looked not alone to the efforts of isolated missionaries, but to the influx of great tides of beneficent activities"

At first he had hoped that the English people would seize the grand opportunity which had come within their grasp. He spoke in all the great commercial centres of the kingdom, setting forth the immense advantages to trade in the opening of this magnificent country with its well-watered soil, now neglected, but richer than any in the Mississippi Valley. But the government and the people turned a deaf ear to his appeals, and he was obliged to accept the offers of King Leopold of Belgium, who had become deeply interested in African possibilities. Stanley's work as founder of the Congo State, the greatest single enterprise of his life, occupied five and a half years, January, 1879, to June, 1884. Twelve months alone were spent in building a road over mountains and along precipices around the succession of cataracts and rapids which separate the navigable part of the river from the sea. Hammer and drill in his hand, he showed his men how to use their tools, and they called him *Bula Matari*, "breaker of rocks"; a name which has been graven on his tomb as most fitly characterizing "his

central quality — concentrated energy victoriously battling with the hardest that earth could offer, all to make earth goodly and accessible to man." During a year and a half he negotiated treaties with over four hundred chiefs, established stations for a thousand miles along the Upper Congo, and did his best to abolish the slave-trade and put an end to the intertribal wars, two evils which cost Africa annually a million lives. In this work he was promised the aid of "Gordon Pasha," who had arranged to take the governorship of the Lower Congo, under Stanley, who was to govern the Upper Congo; and, together, they were to destroy the slave-trade at its roots. General Gordon wrote a letter to him in which he said that he should be happy to serve under him and work according to his ideas. But the call of the Sudan came just at this time, and the new state was deprived of the services of one who might possibly have changed for the better the whole course of its history.

What is the present condition of that part of Africa which Stanley, more than any one man, has opened to the outside world? The most graphic idea of the marvelous change is to be obtained by comparing a map of this region published thirty years ago with one of the present day. In the old one, except on the coasts, there is little except a great blank. In the new one the natural features, mountains, rivers, lakes, are delineated with greater minuteness and accuracy than on maps of some parts of South America, and the blank space is dotted over with towns and stations. The political relations of the country are shown by the coloration, for the whole of the two million square miles has been appropriated by the great powers of Europe, — England, Germany, France, and Belgium.

The isolation of the interior, Stanley felt, was its curse. What has been done

to remedy that evil? According to the latest statistics at hand, there are twelve hundred miles of railway in operation, and a thousand more are in process of construction. The Victoria Nyanza is reached by one railroad, and the journey which it took Stanley one hundred and four days to accomplish, and which cost him the lives of twenty of his followers, can now be made in three days and as safely as in England. A railway has been built around the Congo rapids, and a connection is to be made between its head of navigation and the Rhodesian railway system, which will soon enable travelers to go from the Cape to the mouth of the Congo, some six or seven thousand miles, by rail and steamer. For there are lines of steamers on the river, as well as on the lakes, and on the Nile to the northern border of Uganda. There are five thousand miles of telegraph, and the post-offices in the Congo State and British East Africa alone transmitted in 1907 three million letters, papers, and packets. The foreign commerce in the same year, of the whole region, was valued at over sixty million dollars, borne on vessels of 5,535,000 total tonnage.

The best impression of the progress made, however, can be obtained from a brief summary of what has been accomplished in each separate country. On the east coast the German Protectorate extends over nearly 400,000 square miles of territory, with a population estimated at seven millions. In the course of its quarter-century of occupation two principal aims on the part of the government are evident: the creation of adequate means of transportation and communication, and the education of the natives. Two railways, aggregating over two hundred miles, have been built, connecting two of the ports with the interior. At the terminus of one of them there are four motor

carriages for the transport of passengers and freight to and from another town farther inland. Wide, well-kept roads — on some of which rest-houses and stores are provided — run all through the colony. A telegraph line connects Ujiji, the place of the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley, with the rest of the world; and in the whole colony there were a year ago thirty-five post-offices and twenty-three telegraph-stations.

To aid in developing the natural resources of the land, the government has created several experimental stations for tropical culture and cattle-rearing, and there are also plantations of cocoa-palms, coffee, vanilla, tobacco, rubber, cacao, sugar, tea, cotton, cardamom, cinchona, and fibre plants. The value of the exports — mainly of these products — in 1907 was over three million dollars, the leading articles being sisal and rubber. The educational work is done by thirty-one government schools, including four for instruction in handicrafts, and the schools of eight missionary societies; the whole number of pupils being over twenty thousand. In order to gain such a scientific knowledge of the natives as will enable their German rulers to govern them wisely and use intelligently the means to civilize them, a special commission has been appointed to study the natives' physical and mental capacities, and is probably now on the field. So impressed was Mr. Roosevelt with what had been accomplished that he sent a telegram a year ago to Emperor William expressing his "admiration for the wonderful development and growth of German commercial and colonial interests in East Africa."

Progress has not been so marked in British East Africa, the territory lying directly to the north of the German colony. The conditions are different both as regards the natural features of the land and the character of its popu-

lation; but the real reason lies in the fact that it was taken possession of mainly to secure safe and rapid communication between Uganda and the ocean, and therefore there has been comparatively little interest felt in its development. But the most serious barrier to the introduction of western civilization, the supremacy of the Masai, a nomadic tribe of warriors who destroyed or drove away all other tribes, leaving an extensive tract practically a wilderness, the home of countless herds of wild animals, has been broken down. Their depredations have been stopped, and they are gradually settling down as cultivators of the land. The railroad has been built to the Victoria Nyanza, and its central station, Nairobi, more than three hundred miles from the sea, is a town, to quote from a recent traveler and sportsman, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in his *Land of the Lion*,¹ with a "fine broad well-metalled main street that runs for more than a mile straight from the railroad depot to the Norfolk Hotel." On the roadway there may be seen farmers, Boers, civil officers (for it is the headquarters of the government of the Protectorate), soldiers very smartly dressed, Arab and Somali traders, Hindu merchants, and Englishwomen, all of whom, "on every sort of 'mount,'—pony, mule, donkey, bicycle, in 'rickshaw or wagon, motor-car or camel cart, — pass ceaselessly up and down."

More than three thousand square miles of rich farming and pasture land have been allotted to actual or intending settlers, and there are more than four hundred European farmers and fifty thousand natives in the immediate neighborhood of the capital. The education of the natives seems to be mainly in the elementary schools attached to the stations of the different missionary

societies, British, French, German, Italian, Swedish, and American. The foreign trade two years ago amounted to over seven million dollars, the principal exports being hides and skins, ivory, grain, and rubber. As compared with the trade in 1900 it shows a threefold growth, the exports alone having increased from less than half a million dollars to more than two and a half millions.

The Uganda Protectorate, consisting of five provinces, is the smallest of all the colonies, but some of its people, the Baganda, have attained by themselves a higher level of civilization than any other African race. While the supreme rule is vested in Great Britain, the native kings or chiefs, whose rights are in most cases regulated by treaties, are encouraged to conduct the government of their own subjects. The province of Uganda is recognized as a native kingdom and is governed by a regency of three chiefs assisted by a native assembly, the king, Daudi, grandson of Mtesa, being a minor. The material growth of the Protectorate since Stanley's visit has not been great, for various reasons, principally its isolation, internal wars, and, at the present time, the destructive plague of the sleeping-sickness. But in other directions it has grown marvelously. The Baganda have acquired a written language and literature, and the products of the native press are numerous and of a high character. Two years ago there were 433 schools with native teachers, the whole number of pupils, including those in the mission schools, being over 28,000. At the same time there were 1870 Christian church buildings, and a noble cathedral at the capital, Mengo, built wholly by the natives, of brick, and capable of seating four thousand people. There are steamers on the Nile and the two great lakes, Victoria and Albert; telegraph-lines to the coast and

¹ *The Land of the Lion*. By W. S. RAINSFORD. New York: Doubleday; Page & Co. 1909.

to Cairo; and a mail service by relays of runners, with money and postal orders and parcel-post exchange systems. The native Protestant church is now self-supporting, and does foreign missionary work among the contiguous pagan tribes.

The reports in regard to the Congo Free State, now the "Congo Belge," are so conflicting that it is difficult to give a correct impression of its present condition. But there can be no question that some of the elements of civilization have been successfully introduced. Lines of steamers run upon the river for over twelve hundred miles of its course, and transportation by rail is possible for nearly five hundred miles in different parts of the country. Numerous stations have been established, some of which are certainly centres of healthy influence upon the natives, while others are merely trading-posts and the headquarters of the native troops, who collect, mainly by force, the rubber tribute demanded by the government, or the company to whom the territory has been ceded. The foreign commerce has increased from about nine million dollars in value in 1895 to forty millions in 1907, the exports being almost wholly rubber and ivory. Of the imports, it is not surprising, but it is disheartening, to see that that which ranked fourth in value was the present curse of western Africa, spirituous liquors. Education is principally in the hands of the nearly six hundred missionaries, at about one hundred and fifty stations. The government, however, is not wholly inactive, for there are three agricultural colonies where children are collected and taught, and there are also governmental rubber and coffee plantations.

But the conditions at the best are far from being those which Stanley dreamed of and worked for during the best years of his life. From his *Auto-*

biography we learn that his interest in the country never flagged, and that the late King Leopold evidently appreciated what he had done and often asked him to go back to the Congo. "But to go back," he writes, "would be to see mistakes consummated, to be tortured daily by seeing the effects of an erring and ignorant policy. I would be tempted to reconstitute a great part of the governmental machine, and this would be to disturb a moral malaria injurious to the reorganizer. We have become used to call vast, deep layers of filth 'Augean stables'; what shall we call years of stupid government, mischievous encroachment on the executive, years of cumbersome administration, years of neglect at every station, years of confusion and waste in every office?"

There is little information to be given in relation to the last of the five colonies into which the Africa of Stanley has been divided, the French Congo, the great region lying between the Free State and the German Kamerun Protectorate. Its development has been checked largely by the lack of means of communication with the interior, and also, it is to be feared, by the misgovernment of the natives. But it has great natural wealth, as is shown by the fact that the value of its foreign commerce two years ago was over seven million dollars, which is more than double what it was four years before. The educational work seems to be entirely in the hands of the missionaries, who maintain over fifty schools, ten of which are for girls, with about thirty-six hundred pupils.

To forecast the future of this vast and most interesting part of the Dark Continent is extremely difficult. For there is every reason to believe that the progress by 1940 will have been greater than that of the past thirty years. Of one thing there can be very little doubt,

and that is, that immense tracts of what are now forest and jungle will then be cultivated, and the wealth of the world will have been greatly increased. Great quantities of all the products of the tropics will be raised and carried to the markets of the world; while the wants of the now civilized native, who will also be vastly greater in numbers, will have to be supplied from the mills of Europe and America. There is no part of the earth of equal extent which has such great undeveloped natural wealth, and this consists of things in rapidly growing demand, as rubber, cotton, sugar, and coffee, to say nothing of the incalculable store of valuable wood in the forests, and the iron and copper, of which large deposits have been found. And, it should be noted, there will be no difficulty in bringing these things to the world-markets, for there is practically no part of the Belgian and French territories which does not have a navigable river. In the three eastern colonies good roads and railways will connect the plantations and mines of the interior with the principal ports.

But who is to develop this untold wealth, and enrich the world by the products of intelligent industry? There can be but one answer to this question. It is preëminently the black man's country. With the exception of a small tract on the east coast, it is a land in which no white man can live for any length of time and retain his faculties in a normal condition. There can be no doubt that much of the misgovernment of the Congo native is due to the terrible influence upon the Belgian official of the climate and the unnatural surroundings. More than one traveler has called attention to the fact that some of the officials in the isolated stations are practically insane. The African then will change this wilderness into a highly cultivated and densely

populated land, and his rulers will be of his own people, and doubtless chosen by him. For it is now more and more the policy and avowed aim of some of the great Christian powers so to govern subject peoples of a lower grade of civilization that in time they will be able to govern themselves righteously. To secure this great end the missionary is a most cordial co-worker, and in the coming years there will be a great increase in the number of well-manned stations, and no part of the continent will be neglected.

One of the lights on the dark cloud that has hung over the Congo State since its creation is the fact that the interest of the Western world has been drawn to it to such an extent that a reform of the abuses of administration is certain to come within a short time. Another encouraging fact is the growing conviction that the education of the African should be, not simply that of the "three R's" as in the past, but largely industrial, as Dr. Rainsford has so forcibly shown from his recent experiences in East Africa. I myself am strongly inclined to believe that the corps of foreign educators will be greatly reinforced by men from Uganda. If in the time of their infancy as a Christian people, they carried the Gospel to their heathen neighbors, will they not now do still more to lift them to their own level? It may be quixotic in the extreme, but I look forward with much confidence to a day when there will be a union of the independent Equatorial African States, the capital and administrative centre of which shall be on the Uganda shore of the great Victoria Nyanza. But the one thing about which there can be no uncertainty is that in thirty years the one supreme aim of Livingstone and Stanley will have been accomplished, the civilization of Europe will have been poured into the barbarism of Africa.

LITTLE GRAY SONGS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

IN the winter of 1903, a cold night and a colder dawning sent girls shivering to their work in the mills of an American town, among them Leonie X——, the still girl who never told her name. She, frail and weary as she was, slipped upon the icy pavement and fell. The hurt proving dire, she was carried to a small Franciscan hospital hard by, where she lay for two years — true to herself — saying little with her lips and much with her mournful eyes.

During the illness she wrote many "little letters to herself," which were hidden beneath her pillow, and which the good Sister Jérôme, who was her sole nurse, lovingly preserved after her death.

"Une odeur d'ether un jour de soleil."

I

THERE be some that seaward roam,
Adventurers of mere and main;
They watch the wave, follow the foam.
There be those that hunt at home,
Adventurers of pain.

There be those that leave the vale,
And from the hearthstone turn away,
Heart-homeless if their footsteps fail
Some houseless snowy height to scale,
Ere light dies with the day.

There be some would know the North,
And some would plant the desert-place;
Daily their feet are driven forth,
Their hands have measured the round earth -
Adventurers of space.

And they that hunt at home — that lie
Unhelped, alas, of near and far?
O gulfs as great gather their cry,
And hosts as fair their victory —
The seekers of the Star.

To leap to some sharp peak of pain,
 To scream white-mouth'd upon those heights,
 Transported by a truth made plain —
 From mad despair to wrest the rein —
 To delve in breathless nights

As they were mines of gold for men —
 Bravely to launch on each new day
 A hope, wave-racked and wrecked again —
 To conquer through the fever-fen —
 Toward Death to lead the way.

O, there be some that seaward roam,
 Adventurers of mere and main —
 They watch the wave, follow the foam;
 There be those that hunt at home,
 Adventurers of pain.

II

Nay, we are loads for them to lift,
 And straws to show their current's drift,
 And we are riddles they must sift —
 Even riddles they must read.
 And we are signs of their unthrift —
 Ay — signs of tasks that they have left.
 They shall be shriven with this shrift —
 "Go make their need your need."

III

There is a desert of despair,
 Where never seed was sown;
 There is a wilderness called night,
 Wherein I lie alone,
 And there my voice goes crying forth.
 O were a sound a star!
 My cry is all there is of light
 In a land where no lamps are.

IV

If my dark grandam had but known,
Or yet my wild grandsir,
Or the lord that lured the maid away
That was my sad mother,

O had they known, O had they dreamed
What gift it was they gave,
Would they have stayed their wild, wild love,
Nor made my years their slave?

Must they have stopped their hungry lips
From love at thought of me?
O life, O life, how may we learn
Thy strangest mystery?

Nay, they knew not, as we scarce know.
Their souls—O let them rest;
My life is pupil unto pain—
With him I make my quest.

V

Mary, mother of Christ's body,
I have no songs to sing to thee;
The long, long years for thy grief's rack;
Mine eyes turn forward and not back.

The long, long past from thee to me
Is full of mothers' misery,
And griefs of girls and Stranger Sons—
The long, long hope before us runs.

The incense they have burned to thee,
O puzzling strange it is to me;
Slaughter of sons in thy son's name,
And motherhood turned to maiden's shame.

Mary, mother of misery,
Here I give thanks, girl that I be,

No son of mine shall drain the cup
That Jesu's hand hath fillèd up.

(Here I give thanks — girl that I be —
O the young torn heart of me!
Branch at the window telleth of Spring;
My body hath no burgeoning.)

O will-less, mute Maternity —
(Mary, mother of slavery).
No link I be in the long, long chain
Of human sighs and human pain.

VI

With cassock black, baret and book,
Father Saran goes by;
I think he goes to say a prayer
For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran
May say a prayer for me;
Myself meanwhile, the Sister tells,
Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray; how may I kneel
Who face to ceiling lie,
Shut out by all that man has made
From God who made the sky?

They lift who pray — the low earth-born —
A humble heart to God;
But O, my heart of clay is proud —
True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God,
They say bends over me;
I search the dark, dark face of God —
O what is it I see?

I see — who lie fast bound, who may
Not kneel — who can but seek —
I see mine own face over me,
With tears upon its cheek.

VII

Friend, thy page says "Pleasure,"
Friend, my page says "Pain."

But what is the end of our reading?
O it is the same!
Knowledge each will be heeding.

Friend, thy path is pleasure,
Friend, I go with pain.

What is the end of our going?
O for each the same;
Ourselves we shall be knowing.

Friend, thy food is pleasure;
My bread and meat are pain.

What is the end of our living?
For each, for each the same!
Deep sight it will be giving.

VIII

My dearest, fairest hope
(O life's full bitter tide)
Had his Gethsemane last night
On the lone mountain-side.

Then out upon bare Golgotha
How great and sure he died.
At the right side of him and left.
Two fears were crucified.

IX

That day whereon I die they'll say,
 "How bright doth shine the sun!
A little cloud hath flown away,
 Its race with darkness done.

"A little cloud hath fallen in tears,
 That covered up the morn;
See now the earth sky-beauty wears
 And starry flowers are born.

"See now the earth fresh-clad, arrayed
 In robes that bear the rose;
A little stormy cloud that strayed
 Now homeward, homeward goes."

Yea, of my journey o'er the skies,
 My flight unto the flowers,
I pray more beauty shall arise,
 I pray — more light be yours.

THE DRAMATIC UNITIES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

In the ever-delightful pages in which Dickens describes the unexpected characters with whom Nicholas Nickleby is brought in contact during the days of his association with the strolling players under the management of Mr. Crummles, we are made acquainted with a worthy country gentleman, Mr. Curdle, who poses as a patron of the drama. When Mr. Curdle is informed that Nicholas Nickleby is the author of the new play in which the Infant Phenomenon is to appear, he expresses the hope that the young dramatist has "preserved the unities." He insists that incident, dialogue, and characters are "all unavailing without a strict observance of the unities."

"Might I ask you," said the hesitating Nicholas, "what the unities are?"

Mr. Curdle coughed and considered. "The unities, sir," he said, "are a completeness — a kind of universal dovetailedness with regard to time and place — a sort of general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression. I take those to be the dramatic unities, so far as I have been enabled to bestow attention upon them, and I have read much upon the subject, and thought much."

Very likely the creator of Mr. Curdle and Mr. Crummles would have found it difficult to give any better definition of the unities than this which he put in the mouth of one of his comic characters. But then Dickens himself did not pretend to have read much upon the

subject and thought much. Probably many a playgoer who has heard about the dramatic unities, and about the duty of "preserving" them, has no more exact idea as to what they really are than had Mr. Curdle. Indeed, we may find the term used by some dramatic critics of to-day with a haziness of meaning recalling the vagueness of Mr. Curdle's definition. Yet the term has a precise content, known to those who have really read much upon the subject and thought much; and the theory of the dramatic unities has a history which has been made clear only comparatively recently.

It is not uncommon to read references to the "unities of Aristotle"; and yet Aristotle knew them not and did not discuss them at all. It has happened of late that they have been termed the "unities of Scaliger"; and yet they were not completely declared by Scaliger. They are to be found formulated with the utmost sharpness in Boileau's *Art of Poetry*; but they were familiar to Sidney when he penned his *Defense of Poesy*. Ben Jonson "preserved" them; and Shakespeare refused to let them shackle him. Lope de Vega admitted their validity and yet evaded their rule, as he regretfully confessed. Corneille had never heard of them when he wrote his fieriest play; and they were at the bottom of the famous "Quarrel of the Cid," in which Richelieu involved the French Academy he had recently established. Lessing analyzed them unfavorably in the eighteenth century; and in the nineteenth Victor Hugo de-

rided them in his flamboyant preface to *Cromwell*, wherein he raised the red flag of the romanticist revolt. And yet the dramatic unities are "preserved" once more in the *Francillon* of the younger Dumas, son of Hugo's early rival, and in the *Ghosts* of Ibsen, the austere Norwegian realist, — although in all probability neither of these latter-day dramatists had paid any attention to the theory which insisted that the unities must be preserved.

What then are these unities which some dramatic poets believe in but reject, and which others "preserve" without taking thought. What are they, and where do they come from? Why should anybody want to "preserve" them? How could anybody achieve this preservation without effort? To find the answer to these queries we must be willing to go on a loitering excursion through literature after literature: straying from French into Italian, and then wandering back into Greek, before strolling forward again into English, — an excursion which will force us to fellowship with Boileau and Aristotle, with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, as well as with the ingenious critics of the Italian Renaissance, and with the ardent playwrights of French romanticism.

II

The clearest and most succinct declaration of the dramatic unities was made by Boileau when he laid down the law that a tragedy must show "one action in one day and in one place." It must deal with only a single story: this obligation is the Unity of Action. It must never change the scene, massing all its episodes in a single locality: this is the Unity of Place. And it must compact its successive situations into the space of twenty-four hours, into a single day: this is the Unity of Time.

When a tragedy presents a simple,

straightforward story without change of scenery, and without any longer lapse of time than a single revolution of the sun, then and then only are the three unities "preserved," as Boileau understood them. And in thus laying down the law which must bind the tragic poet, the French critic believed that he was only echoing the regulations promulgated by Aristotle, the great Greek, whose authority then overawed critics and poets alike. Yet Boileau would have held with the Abbé d'Aubignac, his predecessor as a critic, and with Corneille, his contemporary as a poet, that the strict observation of the three unities is demanded, not only by authority, but by reason also. Two and three hundred years ago, all men of letters seem to have agreed that even if the ancients had not prescribed these limitations, they would have been arrived at by the moderns independently, as a result of the strenuous search for the perfect form of the ideal play.

It was lucky for the theory of the three unities that its advocates sought to prop it up by this appeal to reason, since it was not actually supported by the authority of Aristotle. Although they were long called the Aristotelian Unities, only one of the three is formally set forth by the Greek philosopher, even if a second has been implied from one of his statements. Boileau and his contemporaries, like their Italian predecessors, made the natural mistake of thinking of Aristotle as a theorist, like unto themselves, as engaged in working out an ideal system for the drama. But this was just what Aristotle was not. Whether he was considering the constitution of Athens or the construction of the Attic drama, the Greek inquirer was unfailingly practical. He dealt with the thing as he saw it before his eyes, taking it as he found it, relishing the concrete and eschewing the abstract.

III

Of the three unities, only one is to be found formally stated in Aristotle's treatise. This is the Unity of Action; and it is as valid in the modern drama as in the ancient. The Greek critic declared that a tragedy ought to have a single subject, whole and complete in itself, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. This is true of every work of art, tragic or epic, pictorial or plastic. Every work of art ought to make a direct and simple impression, which it cannot make without a concentration upon its theme, and without a rigorous exclusion of all non-essentials. It is true that there are great works of literary art, in which we perceive two stories intertwined and demanding equal attention, — the *Merchant of Venice*, for example, and *Vanity Fair*, and *Anna Karénina*. But they are great in spite of this bifurcation of interest; and they number very few among the masterpieces of literature. In most of these masterpieces we find only a single theme, as in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, and in the *Tartuffe* of Molière; in the *Scarlet Letter* of Hawthorne, and in the *Smoke* of Turgeneff.

Shakespeare is often careless in the construction of the plots of his romantic-comedies and of his dramatic-romances, — *Much Ado about Nothing*, for example, and the *Winter's Tale*; but he is very careful to give essential unity to the loftier tragedies in which he put forth his full strength, in *Othello*, and in *Hamlet*, in *Macbeth*, and in *Julius Cæsar*. In these supreme efforts of his tragic power he achieves not only the needful unity of plot, but also the subtler unity of tone, of color, of sentiment. With his customary acuteness Coleridge dwells on the "unity of feeling" which Shakespeare observes. "Read *Romeo and Juliet*," he declares; "all is youth and spring; — youth with all its follies, its

virtues, its precipitancies, — spring with its odors, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth: — whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening."

In asserting the necessity of the Unity of Action, the only unity which is to be found plainly set forth in his fragmentary treatise, Aristotle was anticipating the demand of Mr. Curdle that the dramatist should give to his work "a completeness, — a kind of universal dovetailedness, a sort of general oneness." Apparently the Unity of Action was the only one of the three unities that Mr. Curdle knew anything about, even though he had "read much upon the subject, and thought much." And it is the only one which has imposed itself upon all the greater dramatists, whether Greek or English, French or Scandinavian. It is the only one of the three which is now accepted as imperative beyond all question; and it is the only one the acceptance of which by the dramatic poet is everywhere and everywhen to his abiding advantage.

Thus we see that Boileau was justified in demanding that tragic poets should deal only with a single theme. Was he right also in insisting that they should limit the action to a single day and to a single place? And what was his warrant for believing that they should impose these limitations on their freedom? His justification was twofold: the appeal to reason and the appeal to authority, — to what had been

read into Aristotle's treatise, although it had not been explicitly expressed therein. Yet there is possibly some slight foundation for the belief that Aristotle had declared the Unity of Time, as well as the Unity of Action. The Greek drama was acted outdoors in the level orchestra of the theatre; and the single story of the play was unrolled before the audience without any such intermissions as our modern inter-acts. The Greek playwright was therefore under strong pressure to relate his successive episodes as closely as he could, to avoid distracting the attention of the spectators from his plot to the mere lapse of time. Therefore he tended to avoid all mention of time, and to present his situations as following swiftly one after the other.

IV

"Tragedy endeavors," so Aristotle tells us, "so far as possible to confine itself to a single revolution of the sun, or but slightly to exceed this limit." But the great critic is not here laying down the law; he is merely declaring the habitual practice of the playwrights whose works he was studying, to spy out their secrets. He is not asserting that this must be done; he is only informing us that it was done as far as possible. He could not help knowing that it was not always possible, and that when it was not possible the Greek dramatists did not hesitate to extend their plot over as long a period as they might think necessary. For example, the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus begins with the Watchman on the tower looking for the flaming signal which was to announce the fall of Troy, flashing from beacon to beacon, from hilltop to hilltop, across leagues of land and sea. At last the Watchman catches sight of the blaze, and he descends to tell Clytemnestra that her husband is that day set

free to depart on his long voyage homeward. It would be many more days before the hero could be expected to arrive; and yet in the middle of the play Agamemnon appears and enters his palace to meet his death. Here is a long lapse of time, foreshortened by the dramatist, because it was not possible otherwise to deal advantageously with the story.

It may be admitted that the *Agamemnon* is the only extant Greek play which covers so protracted a period. But that Æschylus should have ventured to do this is evidence that the Greeks themselves had accepted no hard-and-fast rule compelling them to limit the duration of the story to twenty-four hours. Now, if the Unity of Time was not always observed by the Greek dramatic poets, and if it was not formally prescribed by Aristotle, how did it come into being? Thanks to Professor Spingarn's illuminating investigation into Italian criticism during the Renaissance, this question is now easy to answer. Giraldi Cinthio — from one of whose tales Shakespeare was to derive the suggestion for his *Othello* — wrote a *Discourse on Comedy and Tragedy*, in which he limited the time of a play to a single day, thus converting Aristotle's statement of a historical fact into a dramatic law, and changing Aristotle's "single revolution of the sun" into a "single day." A little later, another Italian critic, Robortelli, cut down the time to twelve hours, "for as tragedy can contain only one single and continuous action, and as people are accustomed to sleep in the night, it follows that the tragic action cannot be continued beyond one artificial day." And a little later still, yet another Italian, Trissino, declared that the Unity of Time is imperative on all playwrights, although it is disobeyed "even to-day by ignorant poets."

This final sneer is very significant.

In the Italian Renaissance, all literature — and criticism more especially — was frankly aristocratic. It made its appeal, not to the many, but to the few; it was not for the plain people, but only for the cultivated, who were alone capable of understanding the artist. This attitude is not dead in America to-day; it was universal in Italy four centuries ago. The educated classes had come into the splendid heritage of the classics; and they felt themselves more than ever elevated above the common herd. What the common herd could enjoy was by that very fact discredited. The men of letters kept aloof from the vulgar throng; they were artists working for the appreciation of their fellow dilettantes. To take this attitude is ever dangerous, even for the lyric poet; for the dramatist it is fatal. The drama is of necessity the most democratic of the arts, making its appeal to the people as a whole, educated and uneducated alike. But the Italian critics despised the popular acted drama of their own day; and they deemed it wholly unworthy of consideration. However much they as individuals might enjoy the rollicking comedy-of-masks or the more primitive sacred-representations (as the Italians called their passion-plays), they as a class despised these unpretending folk-plays. So Sidney, who had been nurtured on Italian criticism, despised the popular drama, which was the connecting link between the rude mediæval mystery and the noble Elizabethan tragedy.

Here indeed is the difference between Aristotle and his Italian commentators. He was a regular playgoer; and the principles he sets forth are only the results of his study of a great dramatic literature as this was vividly revealed in the actual theatre. They had never seen a good play well acted. What they had beheld on the stage was not good according to their standards; and what

they esteemed good they could not behold on any stage. This explains their academic theorizing, their pedantry, their insistence upon conformity with arbitrary limitations. While Aristotle, with the hard-headed common sense of the Greek, had his eye fixed on the concrete as he saw it, they, with the super-ingenuous subtlety of the Italian, bent their gaze on the abstract.

v

The Unity of Action was proclaimed by Aristotle; the Unity of Time was elaborated into a rule from one of Aristotle's casual statements of fact; and the Unity of Place was deduced by the Italian critics from the Unity of Time, as Professor Spingarn has made plain. Almost suggested by Scaliger, it was actually formulated first by Castelvetro, who differs from his contemporaries in that he takes account of the desires of a possible audience. It is true that Castelvetro, in spite of his talk about the actual stage, knew quite as little about it as any of his contemporaries. Yet he declares it to be the duty of the dramatist to please the spectators, of whatever sort, and to consult always their capabilities. He has no high opinion of the intelligence of these spectators, believing that they cannot imagine a lapse of time or a change of scene. At least, he suggests that they would be annoyed if the action was not confined to one day and contained in one place.

The fallacy underlying Castelvetro's theory is the result of his assumption that the spectators, while sitting in their seats, suppose themselves to be witnessing reality. He fails wholly to appreciate the willingness of an audience to "make-believe" almost to any extent. And his own logic breaks down when he convinces himself that the spectators cannot imagine two or three

places in turn, just as well as one at a time, and that they are not ready to let the author pack into the three-hours traffic of the stage the events, not of twenty-four hours only, but of twelve months or more. He does not grasp the conventions which must underlie every art, and which alone make an art possible. Every artist must be allowed to depart frankly from the merely actual, if he is to please us by his representation of life as he apprehends it.

Probably the Unity of Place would not have taken its position by the side of the Unity of Time and the Unity of Action, if it had not seemed to be supported by the practice of the Greek dramatic poets. In the surviving specimens of Attic drama there are a few instances where the action is apparently transported from one spot to another. But in the immense majority of the Athenian pieces which have come down to us we note that the story begins and ends in the same place. And the reason for this is not far to seek. The Greek drama had been evolved out of the lyrics of the chorus, and to the end of the Athenian period the chorus continued to be a most important element of a tragic performance. When the chorus had once circled into the orchestra, it generally remained there until the end of the tragedy. Now, this presence of the chorus before the eyes of the spectators prevented the dramatist from shifting the location of his action even if he had desired to do so. He could ask his audience to imagine a change of place only when the orchestra was empty, which was very rarely the case. Furthermore, we must keep in mind the fact that the theatre at Athens was in all probability devoid of scenery, and that therefore there was no way of visibly indicating a change of place.

This, then, is the theory of the three unities, long credited to the great Greek

critic, but now seen to have been worked out by the supersubtle Italian critics of the Renaissance. Indeed, there is little exaggeration in saying that they evolved it from their inner consciousness. From Cinthio, Scaliger, Castelvetro, and Minturno, the theory passed to Sidney and Ben Jonson in England, to Juan de la Cueva and Lope de Vega in Spain, to the Abbé d'Aubignac and Boileau in France.

VI

For two centuries and more this law of the three unities, and also the other rules elaborated at the same time by the same Italians, were accepted throughout Europe by almost every critic of the drama. There was an established standard of "correctness," which imposed on all playwrights a strict obedience to the critical code. This body of laws was supposed to be supported by the inexpugnable authority of Aristotle; but it was also believed to have its basis in reason. It dominated the drama of France until early in the nineteenth century; and even if Corneille now and again chafed under it, Voltaire was insistent in supporting it. Yet it was not obeyed by the popular playwrights of Spain, not even by Lope, who frankly declared that he knew better than he practiced. And it was absolutely rejected by the Elizabethan dramatists in England, excepting only Ben Jonson.

And this raises two interesting questions. If the code of correctness, including the rule calling for the preservation of the three unities, was accepted by all those who discussed the art of the drama, why did the practical playwrights of England refuse to be bound by its behests? And why did the practical playwrights of France submit to be cribbed, cabined, and confined by its restrictions? The most obvious ex-

planation is to be found in the fact that the great expansion of the drama arrived in France at least half a century later than it had in Spain and in England. A really literary drama, rich in poetry and vigorous in character, had been developed out of the popular mediæval folk-play far earlier in Spain and in England than it had in France; and the Spanish and the English playwrights, having succeeded in pleasing the playgoing public with a large, bold, and free drama, saw no good reason why they should surrender their liberties, and risk their popularity, by conforming to a standard of correctness which might gratify the cultivated few, but which would deprive the uneducated many of the variety the main body of spectators had been accustomed to expect in the theatre. Indeed, this is the excuse which Lope de Vega makes for himself in his significant address on the *New Art of Writing Plays*.

While this may have been the main motive of the chief of the Spanish playwrights, there is no difficulty in surmising that the chief of the English dramatic poets had a better reason for rejecting the law of the three unities, and for refusing to submit himself to its chains. Shakespeare was pre-eminently a practical man, with a keen eye to the main chance. He could find no profit in foregoing any part of the liberty which had enabled him to catch the favor of the groundlings who welcomed his "native wood-notes wild." And he could not help fearing an obvious and immediate loss if he should choose to let himself be governed by the Unity of Time. No small part of Shakespeare's incomparable power as a dramatist is due to his understanding of the forces which modify character, transforming it under pressure or disintegrating it under stress of recurring temptation. Now, character is not modified in the twinkling of an eye,

nor can it disintegrate in twenty-four hours. If Shakespeare had chosen to preserve the Unity of Time he would have been compelled to suppress all the earlier episodes of *Julius Cæsar*, for example, which are so significant and which revive in our memories when we are witnesses of the later quarrel of Brutus and Cassius; and he would have had to present Macbeth only in the final stages of his moral delinquency, without showing us the manly soldier before the virus of mean ambition had poisoned his nobler nature.

This concentration of action into the culminating moments of the story was not a disadvantage to the Greek dramatic poets, since they were expected to present a trilogy, three separate plays acted in swift succession on the same day to the same audience, whereby they were enabled to show the tragic hero at three different moments of his career. But the obligation to preserve the Unity of Time was a sad restriction upon the French dramatic poets, who had not the privilege of the trilogy, and who were compelled always to present characters fixed and unchanging. By his compulsory obedience to this rule Corneille was robbed of not a little of his possible range and sweep, although Racine, with his subtlety of psychological analysis, may even have gained by an enforced compacting of his story and by a limitation to its culminating moments.

Shakespeare did not care to discuss the principles of his craft, as Ben Jonson was wont to do. He digressed in *Hamlet* into a disquisition on the art of acting; but he nowhere expressed his personal opinions on the art of play-writing. He was no more a theatrical reformer than he was a dramatic theorist. He was content to take the stage as he found it, and to utilize all its conventions, and all its contemporary traditions. If he declined to listen to the

precepts of the critics, and if he refused to "preserve" the unities, he had his own reasons; and we can see that they were sufficient. But it is unimaginable that he did not know what he was doing, or that he was ignorant of these theories. It is simply inconceivable that he had not in his youth read Sidney's *Defense*, in which the rule of the three unities is stated for the first time in English. It is most unlikely that in his maturity, and when he and Ben Jonson were engaging in their wit-combats at the Mermaid, he had not had occasion to hear the whole code of the drama proclaimed again and again by his robust and scholarly friend.

We have seen that an Italian critic dismissed the playwrights who failed to preserve the unities as "ignorant poets." Probably the reproach of ignorance of the rules was one that Shakespeare would bear with perfect equanimity. Yet, although he himself drew no attention to it and, for all we know, may not even have bidden Jonson to remark it, he was moved once in the later years of his labors in London to "preserve the unities," as if to show that it was not ignorance, but a wise choice, which had led him to reject them in all his other plays, tragic and comic. The *Tempest* is in all likelihood the last play which Shakespeare wrote without collaboration; and in the *Tempest* he chose to "preserve the unities," — as they were then understood in England, and as they were then preserved by Ben Jonson in his comedies. The Unity of Place required that the action should be confined to a single place, but place was interpreted liberally. A single place meant one palace or one town, not necessarily a specific room in this palace or a specific house in this town. It meant a single locality, but not a single spot. The action of *Every Man in his Humor* passes in London, which is a single locality, but it is not restricted to

a single room or even to a single house in that city.

The *Tempest* sets before us, as Professor Lounsbury has pointed out, a single story, direct and swift and uncomplicated; and therefore it preserves the Unity of Action. It is compassed within a single revolution of the sun, as the author takes care to tell us more than once; and therefore it preserves the Unity of Time. It has for its locality an island with the waters immediately surrounding that island; and therefore it preserves the Unity of Place (as that was then liberally interpreted). As we study the *Tempest*, it is as though we could hear its author saying, "Go to! I can play this game as well as any of you. And if I have not been willing to play it hitherto, that is not from any ignorance of the rules, but simply because I did not deem the game worth the candle!"

That Shakespeare wrote the *Tempest* is plain proof, if any were needed, that he knew the "rules of the drama" quite as well as Lope de Vega did. That both the English and the Spanish dramatic poets refused to abide by them is equally evident. And this brings up again the question why the doctrine of the unities should have been accepted willingly by the professional playwrights of France after it had been rejected by the professional playwrights of England and of Spain. One answer to this query has already been suggested, — that the outflowing of dramatic poetry was later in France than in England or in Spain, and therefore after the doctrine of the three unities had hardened into a dogma. Another answer might be, that the French are the inheritors of the Latin tradition, that they like to do things decently and in order, and that they relish restraint more than the English or the Spaniards. We might go further and say that the French are naturally the most artistic of the three

ances, and that to an artist there is always a keen joy in working under bonds and in grappling with self-imposed obligations. But there is a third explanation of the apparent anomaly, which comes nearest to being adequate.

VII

The drama of every modern literature is the outgrowth of the drama of the Middle Ages, — of the passion-play, and of the popular farce. But the development from this unliterary folk-drama into true tragedy and true comedy is different in the different countries; and it is only by tracing back this evolution in France that we can lay hold of the chief reason why the Unity of Place was accepted in France even though it had been rejected in England, where the theatre had followed a slightly different line of development.

The full-grown passion-play was the result of putting together the several episodes of the gospel-story, which had been shown in action in the church on different days, more especially Christmas and Easter, as an accompaniment of the service. Each of these episodes had been set forth in the most appropriate part of the edifice, — the Holy Child in the manger on the chancel-steps, the Raising of Lazarus near the crypt, the Crucifixion near the altar. These scattered places where the separate parts of the sacred story were represented in action and in dialogue were known as "stations"; and when the overgrown religious drama was finally thrust out of the church and confided to laymen, the useful device of the stations was taken over by the new performers. In England the several stations became ambulatory, each of them being set up on a platform on wheels, a "float," such as we still see in Mardi Gras parades; and they were known as "pageants." In France another plan

was adopted, and the passion-play was presented on a long and shallow platform with the successive stations ranged side by side at the back; and they were known as "mansions." In a mystery acted at Valenciennes in the sixteenth century, the spectators had in view on their extreme left Heaven, and on their extreme right Hell, with summary indications of the stable at Bethlehem, the Temple at Jerusalem, the sea of Genesareth, and so forth, ranged in between. In other words, all the important places in the play were set on the stage at once, each coming into use in its turn and as often as need be, while most of the acting was done in the neutral ground further forward on the platform.

After the performance of the mysteries in Paris had been confided to the Brotherhood of the Passion, this body established itself in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the stage of which was prepared to accommodate as many mansions as the story might demand. In time, dramatizations of the lives of the saints followed the dramatization of the life of Christ; and after a while these were succeeded by dramatizations of the lives of heroes, at first of history, and afterward of romance. Thus the sacred drama gave way to the profane, which had been slowly developed out of it. Yet the lay playwrights, though they might borrow their plots from modern legends, retained the mediæval device of the mansions, finding it very convenient, since it enabled them to show on the stage all the many places where their hero met with his manifold adventures. However incongruous this simultaneous set may seem to us, accustomed as we are nowadays to a succession of sets, it was familiar to French audiences, and acceptable to them well into the seventeenth century. But in time its disadvantages became more and more obvious. The spectators who

had not found it hard to follow the well-known Bible story, and to identify the Temple at Jerusalem, the House of the High-Priest, and the other mansions it demanded, began to be a little confused when Hardy put before them unknown stories acted amid mansions only summarily indicated by the carpenter and decorator. Hardy cluttered the stage with all sorts of strange places, bringing together in one play a ship, a palace, a bedroom, and a cave on a mountain; and the audience had to strain its ingenuity to recognize all these localities.

It was for a stage thus fitted up that Corneille composed the *Cid*, the action of which takes place in a neutral ground, backed by the residences of the chief characters. When he wrote this play he had never even heard of the doctrine of the unities, which had been ignored by the Spanish dramatist from whom he borrowed his plot. He soon found himself severely criticised for his ignorance of the rules of the drama; and, although his play was overwhelmingly successful, he confessed his error. In all his following plays he preserved the Unity of Place, discarding the medley of mansions that he had employed freely in his earlier pieces; and we cannot doubt that this simplification of the scenery on the stage was most welcome to the spectators, who were no longer forced to guess at the significance of accumulated bits of scenery. And so powerful was the prestige of Corneille that his contemporaries and his successors followed his example, and showed one action in one place in one day.

Corneille himself often found it rather irksome to conform to the rules; and Molière, in his adaptation of the laxly constructed Spanish piece, *Don Juan*, was forced for once to disregard them. But they imposed no painful bonds on

Racine, who was satisfied to deal only with the tense culmination of a tragic complication.

What Corneille and Racine had done, Voltaire was glad to do, although he and his contemporaries might be reduced to the absurdity of making conspirators hold their meetings in the palace of the monarch they were leagued against. For two centuries the serious drama of the French was chained in the triple-barred cage of the unities; and it was not released until Victor Hugo brought out *Hernani*, long after freedom had been won in other countries.

After *Hernani* had blown his trumpet, and the hollow walls of classicism had fallen with a crash, the doctrine of the three unities was finally disestablished; and Mr. Curdle is easily excusable for not knowing exactly what it was. Perhaps its evil effect even upon the drama of France has been overestimated; at least we may doubt whether Molière and Racine, Marivaux and Beaumarchais, really lost anything by accepting it. On the other hand, we have reason to rejoice that it was rejected by the dramatic poets of England and of Spain.

In our own time no playwright ever gives a thought to the "preservation of the unities." And yet even to-day, when a dramatist is dealing with the result of a long series of events, and when he seeks to set this forth as simply and as strongly as he can, we find him compacting his single action into a single day, and setting it in a single place. This is what the younger Dumas did in *Francillon*, and what Ibsen did in *Ghosts*. Probably either of them would have been not a little surprised if he had been told that in these plays he had "preserved the unities."

OUT OF THE DEEP

BY PAUL MARIETT

CERTAINLY it was not a beautiful room — according to modern traditions of simplicity and severity, yet it reflected a personality as simpler rooms might not, for every wall bore a book-case filled with rare editions and costly bindings, and, above these, in riot and incongruity, were tiers upon tiers of pictures, pictures of many times, lands, and schools, yet all — like the books — chosen with unerring taste. For the rest, a very disorderly table, piled perilously with manuscripts, themes, blue-books, bound notes, and such scholarly débris, bespoke both masculine neglect and the college instructor.

The spirit of the room was sitting in a far corner, deep in a comfortable chair, removed from light, silent. He too was incongruous — a short, fat man, past the prime of life, his face, unhealthily pallid, graven with sober, pondering lines. He was relaxed in the chair, in an attitude of exhaustion, fat hands sprawled on bulky knees. His eyes were closed; but this could not be seen, for he wore heavy dark glasses — glasses like automobile goggles, that completely covered his eyes, excluding every ray of light not sobered by their smoky lenses.

Edward Sayward at fifty years of age was going blind. There was no denying the fact, no avoiding the cruel issue coming so surely, inexorably. He had always worn glasses, — true; but not until a year previous, after a severe illness, had he been conscious of anything more serious than ordinary weak sight. Then, illusive spots, black and elfish,

dancing before his vision, caused him to seek his oculist. Then it was another oculist. Finally, a great specialist. The verdict had been the same. His sight was worn out. A man does not spend with impunity twenty years of his life busied all day, almost all night, reading and writing. He would become perfectly blind. The specialist had even been able to set the date. It was now two weeks hence, crawling slowly toward you when you watched it; when you forgot it, hastening hideously.

As an instructor he had done his work efficiently. He had gone up in his department steadily, reassuringly. Another sabbatical would have seen him a full professor, quoted and respected — a power in the university where already he was well recognized. Now all was swept away by a force greater than he, a force impossible to combat, unlike the other forces he had fought, in his struggle up from penury, where a good issue was at least likely. Somehow, in those keen battles, he had never dreamed of treachery, never thought that the body he was trying to stay with flagons and apples would so disastrously turn against him, making all his work supererogation.

It was the extra work. Had he been content, as were so many of his colleagues, merely to plod the daily path of an English instructor, correcting the daily themes (a monstrous task), marking the blue-books, attending to the conferences and the reading-assignments; and, after this his work was

done, if he had been content to go out and enjoy himself in recreation of some sort, — not using his poor eyes, in every minute he could snatch, on that useless biography he had been writing for ten years, — this might not have happened.

He saw it all now. It was wrong. He was vaguely glad that he had no family, that he lived in two rooms in an old house kept by an invisible slattern, a home chosen by him because of its inaccessibility to work-disturbing friends. Yet he realized that if he had cultivated humanity in the flesh, rather than creatively, upon paper, all might have been different.

And now — two weeks! For some time he had been practicing blindness, anticipating the narrowness, the peculiar condition of a blind existence. He had walked much with closed eyes; he had begun counting paces, memorizing the aspects of streets that he daily used, in order to facilitate his later progress. He had practiced eating with closed eyes, for he had a morbid distaste of personal uncleanness, and he had heard that the blind did not, could not, take care. But most of all he drilled his finger-tips, touching, feeling, shaping everything sedulously, that by constant application he might school the sensitive flesh-pads to take the place, to some extent, of the vanishing eyes.

This afternoon Sayward had come to a crisis. He was alone, as usual; had sat in the chair two hours, perfectly still, pondering. There were two weeks of light left — but such light! Day and night he must wear his heavy glasses, for the white glare of daylight was utter destruction for him. Day by day the sight would imperceptibly dim a little, until came the final blotting-out. So, ignominiously, and in twilight, the day would go for him. Why not hasten it? Why not cut it off in the full glory

of full sight? Better that than this murky exit.

Having arrived at this conclusion, he was suddenly invigorated; he rose quickly, ready to put his thought into action. Two blocks away from his house was a park — a remarkably pretty park — where, in summer, lovers idled; where, in autumn, thinkers paced; where, in spring, the world trembled into being before any other spot in the city. It was ordered, restrained, chastened beauty in nature that Sayward loved — the full brilliancy of cultivated flower-beds, formed of plants of whose names he was totally ignorant; the level green of rich sward; trees planted symmetrically and kept well; clean gravel paths; a silver fountain playing; all relieved against stonework, massive and clear-cut — these were Sayward's demands. The country was vaguely a terrifying place; he had not been out of urban districts since boyhood; there was a vast lawless license about the country or the sea that frightened him, drove him in on himself. But in small, prim parkways his soul expanded, and was genial, unafraid. This, then, was the place for the exquisite sacrifice.

He took his hat and his cane (a cane above all things) and went out. He could see nothing through his glasses but a uniformity of gray; yet he knew the day had in it all of singing spring: the urchins shouted and bubbled with laughter over their street ball-game; the air was like a rose-petal on his cheek. Farther on, a great-jowled, deliberate tom-cat was rolling on the ground with the zest of a kitten; the movements of every one were more blithe. And his spirits rose, too, with his quick step; he was inexpressibly glad that he was to see the light again.

He turned into the park, walked down a long avenue, and came out on his favorite spot, the objective point of

the curiously regular and monotonous walks he took for exercise. It was a large platform of stone, the head of a flight of steps, that, broad and shallow, sloped to a smaller inclosure below. At either side was a wall, and one could stand here, lean over, and look down on the freshness. The smaller park was merely an oval of grass, inclosed like an island by the dividing of the avenue; but here was the silver fountain, and round about it the beds of flowers — not scatteringly planted, but solid blanks of color set into the grass like an enamel. And behind him was the shapely row of young trees, now newly leafed in drops of vert-gold, or in faint shades of mauve and gray, all very gratefully relieved against boles of black, wet bark.

Sayward came and stood where he could feel the rough granite of the coping reassuringly warm in his hands under the mellow spring sun. He waited a moment. To the left there was another figure, a slim erect young man. Sayward saw him and frowned. Well, what did it matter? He could not wait for him to go; besides he would not interfere with Sayward, or even be cognizant of what was taking place behind his back.

Sayward tore off the glasses. The beauty of the spot rushed upon him, many times intensified by his longing, and his actual color-starvation. That was what he lacked — color: riotous, crude color, — reds, blues, greens, — such color as the flowers, the lawn, and the sky gave; half-shades, too — the faint pink of the granite beneath his fingers, the exquisite tint of yellow-green, and lady-gray, against the black bark; the silver fountain, diamond against the watchet of the sky; even the circumscribed glimpse of the distant hills — how multitudinous their changing shades, governed by the eager, drifting smoke-haze of the city!

To his left, a small aspen answered the faint breeze, and its delicately-hung leaves broke into a ripple of laughter, in twinkling silver-green, both visible and audible laughter. Even his hearing seemed keener — the gray veil over his eyes had been a real obstruction in his ears. The whole good gift of light and sound was his again; he lived in an exquisite world, in an illumined ripple.

And then, abruptly, swarming specks. And after that, with appalling swiftness, the vision dimmed, as though a sinister night was settling down upon it. The sunlight on the lawn turned to a bilious hue, lost meaning as sunlight, became a light spot in a fog of gloom, was gone. Upon the heels of its departure came a darkness the like of which he had never imagined, not even on the blackest of impenetrable nights.

A sense of being dropped into an immense formless chaos or void overcame him; he reeled, clutched giddily at the stone before him; cried out faintly — an inarticulate sound.

Thereupon his soul came to his lips, and, like a man upon high places, he spoke aloud, forgetful of time, place, being — because for him there was none of those things. "I am blind," he said; "I, Edward Sayward, am blind!"

It was some time before he was very conscious of anything. Then it was of a hand hard on his shoulder, and a voice beating at his ears. He roused himself to attention, gripped himself; finally he put up a hand to that hand, and found it firm and strong, very reassuring; and so, with that grip, Sayward came down from the high places, and remembered that he was puny and blind and helpless.

The voice was very helpful — rather an unusual voice; it spoke out loud and clear, young, with none of the tremors of the young.

"Mr. Sayward? Are you in trouble?" and, "Can I help?"

"I am blind! I have just become blind!"

Sayward heard a breath drawn sharply; then an arm came vigorously under his, the cane was taken from his hand, he was propelled forward gently. "I will take you home," said the voice.

For a time Sayward suffered himself to be led on the gravel path; then he hungered suddenly for the strong voice. "Who are you?"

The answer came, prompt. "Thomas Hervey. I'm in the college, Mr. Sayward. In fact, I had the pleasure—last year—of hearing your lectures in English 17. I am a junior."

Sayward spoke again. "Are you taking me home? Take me home."

He abandoned himself, spoke even as a little child.

He volunteered his tale, explained the curious situation, found the young man understood immediately with no unpleasant exclamations of wonder or surprise—only the hand closed tighter on Sayward's arm, and he said simply, "I, too, come to the park."

Hervey—the name was not familiar to Sayward—asked a curt direction as to the house, guided the blind man across the street, perilous with gutters and curbs; and, in a moment, the two were standing at Sayward's door. Hervey opened it with Sayward's proffered latch-key, and immediately mounted the stairs, still supporting Sayward.

Sayward's brain was all askew and he asked how Hervey knew the way.

"I came here for three conferences," replied the young man.

At the head of the stairs was the room. They went in, Sayward more at ease. He found his chair and unsteadily sank into it.

Hervey stumbled against a chair, and he heard a low stifled cry, and

then a laugh of amusement as his visitor sat down. "I'm clumsy," said Hervey.

Again in his room, the meaner, usual thoughts crowded thickly upon Sayward, in a commonplace reaction from all the bright beauty that he had seen, that had filled his soul. In anguish, in utter despair, he bowed his head on his hands, at last fully realizing the tawdry words, "I am blind."

"Is there anything I can do? Do you want an oculist? Can I notify any one?"

To these questions Sayward answered with a groan. No one. He had been wont to congratulate himself on having no one to look after; now he realized that there was no one to look after him. He stated this dispassionately, and lapsed into a dogged silence. He was like a man in great physical pain; it hurt to speak. He forgot where he was and gave himself up to the great darkness, closing his eyes to make it seem more natural. It followed that he fell asleep.

Four hours later he awoke. That awakening was not pleasant to see. The brain, made forgetful by sleep, forced staring eyelids wider and wider in an effort to get the light that unaccountably was denied them. Sayward gasped, clutched at the air, cried out. Then he was fully awake and conscious. He remembered that he was blind; he remembered Hervey. He spoke.

Hervey's voice was prompt in reply. Sayward heard steps come to him, felt a good material hand on his shoulder.

"What time is it? Have I slept long?"

"Eight o'clock. You have slept four hours."

Sayward considered the extraordinary statement slowly, stupid from his sleep. "Have—have you been here?"

"Yes; I thought you might need something."

"But—but aren't you hungry?"

"Are n't you?" countered the voice merrily.

"Yes." Then Sayward hesitated, shrinking. "I hate to go out to my restaurant—I eat at a restaurant."

But Hervey was already on his feet. "Stay where you are!" he commanded. "I will bring you something," and he was gone.

He was back in ten minutes. The cheerful noise he made coming up the stairs was a great relief to the racked Sayward, haunted by the dead silence of the old empty house. As soon as Hervey was in the room Sayward smelt food. He found it to be hot egg-sandwiches, plebeian and satisfying, tender sliced chicken, milk, even a triangle of apple-pie—a heterogeneous meal, but a meal, which, shared with the steadily talkative and merry Hervey, was extremely comforting. He felt better. He said so.

Then Hervey announced that Sayward must go to bed. He insisted. The older man was as clay in his hands. In a short time he had helped him undress, found his night-clothes for him, got him into the narrow bed, and adjusted the window. He even wound the "blind-clock" which Sayward had anticipatively purchased. "Sleep till you please, to-morrow," he said.

Sayward remonstrated drowsily. Fellows came in the morning for conferences.

"Well, let the first one wake you," said Hervey charitably. "And now—good-night."

And he was gone; almost at once Sayward fell deeply asleep.

As it happened, the boy that forethought had hired for a street-companion, a leader-to-meals, waked him in good season, the next day. The excitement of immediate duties kept

thought sufficiently in abeyance until the afternoon; for, in the morning, young men thronged his room, and he catechised them on the weekly reading. This required no eyesight. The condensed literature of England for a thousand years was neatly packed away on a shelf in his brain; some of his eyesight had gone for *that*—the enormous, stupendous burden of rhyme and reason he carried with him. And yet, conversely, it would perhaps now illuminate the dark places. Correcting the theses was another matter. Yet he compromised for a time by having the boys read their work aloud to him, while he slashingly criticised, for his feeling for the balance of words was very apt. So went the morning, with human companionship, and with good healthy noise about, very grateful to the blind man. Yet the fellows, though courteous, were distant. It was after all nothing to them—he would reflect in these days when reflection was not a luxury but a necessity—that their mentor in a branch of knowledge which they, reveling in the happy field of an elective system, had chosen for cursory delight and even more cursory labor, was blind. A momentary flash of sympathy, a hand readier than usual to help, if he stumbled, that was all. Unconsciously cruel, they left him, to pass to their young lives of sunshine, immediately forgetting him and his gloom.

So it happened that they receded from him. Instead of using them—as had been his intention—to train himself in the difficult but imperative task of the blind, distinguishing personality by the voice, he found that they became not individuals but a characterless mob, composites,—so many dummies. They entered. He queried. They spoke a name. He counted down a row of blue-books, found the right number, and drew it forth, questioned,

answered, taught, dismissed, put down a grade-letterscrawlingly in the cover of the book, returned it mechanically to its place, was ready for the next entity. And, as he grew used to the process and the noise, and as the morning progressed, his duties became more and more mechanical, and desolation spread insidiously into the corners of his mind.

After lunch, and back again in his room, he descended into veritable hell. He had read of hell as a place of darkness, with unseen weeping and wailing sounding blindly in the dark. He believed it. With sight, much fire and brimstone would have been very welcome, very pleasant, very flower-soft, beautiful. He sat huddled in his chair; there was nothing to do, no one to speak to. He might have walked the streets, but he was acutely fearful of being struck; out there it seemed as if a blow were always imminent, and yet never falling; he winced and shuddered at every little noise, and, when a chance pedestrian jostled him gently, trembled with the shock for minutes afterward. He had, on first coming in, opened a window, and had sat by it a moment; but the velvet air, and the merry noise of children below, had driven him away, back into the far corner of the room, where he could sit in absolute silence; for the stir of outdoors bespoke the visible beauty of spring, denied to him, of all mortals. Then, for a space, he wept silently; great slow tears that hurt rolled incongruously enough—and to a not very sentient person, ridiculously—on his fat cheeks. Finally he lost that relief, and sat staring in dull hopelessness.

He was wondering if it was worth while. Would it not be better to end it somehow—with a convenient revolver or drug? He was very near death for a while: had he possessed a revolver he might have used it, he was too shaken and limp to go out for means of

death. It appeared, grimly, hard even to die. Yet he did not believe very whole-heartedly in an after life; he had thought but superficially about it, pushing religion, philosophy, and all such abstruse things into later life, along with other culture (he had art-longings), to a remote region dissociated with the pressure of continual work, when he should have time thoroughly to master or explore them, vaguely realizing that they demanded time. And now time was no object; and neither was life. He preferred the complete blank of death to this partial and irritating blank of life.

A knock at the door! It roused him; he wanted to be alone. Immediately he reflected that it was the landlady with the mail—and therefore he *would* be alone. That reflection chilled him in spite of desires. His heart sank. But the door promptly clicked open, and a voice, a voice he knew, spoke.

"Mr. Sayward?"

"Here," said Sayward from the depths of the chair.

"May I come in? I'm Hervey. Are you busy?"

The voice waited for no reply; but Sayward heard the young man enter, draw up a chair, and sit near him.

"It's you," said Sayward dully; "it's you." He roused himself from that deadly lethargy, spoke with less naked emotion in his voice, with more of everyday courtesy. "I'm glad to see you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

This last was mechanical, the invariable, inevitable query that had to be put to all young men who called. No one ever called who did not want something of him.

"Oh, no," replied the voice. "I merely came to call. If I'm not welcome—pitch me out!"

There was a cheerful laugh, which evinced no fear of such an event.

Some one interested! It warmed Sayward like an actual material glow. He sat up straighter. "You're very welcome," he said simply. "These first days are a bit — troublesome." Shaken and weak though he was, pride would not let him admit — even to sympathy — how very troublesome indeed the first days were. "It's good of you to come in. I have n't much to do in the afternoons and evenings. It's a little strange, you see, at first. I am used to doing a great deal of writing." And then, at a sympathetic noise from Hervey, he hastily dismissed self. "Who are you?" he said directly; "tell me about yourself. What do you look like?"

The other laughed easily. "Well," he said, "they tell me I'm brown-haired and brown-eyed, and very childish for my twenty-three years, and that it's time I was a man. But I say the best men are only children at heart, and if on certain occasions I want to stand on my head on a soft-feeling lawn, say, or yell, detractions from manliness can go hang!"

Fingers touched Sayward's shoulder and ran lightly down his arm to his hand, which was seized and lifted till it touched Hervey's face.

"Try this," said the young man. "Touch me with finger-tips. Perhaps that will convey an impression. You'll have to learn this trick, you know."

Sayward had a momentary reflection that it was strange to have a man find his hand *via* his shoulder and arm; but put it aside as he touched a human face. He felt delicate features, no more; his callous fingers responded only to crude details.

"Bad," said Hervey; "let me show you." A hand touched his shoulder again, ran up to his chin, and then over his face like a touch of velvet, so light that it tickled. "Touch gently," said Hervey.

"You seem to be very much initiated," said Sayward wonderingly.

The other answered directly. "An uncle of mine is blind"; and then, while the hand gripped Sayward's shoulder hard, "that's why I come to see you, and shall, if you don't mind, because" — he paused — "because — I know, when you first get like this — you — it's pretty gloomy — morbid. You need a little quickening, a little lifting out of self. You feel like suicide — and all that."

What things the man knew! Sayward felt astonished, guilty.

"And then — at first — it's hard mingling with other people. They don't seem to understand. They are not interested. Like all hurt animals you want to crawl to a hole. Now that's bad."

The over-strained Sayward gave way at that. Merciful tears welled; he bowed his head on his hand and shook with anguish and a trembling weakness new to him. Despair had fortified, hope weakened him. He put his hands to his eyes, that the other might not see. The deeper things in this new experience came to the surface and were shaken from him in disjointed words; proud, aloof man, he told this calm boy whose hands were so firm, of the pain, pain, crushing pain, of it all, of the awful gloom of this enshrouded life of his, of the unbearable agony of it.

"I know — I know," said the comforting voice at intervals, and the strong grip on his arm never loosened.

Slowly he came to himself; and he withdrew into his shell.

"But don't forget," said Hervey, "that I am with you."

Sayward clutched at the significant unsaid; then, all but in the shell, released it. He could n't make demands on any one's time that way. Indeed, no! He was much obliged, grateful, but —

Hervey cut him short.

"I particularly wanted to ask you to tell me about the 1749 period of English literature"; and Sayward heard him settle decisively in his chair.

This diversion grew into a respectable engagement. Sayward found it far from a random query: the boy was keen as a hawk; he evidently wanted information; could supply the usual generalities, most of the specifics, and wanted the particulars. It was Sayward's favorite period, the field of his biography; in a trice they were deep in words. In reply to the clever, irritating, "Do you think," and "Tell me abouts," that Hervey so constantly interjected, Sayward began to assume his old instructorial air, — fat fingers held judiciously before his stomach, the tips neatly juxtaposed, grave head bowed over them, fact and fancy streaming from his mouth. In Hervey he found an unusual opponent, and, conversely, a warm partisan. The afternoon waned swiftly.

When a clock struck six they were both surprised. Hervey rose at once. At the door he seemed to pause. "Mind if I drop in after dinner?" he said abruptly.

Sayward murmured something about being selfish and grasping, which meant that he did not mind.

Hervey, with perfect tact, chose to regard himself favored.

"I particularly want to hear about Walpole and his duchesses," he said. "About eight, then." And he was gone.

During the week that followed, Hervey came regularly in the afternoons and evenings. Sayward's whole being cried out to him for aid, and when that was secured by Hervey's presence, basked in it, drawing strength from the other's strength.

It was quite selfish: he never tired of Hervey; seemed unable to comprehend, except dimly, that Hervey could

tire of him. Hervey amused him, enthralled him; in short, was the one link between him and the world. The young man was very skillful in the small devices that set people talking; he drew out Sayward constantly, with a queer eagerness, as if seeking to absorb all that he knew. Yet he told little about himself, scarcely more than an afternoon's acquaintance would ordinarily reveal.

Literature was their best common ground; on other topics they were not so successful. Hervey appeared to have an extraordinary ignorance of all art, a thing which Sayward loved; painting being his particular hobby. He would wave his hand toward the walls of his room. Did not Hervey know such a common picture as that — the one above his desk, for instance, the Hireling Shepherd? or this, third from the door, the Botticelli? Remarkable! His education had been neglected. Sayward would remedy the neglect. Take his room, for example. Here was the foundation of an interest in art: all the schools of importance represented on its walls. He had a clear mental vision of those walls, and he went the rounds, naming and describing the famous reprints, and the brace of prized originals, to an indifferent and unusually silent Hervey. Sayward, however, could not remember one painting, the one just over the hearth. He racked his brain. Finally, vexed, he asked the young man to describe it. There was a silence. Then he heard Hervey walk slowly to the wall, evidently with intent to examine the work. He said nothing. To repeated questionings he replied falteringly that it was a characterless thing, hard to describe.

"Characterless?" echoed Sayward. "What is it, landscape, portrait, or interior?"

"Interior," said Hervey, after another pause.

Sayward suddenly remembered. "Interior! Why, no, it is n't either! It's a Corot landscape: the Dante and Virgil in the Wood. It's a dim thing—but it's not an interior! You *must* be inartistic indeed!"

He was moved to chuckle at the extraordinary error. Hervey reaffirmed his large ignorance of art; Sayward went and felt the frame of the etching and was confirmed in his decision. He told Hervey he had better stick to literature, where a future for him was not inauspicious. Hervey laughed and acquiesced. The afternoon ended in gayety; some light was beginning faintly to pierce the utter darkness.

He had two other visitors that week: the oculist, who chid him gently for his rash act, but, in his very tones, proclaimed the fact that it had merely been a hastening of the inevitable; and the head of his department, who was sympathetically businesslike, and who, having found out that Sayward could do all of his work without sight, assured him cordially that his position was still his, and departed, leaving Sayward coldly comforted.

He groped for Hervey, — Hervey who comforted warmly, Hervey who amused. Hervey was the only one he had yet found who knew instinctively the disabilities of the blind without over-reaching the mark and omitting to notice the remaining assets. For, he confidently asserted to himself after ten days of experience, a blind man is not necessarily a dead man: except for his blank eyes, he is whole. The head of the department had treated him as if he were a baby; the fellows shied at him as if he were some new and interesting animal. Also Hervey showed Sayward many valuable little tricks of step-counting, of judging direction and distance by sound; he purchased a "blind typewriter" for him, and Sayward learned clumsily to manipulate

the instrument, and to read the ribbon it stamped, above all Hervey gave constant encouragement. To learn was very difficult for Sayward; it is hard to acquire a new language after middle age, and he would often give up in gloom and despair; whereupon Hervey's voice would urge him to renewed effort. Doubtless without this patient tutelage he would never have learned.

One would not have recognized him now. His flaccid cheeks had taken on a healthier tone; his step was firmer; he had forgotten to wince at the blow that never fell; he had acquired an interest in life. It was, after all, pleasant to live — even sightless. The emotion came back to him like blood into paralyzed veins, all with the joy of the spring, a joy no longer antagonistic, but sympathetic. Hervey and he walked in the streets. He had insisted, though Hervey had been strangely reluctant at first. They had gone several times to the park, and once, Sayward, in defiance of rude park sign-boards, handled growing things, getting exquisite pleasure from the soft hairy surfaces of leaves or the satin petals of flowers. He even had his little joke. "Can't read the park rules," he said, "don't see 'em, you know." And this the man, two weeks ago, contemplating suicide!

Another time when they went out, he heard a cryptic sentence that disturbed him. Arm in arm with Hervey, he passed footsteps and rustling garments. A voice exclaimed low, but penetrating to sharp blind-ears: "Look at that! Two of them!" He asked Hervey what it meant; Hervey had n't heard; he congratulated him gayly on his hearing.

That evening Sayward unlocked the innermost recess of his heart. He told Hervey for the first time of his work — the immortal biography, the blighted fruit of ten years' labor. Hervey was at once interested, so Sayward went exhaustively into details, of the hun-

dreds of works he had consulted, of the condensation and the great scope of the whole. Hervey was more interested; how near was it to completion? Three-quarters done, sighed Sayward. Later he suggested guilelessly that it might — might be finished, if he had an able amanuensis, one who knew the period with the knowledge of a scholar and the devotion of an enthusiast. Hervey seemed to think such an amanuensis a rare, unusual jewel. Silence fell.

Deep in his heart Sayward, with the unconscious selfishness of a blind man, had expected Hervey to volunteer; but he did not. Finally Sayward stirred and said, "You'll find it in the lower drawer, a fat pile, the notes and quotations are on top, my work at bottom."

He heard fumbling in the drawer subsequently, and then much fluttering of paper. He waited a time for Hervey to read. "What do you think of it?" he asked after four or five minutes of silence on Hervey's part, for he was very anxious to get a good

opinion, nervous as a sculptor unveiling his first statue to a critical public.

"It's very good. It's beyond me. The style is vigorous, effective."

"Is n't it?" said Sayward, moving his feet delightedly. Then. "Read me a little. I'm hungry to hear a little."

But the boy opposite rose abruptly. "I'm — I'm overdue for an appointment already. I'm sorry, I must go —"

Sayward was disappointed clearly. "But you'll read a little to-morrow."

The boy queried suddenly, "May I take it with me overnight, to read?"

Sayward demurred, astonished. "Why, if you have time to read it to-night, why not read it here?"

There was a long silence. He heard the other breathing slow and hard.

"Why not?" he pressed.

The other answered strangely: "I cannot."

"Cannot!"

Hervey's voice came to him very simply:—

"No. For I, too, am — blind!"

THE CLUE

(On reading N. S. Shaler's Autobiography)

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

LIFE is a clearing in a wood
Where stays, mid-flight, the Soul — a thrush —
Bathes in the beam and finds it good,
Peoples with song the solitude,
Then, singing, dares the dark, the hush.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

GIDEON WELLES

II

[PRESIDENT JOHNSON, whose vindictive attitude toward the Southern States had at first alarmed even the radical leaders, reversed his position very early in his administration, and soon began to develop a policy of reconciliation substantially like that of Lincoln in theory though not in execution. Upon states lately in rebellion, the President, says Mr. Rhodes, imposed three conditions "which they must comply with before they should be entitled to representation in Congress. These were, the repeal of their ordinances of Secession, the abolition of slavery by their conventions and the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment by their legislatures, and the entire repudiation of their state debts incurred in the prosecution of the War."]

Saturday, August 19, 1865.

Sumner bewails the unanimity of the Cabinet; says there is unexampled unanimity in New England against the policy of the administration; thinks I ought to resign; says Wade and Fessenden are intending to make vigorous opposition against it, etc.

The proceedings of the political conventions in Maine and Pennsylvania leave no doubt in my mind, that extensive operations are on foot for an organization hostile to the administration in the Republican or Union party. The proceedings alluded to indicate the shape and character of this move-

ment. It is the old radical anti-Lincoln movement of Wade and Winter Davis, with recruits.

That Stanton has a full understanding with these men, styling themselves radicals, I have no doubt. It is understood that the Cabinet unanimously support the policy of the President. No opposition has manifested itself, that I am aware of. At the beginning, Stanton declared himself in favor of Negro suffrage, — or rather in favor of allowing, by federal authority, the Negroes to vote in reorganizing the rebel states. This was a reversal of his opinion of 1863 under Mr. Lincoln. I have no recollection of any disavowal of the position he took last spring, although he has acquiesced in the President's policy, apparently; certainly he has submitted to it without objection or remonstrance. The radicals in the Pennsylvania convention have passed a special resolution indorsing Mr. Stanton by name, but no other member of the Cabinet. Were there no understanding on a point made so prominent by the radicals such a resolution would scarcely have been adopted or drafted. Convention resolutions, especially in Pennsylvania, I count of little importance. A few intriguing managers usually prepare them, they are passed under the strain of party excitement, and the very men who voted for them will very likely go against them in two weeks. At this time, however, unusual

activity has been shown by Forney, Kelly, and others, and the resolution has particular significance.

Tuesday, August 22, 1865

The President said he had invited an interview with Chief Justice Chase as a matter of courtesy, not knowing but he might have some suggestion to make as to time, place of trial, etc.; but the learned Judge declined to hold conference on the subject, though not to advise on other grave and important questions when there was to be judicial action. I see the President detests the traits of the Judge. Cowardly and aspiring, shirking and presumptuous, forward and evasive, an indifferent lawyer, a poor judge, an ambitious politician, possessed of mental resources yet afraid to use them, irresolute as well as ambitious — intriguing, selfish, cold, grasping and unreliable when he fancies his personal advancement is concerned.

Tuesday, August 29, 1865

The President sent for the Chief Justice a few days since with a view to confer with him as to the place, time, etc., of holding the court, but Chase put himself on his judicial reserve. Of course the President did not press the subject. Yesterday, Chase called voluntarily on the President and had some general conversation, and was, in the President's opinion, not disinclined to talk on the vast subject which he the other day declined; but he little understands the character of President Johnson if he supposes that gentleman will ever again introduce that subject to him.

[During the summer of 1865 Johnson did not call Congress together in extra session, but proceeded to execute his policy by executive decrees. That policy tended to bring the Southern States into alliance with the Demo-

cratic party of the North, and was hated and feared by the radicals as fraught with possibilities that the fruits of the Civil War might be lost]

Wednesday, August 30, 1865

There is an apparent determination among those who are ingrained abolitionists to compel the government to impose conditions on the rebel states that are wholly unwarranted. Prominent men are striving to establish a party on the basis of equality of races in the rebel states, for which the people are not prepared; perhaps they never will be, for these wary leaders do not believe in social equality, nor will they practice it. Mr. Sumner, who is an unmarried man, has striven to overcome what seems a natural repugnance. A Negro lawyer has been presented by him to practice in the Supreme Court, and extra demonstrations of that kind have been made by him and Chief Justice Chase. Sumner, I think, has become a devotee in this matter; it is his specialty; and not being a constitutionalist in politics, he is sincere I have no doubt in his schemes. I cannot say quite as much in favor of the Chief Justice. His work is connected more closely with political party aspirations. Sumner is not divested of them.

Thursday, October 12, 1865

The radicals of Massachusetts are preparing to make war upon the President. This is obvious, and Sumner has been inclined to take the lead. But there is no intimacy between Banks and Sumner. They are unlike. Sumner is honest but imperious and impracticable. Banks is precisely the opposite. I shall not be surprised if Banks makes war upon the Navy Department; not that he has manifested any open hostility to myself, but there is deep-seated animosity between him and Admiral

Porter and other naval officers of his command who were on the Red River expedition.

Friday, October 13, 1865

Met General Thomas of the Army of the Tennessee at the President's. He has a fine soldierly appearance, and my impressions are that he has, intellectually and as a civilian, as well as a military man, no superior in the service. What I saw of him to-day confirmed my previous ideas of the man. He has been no courtly, carpet officer, to dance attendance at Washington during the war, but has nobly done his duty.

Little was done at the Cabinet. Three of the assistants being present instead of the principals, there was a disinclination to bring forward measures or to interchange views freely. Stanton took occasion before the President came in to have a fling at my circular against party assessments, which seems to annoy him. I told him the principles and rule laid down in that circular were correct; that the idea, which he advocated, of a tax upon employees and office-holders, was pernicious and dangerous, would embitter party contests, and if permitted to go on would carry the country to the Devil. Stanton said he then wished to go to the Devil with it, that he believed in taxing office-holders for party purposes, compelling them to pay money to support the administration which appointed them. Weed and Raymond¹ are in this thing, and mad with me.

Saturday, October 21, 1865.

Wendell Phillips has made an onset on the administration and its friends, and also on the extremists, hitting Banks and Sumner as well as the Pre-

sident. Censorious and impracticable, the man, though possessed of extraordinary gifts, is a useless member of society and deservedly without influence.

Secretary Seward has been holding forth at Auburn in a studied and long prepared speech, intended for the special laudation and glory of himself and Stanton. It has the artful shrewdness of the man and of his other half, Thurlow Weed, to whom it was shown, and whose suggestions I think I can see in the utterances. Each and all the Departments are shown up by him — each of the respective heads is mentioned, with the solitary exception of Mr. Bates, omitted by design.

The three dernier occupants of the Treasury are named with commendation, so of the three Secretaries of the Interior and the two Post-Masters General. The Secretary of the Navy has a bland compliment, and as there have not been changes in that Department its honors are divided between the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary. But Stanton is extolled as one of the lesser deities, is absolutely divine. His service covers the war and months preceding — sufficient to swallow Cameron, who is spoken of as honest and worthy. Speed, who is the only Attorney-General mentioned, is made an extraordinary man of extraordinary abilities and mind; for like Stanton he falls in with the Secretary of State.

It is not particularly pleasing to Seward that I, with whom he has had more controversy on important questions than with any man in the Cabinet (I, a Democrat who came in at the organization of Lincoln's Cabinet and have continued through without interruption, especially at the dark period of the assassination and the great change when he was helpless and of no avail), it is not pleasing to him that I should alone have gone straight through with my Department while there have

¹ Thurlow Weed, and Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, both warm friends of Seward and in general sympathy with his views

been changes in all others, and an interregnum in his own. Hence two heads to the Navy Department — my assistant's and mine. Had there been two or three changes as in the others, this remark would probably not have been made. Yet there is an artful design to stir up discord by creating ill blood or jealousy between myself and Fox, whom they do not love, which is quite as much in the vein of Weed as of Seward. I have no doubt the subject and points of this speech were talked over by the two. Indeed Seward always consults Weed when he strikes a blow.

His assumption of what he has done, and thought, and said, are characteristic by reason of their arrogance and error. He was no advocate for placing Johnson on the ticket as Vice-President as he asserts, but was for Hamlin, as was every member of the Cabinet but myself. Not that they were partisans, but for a good arrangement.

Sunday, December 3, 1865

Told the President I disliked the proceedings of the Congressional caucus on Saturday evening. The resolution for a joint commission of fifteen, to whom the whole subject of admission of representatives from states which had been in rebellion [should be referred] without debate, was in conflict with the spirit and letter of the Constitution, which gives to each House the decision of election of its own members, etc. Then in appointing [Thaddeus] Stevens, an opponent of state rights, to prevent [action] if there was something bad [in prospect]. The whole was in fact revolutionary, a blow at our governmental system, and there had been evident preconcert to bring it about.

The President agreed with me, but said they would be knocked in the head at the start. There would be a representative from Tennessee who had

been a loyal member of the House since the war commenced, or during the war, who could present himself, and so state the case that he could not be controverted. I expressed my gratification if this could be accomplished, knowing he alluded to Maynard; but suggested a doubt whether the intrigue which was manifest by the resolution, the designation of Stevens, and Colfax's speech, had not gone too far.

Tuesday, December 5, 1865

The organization of Congress was easily effected. There had been manifestly preliminary arrangements, made by some of the leading spirits. Stevens's resolution was passed by a strictly party vote. The new members, and others, weak in their understandings, were taken off their legs, as was designed, before they were aware of it.

In the hurry and intrigue no committee was appointed to call on the President. I am most thoroughly convinced there was design in this, in order to let the President know that he must wait the motion of Congress.

I think the message which went in this p. m. will prove an acceptable document. The views, sentiments, and doctrines are the President's, not Seward's. He may have suggested verbal emendations, nothing except what related to foreign affairs. But the President has vigorous common sense and on more than one occasion I have seen him correct Seward's dispatches.

I became satisfied subsequently that none of the Cabinet had any more than myself to do with it.¹

Wednesday, December 6, 1865.

Seward, apprehending a storm, wants a steamer to take him to Cuba. Wishes to be absent a fortnight or three weeks. Thinks he had better be away.

¹ The actual writing of this message was done by George Bancroft the historian.

[The most influential figures in the Senate during these troubled days were Fessenden of Maine, Trumbull of Illinois, and Sumner of Massachusetts. The cardinal doctrine of Sumner's political creed was that all civil rights, including the suffrage, be bestowed upon the Negroes throughout the Confederate States.]

Friday, December 8, 1865.

Friday, Sumner called on me with young Bright. We had quite a talk on the policy of the government, and his own views. Sumner's vanity and egotism are great. He assumes that the administration is wholly wrong, and that he is beyond peradventure right. That Congress has plenary powers, the Executive none, in establishing the Union.

He denounced the policy of the President on the question of organizing the rebel states, as the greatest and most criminal error ever committed by any government. Dwelt on what constitutes a republican government, says he has read everything on the subject from Plato to the last French pamphlet. Tells me that a general officer from Georgia had informed him within a week that the Negroes of that state were better qualified to establish and maintain a republican government than the whites. He says that Seward, McCulloch, and myself are the men who have involved the President in this transcendent error, — I, a New England man, New England's representative in the Cabinet, have misrepresented New England sentiment. McCulloch was imbued with the pernicious folly of Indiana, but Seward as well as myself was foully, fatally culpable in giving our countenance and support to the President in his policy.

I insisted it was correct, that the country aside from heated politics did not oppose it, and asked if he supposed there was any opposition to that policy in the Cabinet. He said he knew Stan-

ton was opposed to it, and when I said I was not aware of it, he seemed surprised. He asked if I had read his Worcester speech. I told him I had, but did not indorse it. He replied, "Stanton does. Stanton," said he, "came to Boston at that time. The speech was thrown into the cars and he had read it before I (Sumner) met him. Stanton complimented the speech. I said it was pretty radical or had pretty strong views. Stanton said it was none too strong, that he approved of every sentiment — every opinion and word of it."

I told Sumner I did not understand Stanton's occupying that position, and I apprehended the President did not so understand him. I told him that I well recollected that on one occasion last spring, when I was in the War Department, he and Dawes and Gooch came in there. Sumner said "Yes, and Colfax was there." I recollect he was. "Stanton [said I] took out his project for organizing a government in North Carolina. I had heard it read on the last day of Mr. Lincoln's life, and had made a suggestion respecting it, and the project had been modified. Some discussion took place at the War Department on the question of Negro suffrage. Stanton said that he wanted to avoid that topic. You (Sumner) wanted to meet it. When that discussion opened I left, for I knew I could not agree with you."

Sumner said he well recollected that meeting. That he and Colfax had proposed modifications of the plan, and put it in an acceptable shape, but that we had upset it.

One other member of the Cabinet had written him a few days before he left home, expressing sympathy with him, and one other had spoken equally cordially to him since he arrived here. "You may have had a letter from Speed," I remarked. "No," said he,

"but Speed has had a conversation with me."

I think Harlan must be the man, yet my impressions were that Harlan held a different position. Perhaps Iowa has influenced him.

Our conversation, though earnest, was not in anger or with any acrimony. He is confident that he shall carry Stevens's resolution through the Senate, and be able to defeat the President in his policy.

Monday, December 11, 1865.

I gave the President a full relation of my interview with Sumner. He was much interested and maintains well his position. I think they will not shake him. Sumner sent me through the mail a newspaper containing a memorial for the impeachment of the President. He marked and underscored certain passages which he said, wrote on the margin, were answers to some of my questions put to him in our conversation. The attack upon the President is coarse and unworthy of a thought.

[General Grant had recently made a tour of the Southern States inquiring into conditions upon which a policy of reconstruction should be based. His report was favorable to the course laid down by the President, while the opinion of General Schurz, who had been dispatched on a more extended tour, was decidedly adverse to the Johnson plan.]

Thursday, December 14, 1865.

General Grant was in the council room at the Executive Mansion to-day, and stated the result of his observations and conclusions during his journey South. He says the people are more loyal and better disposed than he expected to find them, and that every consideration calls for the early reestablishment of the Union. His views are sensible, patriotic, and wise. I expressed a wish that he would make a

written report, and that he communicate also freely with the members of Congress.

Saturday, December 16, 1865.

Senator Sumner called again this evening. He is almost beside himself on the policy of the administration, which he denounces with great bitterness. The President had no business to move, he says, without the consent and direction of Congress. I asked him if the Southern States were to have no post-masters, no revenue officers, no marshals, etc. I said to him, "There are two lines of policy before us. One is harsh, cold, distant, defiant; the other, kind, conciliatory and inviting. Which," said I, "will soonest make us a united people?" He hesitated and gave me no direct answer, but said the President's course was putting everything back. This, I told him, was a general assertion; that conciliation, not persecution, was our policy, — and there we totally disagreed with him.

It was not right to accuse him, he said, of a persecuting spirit. He had advised clemency — had taken ground against the execution of Jefferson Davis, and asked if I was opposed to his being hung. I told him that I was not prepared to say that I was, but while he was so charitable towards Davis, he was very different toward all others South, though a large portion of the people were opposed to secession. I stated to him the views of General Grant, who had found the people disposed to acquiesce and become good citizens, — that he found those who had been most earnest and active in the rebellion were the most frank and thorough in their conversion.

Sumner closed with a violent denunciation of the Provisional Governors, — especially Perry and Parsons, — and said that a majority of Congress was determined to overturn the President's policy.

Monday, December 18, 1865

On my way, returning to the Navy Department, I called and had an interview with the President. Told him of my conversation with Sumner, and that I was confirmed in the conviction that a deep and extensive intrigue was going on against him. He seemed aware of it, but not yet of its extent or of all the persons engaged in it. I remarked that the patronage of the Executive had, I believed, been used to defeat the policy of the Executive, and a summary removal of one or two mischievous men at the proper time would be effective and salutary. He said he should not hesitate one moment in taking off the heads of any of that class of busybodies. I showed him a copy of the *New Orleans Tribune* which Sumner had sent me, with passages underscored in a memorial for the impeachment of the President. He wished the copy and I gave it to him.

Called on Dennison¹ this evening and had a full and free interchange with him. He inquired if I had ever heard a distinct avowal from Seward on the question of Negro Suffrage or the provisional governments, or from Stanton explicitly in its favor. I replied that I had not, and he said he had not. He tells me that he hears from some of Stanton's intimates that he will probably soon resign. This is mere trash, unless he finds himself about being cornered, then he will make a merit of what cannot be avoided. Dennison ridicules the flagrant humbug which Seward and the papers have got up of Stanton's immense labors, which are really less than his own, McCulloch's, or mine. Grant, Meigs, and others discharge the labors for which S[anton] gets credit.

Wednesday, December 20, 1865.

Senator Sumner, by his impetuous violence, will contribute to put things

¹ William Dennison, Postmaster-General

right beyond any other man. The President's message and General Grant's letter seem to have made him demented. Some who have acted with him and been indoctrinated in his extreme views are suddenly roused to consciousness.

Saturday, December 23, 1865

Governor Pease left to-day. His brother John went three or four days since. Yesterday, when all the others had withdrawn from the Cabinet council but the President, Seward, and myself, and perhaps Chandler, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who had been present, — Seward inquired if there was any truth in the report or rumor that Stanton had left, or was about to leave, the Cabinet. The President replied warmly, as it seemed to me, that he had not heard of any such rumor. Seward said it was so stated in some of the papers, but he had supposed there was nothing in it, for he and Stanton had an understanding to the effect that Stanton would remain as long as he did, or would give him notice if he changed. The President said he presumed it was only rumor, that he reckoned there was not much in it. He had heard nothing lately and we might as well keep on for the present without any fuss. Seward said he knew Stanton had talked this some time ago. "I reckon that is all," said the President.

Seward had an object in this talk. He knows Stanton's views and thoughts better than the President does. The enquiry was not therefore for information on that specific point. If it was to sound the President, or to draw out any expression from me, he wholly failed, for neither gave him an explicit reply.

Tuesday, December 26, 1865.

Have ordered Raphael Semmes² to be arrested. He was, I see by the papers, taken in Mobile, and will soon be

² The famous commander of the Alabama.

here. There are some nice points to be decided in his case, and I should have been glad had he absented himself from the country, though his case is one of the most aggravated and least excusable of the whole rebel host. He did not belong in the rebel region, and has not therefore the poor apology of those who shelter themselves under the action of their states. He was educated and supported by that government which he deserted in disregard of his obligations and his oath. He made it his business to rob and destroy the ships and property of his unarmed countrymen engaged in peaceful commerce. When he finally fought and was conquered, he practiced a fraud, and in violation of his surrender broke faith, and without ever being exchanged fought against the Union at Richmond. Escaping from that city, he claims to have been included in Johnston's surrender, and therefore not amenable for previous offences. Before taking this step, I twice brought the subject before the President and Cabinet, each and all of whom advised or concurred in the propriety of the arrest and trial of Semmes. It is a duty which I could not be justified in evading, yet I shall acquire no laurels in the movement. But when the actors of to-day have passed from the stage, and I with them, the proceedings against this man will be approved.

Monday, January 1, 1866

Henry Winter Davis, a conspicuous member of the last Congress and a Maryland politician of notoriety, died on Saturday. He was eloquent, possessed genius, had acquirements, was eccentric, ambitious, unreliable, and greatly given to intrigue. In politics he was a centralist, regardless of constitutional limitations. I do not consider his death a great public loss. He was restless and active, but not useful. Still there will be a class of extreme

radicals who will deplore his death as a calamity and eulogize his memory.

When at the Executive Mansion the memory of the late President crowded upon my mind. He would have enjoyed the day, which was so much in contrast with all those he had experienced during his presidency.

[From the outset of the struggle with the President, tremendous party pressure was exercised to keep the Congressional majority in line against the Executive. The most powerful figure in the lower House was Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, whose views represented the extreme radicalism. He proposed, says Rhodes, "the reduction of those [the Confederate] States to territories, no account therefore to be taken of their ratifications of the Thirteenth Amendment, three-fourths of the loyal States being sufficient; a constitutional amendment changing the basis of representation in the House from population to actual voters; measures to confer on the Negroes' homesteads, to 'hedge them around with protective laws,' and to give them the suffrage."]

Monday, January 8, 1866

The Members of Congress since their return appear more disposed to avoid open war with the President, but yet are under the discipline of party, which is cunningly kept up with almost despotic power. I am confident that many of those who are claimed as Republicans, and who are such, are voting against their convictions, but they have not the courage and independence to shake off the tyranny of party and maintain what they know to be right. The President and the radical leaders are not yet in direct conflict, but I see not how it is to be avoided. When the encounter takes place there will be those who have voted with the radicals, that will then probably go with the Presi-

dent, or wish to do so. This the leaders understand, and it is their policy to get as many committed as possible, and to get them repeatedly committed by test votes. Williams of Pittsburg, a revolutionary and whiskey-drinking leader, introduced a resolution to-day, that the military should not be withdrawn, but retained until Congress, not the President, should order their discharge. This usurpation of the Executive prerogative by Congress is purposely offensive, known to be such, yet almost every Republican voted for it in the House; the Representatives who doubted and were opposed dare not vote against it. While thus infringing on the rights of the Executive, the radical leaders studiously claim that they are supporting the President, and actually have most of his appointees with them. Were the President to assert his power and to exercise it, many of those who now follow Sumner and Stevens would hesitate. The President will sooner or later have to meet this question squarely, and have a square and probably a fierce fight with these men. Seward expects but [shuns] it, and has fled to escape responsibility.

Saturday, January 13, 1866.

I had this P. M. quite an animated talk with Senator Sumner. He called on me in relation to Semmes. Wished him to be tried on various important points which would bring out the legal status, not only of the rebels, but their cause. He thinks that many of the important points which we have from time to time discussed, and on which we have generally agreed, might be passed upon by a commission. I am not, however, inclined to make the trial so broad.

Passing from this, we got on to the question of reconstruction. I was anxious to get an inside view of the movements and purposes of the radicals, and

in order to do this, it would not do to put questions direct to Sumner, for then he would put himself on his guard, and be close-mouthed. I therefore entered into a discussion, and soon got him much interested, not to call it excited. We went over the ground of the status of the states, their political condition. He, condemning unqualifiedly the policy of the President, said [that] while he would not denounce it as the greatest crime ever committed by a responsible ruler, he did proclaim and declare it the greatest mistake which history has ever recorded. The President, he said, was the greatest enemy of the South that she had ever had, worse than Jeff Davis; and the evil which he had inflicted upon the country was incalculable. All was to be done over again, and done right. Congress, he says, is becoming more firm and united every day. Only three of the Republican Senators, Doolittle, Dixon, and Cowan, had given way, and he understood only a like proportion in the House. Asked if I had read Harris's¹ speech which Foot and Fessenden indorsed. Understood Fessenden was as decided as Foot, but not being on speaking terms, had not himself heard Fessenden. All Congress was becoming of one mind, and while they would commence no war upon the President, he must change his course, abandon his policy. The President had violated the Constitution in appointing provisional governors, in putting rebels in office who could not take the test oath, in reëstablishing rebellion, odious, flagrant rebellion. Said he had three pages from one general in Arkansas, thanking him for his speech denouncing the President's "whitewashing" message.

I told him the Executive had rights and duties as well as Congress, and that they must not be overlooked or omit-

¹ Senator Ira Harris of New York, a member of the Committee on Reconstruction.

ted. That the rebel states had an existence and would be recognized and sustained although their functions were for a time suspended by violence. That under military necessity, martial law existing and the President being Commander-in-Chief, provisional governors had been temporarily appointed, but the necessity which impelled their appointment was passing away, the states were resuming their position in the Union, and I did not see how, without abandoning our system of constitutional government, they were to be disorganized or unorganized and deprived of their local, civil government and the voice of the people suppressed.

He spoke of them as a "conquered people," subject to terms which it was our duty to impose. Were his assumption true, and they a foreign conquered people, instead of our own countrymen, still they had their rights, were amenable to our laws, and entitled to their protection. Modern civilization would not permit of their enslavement. Were we to conquer Canada and bring it within our jurisdiction, the people would retain their laws and usages when they were not inconsistent with our own until at least we should make a change. I thought our countrymen were entitled to as much consideration as the laws of nations and the practice of our own government had and did recognize as belonging to a conquered people who were aliens. This was the policy of the President. He had enjoined upon them, it was true, the necessity of making their constitutions and laws conform to the existing condition of affairs and the changes which war had brought about. They had done so, and were each exercising all the functions of a state; had their governors, legislatures, judges, local municipal authorities, etc. We were collecting taxes of them, appointing collectors, assessors, marshals, post-masters, etc.

I saw I had touched on some views that impressed him, and our interview and discussion became exceedingly animated.

"The President, in his great wrong," said Sumner, "is sustained by three of his Cabinet. Seward is as thick-and-thin a supporter of the whole monstrous error as you or McCulloch."

I asked him if he supposed the Cabinet was not a unit on the President's policy. He said he knew it was not. Three of the members concurred with him, Sumner, fully, entirely.

I expressed doubts. Why, said he, one of them has advised and urged me (Sumner) to prepare and bring in a bill which should control the action of the President and wipe out his policy. It has got to be done. Half of the Cabinet, as well as an overwhelming majority of the two houses of Congress, are for it, and the President must change his whole course. If he did not do it, Congress would.

Monday, January 15, 1866.

Was much disturbed by what Sumner said in regard to a member of the Cabinet who had urged him to bring in a bill adverse to the President's policy. Sumner is truthful, and therefore his statement is reliable. Although he is credulous, I cannot think he was deceived, nor is he practicing deception.

Tuesday, January 30, 1866.

I had another long talk with Senator Sumner, who called on me on Saturday. It was of much the same purport as heretofore. He is pleased with a speech of Secretary Harlan, made the preceding evening, which I had not then read, and said it came up to the full measure of his requirements. Then, said I, he probably is that member of the Cabinet who has been urging you to bring in a bill to counteract the President's

policy. "No," said Sumner, "it was not Harlan but another member. There are," continued he, "four members of the Cabinet who are with us and against the President." "Then," replied I, "you must include Seward." This he promptly disclaimed.

I told him he must not count Denison. He was taken aback. "If you know from D[ennison]'s own mouth, have it from himself, I will not dispute the point," said Sumner. I told him I knew D[ennison]'s views; that last spring he had, at the first suggestion, expressed himself for Negro Suffrage, but that he had on reflection and examination come fully into the President's views. He replied that he had known D[ennison]'s original position and had supposed it remained unchanged.

Sumner told me he should make a very thorough speech this week on the great question, the treatment of the States and people of the South, but should avoid any attack on the President; would not be personal.

Wednesday, January 31, 1866.

The new shape of affairs shows itself in the social gatherings. At Mrs. Welles's reception to-day, a large number of the denizens of Washington who have not heretofore been visitors, and whose sympathies and former associations were with the rebels, called. So many who have been distant and reserved were present as to excite her suspicions, and lead her to ask if I was not conceding too much. There were some friends evidently aware of existing differences in the Administration. I noticed at the reception at the Executive Mansion last evening that there was a number in attendance as if by preconcert. This I attribute more to the insane folly of the radicals, who under Thad Stevens are making assaults

on the President, than to any encouragement which the President has given to rebel sympathizers. If professed friends prove false and attack him, he will not be likely to repel such friends as sustain him. I certainly will not

Thursday, February 1, 1866

Colonel Bolles and Eames have prepared an order for the President to sign for a mixed commission to try Semmes. I took it to the President this P. M. He expressed himself strongly against a military trial or military control. Wished the Navy to keep the case in its own hands. Said he wished to put no more in [Judge-Advocate-General] Holt's control than was absolutely necessary, that Holt was cruel and remorseless, made so perhaps by his employment and investigations; that his tendencies and conclusions were very bloody. The President said he had a large number of Holt's decisions now, pointing to the desk, which he disliked to take up, that all which came from that quarter partook of the traits of Nero and Draco. I have never heard him express himself so decidedly in regard to Holt, but have on one or two previous occasions perceived that his confidence in the Judge-Advocate-General was shaken.

I long since was aware that Holt was severe and unrelenting, and am further compelled to think that, with a good deal of mental vigor and strength as a writer, he has strange weakness. He is credulous and often the dupe of his own imaginings. Believes men guilty on shadowy suspicions, and is ready to condemn them without trial. Stanton has sometimes brought forward singular papers relating to conspiracies, and dark and murderous designs in which he had evident faith, and Holt has assured him in his suspicions.

(To be continued.)

OUR SUPERIORITY IN RELIGION

BY ERNEST CUSHING RICHARDSON

PROGRESS is a wonderful thing, and not the least wonderful thing about it is its inevitableness. The world evolves, we must progress. However much we deprecate the fact, we cannot help it; we are better than our forefathers. Compare King Edward's automobile with the chariot of Khaemhat, Togo's cannon with the bow of Rameses, the Dreadnought with a Roman galley, the Eiffel Tower with the Pyramids! Hammurabi never so much as heard of sociology, Homer of a literature seminar, Aristotle of Pragmatism, the Pompeians of chromo-lithography. Even "that wonderful thirteenth century" knew nothing of movable types, the Italian Renaissance nothing of the colored Sunday supplement, the Reformation nothing of steam or electricity. A million copies of a New York journal in a single day would have been inconceivable to Tacitus! We humbly anticipate being outstripped in turn by posterity, but we are, up to date, the best thing on record, towering as far above the mental stature of our nomad ancestors as a forty-four-story sky-scraper above their tents.

Nowhere, perhaps, is our superiority more marked than in the matter of religion. Three recent contributions have brought this out clearly. "An American Woman," in the *American Magazine* for last August, shows our astonishing progress in general; Dr. Williston Walker, in the *Congregationalist*, shows the leaps and bounds that we have taken in the last twenty-five years; and our hopes for the religion of the future have been

set forth by President Eliot in the October number of the *Harvard Theological Review*.

"An American Woman" points out that men have learned "in the last few centuries" that religion is born and waxes strong independent of churches; that they need no church; that religion, to be a living thing, must be accompanied by works; and many other things unknown to "oldtime religion." They have learned, it seems, that the oldtime religion was a "hard, cold, humorless, merciless, selfish thing . . . everybody absorbed in a rush for individual salvation; 'God save my soul and the Devil take the hindmost' . . . its motto." Having learned all this, we have quit the churches, not because we have got beyond religion, but simply because our religion has got beyond the churchgoers. There is, as "An American Woman" acutely says, "plenty of trouble with the churches, but no real trouble with the times. Men have deserted the churches but religion has not deserted men."—We have not got beyond religion; on the contrary, it would seem, we have progressed; pure religion, free from all the cold, hard, humorless, merciless, selfish elements of the oldtime religion, has come to take up its abode with us. We have "less of the fear of God" and more of the love of man.

Dr. Walker's article, in the *Congregationalist*, on our progress in the last twenty-five years, is, as might be expected, very different in its tone. He is scholarly, his statement of the doc-

trinal position then and now, fair and lucid; he inspires conviction, at points, that there has been real progress, and his whole attitude is not only not contemptuous of the old, but seems quite free from any sense of personal superiority. He does not even call it progress, but "changes" and "contrasts." The article does, however, give a certain aid to those who love to dwell on our superiority to our ancestors in religion, for Dr. Walker brings out the fact of the "obliteration of the line, once so sharply drawn, between the natural and the supernatural" by the modern doctrine of divine immanence, and implies that "to-day, no conception of God's character which does not justify itself by the test of what is highest in man" can be entertained. In the "altered view of to-day" Jesus Christ is not perfect God joined with perfect man, the divine nature "practically more important" than the human, but "the perfect revelation of what God is and man may be." God is no longer alienated from man, but only man from God. The Bible is no longer miraculous, but the work of conscientious, if erring, men. Redemption is no longer chiefly individual, but chiefly social: "not merely to fit some men for Heaven," but to right ancient wrongs and make this world what it is not now, a reign of righteousness.

It is perhaps a reasonable paraphrase of these temperate statements into the language of progress to say that we have got beyond thinking of the Creator as overlapping in any degree in his being the boundaries of his creation, or overtopping in any way in character "what is highest in man"; beyond the idea that God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts or his ways than our ways; beyond the idea that where divine and human coexist in one person, the divine is "practically more important" than the human — or indeed that they

do coexist, beyond the idea of God's alienation from man to the idea that man is simply alienated from God; beyond a miraculous Bible; beyond the idea of individual redemption to the idea of social redemption. These are the changes and contrasts which others call evolution, progress, and superiority. Hell and the Devil are not considered; since, it may be supposed, they have been dead for more than twenty-five years.

From President Eliot's *Religion of the Future* it appears that the "progress of the nineteenth century far outstripped that of similar periods" — as far perhaps as that of the last twenty-five years has in turn outstripped it. The "new ideas of God" which it has produced give the basis for a new twentieth-century religion superior to all others. Some of these new ideas are: monotheism, immanence, God's love, the adoration (*dulia* not *latria*) of all righteous persons, and the "tendency towards progress." It rejects polytheism, apotheosis, tribal religion, sudden change of character, mediation, dogma, mystery, sacraments, the fall of man, alienation from God, and the condemnation of the majority. It abjures the Devil and will attack all his works quickly; it will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of good-will. It will comprehend only the civilized. As with the other two modern versions of religion, the primary object of the religion of the future will not be the safety of the individual: it will be the common good; its priests will strive to ameliorate social conditions. The religion of the future will moreover not perpetuate "the Hebrew anthropomorphic representations of God," but will substitute an up-to-date, New England, East-Central Massachusetts anthropomorphism.

It will occur to every one, as it does to their author, that some of these ideas are not so new as they are true. The newness of this religion (save for the hyper-Calvinistic doctrine of the election of the civilized only, and the doctrine of the adoration of all superior persons) lies in the fact that it is to do rather than to profess, and its progress will consist in its doing better than earlier and inferior religions. Its votaries are, therefore, superior rather in being better than in being different.

It will be noticed that, whatever differences there may be between these three noteworthy utterances on modern religion, they are agreed that our religion is superior to the "oldtime religion" in three respects: (1) in that it "does not afford safety primarily to the individual," is not a "rush for individual salvation." (2) It is superior also in the fact that it "thinks first of the common good"; its priests strive to ameliorate social and industrial conditions. It realizes that "this very earth" is the Hell of our horror, and has the desire to make the world a "fit abiding-place for spirit and body." (3) Above all it is agreed that we have made progress; are wiser or better than our ancestors, or both, and since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and especially during the last twenty-five years, we have been progressing in geometrical ratio. We not only have less of the fear of God and more of the love of man, but very much less and very much more than apostles, Church fathers, scholastics, and reformers, and especially than our Puritan forefathers — not even to mention prophets, now quite discredited by the Higher Criticism and hardly to be admitted into the society of "civilized" saints.

Now one of the maxims of superior religion is that it is healthy to doubt. One may therefore venture to doubt, not that we are superior but that our

ancestors were as bad as they are made out to be by these three versions of modern progress.

Far be it from us to deny that there is progress. Heaven forefend that we should throw ourselves into the jaws of the modern Inquisition by failing to make quite clear our subscription to this cardinal doctrine of progress — our progress. We shall need all our address to escape the confiscation of our goods if we merely suggest that our ancestors were not so bad as they are painted, and that the most tangible progress suggested by recent utterances is a progress from the old "unhumorous" religion to one of unconscious humor, and from the idea of individual to the idea of corporate redemption. Of course the Newer Inquisition would not take our purse. In the place of death, we now have pillory in the daily press; in the place of the old excommunication, we have the cold, stern punishment of the denial of publicity; and in place of financial mulcting, we have evolved a subtler pain. No, it would not take our purse, but it would take our good name as "scholar"; we should indeed be "no scholar," and one would be rash enough who would neglect safeguarding himself here by restrained and ingenious phrase. And yet the world does move! Some day perhaps one may freely say from every house-top that the old religion not merely had its humor, but that, in those very days when the selfish friars were embracing poverty and celibacy, preaching and developing the Inquisition with all their might to save man from alleged damnation, they quite generally allowed themselves a range of humor in their sermons which is apt to shock the taste of our more humorous age. But for the nonce enough.

With doubting it is different: to doubt is virtue. We doubt, therefore, if our ancestors were so hard, cold,

merciless, selfish, as Dr. Eliot implies and "An American Woman" asserts. Having a certain modest degree of acquaintance at first hand with a few of these oldtime religionists, especially of the earlier centuries including the thirteenth, we shall try to suggest that we have found most of them less selfish than ourselves, many of them in a mad rush for the salvation of others, and a few of them with a rather nice sense of humor.

The cold, hard, and merciless doctrine of our friends Saint Francis and Tauler, Saint Dominic and Varagine, even if it had prevented proper interest in social welfare and the making of this world a fit abiding-place (and we shall venture to more than doubt that it did prevent such interest), at least did not prevent a most passionate concern for the welfare of other men in the other world, as Dante testifies.

The gentle institution of the Inquisition also was not established to secure the personal salvation of the inquisitors, but was, on the contrary, most obnoxious to the beneficiaries, for the very reason that it interfered with the right of others to be damned if they pleased. The inquisitors tried to save the heretics willy-nilly, or, failing that, to save others whose eternal welfare might be endangered through heresies, by plucking them, like tares from a field of wheat, and burning them. A drastic effort, a "rush," if you like, a mad rush for social betterment or social redemption, but not an absorbed rush for self-salvation. And further, we ask again, were the orders of preaching friars founded to promote their own salvation by preaching? Granted that the great Dominican apostles of the thirteenth century, like the great Irish missionaries of Germany before them and the great Jesuit missionaries to Canada after them, as well as the old-

time New England missionaries to India, and China, and Africa, really did hope to promote their own salvation at the same time with that of the "uncivilized" men for whose salvation they yearned, suffered, and died, what of it? If most of these men did not have their hearts set passionately on *not* letting the Devil take even the hindmost of those savages who showed them the most ill-will, then there are no standards by which we may judge whether anybody ever has, or ever will, in any new religion, have, any concern save for his own individual welfare.

Of all those who have suffered under this ancient libel, perhaps none have suffered more than the hermits. There were doubtless selfish men among them, but for many the hermit's life was not selfish: it was an agonizing for world-salvation. To understand the hermits, one thing must be understood clearly. Granted that it was childish and un-Highercritical and all wrong, nevertheless these people really believed what the New Testament says about prayer — really believed it, remember. They thought that faith was the main thing, that the exercise of faith was itself works, and that God could do more than they could. Call it a ridiculous idea if you like, but they really thought that God wanted them to do their most strenuous work praying, and that whatever they prayed out clearly, especially the things which they had themselves tried to do and had been baffled in, he could put through with ease. Like Hartman von Aue, they thought that

He with the sword in battle, she at home with
prayer,

Both win the victory, and both the glory share.

So they went into the wilderness and devoted themselves to prayer as the highest and most effective work that could be imagined. While, however, they did go far from the madding

crowd, they were not always far from its interests. Whoever, for example, exhibited a more intense desire for the root-and-branch extermination of the Arians than Saint Anthony himself? and did he fear that they endangered his personal salvation? Not a whit! It was for the sake of the weak brother that he sought the extermination of these heretics — meddling again, like the Inquisition, with men's free will, instead of minding his own business, as he should have done; but suggesting that, on occasion, these oldtime religionists, so far from showing too little anxiety for their fellow men, showed too much.

The real ground, therefore, of our superiority to our ancestors is not so much that they were all selfish while only a few of us are, or even that they lacked zeal for human welfare, as that their altruism was misdirected, first to loving individuals rather than the mass, and then to laboring for their salvation from imaginary dangers in the next world, rather than from real trouble in this. We have learned, first to confine our efforts to this world, and second to work at wholesale rather than at retail.

There are, to be sure, some incongruities, not to say contradictions, about this whole matter of our religious superiority. Here is "An American Woman" abjuring the "rush for individual salvation," but declaring in another paragraph that a part of our superiority, nay the very kernel of it, is that man has learned that "religion is an individual thing—secret and sacred between him and God."

And then again, how contradictory to labor so to make the world an "abiding-place," when to abide here is the one thing which, without respect of persons, every one who comes into the world is inexorably forbidden to do!

But in spite of incongruities we are

in the main agreed. The oldtimers thought that the point of chief concern was to get stray individuals into the fold, and that Heaven actually had more time to rejoice over individuals, under some circumstances, than over large groups of ninety-and-nine, more or less. We, on the contrary, now know that it is far more important that the ninety-and-nine should be well watered and tended than to spend anxious time hunting the lost one, since we have learned that roaring lions are as extinct as hobgoblins, and that there is no more any pit for sheep to fall into.

That there is a subtle danger of a new selfishness in this substitution of the passion for social redemption in the place of the passion for souls, nobody will deny, as every effort for the salvation of "society" is necessarily an effort for our own salvation.

The foundation and root of this modern progress of ours was doubtless the passing of Hell. The radical mistake of the old religionists was in supposing that not all men were fit for Heaven, and that those who were not had a suitable place prepared for them. With the destruction of Hell, some few years since, there was naturally a great lessening of the frenzy for personal salvation as well as of the frenzy for saving others, and a certain increase in zeal for social betterment. Very calm, very patient, and very loving we are, but with no yawning pit to save our fellow men from, there is naturally no zeal; action must correspond to stimulus.

The change results even in a certain increase of love. It was hard for the oldtimers to love those whom they regarded as emissaries of the Devil, dragging their loved ones down to Hell; but now that we know that the worst that a man can do is to destroy the property or the body, it is easier to love one's enemy.

Please understand explicitly that we are not ourselves denying or even doubt-

ing the annihilation of Hell or the death of the Devil. It has not been our privilege, but that of the discoverers of the newest religion, to rediscover Hell, and it may be that they will succeed in resurrecting the Devil as well. This newest religion has discovered that Hell was not destroyed or lost after all — it was only mislaid. It has now been relocated on this earth. The old religionist did not realize that “this very earth was the Hell of his horror.” Now that we understand this, “in the place of the old selfishness has come the desire to make the world an abiding-place fit for the spirit as well as for the body of man.” Now “the world itself is an object of redemption. . . . It is the duty of the Church to labor for a redeemed social order in this present world . . . not merely to fit some men for Heaven but to make this world a reign of righteousness.”

But if we heartily agree to all this, is it quite fair to say that our ancestors, because they thought more of Heaven, had no love for the mass, no social ideals, put forth no organized efforts for social redemption, and to make this world a reign of righteousness? So far as theory is concerned, it must be remembered that they looked ultimately for a social order in which death and Hell should be trampled under foot, and all surviving or risen men united in one social unit in a world wherein righteousness reigns — but this was of course a new earth, not this one. Hell was to be destroyed, not reformed.

And then they did work as well as theorize, in a rudimentary helter-skelter way compared with ours, to be sure, and perhaps more as individuals and for individuals than by corporations and for masses, as we would to-day, but yet not always without systematic method and organized forces. We do things better now; but even the earliest ages had charity organizations,

with deacons for officers, and the charity organizations of Macedonia sent funds to the charity organization of Jerusalem for systematic distribution. The later Church indeed pushed organized effort for organized social betterment to an extreme, as it had been pushed to an extreme ages before by Moses. When individual is dealing with individual, it is of course hard to make a man good in spite of himself — he might prove the stronger; but where two organize against one, or many against few, it is quite possible to rescue a man in spite of himself. Hence arises the State. Carrying out the logic of their convictions, Constantine and Hildebrand, Calvin, Cromwell, and John Cotton took hold of the matter of social betterment with a will, and organized a work for the masses thorough in its way, if not reaching the height of modern social ideals. It is true that their organized effort was often directed too much to the future rather than to present welfare, and was too little prone to the exercise of super-Christian love by cherishing in their bosoms those who looked to them like vipers; and that they now and then treated alleged vipers to a rather summary shaking-off into the fire; but at least they aimed at the social betterment of the whole mass of the people, both in this world and in the world to come.

We do not know precisely what our coreligionists are driving at in particular. Corporate effort for corporate good is of course the State. If the new religion is to usurp the State tasks for social betterment, it must sooner or later become the State or come in conflict with it. But, up to date, we have held that progress is away from the union of Church and State. The State had its task: the physical, mental, and moral well-being of the mass, the making of this world a home of righteous-

ness. The Church had its tasks: first, the fitting of individuals for earthly citizenship, so that, as individual and corporate members of the State, they may help in its task of righting wrongs (law) and social betterment (education and charity); and, second, the fitting of them for heavenly citizenship. Now we have changed all that, and plan to have religion do the work of the State. Old and new alike look for a time when earthly and heavenly citizenship shall be one, but the old Christians thought that Jesus Christ would first come to be king of this heaven-on-earth State.

A splendid dream this kingdom of righteousness on earth is: the pagan dreamed it, but held that the golden age had long gone by; the early Christian dreamed it, and erred in expecting it too soon; the Neo-Christian does not dream — he acts. he is tired of waiting and fitting individuals: he proposes to organize the kingdom at once, without waiting for a king.

When we come to consider what social redemption is, as contrasted with individual, we are in some trouble. The new psychology talks of social consciousness, and the new sociology of the union of society through the like-mindedness of its members, but there has never been any tangible theory of social unity, save the old Christian notion of likemindedness in Jesus Christ, or of a social unit save the Church of Jesus Christ. The dream of a world-empire was a theory of unity in a head, but not unity with one another. All other theories deal with masses of individuals, and the nearest that we can get to the social soul is public opinion. We Neo-Christians, therefore, try to convert public opinion instead of individuals; and when one thinks of all the reform magazines with their hundreds of thousands of copies, and of the New York journals with their millions

of copies, how insignificant seems the work for social redemption of Church fathers or of Biblical writers!

Still, again, it is not quite fair to speak of prophets, apostles, and fathers of the Church as if they had made no effort at all to convert public opinion and reform social consciousness. We have learned from the magazines that the way of social betterment is denunciation and education. We rouse the social consciousness by revelations of evil, denunciation, and telling how it can be done better. Granted that the magazines do more real good to the social consciousness than Neocongregationalism and the new religion combined, and granted also, for the sake of argument, that they reach a higher level than all the prophets and apostles and fathers and reformers, is it fair to say that there were no denunciators among the prophets and no educators among the Church fathers and schoolmen? Was it the author of *The Jungle* who, when asked as to the sincerity of some social contributor to the denunciatory magazines, declared that if we doubted we should hear this apostle curse the capitalists? What denunciation of the rich and insolent that is fit to print can equal the prophecies of Ezekiel and Isaiah, or the contempt of Jeremiah for the "partridge which sitteth on eggs which she hath not laid." What denunciations of smug churchgoers, even, have equaled those of Jesus Christ? Even the private curses of modern contributors can hardly surpass the ringing of Woe! Woe! of both Old and New Testament; and Isaiah at least is curiously up to date in the denunciatory magazine's specialties (Isaiah x, 1-2). "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and to the writers that write perverseness; to turn aside the needy from justice, and to rob the poor of my people of their right, that widows may be their spoil, and

that they may make the fatherless their prey!" To be sure, that second clause is somewhat ambiguous; but as for progress it suggests that we have made little progress either in the art of robbing or the art of exposing robbery since Isaiah.

And as for educating example, we of course do it better now. They had no social laboratories in those days to teach them better; and often, in their ill-judged efforts for social betterment, they gave to individuals rather than to charity organizations, and so freely that they were like to create a race of tramps and beggars. They often sold all that they had and gave to the poor! Even up to the thirteenth century this was frequent among our friends the friars, and it is said that our special friend Varagine, in the time of famine, not only despoiled himself of all his personal goods, but even sold Church property for their relief! There are few records of such gross improvidence nowadays. Even Mr. Carnegie has not yet sold all. But imprudent and improvident as it was, it would argue a certain zeal for social betterment and the righting of ancient wrongs, however misdirected.

It is a puzzling thing, this matter of superiority, and bound to be so. Progress there is, for it is the ability to progress which makes a man, in matters of religion at least, as some say (Goldwin Smith); but just where our progress lies — ay! there's the rub.

Two things about human evolution seem to be fairly sure: first, that it has ceased to be individual and has become social; and, second, that it is not so much a general advance, as a thin line of progress shooting up out of a great mass of branches which never reach its level.

There is much reason to think that recent evolution has become wholly social. On the one hand, the individual man seems to have reached the full

stature long ago. As a molecule is complete in itself and progresses only as a unit in a complex, as a cell is likewise complete in itself, so the individual man seems to be a closed organism. His future lies as a unit in societies. So far as individual power is concerned, it is with mental as with physical power. It took as keen a human mind to invent fire as to invent the steam engine, to invent bronze as to invent steel, to invent the arch as to invent reinforced concrete construction. The individual modern mind is provided with more complex machinery, more complex raw material, but it is no more certain that I am greater than Aristotle than it is that Jeffries is greater than Samson or Ajax. We have not succeeded in adding one cubit to physical stature in ten thousand years, and why should we fancy that we have added to individual mental stature?

Moreover, looking at the same thing from another point of view, it appears that all "general" progress is social rather than individual; in the sense that, while the human race may be advancing, not all races or all individuals do progress. "We" build electrical engines, but I cannot; nor can I paint better than Velasquez, or think better than Aristotle, or legislate better than Hammurabi. The human race advances, but how much have the Tibetans or Patagonians advanced in two thousand years? There is, indeed, even a degeneration of races and individuals on all sides of that slender line of survival which is evolution.

In actual humanity it is hard to predict what line progress will take. Indo-Iranians have left behind the Semitic, the African, and the Far Eastern nations. The Indo-Europeans left behind the Indians, the Persians, and the Armenians; the Germanic races seem now to be leaving behind the Latin and perhaps, but not so surely, the Slavonic.

The British race has so far dominated the evolution of a new Anglo-German-Latin-and-everything-else race in America, and a bold prophet might venture that the next step would be a union of the Neoamerican with Japanese and Chinese civilization; but who knows? So in religion the Jewish outgrew the Egyptian and the Assyrian, the Christian outgrew the Jewish, the Western, the Eastern Church. What next? Will it be a New-Christianity or Hyper-Christianity? Shall we in our progress get beyond the old Christianity to Neo-congregationalism? beyond the supernatural in religion to Mr. Eliot's new religion? beyond religion itself to that blessed Nirvana, the *ne plus ultra*, where by the nature of things we may rest secure, serene, satisfied, superior to the most superior? above the old-time religion, above the new school religion, above the non-church-going religion, above supernatural religion, above religion? Who knows? — but we may guess that progress of man and religion alike will find its next step the production of a social unit in place of the individual man; above atoms and groups of atoms, above molecules and groups of molecules,

above cells and groups of cells, above individual man, will be an organized social group. Whether this idea is, in religion, progress beyond the oldtime theory of the Church of Jesus Christ, is a matter for experts to judge.

To take up again the question with which we started, is it progress to go to church or not to go to church? What is almost the last word that can be spoken on universal progress at the present stage of affairs was once spoken by that most gracious and polished author of the most scholarly *Life of Our Lord*, Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, à propos of this very matter. An enthusiastic apostle of Christian Endeavor, in a quiet library reading-room, was holding forth, in noisy conversation, on the wonderful progress of the Church in these later times. "Why just think of it," he cried, "there are twelve hundred churches [if it was twelve hundred] in the city of Philadelphia alone to-day; twelve hundred churches, just think of it!" Dr. Andrews looked up from his book at the strenuous declaimer and remarked quietly, "And there were eight hundred synagogues [if it was eight hundred] in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus Christ was crucified."

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

X

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

MEANWHILE Hancock's partially collected troops had been adding logs to and otherwise strengthening the breastworks along the Brock Road, besides throwing up near the junction two or three additional lines. His troops were posted from right to left as follows, their order showing the haste with which they were assigned to position. First came Kitching's heavy artillery from Hunt's artillery reserve, its right opposite the knoll; then Eustis's brigade of the Sixth Corps; then, in three lines of battle, two brigades of Robinson's division of the Fifth; then Owen's brigade of the Second; then Wheaton and L. A. Grant of the Sixth, their left resting on the Plank Road at the junction which the day before they had saved. Immediately in rear of them lay Carroll of the Second with his fearless brigade; and behind Carroll, in a third line, stood Rice of the Fifth; no more invincible spirit waited for the attack that all knew was coming. In the road at the junction was a section of Dow's Maine battery under Lieutenant W. H. Rogers. Then came Birney in three lines of battle, then Mott in two lines, and on his left Smyth with his gallant Irish, flying with the Stars and Stripes the golden Harp of Erin on a green field. Webb was next to Smyth, then Barlow. The other four guns of Dow's battery were in an opening behind the left of Mott's second line, and next to him Edgell's six guns of the First New Hampshire.

At 3.15, all being quiet, kind-hearted Lyman asked permission of Hancock to go back to the hospital and look after his boyhood friend, "little" Abbott. The gallant fellow was then breathing his last, and died about four.

A half-hour later Field's doomed line came on. The point which he had chosen to drive it through was Mott's and Birney's front, just to the left of the junction. It was a lucky choice, for a part of the former's division had behaved badly on both days, its conduct in marked contrast with that when Kearney and Hooker used to lead it.

Surmising from the skirmish line reports that the main assault would be south of the Plank Road, a bugler was stationed on Mott's breastworks, with orders to sound the recall at the enemy's first appearance. His notes rang out, and Dow's and Edgell's guns opened at once with spherical case. But on they came, marching abreast to within one hundred paces of the first line of works, in front of which a slashing had been made. There they halted, and for a half-hour poured an uninterrupted fire of musketry across the works, our lines replying with deadly effect. The incessant roar of the crashing volleys that closing afternoon, and the thunder of the guns as they played rapidly, struck war's last full diapason in the Wilderness.

The fire that had crept through the woods from the battle-ground of the

forenoon, had reached the bottom logs of the breastworks in some places and was smoking faintly, waiting for a breath of wind to mount and wrap them in flames. And now, while the battle was raging to its culmination, on came a fanning breeze, Field's opportune and best ally, which swept over him and his men, and up leaped the flames, extending for many hundred paces along Mott's and Birney's front. The breastworks soon became a blazing mass which it was impossible to quench, says one who was present. The heat grew almost intolerable, and the rising wind — what desolated southern home had it passed, or what bugle had it heard! — now lashed the flames and hot blinding smoke down into the faces of the men here and there, driving them from the parapets.

Soon one of Mott's brigades began to waver and then broke, retiring in disorder towards Chancellorsville. At its abandonment of the works, South Carolinian and Texan color-bearers rushed from the woods and planted their flags on the burning parapets, and through the flame and over went the desperate men. At this perilous sight Rogers at the junction began to pour double canister into them, and Dow and Edgell crossed his fire with case and like charges of canister. Dow must have had his eye on a particular battle-flag, for he speaks in his report of shooting one down five times. Meanwhile his own breastworks get on fire and the extra charges that the gunners have brought up from the limbers explode, burning some of the cannoneers severely. Still he keeps on, his guns belching canister.

As soon as the break was made through Mott and his own left, Birney in great haste rode to Robinson, telling him what had happened, that Hancock was cut off, and suggesting that proper disposition be made to receive an

attack on Robinson's left and rear. Lyman, who when the assault began had gone back to headquarters to notify Meade, was met on his return by one of Hancock's aides, who told him that the enemy had broken through, and that there was no communication with the left wing. He rode on, however, and found Birney at the junction, who confirmed the aide's story. It is said that when Birney's aide came to Grant and reported that the enemy had broken the lines, he and Meade were sitting together at the root of a tree, and Grant, after hearing the story, did not stir, but looking up said in his usual low, softly vibrating voice, "I don't believe it."

Meanwhile Birney had called on Rice, and Hancock on Carroll; the batteries ceased firing, and together those two fearless commanders with their iron-hearted brigades dashed with bayonets fixed at the enemy and soon hurled them from the works, leaving colors, prisoners and over fifty dead and many wounded within the burning entrenchments. To the south in front of our lines for four or five hundred yards from the junction, clear to where Webb was posted, Confederate dead and helpless wounded dotted the ground. They had charged with great valor.

I have always thought that if Grant had been with Hancock at the time of this repulse, he would have taken advantage of it and ordered an immediate advance. For the Army of the Potomac never had another commander who was so quick as Grant to deliver a counter-blow.

Field's losses were heavy, and he had signally failed to carry the works. He drew his shattered lines back almost to the Widow Tappfield, and at about sundown re-formed them perpendicular to the Plank Road and bivouacked for the night.

And now for the narration of some

personal experiences, not because they were of any great consequence in themselves, but one of them at least, as it so happened, had a part in the history of the day. During the forenoon — from official dates of various orders I know it must have been not later than ten; at any rate it was after my return from trying to find Wadsworth — Warren, who was standing in the dooryard of the Lacy House, saw a guard that had in its charge a small squad of Confederates just in from the front, halt them near the bank of the run. He told me to go down and find out who they were. Noticing a young officer among them, I asked him what regiment he belonged to. He and his companions were tired and not in good spirits over their hard luck, with its long period of confinement before them, for Grant had suspended the exchange of prisoners; and he answered me with sullen defiance in look and tones, "Fifteenth Alabama!" which, if I remember right, was in Law's brigade of Longstreet's corps. Not being very skilful at worming valuable intelligence out of prisoners, I was getting very little from them when a mounted orderly came to me from my immediate commander, the Chief of Ordnance, Captain Edie, to report at Meade's headquarters. On reaching there, Edie told me I was to start at once for Rapahannock Station with despatches to Washington for an additional supply of infantry ammunition to be sent out with all haste. The wagons going to meet the train for the ammunition and other supplies were to be loaded with wounded, who would be transferred to the cars, and thence to the hospitals in Alexandria and Washington.

How the notion got abroad that the supply of ammunition was exhausted I cannot explain, except by the heavy firing. As a matter of fact, we had an abundance; but, somehow or other, Humphreys or Meade was made to

think we were running short, and, as early as seven o'clock, a circular was issued to all corps commanders:—

The question of ammunition is an important one. The Major-General commanding directs that every effort be made to economize the ammunition, and the ammunition of the killed and wounded be collected and distributed to the men. Use the bayonet where possible.

By command of Major-Gen'l Meade.
S. WILLIAMS,
Adjutant-General.

Humphreys in a despatch to Warren said, "Spare ammunition and use the bayonet."

At nine o'clock, corps commanders were told to empty one-half of the ammunition-wagons and issue their contents to the troops without delay, sending the empty wagons to report to Ingalls at Meade's headquarters.

I asked Edie what escort I was to have. He answered, "A sergeant and four or five men." I exclaimed, "A sergeant and four or five men! What would I amount to with that sort of escort against Mosby?"

For those who have been born since the war, let me say that Mosby was a very daring officer operating between the Rapidan and Potomac, his haunt the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. I think every staff officer stood in dread of encountering him anywhere outside the lines, — at least I know I did, — from reports of atrocities, perhaps more or less exaggerated, committed by his men. Colonel Mosby is still living, old age has whitened his hair and given him a benevolent, engaging manner, and I have no doubt that most of his men were not as black as they were painted. I must have worn a most indignant expression, possibly due to just having escaped capture, for Edie roared with

laughter. But I declared that it was no laughing matter, that I had to have more men than that, and I got them, for they sent a squadron of the Fifth New York Cavalry with me, and besides they supplied me with a fresh horse, a spirited young black with a narrow white stripe on his nose.

When I was ready to start, I heard General Grant ask some one near him, "Where is the officer that is going back with despatches?" Those that I had received were from Meade's Adjutant-General. I was taken up to him by either Porter or Babcock. Grant at once sat down with his back against a small pine tree, and wrote a despatch directed to Halleck.

While he was writing, E. B. Washburne, a prominent member of Congress, who, as a fellow townsman of Grant's, had opened the door for his career and had come down to see him start the great campaign (on account of his long-tailed black coat and silk hat the men said that he was an undertaker that Grant had brought along to bury "Jeff" Davis), gave me a letter with a Congressman's frank to be mailed to his family. A number of the staff gave me letters also. A telegraph operator was directed to go with me, and my final instructions were that, if I found communication broken at Rappahannock Station, I was to go to Manassas, or the nearest station where the operator could find an open circuit.

I set out with my despatches, several correspondents joining me, and I remember that I was not half as polite to them as I should have been; but in those days a regular army officer who courted a newspaper man lost caste with his fellows. Soon after crossing the Rapidan we met a battalion of a New Jersey cavalry regiment that had been scouting up the river. It was a newly organized regiment, one of Burnside's, and on account of its gaudy uniforms

was called by all the old cavalymen "Butterflies," and most unmercifully jibed by them. But the "Butterfly" soon rose to the occasion, and paid the old veterans in coin as good as their own. As we were riding by them, one of our men inquired if they had seen anything of Mosby, and, on being answered in the negative, observed sarcastically in the hearing of the "Butterfly," "It's mighty lucky for Mosby," and rode on with a grin of a Cheshire cat.

We followed the road to Sheppard's Grove and then across country to Stone's or Paoli Mills on Mountain Run. From there we made our way to Providence Church on the Norman's Ford Road, passing over a part of the field where the lamented Pelham was killed. The old church stood on a ridge, and if ever it had a door-yard and fences about it, the latter were gone and some of its windows broken; desolated fields lay around it. When we reached it the sun had set, and I remember how red was its outspread fan in the low western sky. Rappahannock Station was in sight, and over the works which occupied the knolls on the north side of the river, which the Sixth Corps had carried one night by assault after twilight had fallen the preceding autumn, to my surprise a flag was flying. I had supposed that the post had been abandoned, but for some reason or other Burnside had left a regiment there. Our approach being observed, the pickets were doubled, for they took us for some of the enemy's cavalry.

I went at once, after seeing the officer in command, to the little, one-story, rough-boarded house that had served as the railroad station; and, while the operator was attaching his instrument that he carried strapped to his saddle, I opened Grant's despatch and read it. In view of its being his first from the Wilderness, I will give it entire: —

WILDERNESS TAVERN,
May 6, 1864 — 11 30 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,
Washington, D. C.

We have been engaged with the enemy in full force since early yesterday. So far there is no decisive result, but I think all things are progressing favorably. Our loss to this time I do not think exceeds 8000, of whom a large proportion are slightly wounded. Brigadier-General Hays was killed yesterday, and Generals Getty and Bartlett wounded. We have taken about 1400 prisoners. Longstreet's, A. P. Hill's, and Ewell's corps are all represented among the prisoners taken.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Meanwhile the operator's instrument had clicked and clicked, but could get no answer, and he decided we should have to go on possibly as far as Fairfax Station. Thereupon I talked with the commander of the escort; I wish I could recall his name, for he and his men were with Hammond at Parker's store on the morning of the 5th. He thought the march should not be resumed till the horses had fed and had a good rest, as it was at least thirty miles to Fairfax Station.

The colonel gave us some supper and wanted to know all about the battle; but I was very tired and in those days with strangers very reserved, so I am afraid I disappointed him, and soon went to sleep, with the understanding that we should start on not later than half-past ten o'clock. Saddling had begun when I was waked up by the officer of the guard, who said that a civilian had just been brought in from the picket-line claiming to be a scout from Grant's headquarters with orders from him to me. I did not recognize the man, though I may have seen him about the provost-marshal's headquar-

ters. He handed me a small envelope containing the following order. —

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 6, 1864 — 2 P. M.

LIEUT. MORRIS SCHAFF,
Ordnance Officer.

The commanding general directs that you return with your party and despatches to these headquarters, the orders directing the procuring of an additional supply of ammunition having been recalled.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The original in the same little envelope is lying before me now; it is beginning to wear an old look and is turning yellow. You, envelope, and your associations are dear to me, and as my eye falls on you, old days come back and I see the Army of the Potomac again. In a little while we shall part; and I wonder if in years to come it will dream of that night when we first met on the Rappahannock, hear the low intermittent swish of the water among the willows on the fringed banks as then, and in its dream go back under the dim starlight to the Wilderness and a boy mounted on a young black horse that had a little white snip on its nose.

As there was no occasion for hurrying back, and the scout and his horse both called for rest, I waited till two o'clock and then set off on our return, the scout taking the lead. That night the stars were dim, and in the woods it was very dark. We had been on our way some time, during which I had paid no attention to the direction we were going, when, for some reason or other, I asked the scout if he were sure of being on the right road. He answered that he was, and we rode on. But shortly after I heard the roaring of water falling over

a dam away off to our right, and asked, "Where is that dam?" He said on the Rappahannock. "If that's the case," I replied, "we are heading the wrong way, it should be on our left."

Well, he reckoned he knew which way he was going; but I was not satisfied, and after going a bit farther told the captain to countermarch. At this the scout was very much provoked, declaring we should soon be completely lost in the woods. He went his way and I went mine, and within a mile I struck a narrow lane which led to a house with a little log barn or shed just opposite, and in a flash I knew where we were, for I had particularly noticed the shed on our way out.

It was really a great relief, as any one will appreciate who has tried to find his way in a dark night across an unfamiliar country.

The water we heard that still night was Mountain Run flowing over the dam and lashing among the boulders below it at Paoli Mills. On my visit to the Wilderness last May I went to the dam, and then to the old, weather-beaten, forsaken mill that stands alone some two hundred yards away in a field. Its discontinued race was empty and grass-grown, and some of the members of a small, scattered flock of sheep ready for shearing were feeding along its brushy banks. By the roadside, below the boulders, is a shadowed, gravelly edged, shallow pool, and as I approached it a little sandpiper flitted away.

Daylight had just broken when we reached Madden's, and, as we were passing a low, hewed log house, a powerful, lank, bony-faced woman appeared at the door combing a hank of coarse gray hair.

I said, "Good-morning, madam, how far is it to Germanna Ford?"

She replied surlily to my question, and then with a hard smile added, "I

reckon you'uns got a right smart good whipping last night."

"What do you mean," I asked.

"Well, you'll find out when you get back." And she gave me a spurning look that as much as said, "You caught h—l and deserved it."

The other day when I travelled the road a catbird was singing in the neglected garden. The woman had long since died. Her name was Eliza Allen.

To fully comprehend what Eliza denominated as a "right smart good whipping" necessitates an account of the operations on the right of the army during the afternoon and late evening of the first day. And for reasons that will be disclosed later, I'll suggest that we walk leisurely up the Flat Run Road and thence to where lay Sedgwick's right.

And before we set off from the junction of the Flat Run with the Germanna Road let me tell you that the darkish, weatherworn roof and stubby red chimney that you see a half-mile or more away across the deserted fields, are those of the old Spotswood manor-house. It is partially concealed by that intervening heave in the ground, and its mistress, Lady Spotswood, is buried on the plantation known as "Superba," near Stevensburg.

In a few steps the fenceless road, a mere two-wheeled track winding among the trees, will lead us through deep and lonely woods. I passed over it twice last May, and azaleas and dogwoods were blooming, and I think I can point out the identical giant huckleberry — it was on the left of the road — whose white pendulous flowers first caught my eye with their suggestion of bells tolling for the dead. And as we walk by them I venture to say that no finer or larger violets are to be seen anywhere in the world, or more pleasing little houstonias. Later on I can promise you the sight of cowslips gilding

patches of shallow, stagnant water; for as we draw nearer to where Sedgwick was engaged, we shall come to the swampy head of Caton's Run and the uppermost waters of the tributaries of Flat Run. The road is between them, the former on our left, the latter on the right. Hark a minute! that must be the same herd of cattle I met with last year: I came on them at this sudden turn and up went every head wildly. I recognize the bells. Yes, the same lonely *kling, klung*: we shall not see them, they are feeding off toward Warren's lines.

We have walked at least a mile. How much farther? Only a short way, a new road is always long. "What is this low, continuous mound that we see on both sides of the road?" halting suddenly, you ask. That is all that is left of Sedgwick's entrenchments. Let us follow it to the right, if for nothing else on account of its soliciting lonesomeness. I am sure it will enjoy our presence, for think of the days and nights it has lain here dreaming, dreaming of the dead. Do you imagine the spirits of those boys ever come back? Oh, yes, they are here over and over again, in line, with flags flying and the roses of youth in their cheeks. And think of the fires that swept through the woods that night! I wonder if they break out anew with the reappearance of the dead? No, and if spectral flames were to rekindle, the trees would shiver down the fallen dew and quench them; for the trees dread to hear those cries again.

The walking is not easy, I know, for the limbs are low and the trees are thick. Moreover it is growing rougher and swamplier; more and more, too, the green vines impede our way. Test their strength if you care to do so. But here is the right of the line near the head of a branch. If we were to follow it till it meets the run, and then a bit farther northward, we should come in sight of

some old fields, but we will not penetrate deeper; let us pause and rest a moment. We are in one of the very depths of the Wilderness. Notice the tufts of moss tagging those forlorn young trees, that dark pool, that leaning stub with its one spotted, leprous limb, and that motionless, fallen tree, those short, gray, melancholy vistas. Were you ever in a quieter spot or one where you felt the living presence of a vaster, more wizardly, brooding loneliness? No, your voice even sounds strange, and, excuse me, if I remark a glint of wildness in your eyes, — that atavistic glint which comes only in places like this.

On the afternoon of the first day about here the right of Keifer's brigade formed — it ought to be known in history as Keifer's, for Seymour had just been assigned to it. It consisted of the Sixth Maryland, One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Twenty-second, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio, Sixty-seventh and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania; and Ohio, Maryland and Pennsylvania may well be proud of their record on this ground. On their left were those sterling brigades of Russell and Neill of the Sixth Corps, only a few of the men visible, the bulk completely buried by the thick undergrowth. Well, the first day, as the sun was on the point of setting, orders came for them to go ahead, and ahead they went.

If in your mind's eye you care to go forward with them I'll go with you; and for the sake of my old state, let us join the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio under Colonel Binkley. The first line under Keifer is made up of that regiment and the Sixth Maryland, the latter on the left, connecting with the Fourth New Jersey. Behind us in a second line are the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio, then the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsyl-

vania, and then the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio. Colonel John W. Horn, commanding the Sixth Maryland, is sending out skirmishers to cover his front; they are under Captain Prentiss, a very gallant man, who in the final charges on the forts of the Petersburg lines led a storming party and, as he crossed the parapet, had his breastbone carried away by a piece of shell, exposing his heart's actions to view. The Confederate commanding the battery which had just been overpowered fell also, and the two officers lying there side by side recognized each other as brothers. Captain Luther Brown of the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio is in charge of the skirmishers in his regiment's front, and he and Prentiss are both soon hotly engaged. Now the order comes for the first line to move forward.

The colors advance; let us go with them. That firm, earnest-eyed man commanding the regiment is Binkley; and there is McElwain, one of the bravest of the brave. The fire is soon terrific, men are falling, but the colors are going ahead and the men are going with them. Did you see the look in that sergeant's face as he fell? and now comes a horrid thud as a shot strikes a corporal full in the breast. But pushing aside the low, stubborn limbs and scrambling over these wretched vines, on goes the line. How hard it is for us to keep up with them, let alone carrying a musket and loading it as we go! There is no silence in the dismal Wilderness now. Smoke is billowing up through it, the volleys are frequent and resounding; bullets in sheets are clipping leaves and limbs, and scoring or burying themselves deep in the trunks of the trees. On go the sons of Ohio and Maryland. I wonder how much longer they can stand it. Look, look, how the men are going down! But don't let us cast our eyes behind us; as long as

those brave fellows go ahead, let us go with them.

The lines are slowing up under that frightful, withering fire. Now they stand, they can go no farther, for just ahead (behind logs hurriedly assembled) on that rising ground are the enemy, and they mean to hold it. Moreover, it has grown so dark that their position is made known only by the deep red, angrily flashing light from the levelled muzzles of their guns. Although Keifer has reported that unless reinforced he doubts being able to carry the position, yet back comes the command to attack at once. The line obeys, but is checked by a terrible fire. Some brave fellow cries out, "Once more"; they try it again, but the fire is too heavy. Here they hold, and bullets at highest speed, for it is very close range, are converging across their flank from right and left, showing that the enemy are overlapping the line. For nearly three hours they stand that scourging fire, Keifer, although seriously wounded, staying with them.

We had better fall back, but let us take this little fellow with us and help him along. Amid flying bullets, we lift him, he puts his arms around our necks, and, colliding with trees, limbs raking our faces, we stagger along over the uneven ground in the dark. Now we stumble headlong over a body, and as we fall, our friend moans piteously, and so does the unfortunate man our feet have struck, who says faintly, "I belong to Stafford's brigade [Confederate]; will you get me some water?" I hear you say right heartily, "Yes, indeed, we will. You help our man and bring a canteen; I'll stay here till you come back." Missing the course on my return, "Where are you?" I cry. "Here we are; come quickly, for the fire in the woods is making this way fast." And the soldier in gray is borne to the rear.

We come suddenly upon Keifer —

who is this riding up in the darkness saying sharply to him, "Support must besent, for the enemy are flanking us"? And just then by the flash of a number of guns we recognize the daring McElwain; down goes his horse, and that is the last of the gallant fellow; he and many others are burned beyond recognition. Let us close our eyes to the scene and our ears to the cries, and leave this volley-crashing and heart-rending pandemonium. The Sixth Maryland has lost, out of 442, 152 officers and men; and the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio, 115 killed and wounded.

Do you know why I asked you to go over this ground with me, Reader? It is because Grant, through misinformation, reported to Halleck two days later that this brigade had not behaved well, and for years and years they have had to stand this bitter injustice. It is true that the next night this brigade, as well as Shaler's, which was sent to its right, was swept away by Gordon in the discomfiture referred to by Mrs. Allen; but let us look into the facts. And while we are doing so the narrative will be making its approach to the end, for a few turns more and it will have run its course.

The impetuous attacks of Russell's, Neill's, and Keifer's brigades were met by those of Hays, Pegram, and Stafford, during which Pegram was severely and Stafford mortally wounded. The losses on both sides were heavy, and toward the close of the action Gordon was sent for by Ewell to go to the support of his staggering troops. Owing to the darkness and the nature of the wood, it was well along in the night, and the fighting was over, before his big brigade reached a position on the extreme left of Ewell's line, which at this point swung back a little northwestwardly. Gordon directed his men to sleep on their arms, and at once sent out scouts to feel their way and find

the right, if possible, of Keifer's position. At an early hour these scouts reported that his lines overlapped it and that it was wholly unprotected.

This news was of such importance that he sent the scouts back to verify it. Satisfied on their return the second time that they had not been deceived, and keenly appreciating what his adversary's unprotected flank invited, he waited impatiently for daybreak; then, mounting his horse, he was guided by his explorers of the night before to a spot where he dismounted, and then, creeping forward some distance, saw through a narrow vista with his own eyes our exposed flank, the men unconscious of danger seated around little camp-fires boiling their coffee. Colonel Ball of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio says that General Seymour, then in command of the brigade, was repeatedly notified during the night that the enemy were engaged cutting timber for their works and moving to our right. For some reason or other General Seymour did not give heed to this significant information and throw up a line for the safety of his right. On regaining his lines Gordon rode at once, burning with his discovery, to his division commander, Jubal A. Early, a sour, crabbed character, who, unlike Gordon and the big-hearted and broad-minded Confederates, bore a gloomy heart, cursing his country to the last. What is bleaker than an old age a slave to Hate!

Readers and Friends, if our higher natures have a dwelling-place, I cannot believe that you will find such splenetic personalities as that of Jubal A. Early occupying chairs before their cheerfully radiant hearth. No, there as here, the Spirit loves the man and soldier who takes his defeats and disappointments with a gentleman's lofty, tender manliness.

Gordon laid the situation before

Early, expecting him to jump at the chance to strike a blow such as that which made Stonewall famous. But, to Gordon's amazement, Early refused to entertain his suggestion of a flank attack, alleging as a reason that Burnside was on the Germanna Road directly behind Sedgwick's right and could be thrown at once on the flank of any attacking force that should try to strike it. If this interview took place between daylight and seven o'clock, Early was probably right as to the presence of a part, at least, of Burnside's troops on the Germanna Road, for, as we have already seen, the head of his rear division, the First, did not reach the Pike till about seven o'clock.

Early declining to make the attack, Gordon went to Ewell and urged it upon him; but he hesitated to overrule Early's decision, and so Gordon had to go back to his brigade, cast down and doubtless disgusted through and through with the lack of enterprise on the part of his superiors and seniors. He was only thirty-two or three, while Ewell and Early were approaching fifty years of age. By the time Gordon had returned from his fruitless mission, Shaler's brigade had been sent to Seymour's right. Thus Ewell's lines lay quiescent throughout the livelong day behind their entrenchments, unmoved by Longstreet's and Field's desperate battling on the Plank Road to the southeast of them.

Stung by disappointment over his failure to carry the Brock Road, Lee set off for Ewell's headquarters, the declining sun admonishing him that

only a few hours remained in which to reap his expectations of the morning. The course he took, if one cares to follow, was, for a mile or more, through a leaf-strewn, overarching wood-road to the Chewning Farm, his general direction almost due northwest. At Chewning's he passes Pegram's and McIntosh's batteries; they salute, — the Confederates cheered rarely, — he lifts his hat, carries his gauntleted left hand a little to the right, presses his high-topped boot against Traveller's right side, and the well-trained gray, feeling rein and leg, changes to almost due north, and with his strong, proudly-daring gallop brings his master to the Pike and Ewell.

When Lee reined up at Ewell's headquarters, he asked sharply, — I think I can see the blaze in his dark brown eye, — "Cannot something be done on this flank to relieve the pressure upon our right?" It so happened that both Early and Gordon were with Ewell when this guardedly reproving question was put. After listening as a young man and subordinate should to the conference of his superiors, he felt it his duty to acquaint Lee with what the reader already knows. Early, with his usual obstinacy, vigorously opposed the movement, maintaining that Burnside was still there; Lee, having just thrown Burnside back from the Plank Road, over two miles from where Early was putting him, heard him through with grim look and thereupon promptly ordered Gordon to make the attack at once. By this time the sun was nearly set.

(To be concluded.)

"MR. JOHN'S MISS BEST"

BY MARY BORDEN TURNER

IT was in one of those wide glittering towns of Southern India, whose bazaars crawl in a sunny stupor about the base of their great gigantic fantastic temple; one of those low-voiced murmuring Hindu cities that are not at all disturbed by the clamor of the railway train and the meagre fringe of bungalow that mark the watchful presence of the "Heaven-born Sahib," but seem wrapped in a kind of sun-dream, a hot torpid delirium of a dream. We went to see the temple, and by accident we found her, little Miss Helen Best, from Pennsylvania, hidden away within the apathetic indifference of that Indian community. She was safe there, as safe as a woman of an Indian *zeñana* is safe from the prying eyes of the world beyond her lattice; and if it had not been for my unwitting falsehood, Mr. John would never have allowed us to hunt her down in her retreat. He guarded his little mistress as jealously as if she were his own child, and he revered her solitude as only an Indian can reverence the mute inactivity of the ascetic. When all is said, I am sure that he deemed her a holy woman, a kind of priestess.

We were three weary, bewildered tourists struggling against that indefinable sense of an atmosphere, somehow vindictive and oppressive, that drags at the vitality of aliens in India. We caught sight of him as our train drew in to the station, afar down the platform, rising head and shoulders above the brilliant undulating sea of many-colored turbans; and even at a

distance he was a sight to refresh us. His turban, his shirt, and his folded skirt were of spotless white muslin; the uncovered parts of his compact, well-formed body shone like burnished bronze; he smiled broadly as he approached, but with an air of control and self-respect.

He was the one person in all the confused throng.

Calmly he gathered us up and deposited us in the shade of the waiting-room. The Colonel took off his *topé*, wiped an aristocratic gray mustache with a large silk handkerchief, and looked at him over his glasses.

"Are you Mr. John, the guide?" he asked. The Colonel seemed somehow less impressive than usual.

"Yes, sir," answered the magnificent Indian quietly.

The afternoon sun struck in an unwilling, diminished glare through the green straw screens that hung before the doors. The long dining-room table, laid for some thirty imaginary diners, gave the impression of having been laid thus for interminable, timeless days. A servant lay asleep on the floor by the counter, where bottles of "Rose's Lime Juice," ginger beer, and "Old Scotch," stood guard among the flies. A lizard hung motionless on the wall over the clock. The electric fan whirled smoothly overhead. The train had moved on; the crowd had melted away, absorbed into the blazing light outside.

"Are there any missionaries here?" Aunt Nora's chin condemned the long table and all the terrible array of soup

and fish and fowl and mutton and brown pudding, that it stood for.

Yes, there was a German Mission. Our hearts sank within us. We had been told there was an American missionary, a lady, and we had made up our minds to cast our tired selves upon her hospitality.

"I understood there was an American lady here?" I persisted.

Mr. John hesitated and eyed us all, up and down, with quiet scrutiny. There was about him suddenly an atmosphere of almost mysterious reserve.

"There is an American lady," he announced at last with deliberation. "I care for her. I am her servant." He drew himself up very straight.

We all brightened at the vision of an American hostess, a cool veranda, a cup of home-brewed tea.

"Oh, that's all right, then. We'll call on her," I announced gayly.

"She is not a missionary, your ladyship;" Mr. John interrupted my enthusiasm respectfully, but with decision. "She lives in retirement. She is writing a book." Then after a short pause, "a book of religion." He spoke the last words with awe and seemed defying us to treat them lightly.

"But we have friends who know her," I found myself almost pleading.

There was a silence. The Colonel stared, wiping the inside of his hat, and waited for his wife to speak.

"You might take my card to your mistress and ask her if she will receive us," said that little lady humbly.

When Mr. John signified his willingness to take the "ticket" to her ladyship and disappeared into the white sunlight beyond the straw screen, we realized that it was an act of condescension on his part, and we waited in an attitude of subdued suspense until he returned, beaming.

Miss Helen Best, he spoke her name now with careful emphasis, would be

pleased to have the ladies and the gentleman come to her for tea or dinner, whichever suited our convenience. We brazenly chose dinner, and Mr. John smiled approval. Now that he had given his consent he was not going to do the thing by halves. He had a generous, even a grand, oriental idea of what hospitality should mean. Would we not come with him and pay our respects to the lady on our way to the Temple, returning later for dinner? Certainly.

We climbed obediently into the large hooded "gari," that stood in waiting, and rolled slowly down the wide monotonous road, Mr. John straight and immaculate beside the ragged driver on the box. Long vistas of dust and sunshine and palm-bordered stone walls opened before us. The air was heavy with heat and the perfume of jasmine and mango flowers. Here and there a bungalow glinted at us from a large drearily sunny garden. We passed two or three Indian women with naked babies poised on swaying hips, and then a bullock cart, the driver nodding sleepily from his seat on the shaft, half-waking to pull the tails of his lumbering team and then dropping his head forward again.

Presently we turned into a narrower road, flanked closely by well-to-do native houses of half-European, half-Indian design, and stopped in front of a small gateway in the middle of a hedge. A vendor of sweets sat on the ground beneath the hedge, his tray of greasy dainties, swarming with flies, in the dust beside him. Through the gateway, about twenty feet back from the road, rose a bright blue house with a narrow balcony across the second story. There were strange Hindu drawings over the door and along the front of blue plaster. At one end of the long narrow balcony hung a red hammock.

Mr. John was opening the door of our carriage with all the gallantry of

a host. The Colonel turned astonished eyes upward to the hammock and seemed about to demur, but Mr. John led the way up the straight gravel path, and we followed. Entering the small front door we found ourselves in a large dim roofed-in courtyard, quite empty except for a table spread with a white cloth that stood in the centre. A balcony like the one outside ran around the second story, and stairs led up at one side. We followed Mr. John again across the stone pavement, up the stairs, and along the little balcony to a low door. There he stopped and knocked.

For some moments we waited, huddled together, talking in whispers. Not a sound broke the stillness. Through the half-open doorway I could see a part of a round table with a heavy plush cover, and on the floor several high piles of books. Beyond, through the open window, showed the railing of the outer balcony and a fringe of the red hammock. Presently Mr. John knocked again and stepped halfway into the room; and at last from an inner distance floated a voice, a little high voice, pitched in the sweet, trustful cadence of a happy child, —

“Just a minute, Mr. John. I’m coming.”

It startled us. It was utterly immature, confiding. Mr. John motioned us to come into the small sitting-room and be seated on the three straight chairs that with the round table and a huge wooden chest made up its furniture. On the floor, against the walls, were many piles of books. We waited another five minutes perhaps.

The Colonel was very uncomfortable. He rolled his cane back and forth nervously across his knees and eyed Mr. John with antagonism. That gentleman filled the doorway, placid, immobile. The sound of a distant temple gong beat through the thick hot still-

ness. And then at last she came, a little figure moving toward us somewhat sideways and holding out a hand shyly.

She was dressed in a white dress that hung quite straight, like a nightgown, from throat to ankles, perfectly plain, with narrow ruffles at neck and wrists. Beneath the hem of this garment appeared white stockings and little black carpet slippers. Her thin soft brown hair hung in a short braid down her back. She was certainly forty years old.

After she had shaken hands with a kind of beaming ingenuous simper, she sat down on a chair which Mr. John produced from somewhere and crossed her hands in timid repose.

“It was so very kind of you to come and see me, and to send word by Mr. John,” she said, in her light, sweet American voice. “I was n’t sure that I ought to invite you on account of this sore on my finger; you may not care to come to dinner; Mr. John has bandaged it for me and thinks it is nothing, but you can’t tell in this country.” She looked at us each in turn, and up at Mr. John happily and trustfully. “I hope you will come,” she added.

We signified with bewildering graciousness, summoned to meet her own, that we would be very glad to come. Her little insignificant features wrinkled into a beaming smile, her small eyes were very bright and looked straight at us, in the most friendly way.

“Do you see much of the missionaries?” asked Aunt Nora by way of conversation. There was a touch of compassion in her voice.

“No, I have n’t yet made their acquaintance,” answered the little person brightly. “Mr. John says it’s the custom for strangers to call on the residents here, but I can’t, and so they have n’t called on me.”

She seemed quite satisfied that this should be so, and went on to explain away the sympathy in our faces. “I

don't go out of doors much, so I don't meet any one. Mr. John tries to get me to go out, but I don't like to. I need lots of time to meditate, and then it's so — so dreadful. I just walk up and down the veranda a little every day for exercise."

"What is so dreadful?" I asked, now thoroughly bewildered, for surely if she had come to India to write a book on religion she must have come, too, to study the life of the people.

"Oh, everything; the heathen life," she said plaintively. "I could n't have Mr. John around me if he were n't a Christian, could I, Mr. John?"

Mr. John smiled paternally.

"But you've been studying the temples, I suppose." I was grasping at a last straw of explanation.

"No, I've not seen the Temple. Mr. John tries and tries to get me to go, but I can't bring myself to." There was real pain in her voice and on her frail, expressively insignificant face. "It's so horrible." She shuddered a little and then smiled again somewhat piteously.

Aunt Nora came to the rescue. "Mr. John tells us that you are very busy writing a book."

"Yes," her eyes became almost beautiful all at once with a deep enthusiasm, "I am writing on the Universal Religion."

My incredulity and amazement must have been almost rude by this time, for the Colonel and his wife rose simultaneously.

"You must tell us about the book at dinner," said the latter; and then, turning to include me, "My niece is quite literary herself."

"How very nice."

She was a happy child again, not in the least interested in us but instinctively courteous. Indeed it was impossible to explain her cordiality as due to loneliness. She was evidently touched

by what she deemed our kindness in coming to see her, and her innate refinement expressed itself in an exquisite cordiality; but the current of her inner life was as undisturbed by our advent as by the tide of forlorn humanity that eddied round her little Indian dwelling.

"And what time will dinner be, Mr. John?" she asked sweetly as we went out.

"At half-after seven, your ladyship," answered Mr. John.

The Colonel was really worried, and stalked ahead, swinging his cane irritably. There was something uncanny about Miss Helen Best's situation that worked upon his old-fashioned ideas of the sanity and propriety of things. He was not at all sure that we should go back to dinner, but his wife, who seemed really touched by the pathos of the little woman's isolation, overruled his vague apprehensions. She wandered by herself wearily through the fantastic courts of the Temple, obviously depressed by what Miss Best called the dreadful heathenism of its grandeur, and so Mr. John was left to the fire of my questions.

He was as genially communicative now as he had been mysterious and reserved. Yes, he told me, she had just stepped off the train one day, as we had done, and he had met her. She had asked him if there was any place where she could stay and he had taken her to the "dak bungalow." After two days she had said to him, "Mr. John, I can't stay here much longer. The travelers are disconcerting. Can you find me a home?" So he found her a house. That was eight months ago. And how long was she going to stay? He did n't know, but he had advised her ladyship to leave next month when the fever set in. It would not be safe for her ladyship then.

I looked in astonishment at his open

face, unwilling to be convinced of the man's disinterested faithfulness. "And you are her servant now?" I asked.

"Yes; she allows me to guide the tourists as is my custom, but I have time to care for her ladyship's house as well. She is very pleased with me. Sometimes at the end of the month she says, 'Mr. John, I am very pleased with you,' and gives me a present." He beamed proudly. His delight in her, and in himself as her trusted servant, and in our interest, increased markedly as the day wore on; and when at last he had us all seated around her dinner-table and had taken up his place behind her chair with a napkin folded carefully over his arm, he seemed ready to burst with proud satisfaction. He kept his two small sons running noiselessly back and forth with a succession of steaming dishes that linger yet in my memory as masterpieces of spicy seasoning. He opened soda bottles with the air of a head-waiter in the Waldorf-Astoria opening champagne, and gazed with bright, alert eyes from one to another as we talked to our little hostess. He looked down upon us, — the Colonel's handsome white head, Aunt Nora's slim daintiness, my own fluffy hair, and his little mistress's happy countenance, — and his benediction covered us all.

And she was exactly as she had been in the afternoon, with no change whatsoever in her costume, but appearing a little smaller perhaps and more helpless as she sat facing the candles, surrounded by the dimness of the great shadowy room. She talked easily and graciously about herself and her work. She had nothing to hide, that was evident, and very little to tell, it seemed, when all was told. She had left America five years before and had stopped first at Singapore. She had stayed there two years, then she had gone to Australia, but after a year had come back to Singapore. Australia was not just

the place for a student of religion. A while ago she had come to India. She had read a good many books on Indian philosophy, and so she thought it would be nice to come here for a while.

"The minister of my church in Pennsylvania writes to me sometimes," she went on; and it was her only explanation of what seemed to her a perfectly natural mode of life. "He wonders when I will come home, but I don't know. It's hard to travel now with all my books, and so I like to stay in one place. It seems to me the Orient is a nice place to write a book on the Universal Religion. It's so quiet here."

After dinner we spent an hour in her little sitting-room among the books that lay heaped against the walls on all sides of us. Noticing my attempts to read the titles of these volumes, she jumped up from her chair and crossed over to the great wooden chest in the corner.

"I have a lot more here," she said, smiling and lifting the lid like a child about to show off its favorite toys. She sat down on the floor and began to take out the books that half-filled it, handing them to me to look at. She handled them nicely, with that sure, gentle touch of a real booklover. Some that she chose at random, I knew, such as W. D. Hyde's *Practical Idealism*, George Adams Smith's *Minor Prophets*, and *The Life of D. L. Moody*. Then there were Stevens's *New Testament Theology*, Hopkins on *Hinduism*, a *History of the Hebrew People*, and a great dreary heterogeneous assortment of new and old religious writings.

"Have you read them all?" I asked, somewhat awestruck.

"Oh, no. I just look through them and read the table of contents and kind of find out what's in them by handling them. I could n't read them all, but somehow the more I have the more I seem to need. Here's a list. I've sent

for five hundred dollars' worth more." She thrust a typewritten sheet into my hands, headed by the name of a Philadelphia publisher. "They are on the way now, but it takes a long time. Books are n't good travelers."

She laughed a little tremulous laugh. For the first time she seemed a little ridiculous sitting there on the floor surrounded by those ponderous volumes. Then her really charming hospitality drew her to her feet.

"Would you like to see my manuscript?" she asked naively of the Colonel who was sitting distraught in a corner.

Lifting the lamp from the table, she led the way into the inner room. It was a twofold apartment, bedroom and dressing-room, but she evidently used the small dressing-room to sleep in, for it contained a straight *charpoy* (string bed) covered with a single cotton sheet, and a wash-stand with an enameled-ware bowl and pitcher. Our hostess opened the farther door of this strange little cell, without a trace of embarrassment, and led us into the front room, which was almost filled by a large oblong table. Covering the entire table were neat piles of manuscript tied with string and placed one close beside the other.

Miss Best held the lamp in one hand and with the other touched the papers gently. Her little face looked old, in the bright light, and pathetically earnest. There was a glint of enthusiasm in her little eyes, like the last glint of the sparks among dead ashes.

"I thought it would take me a year, maybe, to write my book," she said, "but it is five now."

"Is it almost finished?" some one asked.

"Oh, dear, no," she smiled gravely, "but I am really beginning." Then

after a silence, "it seems as though the longer one works, the slower it goes."

We went back through the bare bedroom, silently. There was something noble in the concentrated singleness of her mind, small and unbalanced though it was, that touched and humbled us all. She was too slight and meagre a person, perhaps, to be called a "passionate pilgrim", but her fervent simplicity lifted her for the moment away above and beyond our world.

"We shall hope to meet again, across the water," said the Colonel, bowing over her hand in his most courtly manner.

She wriggled like a shy child. "I don't know when I shall be in America," she said, without wistfulness. But her fine courtesy lent her dignity again as she shook hands with Aunt Nora and me, telling us how very kind we were to come.

Then she pattered down the stairs in her little carpet slippers, and out to the front door. As we climbed into the carriage she nodded kindly many times, always smiling, and as we turned down the road I looked back to see her still standing in the doorway in her little white gown, waving her hand, while Mr. John held a lamp high above her head.

An hour later, as the train rushed us northward, the Colonel lifted his eyes from his account-book, pencil poised in mid-air.

"I gave that fellow ten rupees; I believe he's honest." He nodded with grave decision.

"It's a bitter shame," said Aunt Nora tying her head up in a veil. "Think of all that manuscript."

"I wonder if it is," said I.

THE PROBLEM OF CITY HOUSING

I

THE PROBLEM ABROAD

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

FROM the dry columns of dusty departmental reports I have garnered the text which follows.

Eleven thousand men in Manchester, England, tried to enlist in the army. Eight thousand were rejected, two thousand were accepted for the militia, and one thousand were taken for the army. With that record, and with the possibility of German invasion ever before her eyes, need we marvel that Britain sees the shambling hooligan in her streets with a growing foreboding of the future, or that the nations of Europe, when they seek men to whom their costly tools can be intrusted, look dubiously at the wretched human stuff their cities now produce?

Still more than the armies of war, the armies of peace need men. From recruiting offices of the army, of the workshop, of the factory, and of the forge alike, come tales of rejection and of distrust. A remedy is needed, and that speedily. In a belief that environment may be closely connected with personal efficiency, European leaders of both the peaceful and the militant armies are striving to better the house in which a man is born, in which he lives and dies. They have sought the cause which has produced the defective man behind the gun or machine. They have found that housing has a direct con-

nection with the welfare of every individual in the state.

Scarcely a city but reports a desperate lack of proper housing, hardly a city ward but shows a marvelous upspringing of industries. There is a close relation between these things. I stood with a German on a height crowned by an ancient castle, and looked out over the plain below dotted with tall chimneys. "The old and the new," he said, pointing backward and forward; "it is the same the empire over. Every year sees thousands more of those spires that mean industrial dominance to us." That little label "made in Germany" on the ware they send to us is but one battle-cry of modern Germany. Every one of those chimneys means that many hands are busily at work beneath, that many a head must find some lodging for the night. And good lodging is not secured as easily as good chimneys.

The building of houses has by no means kept pace with the building of chimneys. From every side rises the cry of the worker, "Where can we find decent housing within the bounds of our wage?" Driven by sheer lack of quarters to the slums, many a man, against his will, adds another family to the rabbit-warrens of the tenements, crowding yet more what was already overcrowded almost beyond endur-

ance. For it is the slum only which is elastic. The houses of the well-to-do are not the ones which expand to take in the increase of population. It is the family in two rooms which, driven by necessity, gives up one, or, even when crowded into a single room, takes lodgers in those narrow quarters, to help pay the rent. Thousands of slum-rooms do double duty, night and day. No sooner are the night-sleepers on their way to work than the night-workers appear and fill their places. "Overcrowding" is almost synonymous with "slum."

Were this crowding in narrow quarters temporary, it might be better borne; but the slum has the tentacles of a devilfish. Once it receives its prey within its walls it is loath to let them go. Suppose a laborer, sickened with the fetid air and seeing his wife and children pine before his eyes, wishes to escape: what opportunities has he to better his condition? Even if his wage allows him better quarters, landlords and agents of better buildings often look askance at newcomers from the slums. And small indeed is the percentage of men whose wages allow them to spend more than the minimum for rent. From one end of Europe to the other, permanency of occupation for unskilled labor is difficult to obtain. The cry of the unemployed is heard on every hand. When a laborer cannot tell from week to week and month to month how many days are to be spent in idleness, and how many days are to return a wage, he is apt to keep his one fixed expenditure, rent, as low as possible. For centuries a minimum of expenditure for shelter could only be found in the slum. It is one of the master achievements of the twentieth century that here and there doors of escape are opening even for the man with the lowest wage.

It has often been proved that the

barriers by which the slum holds in its people are not long necessary. By imperceptible but rapid degrees its denizens sink into apathy, and develop that strange malady of the great modern city, the slum-disease. This is an infection productive of infections, a contagion which, as it spreads through the slum, creates new slum-dwellers, and leaves its victims stricken with inertia, drunkenness, and criminality. Marvelous it is and worthy of high praise that so many of the poor escape these characteristics. But let them escape or not, one and all suffer equally in their lack of resistance to physical disease. Malnutrition, bad air, and overcrowding, swell the columns which tell of tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, and every kindred disease. The slum is the great culture-medium of civilization, wherein huge cultures of disease are growing, ready when ripe to rise and sweep the city streets.

Lack of fresh air is by no means the least evil. According to many authorities we require as a minimum from eight hundred to a thousand cubic feet of fresh air per hour to keep the body-machine in efficient working order. A room twelve and a half, by ten, by nine and a half, is a good-sized room for a slum-quarter. Yet the number of cubic feet of air which it contains is less than twice the amount required for health by the average person, even if there is not a stick of furniture on the floor. Add the ordinary amount of furniture, every piece of which subtracts cubic feet from the total air-space, and put four people in the room instead of two. How much chance does each have of getting the minimum amount of fresh air, even provided the air can be completely changed every hour?

As a matter of fact the average slum-house abroad is so constructed that such change is quite impossible. Any one who has struggled with the win-

dows in provincial continental houses knows that they are not made to open and shut. They are there for light or for decorative purposes. They are certainly not there for ventilation. Not only are the windows difficult to open and shut, not only are the families of the slums afraid of fresh air by tradition and precedent, but the very buildings of the crowded quarters shut off the possibility of proper ventilation. Make a personal experiment the next time you walk down a narrow street on a warm day, and notice the window shades. Those on the top floor may be fluttering bravely, while those at the bottom are still. Fortunately for England, many of her slums are still composed of buildings which are from one to three stories in height; but the tall so-called barrack-buildings of the continent, which are more like our tenement-houses, are in many cases as bad as anything New York's streets can show. Ventilation on the first floor, indeed, is no simple matter in the slum. There the open window means an entrance to the filth of the street, the common dumping-ground of the householders along the way.

Few external things indeed have been more discouraging to the workers in the slum than that same habit of dumping. And yet, if the tenants of the crowded street scatter garbage, they do so chiefly because they have no proper means of disposing of it. Their rooms contain mixtures of food, of clothes, and of refuse; the one thing that cannot be found in them is closets for storage. Their sanitary habits are outrageous, — and no small number of English courts and German alleys provide one privy for seven or more families. Their dishes and persons are unclean. Often one faucet will supply a whole court, or in tall barrack-buildings water will be piped only to the first floor. A long trip for water tends to

discourage the morning tub, and darkened rooms where sunlight never falls give little impetus to cleanliness.

Barred from sun, air, and water, those three good gifts, how can the people of the slum produce men and women capable of carrying on the race? One by one the legislatures of the great states of Europe have come to understand the necessity for action. The present paper deals chiefly with the work of Germany and England.¹

That there was need of action, a few figures from reports made less than twenty years ago will show. In 1891 Berlin had 367,000 families in 21,000 buildings, an average of seventeen families to each roof. Scarcely one family in six hundred had a house of its own. 117,702 individuals, seven and two-thirds per cent of the total population of Berlin, lived in cellars. Hamburg was nearly as badly off in this respect. Breslau, Dresden, and Magdeburg each had nearly one-half of its population in dwellings containing but one room, if we exclude the closet called the *zubehör*, which is tiny in size, has no means of heating, and but small opportunity for ventilation. German families in general were housed in the barrack-buildings, four or more stories in height, which corresponded fairly closely to our tenement-houses. The common barrack-house of that period was wretchedly deficient in water-supply, its sanitary accommodations were foul and inadequate, and the possibilities of decent family life within its walls were at a minimum. Despite all these things, the cost of rent was great, often a ver-

¹ The reader who wishes to know the more general details of "The German Way of Making Better Cities," cannot do better than to consult Mr. Sylvester Baxter's illuminating paper on that subject in the *Atlantic* for July, 1909. In that article he may see how the German, fitting each building into its predestined place, as the Italian fits the individual stone to the mosaic whole, builds up the picture city.

aging as high as one-third of the total wage received.

Recognizing that the first thing to do was to prevent the growth of new slums, the German authorities who first took up the crusade began work by passing stringent ordinances to govern the erection of buildings. They were aided in no small degree in the successful carrying out of these measures by the great police powers possessed by the government. Stringent requirements for strength were followed by equally stringent requirements for fire protection. Believing that the solid building up of areas causes most unhealthy conditions, some of the states allowed only two-thirds of a building-lot in certain sections to be occupied by buildings. That regulation gave the children of the poor some chance to play, and gave adults and children far greater chance for air and light. The dark interior room was forbidden. A sufficient number of cubic feet for a change of air was demanded for every room. Water-supply, receptacles for garbage and ashes, storage for food and clothes, were brought under control by various ordinances. But all the requirements in the world would not provide fit houses for the poor. At best such laws serve mainly to guard against the building of new unfit houses. Mere ownership of municipal land, and some funds to use in connection with the work, were not sufficient. Constructive methods were needed.

The plans of campaign pursued by the progressive German towns may be summarized under four heads: Town-planning, the use of foresight in determining the inevitable development of the cities; the building of model tenements that should take care of deficiencies in housing, serve as models, supply needed balance-wheels to speculation, or stimulate activity in private building; the encouragement of priv-

ate builders and coöperative building-societies; the demolition of the slum, either by destroying old buildings and replacing them by new model tenements, business offices, or parks, or by such repairs of existing dwellings as would make the old houses fit for sanitary use.

Town-planning is by no means a new conception. As far back as 1668, just after the great fire, Sir Christopher Wren proposed a town plan for London. In its provision of means of communication, and in general excellence, many details of his general scheme are not excelled to-day. He proposed that "all trades that use great fires or yield noisome smells be placed out of the town." The modern scheme sets down such removal as a primary necessity. Means of communication, by the Wren plan, were to be considered of the greatest importance, and there were provisions for streets of three different widths, all yielding easy access to the centre of the city where stood the Exchange. The modern plans lay great stress on rapid transit to and from the centre of the city, believing in general that the place where workmen should live is in garden suburbs encircling a town containing manufactories, stores, and warehouses. Wren differentiated his roads by separating them into traffic ways and residential streets. The first were to be wide, costly, and strongly built to stand heavy wear and tear, the second narrower, less costly, and built for less arduous service. The new methods divide streets into three classes. First the wide, expensive street, through which traffic is to pass; second, the narrow and comparatively inexpensive street; and third, what may be called the undetermined street, which may in time become a traffic-route, but which is intended to be used primarily for residences. This third type of street may be built inexpensively, may be narrow,

and can be enlarged at a minimum of expense because of the foresight shown in its construction. This type of street is laid out with gardens in front of all houses. The garden-space can be added to widen the thoroughfare to the proper width whenever it becomes necessary to expand. Compare this method with the costly American habit of building up narrow streets, with the enforced result of buying both buildings and land, when residential streets are turned to traffic purposes.

Nowhere does Wren's foresight seem more prophetic than in his plans for redistricting his ideal city. Even two centuries and a half ago men were able to understand that the close relation between cost of land and cost of rent per room of any building on that land made it inevitable that dwellings, where offices should be, would call for office-rents. The European workman is housed to-day in many cities on land worth from twenty thousand to eighty thousand dollars an acre. Only by building on every possible foot of such land, only by crowding human beings into every available inch of space, can tenements for the poor pay upon such property. It is the general experience of foreign cities that it is wiser to replace demolished slums by model tenements on less expensive land outside the business or manufacturing section. That this seems wise, not only on financial but on hygienic grounds, it is hardly necessary to dispute.

Few things are more wastefully expensive, or more naturally disorderly, than a large proportion of the great cities. Huddled together without rhyme or reason are shop and factory, hovel, barrack-house, and mansion. By various plans the Germans are trying to sift out their dwellings from the chaotic mass, sending them into the suburbs, and leaving the industries grouped in the centre of the town. That is the

principle behind the plans for the encircling garden-suburb; and such ideas, to be developed by building laws, exist in the "zone system." In this system the height of houses, and the portion of a lot which may be occupied by buildings in any section, are limited by distance from the centre of the town. In general, we may say, that the farther a zone is from the centre the smaller the number of houses to an acre, the smaller the number of stories allowed to a house. The zones are by no means mathematical circles, however. Such regulations naturally tend to group the factories. In Cologne, for example, buildings in the centre of the city may be five stories in height with a mansard. In outer portions of the city, delimited by law, no building may rise over three stories in height, or occupy more than forty per cent of its lot. Saxony made such a scheme compulsory for all towns in 1900; and Prussia, before that time, by a suggested plan, which was not completely carried out, endeavored to limit the height and number of houses in the line of the prevailing winds which blow over Berlin, in order to obtain fresh air for every part of the city. Various German communities which have taken up such schemes have developed the placing of houses in such a way as to obtain a maximum amount of sunshine, and have made sure that space should be left for parks, for playgrounds, and especially for the garden which helps to pay the rent.

Summarizing the most enlightened general regulations of Germany which have to do directly with building operations, we may say that their general trend is to do away with speculation, rigidly to control the builder who is building for investment, and to give the greatest possible freedom to the individual who desires to build for himself. The authorities desire to encourage individuality and resourcefulness.

They step in to guard the community when it is a question of building in the mass. The limitation of dividends on municipal money loaned for house-building; the leasing of lands for periods of years, with the proviso that the buildings to be erected thereon shall become town property at the expiration of the period of lease; the reservation of powers of repurchase, and of powers for the breaking of leases in cases of necessity, have all shown enlightened progress. Most of these projects have already borne fruit in model tenements containing happier and healthier citizens.

All these things cost time and money. Do they pay in human lives? Is the efficiency sought obtained? For answer take the death-rate of one city, Offenbach-am-Main, which has done much for the housing of its citizens. In the ten years from 1870 to 1880 the city death-rate was 23.6 per thousand. From 1880 to 1890 it was 20.8. From 1890 to 1900, it was 18.5. In 1908 it was 14.1. Every year of the last decade has shown increased activity. Every year has seen the death-rate a little lower. In that one German city modern methods are saving from nine to ten more human beings out of every thousand to-day than were saved thirty years ago, while the gain in efficiency, in the possibilities of life which these figures denote, is quite immeasurable.

No nation more than Germany has recognized that the bleakness and barrenness of the tenements form one point in a vicious circle which includes drunkenness, immorality, and gambling, and which makes for disease and death. None has done more in fighting the depressing effect of slum-life by the potent aids of pleasant surroundings, of gardens, music, and incentives to out-of-door life. None has understood so completely that good housing affects each member of a family, down to the

tinest babe, while remission of direct taxes, or state aid of many other sorts given to the poor, is but too likely to result in assistance to the one member of the family who needs it least, to the head of the family, alone.

Much of the work of England has progressed along lines parallel to those followed by Germany. Part one of the English Housing Act (an act which applied also to Scotland and Ireland) provided for the wholesale clearance of slums, and the erection of model municipal dwellings in their place, either on the same spot or on cheaper land in the suburbs. Part two of this act provided for the compulsory setting in order of unfit habitations at the owner's cost, and for the demolishing of houses where the owners refuse to act. Houses were seldom demolished under this provision. The owners almost invariably became much interested in better housing before their time-limit expired. Part three of the act gave power to English local authorities to buy land, erect houses, lay out open spaces for gardens, playgrounds, and parks, in much the same way as is now being done by the municipalities of Germany.

According to figures given by Nettelfold in his *Practical Housing*, the cost per head of rehousing under part one of this Housing Act varies from two hundred to one thousand dollars, averaging three hundred and seventy-five dollars. His lowest average, taken for purposes of comparison, is given as two hundred and fifty dollars. Against this is placed the cost of work done under part two by Liverpool and Birmingham, cities which paid less than seven dollars per head for satisfactory rehousing. The average cost, given for purposes of comparison, is taken as fifteen dollars. Part one can provide better houses for a small number of people. Part two can provide fair houses for a vastly greater number. Many of the believers

in part two think it safe to state that at least fifteen persons can be healthfully housed by the use of this scheme to one that can be so housed by the use of part one.

At the very time that the Lords were estranging the Commons by their revolutionary rejection of the Budget, they passed a new housing law which previously they had practically declined to enact. This law involves sanitary changes of great interest. Every county council is to appoint a medical officer of health, who is to have general charge of the health of the county. This officer is to care especially for houses unfit for human habitation. As a most important adjunct to this executive, provision is made for a committee on health and housing conditions, which is to hear all matters of this sort coming before the councils.

Far greater powers have been given by this bill to all officials dealing with housing questions, and tens, almost hundreds, of thousands of additional houses have been brought under the law which provides that all contracts for houses at low rents shall imply that they be reasonably fit for human habitation, at the beginning, and through the term of their occupancy. In case houses of this type are found to be unfit, the authorities may make them fit, and recover all costs from the landlord.

Cellar dwellings and back-to-back houses are forbidden. Town-planning schemes of magnitude are provided. Powers of radical action on the part of the authorities are greatly enlarged, and many additional schemes for the betterment of the housing of the people are laid down.

For those who long for "the whole sky," and trust in its beneficence, it is a pleasant duty to record some few details which deal with "Garden Cities" swiftly springing up outside the smoke

and grime of English towns. Underlying these various projects are basic ideas worthy of citizens of Altruria. They require that the property be highly restricted, that the number of houses built on each acre be sufficiently limited to give each householder pleasant and healthful surroundings, and that these houses be placed among green-swards where children may play, and old people dream. They demand that all the services necessary to community life shall be rationally and wisely developed, that all building and planning shall consider both the hygienic and the æsthetic possibilities, and that the joys of country life shall be combined with the advantages of the city. Ealing, Bournville, Port Sunlight, the Letchworth Garden City, Harborne, Hampstead, each of these settlements contains many of the elements of the ideal garden city. Of this list, two, Bournville and Port Sunlight, owe their existence to the public spirit of two men, Bournville to Mr. George Cadbury, Port Sunlight to Mr. W. H. Lever. Rivals in a worthy strife, the cottages at both Port Sunlight and Bournville are models of architecture and sanitation. Plenty of sun, air, and water, gardens and garden allotments, gymnasias, children's playgrounds, open-air swimming-baths, social clubs, good schools, and neat, well-ordered shops managed by employees on coöperative lines make both these villages models of their kind.

In 1909 the outlay on Port Sunlight was stated to have been something more than two millions and a half of dollars. It would have been no slight task, with that enormous expense, to make the village a self-supporting financial success, but this has not been attempted. As the houses are intended to supply homes for the workers in the Lever Brothers Company, rents have been fixed only to cover taxes, repairs, and upkeep. The annual cost to the

firm of the maintenance of the village is many thousands of dollars a year, but it is the firm belief of the employers that their expenditures here are returned manifold in the better conditions of the employees, the permanency of the staff, and the attraction of many excellent workers to the plant because of the possibilities of life in the town.

Bournville, made over to a board of trustees as an absolute gift by Mr. Cadbury, is increasing the scope of its original work by means of the surplus revenue in the trustees' hands. Open to workers outside the Cadbury Cocoa Works, Bournville has, for considerably more than half its householders, men who work in other places, and who are entirely independent of the cocoa factory. From six shillings and sixpence a week to seven shillings and sixpence will house a worker well. Detached houses can be hired at rentals ranging from thirty to forty pounds, and every tenant is a landed man, for every cottage has a private garden. This is all planted before it is turned over to a tenant's care. Two expert gardeners with a staff of employees care for the general garden-work of the village, and stand ready to advise each individual householder. Is it any wonder that no tenant leaves unless he is obliged to do so, and that there is a permanent waiting-list large enough to occupy every house, were all suddenly vacated? Mr. Cadbury himself states that "nothing pays the manufacturer better." And he goes on to say that the great work of the future must be to enable the poor "to remove from the squalor and temptations of city life and settle amid the wholesome, helpful sights and sounds of country life. In a word, the people must be brought back to the land."

The policy of the Lever Brothers, of building houses for their employees to be rented at practically nominal rents,

attractive as it is in many ways, is open to serious objections. Some of these are met in this particular case by Mr. Lever's partnership plans. Others are basic. We have seen, in no very distant time, newspapers filled with the account of homeless men, women, and children driven into the winter cold by general eviction from corporation-owned houses. One of the evils which has stirred England most, of recent years, has been the complaint of agricultural laborers of "lose your work, lose your house." Few things make more directly for self-respecting independence than a man's ownership of his own domicile. If a man's house belongs to his employer, and the same hour sees the loss of work and of home, the independence of the worker is sapped. Mr. Cadbury, of cocoa fame, has adopted a wiser course. From the first he has insisted on making his houses produce a fair return in rentals, but he has released all personal claims to Bournville, and has turned the houses over to a board of trustees. If corporations are to enter upon the building of houses to better the condition of their employees, they can scarcely do more wisely than to adopt the Bournville plan. If they cannot follow the great philanthropy of Mr. Cadbury, let them invest their money in sanitary houses, rent them at such rates as will bring them in a fair return, and then give the control of the houses over to an absolutely disinterested board of trustees.

The possibilities for use of corporation-building on such a scale as Bournville and Port Sunlight are not large. Municipal action may do much, but, in the end, few lessons are more vitally necessary to the United States than those which may be drawn from some of the European coöperative societies, such as the Berlin Savings and Buildings Society which operates in and around Berlin, and the Ealing Tenants,

Limited, now a part of the Co-Partnership Tenants Societies at Ealing, just outside of London.

The magnificent buildings of the Berlin Society, although of the city-block type, possess many striking advantages. Sheltering in their Hasler Street buildings as many as a thousand families, each family can obtain three large rooms for one hundred dollars a year. (The Rixdorf tenements, just outside Berlin, provide four model rooms for one hundred and twenty dollars a year.) In these buildings the problem of keeping the children off the street is solved by providing sunny inner courtyards and playgrounds. Ornamental gardens were first planned, but the authorities in control soon decided that a garden of children is better worth cultivating than a garden of flowers, and the whole space was turned over for play purposes. Flowers are not neglected, however. The balconies are filled with them, and the whole side of the building is gay with bloom. One more point in this connection. The Germans know far more than we do concerning possible economies of space. Take the roof of a model tenement, for example: it may hold baths, lockers, laundries, playgrounds, drying-rooms, and many of the more general offices of the house.

The Ealing Tenants, Limited, is a concrete expression of a belief in co-operative ownership and administration. First shares in the undertaking may be bought by incoming members at £10 each, and every tenant-member must take in the end not less than five shares, an equivalent to the cost of the land on which his house is placed. It is evident that, if co-operative housing is to do good to the people who need it most, money must be brought in from outside. The society, therefore, divides its capital into two parts, the shares just mentioned, and the loan stock which the society has power to

issue. How this scheme has resulted is evinced by the fact that five per cent has been paid on shares, and four per cent on loan stock, from the very beginning of active operation. Nor is that all. The company has been able, in addition, to accumulate an undivided surplus to care for unexpected losses and repairs. The ideal of this community, like that of the other associations making up the Co-Partnership Tenants Societies, is to have the tenants say, "This estate is ours," not "This house is mine." In other words, they desire to have a general ownership of the whole plant by rent-paying tenants as a body, instead of having each individual family hold the title to its own house. The purposes of the copartnership societies, which follow, are well worth quoting specifically: "To secure suitable sites; to build suitable houses; to let the houses at moderate rents; to pay a moderate rate of interest on the capital invested; to divide the surplus profits among the tenant-members in proportion to the rents paid by them after such charges as maintenance, depreciation, and repairs have been met; to have every tenant-member's profits paid to him in shares until the total so paid is equal in value to the value of the house in which he resides; to pay the total amount to him in cash when such equalization is secured." It would be hard to draw up a broader or a sounder programme.

Since the great mass of surplus profits is held as a part of the capital, such a system makes for the safety of capital and for regularity of dividends. Since, by the wholesale buying of building supplies, as high as twenty per cent of the total cost has been secured, the system makes for radical reductions in cost as well. As the cost of interior repairs is chargeable against the individual tenant's profits, such repairs are

kept at a minimum. Since the profit to every tenant depends on the general profit of the whole, each member becomes an ardent agent for the property. Since rents in Ealing are below market value, and the tenants enjoy many of the advantages of the garden city, the task of the amateur real-estate agents is not difficult. Best of all, every member of the society is getting returns from something which costs him time, energy, and a moderate amount of money, all of which things make him value the opportunity presented to him far more than any tenant can value purely philanthropic aid.

In housing, as elsewhere in municipal reform, we are but too likely to forget the personal side. The reducing of flesh and blood to statistics and generalizations too often withers that full course of sympathy necessary in affairs which deal with human lives. The understanding of human nature which shines through the record of the achievements of Miss Octavia Hill is of especial value to the man or woman who wishes to give personal aid.

From small beginnings Miss Hill's work has spread from house to house, and district to district, until thousands of dwellings owned by many different corporations and individuals have now passed into her governing hand. Invariably those houses have produced satisfactory financial returns, and have provided good homes for the tenants. As an educational policy the system is almost unrivaled. Briefly stated, it is as follows. The slum-houses which pass under Miss Hill's control are first carefully inspected, to determine whether or not it is possible to put them in a fit condition for use. When a scheme for renovation has been decided upon, certain portions of the most necessary repairs, such as the mending of roofs, and the bettering of the water-supply and drainage, are carried out. The tenants

are then given an opportunity to use the benefits thus conferred, with the understanding that those who use them well will be given more, while those who use them ill will be obliged to leave. When such personal benefits are aided by a bonus for prompt payment of rent, and a tactful, though persistent campaign of education, a swift reformation is likely to result. Thereupon the work of changing wretched dwellings into thoroughly comfortable houses is hurried forward as rapidly as funds will admit. The money for such repairs is obtained by an equalization of the rights of landlord and tenant.

Five per cent income only is paid to the owner, no matter what may be the return on the investment. At least four per cent has been steadily returned up to the present time. All money received above this sum, after charges for insurance, taxes, and maintenance have been met, is applied to the betterment of the houses. The tenant, therefore, has every interest in keeping up with his rent and reducing unnecessary repairs. To obtain such results elsewhere, it might prove necessary to build up a system of control similar to that established by Miss Hill. Her collectors and inspectors are trained women who are required to use that somewhat rare sixth, or common, sense, and who have developed an extraordinary amount of tact in their difficult task of training the tenants to help themselves.

Successful as are many plans for improving houses in the centre of the city, there can be little question that the great possibilities of the future lie in the development of the suburbs. No general misconception has been more insistent or unfortunate than the old one that the workman must live near his work. Of a minority this is undoubtedly true, but of the great majority it is untrue. The chief obstacle to suburban development is now, and

will remain, the lack of a cheap and rapid transit which provides a seat for every passenger. Belgium, by its development of a complete system of inexpensive workmen's trains, has already shown the way in which such cheap and rapid transit can build up a whole countryside. The progression of this kingdom on the theory that the provision of workmen's trains is as necessary a part of the functions of a railroad as the carrying on of a freight department, has produced a remarkable exodus to the country from the city.

A workman's round-trip weekly ticket (twelve rides) for a six-mile trip on the Belgian railroads can be obtained for less than twenty-five cents. Thirty cents a week will buy such a ticket to and from a station twelve miles out. Fifty cents a week will take a man back and forth every day from a station thirty miles out. As a result of this policy, a comparative record for ten years showed an increase of the number of these tickets sold from about 1,200,000 to about 4,400,000. According to Professor Mahaim's figures, one period of two weeks showed 5830 laborers traveling daily to some distance; 9925 came to their work on Mondays. These figures show a large proportion who spend their week-ends at home. Belgian villages by the score act as bedrooms for the workers of the city, for whom the high wages of the city are thus combined with the economic advantages of the country. Speaking of the work already accomplished, Professor Emile Vanderwelder wrote as follows some time ago, in an article in *Soziale Praxis*:

"Enter Hesbaye or Flanders from whatever side one may, the country is everywhere thickly strewn with white, red-roofed houses, some of them stand-

ing alone, others lying close together in populous villages. If, however, one spends a day in one of the villages — I mean one of those in which there is no local industry — one hardly sees a grown-up workman in the place, and almost comes to the conclusion that the population consists entirely of old people and children. But in the evening quite a different picture is seen: we find ourselves, for example, some twelve or thirteen miles from Brussels at a small railway station in Brabant, say Bixensast, Genval, or La Hulpe. A train of inordinate length, consisting almost entirely of third-class carriages, runs in. From the rapidly opened doors stream crowds of workmen, in dusty, dirty clothes, who cover all the platform as they rush to the doors, apparently in feverish eagerness to be the first to reach home where supper awaits them. And every quarter of an hour, from the beginning of dusk till well into the night, trains follow trains, discharge part of their human freight, and at all the villages along the line set down troops of workmen — masons, plasterers, paviors, carpenters with their tool-bags on their backs."

Gather the skeins together, follow each clue to its end, and the investigator is forced to the conclusion that the housing hope of the future lies outside the city walls. The vision of the time to come shows suburbs circling massed workshops, homes set in green trees, and surrounded by playgrounds and fertile gardens. Costly land is used for business. Cheap land is held for dwellings. Nor is that vision so remote and fanciful that we must consign it with a sigh to a longed-for distant day. There is no fallacy more abominable than the one which declares that "that which is must be."

FEDERAL RAILROAD REGULATION

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

"At the rates which we find would have been reasonable, the total charges should have been \$301 84 . . . The complainants can have reparation only for the difference between what they actually paid, \$310 75, and what we now find should have been assessed, or for the sum of \$8 91 An order in accord will be herewith issued" — Opinion No 1961, INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

Was it indeed for such momentous results as this that the country was bombarded by presidential messages; that the utmost activities of the press, for and against legislation, were called into action for months; and that almost unlimited oratory stands spread forth upon the pages of the Congressional Record? Was all this expenditure of political energy in the enactment of the Hepburn Act of 1906 worth while, in order that a peach-canner in Martinsdale, Georgia, should receive reparation of \$8.91 on about three carloads of his wares? Was a mountain in travail to bring forth such a mouse as this? Perhaps not, for this man alone; but the significant fact is that, within two years, about nine thousand of his fellows appealed to the Federal government for an adjustment of their transportation difficulties, great and small. The overwhelming majority of these complaints were settled informally out of court, and in this work of reconciliation one of the most conspicuous and beneficial functions of the new Commission appears. But an increasing number of these complaints seem to require a formal hearing and decision of record. Some indication of the public relief sought is afforded by the fact that within approximately the first two years and a half, up to August 28, 1908, 1053 cases on the formal docket were disposed of, leaving over five hundred

issues still undecided. As compared with this total of over fifteen hundred formal complaints under the new law, the number filed under the old law amounted to only 878 throughout the long period of eighteen years. Moreover, the number of complaints filed seems to be steadily increasing. During the first year from September 1, 1906, only 387 cases were filed; the next year the number rose to 448; and in the last twelvemonth, to August 28, 1909, it amounted to 1083. Surely it cannot be averred that the public has failed to respond to the new law.

These activities of the government's agents, it is almost needless to mention, afford no true measure of the benefits resulting from the law. Like every other sound piece of legislation, it was intended to be preventive, not punitive. The number of arrests by the police affords no indication of the effectiveness of a criminal statute. Not the violations of law, but the breaches forestalled, are of real significance. And similarly in this instance, one surely finds the primary benefit of legislation, not in the complaints preferred, but in the fact that, under the improved relationship between the principals concerned, many long-standing causes of irritation and misunderstanding are being removed. The real gain, not to be measured by figures, is to be found in the improved spirit of the inter-

course now prevalent between railway officials and their customers. The shipper — especially if he be a small one — having business to transact may now be sure of courteous treatment and a prompt and probably just outcome. In the old days he was too often made to feel his utter economic dependence. As a high traffic official recently put it to me, "One reason we do not like this law is because we have to stop and think twice what we are about. We must be ready to explain and show a warrant for every act. An attack of indigestion cannot any longer serve as an excuse for an arbitrary, off-hand ruling." This improved spirit has permeated the whole staff of railway officials, from the officious baggage-smasher, who made one feel that it was a favor to have one's chattels demolished, to the vice-president in charge of traffic, who has seen a new light on the public aspect of his calling.

For a year or more after the law first went into effect, the railroad managers on their part seemed submissive and in a chastened mood. The Commission also exercised its new powers rather timidly. But a change seems to have supervened of late on both sides. So far as the railroads are concerned, the political atmosphere has certainly cleared. Popular hostility against them has considerably abated. "The best tariff we ever had" moves toward the middle of the stage. A change of administration has ensued, with a marked increase in the professionally *legal* ballast of the ship of state. A goodly number of important cases before the Federal courts, which once appeared threatening, have been decided in favor of the carriers. Thus the "commodities clause," forbidding railroads to operate coal-mines and similar enterprises, has been pretty effectually emasculated by the Supreme Court. For while with one hand it upheld the consti-

tutionality of the law, with the other it pointed the broad and easy way to evade it. The late Mr Harriman, before the same tribunal, was excused from revealing any of the details as to his frauds upon the Chicago and Alton and Union Pacific stockholders, for whom as director he was supposed to be a responsible trustee. The Standard Oil Company, by the aid of eminent counsel, seems likely to evade punishment for much of its rebating. And an unexpectedly large number of injunctions have of late issued to postpone enforcement of the Commission's orders until they are passed upon by the Supreme Court.

Nor is it likely that the brightening financial situation is without effect. Now that the dark days of the depression of 1907 have passed into history, ambitious financial plans, temporarily abandoned, are being revived. Some of these probably would be hampered by any further extension of the principle of government regulation and publicity. Certain it is that the railroads have chirked up. They are manifestly "feeling their oats"; and are displaying a disposition to contest the law at every point. Upwards of thirty cases are now pending before the various Federal courts, which have been taken there on appeal from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This opposition to the law is perhaps in part also due to the fact that the Commission itself has stopped whittling and has begun to saw wood. A number of really fundamental questions are up for settlement. Can it be that the great contest of 1905 has been so soon forgotten? Must the great political principle of public accountability of common carriers be reaffirmed by another popular upheaval? Surely railway managements cannot be so blind to their own welfare as deliberately to invite it.

The nature of the complaints before the Interstate Commerce Commission, with its amplified powers under the new law, affords the best indication of the most important feature of its work — namely, the settlement of disputes between the railroads and their clients. And it will be apparent that a large number of these only indirectly raise the issue of the actual freight rate. Often-times they concern rather the manner of conducting business. An attentive perusal of these decisions of the Commission offers interesting evidence of the range of a carrier's activities. Every little station all over the country between Aaron and Zuwash, and every conceivable commodity, from "mole-traps in crates" to "jewelers' sweepings," is comprehended. The fact that these disputes, often pecuniarily insignificant, could not be amicably adjusted by the good offices of the Commission informally, but necessitated formal hearing and decision, is the strongest possible proof that some competent tribunal of this sort was greatly needed in the interest of industrial peace.

One of the commonest petty complaints is of misrouting of freight. Goods are carried by a roundabout way, or by one not enjoying the lowest through rate. Thus, to be specific, in 1908 six carloads of print-paper were shipped from Little Falls, Minnesota, to Boisé, Idaho. Three routes were open, the rates being respectively \$1.30, \$1.36, and \$2.17 per hundred pounds. The Northern Pacific road, in absence of instructions, sent the goods by the third route, — presumably the one most profitable to itself, — the result being a freight rate \$1760.62 greater than it need have been. Reparation to this amount was granted within three months by order of the Commission.

Another frequent difficulty concerns the supply of suitable cars for the needs of the shipper. Carload rates

are always proportionately lower than charges for package shipment. The carriers very properly prescribe a certain minimum lading as a requisite for the grant of these proportionately lower wholesale rates. The shipper at carload rates must, however, pay for the full capacity of the car, whether his shipment fills it or not. No exception can be taken to this practice, unless the carrier is unable or unwilling to supply cars of a suitable size. This sometimes happens. For instance, in 1908, a lumberman in Oregon, having a shipment of 39,500 pounds to make to a point in Pennsylvania, requested of the Southern Pacific a car of 40,000 pounds capacity. Not having one at hand, a much larger car was furnished, having a minimum capacity of 60,000 pounds. Following the standing rule as to carload rates, the shipper was compelled to pay 62½ cents per hundred pounds on the marked capacity of the car, that is to say, on 20,000 pounds more freight than he actually shipped. This made a difference of \$128.12 in the freight bill, — nearly fifty per cent in excess of the charge based upon the actual shipment. The Commission issued its order for reparation within five weeks of the filing of the complaint.

A flagrant case of the misapplication of similar rules was recently decided. A retail druggist at Douglas, North Dakota, bought a sheet of plate glass eight feet square at St. Paul for forty-six dollars. Usually such large sheets have to lie flat on the car floor; and, occupying so much space, are properly assessed at a minimum weight of five thousand pounds, regardless of the actual lading. But in this instance the glass was carried upright, screwed to the end of the car, along with a lot of miscellaneous freight. Applying the standard rule made the freight bill for a distance of 587 miles, \$9.50 more than the *entire cost* of the glass at St.

Paul. It appears strange that the carrier should have permitted so clear a case to come to a formal hearing at all. Presumably it contested it as much for the protection of its standard rules, as for the sake of the actual revenue involved. No exception can be taken to these shipping rules as a whole; but these cases make it evident that their application may be at times too harsh and rigid. The tribunal established by the new law performs a much-needed service to the community in tempering their application in exceptional instances.

Attempts at arbitrary exclusion from participation in through shipments, in order to stifle competition, not infrequently crop out in these decisions. In 1905 the Enterprise line, capitalized at four hundred thousand dollars, put three steamers into commission from Fall River to New York. This independent line was of the utmost importance to the cotton manufacturers, as it was expected that at New York connection could be made with competing rail and water lines to every part of the United States. But all these lines, presumably at the behest of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of the business, and which, with its enormous tonnage of high-grade freight to be parceled out among connecting lines at New York, was a formidable factor, promptly declined to join in making any through rates. All their local rates from New York on were, of course, prohibitory. In one instance, while the through rate accorded to the shipper over the New Haven road was $16\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hundredweight from New York on, the patron of the Enterprise line was charged $25\frac{1}{2}$ cents for the same service.

This case recalls a similar one in 1897, when the independent Miami line of steamers from New York tried to break

the monopoly held by the steamship lines owned by the railroads out of Galveston, Texas. The roads not only refused to pro-rate, but actually demanded prepayment of freights from Galveston on, as local rates. The Federal courts tinkered with the subject for a while, until the Circuit Court of Appeals, while recognizing a probable violation of law, affirmed that suit could be legally instituted only by the United States. Meantime, of course, the company was forced out of that business; and rates have steadily risen ever since. In this later instance of the Enterprise line, the Commission promptly ordered an extension of the same privileges to the independent line that were enjoyed by its powerful rival.

No railroad can be blamed for seeking to protect its own business interests. It is the function of this tribunal with its amplified powers to determine when these efforts conflict with the rights of others. In the far Northwest it was long a grievance that neither passengers nor shippers from the State of Washington could find an outlet anywhere except over the united Hill lines of road. Neither through tickets nor through bills of lading could be had by a natural route to the Middle West, or even to Colorado or Utah, through Portland, Oregon. The reason was plain. The northern transcontinental lines got more revenue from traffic which went east over their lines a thousand miles, by way of Spokane, than when it was turned over to a rival line at Portland, Oregon, after a haul by them of only one hundred and fifty miles. Even in 1907, at the time of extreme congestion of the Northern Pacific main line, when it was literally overwhelmed with business, the lumbermen complained that they could find no relief by these other routes.

The opening of this Portland gateway did not have to await the truce or re-

conciliation of the Hill-Harriman forces — the mere dictum of private individuals; it was speedily accomplished by an easy process of law. In this instance the business interests of an entire state took joint issue with the carriers. But the same remedy is open to the small shipper. Thus, in 1907, the Commission intervened in behalf of the Hope Cotton-Seed Oil Company. This little concern in the South shipped seventeen cars of one season's product out over a certain road, on a low through rate. The railroad agent was then informed that these shipments interfered with the policy of establishing new industries of this sort on another line; and the through rate was canceled. This jumped the charges from 17½ cents per hundredweight to 67 cents, — almost the entire worth of the cottonseed. Since the new law went into effect, the Commission has prescribed a new rate of 30 cents; and industrial peace is the result.

Thus does the work of this tribunal go on, with its daily grist of opinions on almost every conceivable phase of the transportation business. It may be to prescribe that, even though inflammable, small-lot shipments of petroleum must be accepted by a carrier at least twice every week, instead of on only one day; that structural iron may be stopped off *en route* at Indianapolis, as it is at Chicago and St. Louis, to be sheared, fitted, and punched, without losing the benefit of a low through rate, just as cotton is halted at the compressor, or grain is milled in transit; that a definite rate must be quoted on jewelers' sweepings, — the dirt and waste laden with particles of gold destined to the smelter, — even though it expose the carrier to the risk of exorbitant claims for damage in case of accident. But whatever the issue, one has the satisfying conviction, after reading the pros and cons in the de-

cisions, not only that the matter has been settled by a disinterested and supposedly impartial third party, but that the decision is endowed with the beneficent force of public authority. As one reads these decisions, there is no evidence of political log-rolling, or of legal quibbling. They go straight to the point on the economic and common-sense issues involved.

By no means are all these decisions in favor of the shipper. In fact, during the first fourteen months, only forty-six out of one hundred and seven formal cases were thus settled. The railroads enjoy no monopoly of unfair practices. Indeed, many of the rules, the exceptional application of which works hardship, were originally provided to meet some attempt at fraud by shippers. They might be underclassifying; seeking free storage on wheels pending sale of their goods; claiming exorbitant damages; or perpetrating any one of a thousand petty meannesses to which human nature is liable. One or two instances of shippers' complaints set aside as unreasonable may not be out of place.

The Topeka banana dealers in 1908 complained that bananas *en route* from New Orleans were subject to an appreciable shrinkage in weight, amounting to about six hundred pounds per car. Inasmuch as about fourteen thousand cars were being moved annually, it is clear that the aggregate loss of weight was considerable. The practice had been to weigh the bananas when transferred from the steamers at New Orleans to the cars, and to levy the freight rate upon this weight. To this the dealers objected, instancing among other things the practice, long prevalent in the cattle business, where a similar loss of weight in transit occurs, of charging according to the weight of the shipments, not at the initial point, but at the point of delivery. At first sight the

complaint appears to be well founded. Surely one should not be compelled to pay freight on a greater lading than is carried. But the Commission on examination decided in favor of the roads. It was shown that the service was most exceptional as to the shipment, handling, and speed; and it was held that the charges were on the whole reasonable and just.

One of the most important issues in which the railroads have won their contention concerned the loading of lumber on flat-cars. For half a century the practice has been that the shipper should provide his own lumber-stakes and pay freight on them as on the lumber itself. In 1905 the National Lumbermen's Association tried to change all this, and to impose upon the carriers the legal duty of securing the loads in place as they do with many other commodities. The carriers offered a compromise, agreeing to allow five hundred pounds per car free for the weight of the stakes; but refused to accept responsibility for safely stowing the goods. The Commission finally, after prolonged inquiry by experts, relieved the carriers of this care and expense.

It is undeniable also that the carriers have found solace in certain unforeseen ways under the amended law. The rigid prohibition of all favors and rebates has substantially raised the general level of charges, so general was the practice of cutting rates a few years ago. To be sure, this increase has affected principally the large shippers, thus tending to equalize opportunity between all grades of competitors. But over and above this, the prohibition of any act tainted with favoritism has enabled the carriers successfully to withstand many leakages of revenue. Claims for damages can be plausibly denied on the ground that their settlement might arouse suspicion, and possibly lead to prosecution for the grant

of individual favors. Many roads have also actually augmented their revenues by this same line of argument. The custom of charging a merely nominal rental of one dollar for freight-sheds, other buildings, or land used for side-tracks or elevators, was formerly general. It would have been awkward to place these contracts on a strictly commercial basis, especially where the tenants were shippers, with the option of resorting to a rival line. But on the plea that a continuance of these nominal rentals might be considered a criminal act of favoritism, substantial increases of revenue have been obtained. On one road alone over three thousand of these nominal rentals have been raised to strictly commercial figures. The aggregate increase of revenue from this source has been by no means inconsiderable.

An odd feature of the problem of railway legislation is that it has to do with all three of the great coördinate branches of the government. The making of rates seems to be a legislative act; their supervision, as actually applied, an executive or administrative act; and their correction or review, a judicial act. Separation of these three powers is a fundamental principle of our government. To enter into a discussion of the reforms needed in the mere methods of procedure and administration of the present law — a topic with which the present administration is admirably fitted to cope — is beyond the province of this article. Suffice it to say that a logical repartition of hitherto confused and conflicting governmental functions is proposed, in order to promote celerity and certainty in the application of the law. The present Commission, with certain enlarged powers, is to hear and pass upon complaints, this being an executive act. A special commerce court

is to be created, to attend finally to all matters of judicial review of orders of the Commission, short of those purely constitutional questions which must go forward to the Supreme Court. And this strengthening of the judicial arm is to be accompanied by a transfer of the service of prosecution of suits to the Department of Justice. To the non-legal expert it would appear to be an admirable division of governmental labor.

The problems put up to the Interstate Commerce Commission are not all of the relatively petty or individual character of those already described. As was confidently predicted by railroad men, this body with its enlarged powers has been brought face to face with great economic questions, whose determination is vital to entire commonwealths, and even to the whole country. One of these hard nuts for the Commission to crack concerns the reasonableness of the various freight-rate advances which have of late been occurring all along the line. This raises a question as to the absolute fairness of the new rates as against the interest of the general public. One conclusion is certain. The new law has not prevented the carriers from persisting in a policy, adopted nearly ten years ago after a generation of steadily declining rates, of quite generally putting up their charges. Unfortunately, the law of 1906 is defective in making no provision for dealing adequately with such cases. The Interstate Commerce Commission is limited in its scope to the consideration only of specific complaints. It cannot of its own initiative pass upon the reasonableness of an entire new schedule of rates in advance of its taking effect. It must take the matter up, if at all, bit by bit, as individual shippers chance to complain, after the rates have become operative. This abridgment of its power to pass upon the

reasonableness of tariffs as a whole was effected in the Senate. It was not contemplated either by the late administration or by the House of Representatives. The result, as was predicted, is that little protection is afforded to the public in any large way. Judging by results, the railroads are as free as they ever were to increase their tariffs, whenever they see fit so to do.

There is imperative need of amending the law, and of granting power to suspend such rate-advances, not as now in particular cases on complaint, but as to entire schedules of rates, prior to their taking effect. The experience of the last few years has amply proved the need of some such amendment; and it is gratifying to note that President Taft, judging from his public utterances, seems likely to favor the proposal.

It is matter of common knowledge that railway rates persistently rose between 1900 and 1906. The extent of the changes since the new law went into effect is not so generally appreciated. From an arsenal of evidence, a few details may be selected as typical.

Few commodities are of greater importance to the United States than chemical fertilizers, used in enormous quantities all over the country. The basis of these is phosphate rock. The freight rate on this from Tennessee to Chicago in 1907 was \$3.40 per ton. It was increased to \$3.95, until the Commission ordered its reduction to the old figure. At the same time the Oregon lumbermen had their rates to the East increased about one-quarter, after a period of quiescence of six years. From the Willamette Valley to San Francisco — a test case now before the courts — lumber rates were \$3.10. In 1907 they were put up to \$5. The Commission held that \$3.40 was an adequate rate. The last general in-

crease occurred in January, 1909, particularly in transcontinental rates, where the fruit of the Harriman monopoly made itself felt. Not unduly great in the East, considering the increased costs of operation, — twenty-five cents per ton on pig iron and iron pipe, for instance, — the Pacific Coast rates from New York rose often as high as fifty per cent. The rate on dry goods went up by one-third. Therein lies a part of the motive power for Union Pacific speculative finance.

Occasionally one strikes an exorbitant rise in the East, however, as in one instance where on imported iron pyrites used in making sulphuric acid, the rate, which in 1903 was \$1.56, became \$2.72 four years later. And the hardship often obtains in the fact that these increases have been most marked in the case of the small shipper, — the very one who, in these days of large enterprises, we can least afford to spare. The rate on cotton goods from the South to the Pacific Coast rose only fifteen per cent between 1896 and 1907 by the carload; for smaller lots it rose sixty-five per cent. In 1907, 38,000,000 pounds of cheese were produced in southwestern Wisconsin. The shipper to Chicago by carload paid only about ten per cent more in 1907 than eight years earlier; but the shipper in smaller lots was compelled to pay forty per cent more. As always, the change is along the line of least resistance. Such a policy makes for larger dividends; but does it tend to the perpetuation of equality of opportunity as between great and small concerns? That is a social question of the very first importance.

This chronicle of rate-advances in a time of industrial depression is not offered as an indictment of recent railroad management. It is merely intended to show the contrast between the present conditions of combination

and monopoly, and the old-fashioned days before 1900. Everybody then assumed as a matter of course that railroad rates, while they might slacken in their thirty years' decline, would probably never be actually higher than at that time. And yet here they are greatly enhanced in a time of trade reaction; and, for aught that one can see, likely to keep on rising. And while the rises of 1900 were part and parcel of a world-wide price movement, these later advances bearsome indications of greater independence. That little incident of a prompt rise of the rate on lemons from California, just as soon as the new tariff law had effectually debarred the Sicilian product and enabled higher prices to the consumer to be charged, was a case in point. Not all the benefits of a protective tariff were to go to the fruit-grower, by any means!

The allegation of the railway men is that these freight-rate advances are not peculiar to the carriers alone. They discern a warrant for them in their greatly enhanced wage-scales and price-lists since 1900. "The decline in the purchasing power of the railroad's dollar" has been a favorite subject for railway writers, — generally, by the way, presaging another increase of freight rates. But it is certainly open to question whether the carriers have not already fully squared their accounts in this regard. They certainly have fared better in this respect than the general public. The record of increase of net incomes and stock dividends within the last ten years certainly appears to prove that, while their scale of expenditures may be rising, its acceleration is exceeded by the growth of income. No other conclusion is possible.

The carrier's argument that a rise of freight rates must fully keep pace with the course of general prices and wages, also neglects consideration of

the well-established economic principle, that a railroad's profits normally increase more than in proportion to the swelling volume of its traffic. Technically speaking, a railroad affords one of the clearest known examples of an industry subject to the law of increasing returns. This was exceptionally clear before 1898, when prices and wages began to mount. Between 1880 and 1897, for example, three times as much freight and two and one-quarter times as many passengers were transported, at an increased operating cost of only about one hundred per cent. The ever-widening margin would have yielded increasing net returns, had not unregulated competition constantly pared down the rates. This erosion of rates, thanks to the advent of monopoly and combination, has now entirely ceased. So that the effects of the law of increasing returns can be more readily observed.

Even during the last ten years, therefore, the evidence is indubitable that the railways make more money in proportion to the growing volume of their business than they did before. And there is no question as to the enormously rapid rate at which their business is likely to grow in future. Statistically measured, the railways of this country in 1907 carried more than double the traffic of 1898. Take the case of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1900 its freight business amounted to about 1,572,000,000 ton miles. For 1909, the corresponding figure was 5,266,000,000, an increase of over three hundred per cent — or about thirty-three per cent yearly. Surely this enormous growth of business, under the known laws of increasing railroad profits, ought to count for something in the public's favor. And yet the large increase of transcontinental freight rates in January, 1909, bears no evidence that it did so.

Turning from the past to the future, the all-important question is as to the rights of the shipping and consuming public against further continuation of this policy of rate-advances, in the face of the bounteous rates of return upon the actual capital invested. How far are the common carriers of the country partners of the people in industrial prosperity? Are they alone to be immune from the periodic industrial reactions to which all other forms of business are exposed? Because the volume of their business declines in times of panic, are they entitled to recoup their losses by advancing the price of their commodity — transportation — because they seem to have the power to do so? That was certainly their policy during the depression of 1907-08. And if they can increase their rates in a time of depression, how much greater is the probability that they will continue to do so now that prosperity has returned.

To all these contentions it will very properly be replied, that the necessity for enormously increased transportation facilities, in order to keep pace with the growth of the country, makes it imperative that attractive returns on the new capital invested should be guaranteed. This is certainly true. Nor can it be doubted that the anti-railroad political hysteria of 1906-07 threatened unduly to cut off this supply of new capital. But there is still a latent popular suspicion that in far too many cases exorbitant returns are yielded.

This suspicion has been kept alive by numerous recent events. The Northern Pacific Railroad, in addition to enormous improvements of its plant out of surplus, for some time regularly paid seven per cent dividends, and that too on \$93,000,000 of new stock issued at par; then, suddenly, in December, 1908, paid an extra cash dividend of

eleven per cent out of a secret fund, not known to exist except by its directors. The Great Northern Railroad in 1898 increased its capital stock by one-half, and again in 1906 doubled this total in order to keep pace with its earnings. The earnings of some of the anthracite coal roads are spectacularly large. The Lackawanna for some years has earned over fifty per cent annually on its outstanding capital stock, effecting a partial distribution of its surplus by a cash dividend of fifty per cent, and a stock dividend of fifteen per cent in 1909. Even the Reading is making a show of earnings on its huge overload of capitalization, — partly a product of early fraud and speculation, and partly representing debts incurred to buy up and carry the American anthracite coal-supply of the next hundred years. And in 1910 even the notorious Nickel Plate line, unloaded upon the Lake Shore a generation ago, as a speculative hold-up, begins to pay dividends on its common stock.

The expert may perhaps be able in some cases to show a warrant for these acts. He may prove, for instance, that long-continued reinvestment of surplus earnings in the property has legitimately enhanced its value; or, to be specific, that the extra Northern Pacific dividend of 1908 represented an accumulation of income based upon conservative management. An enthusiast might even go so far as to attempt to prove that the late Mr. Hariman's increase of the stock and bonds of the Chicago and Alton Railroad by \$62,660,000 — without a dollar's worth of new capital paid in — was merely an effort to readjust the outstanding capitalization of a prosperous road, after years of thrifty management, to its newly discovered earning capacity. And the validity of this argument must be admitted within reasonable limits. The trouble is that the undiscerning

public is unable to distinguish the fraudulent from the honest financing; and visits its suspicions alike upon the sound and the unsound.

There is one weak point in the elaborate defense by the financial expert of an unlimited enhancement of railroad earnings and dividends. It is advanced in support of the contention that railroad charges must not be held subject to review. This is the assumption that all undistributed surplus earnings of a company are as completely the property of the stockholders as are the presumably reasonable dividends declared. And at first sight, this appears plausible enough. If, as actually happened in 1907, net earnings of all the railroads of the United States, available for dividends and improvements, amounted to \$479,000,000, while only \$227,000,000 was actually checked out to stockholders, more than half still remained on hand. A goodly portion of this, of course, must be laid by for the lean years when earnings fall below the average. But what of the remainder? Obviously there is only one use to be made of it. Reinvest it in the plant, lay double tracks, buy new equipment; and — the optimist will add — give better service even if it costs more to do so. But immediately there arises a question in the public mind. These surplus earnings, thus reinvested, are in part the public's investment. After liberal dividends have been currently declared and all the risks of bad years have been insured against, the stockholders' sole right to the balance would seem to be neither absolute nor clear. Or, otherwise stated, the stockholders' right to a maintenance of the existing level of rates is called in question. Charges once reasonable under conditions of liberal but not excessive dividends, may become exorbitant when the returns on invested capital exceed a fairly ample rate. Such is the prin-

ciple of division of profits in the London and Boston sliding scale of rates for gas companies. And the analogy is clear with the popular demand expressed in the British budget for taxation of the unearned increment of land values.

The trouble, of course, is that in practice these surpluses are quietly laid away year by year, and then suddenly capitalized in the form of stock dividends or other bonuses. This custom blocks the wheels of the argument above stated. This argument, that the surplus above fair dividends was in part the public's surplus, was predicated upon the assumption that the ownership of railroad securities is unchanging and permanent. But stocks and bonds are constantly passing from hand to hand. Suppose a road is known to be accumulating a heavy surplus from — let us say — exorbitant rates. The value of its securities rises steadily in the same proportion, if the facts be known. Innocent persons, trustees, and widows buy these securities at the new and enhanced prices. The former stockholders "cash in" their shares, and pocket their portion of the surplus. The new owners pay full value for the portion which they thus acquire. When this surplus is distributed as a "melon," they are merely given possession of goods, already paid for. Shall public authority intervene, and deny the right of these eleventh-hour investors to come into their own? No court would permit it for a moment. The public's share in the surplus earnings is gone forever. And what is worse, the private owners once possessed of these surpluses become endowed with the right to a fair dividend return thereon for all future time. Exorbitant rates create undue surpluses; such surpluses lead to new issues of stock; and this stock, once issued, compels a continuation of the high rates.

The economic phenomena of increasing and possibly unreasonable freight rates, of unwarranted surpluses, of "melon-cutting" and stock dividends, all impel one to the same conclusions, — conclusions embodied in the recommendations of President Taft to Congress. All these phenomena hang together as cause and effect. A vicious wheel of policy is set rolling, which cannot be arrested. Nor may any halfway plan of control be adopted. That is the trouble with the Hepburn Act. Admirable as many of its provisions are, it can never be successfully applied in any large way, until the interdependence of earnings, that is to say of rates, of capitalization, and of the value of the properties themselves, is recognized by law.

One of the most extensive rate-controversies in our economic history in the Far West perfectly illustrates this statement. All the Rocky Mountain cities, from Spokane to Albuquerque, have been up in arms for years about their high rates of transportation from the East. These rates are often as much as one hundred per cent higher than rates to the more distant Pacific Coast points. The complaints of Spokane may be taken as typical of the complaints of practically every town of any size in the Rocky Mountain area. The rate from New York to Spokane on "tin pails and lard pails nested" is \$1.90 per hundredweight; while the rate through to Seattle is only 85 cents. The result is that no dealer in these goods at Spokane can meet the competition of rivals at Seattle. What is true of nested lard pails is true of practically all goods consumed. It is obvious that there are only two possible remedies for this disparity in charges. The Seattle rates may be raised; or the Spokane rates may be reduced. The former course is precluded by ever-present water compe-

tition by way of Cape Horn and the Isthmus. To raise rail rates to Seattle would simply force traffic to come by sea. To adopt the other alternative — to reduce Spokane rates — means to cut into the earnings of the transcontinental roads. These Spokane rates could justly be reduced only if they were unreasonably high. The only possible standard by which to judge of this fact, in general, is on the basis of the rates of return on the entire investment of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads. Their attorneys introduced this line of argument voluntarily, by offering proof that their properties were well worth the amount of their capitalization, and that on this basis no abnormal rates of return obtained. Spokane met this argument by recital of a long series of high dividends, and of stock-watering.

The Commission was thus forced to take up the matter of valuation; just as the Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly been led to the same conclusion. It promptly appeared that both great transcontinental systems had regularly been earning from ten to fifteen per cent annually upon their stocks at par; and that a part at least of this capitalization was fictitious. Yet the surplus over fair dividends distributed had regularly been reinvested in the property; and, as we have seen, this surplus had been indistinguishably merged in the rest of their outstanding securities. As the Commission observed in its opinion, the harm done by unjustifiable stock-watering was irremediable. It was of no avail to close the stable door after the horse had been stolen. What should have been done, was to provide for some system of government regulation of the issue of railway securities year by year; and then to see to it that the rates charged should produce no more than a fairly liberal return on this capital after mak-

ing due allowance for all contingencies.

There is nothing revolutionary in the idea of a valuation of railroad property by public authority. No less than four states have done it most elaborately; and one of them at least has annually inventoried the possessions of its public carriers since 1893.¹ Railroad enterprises have never prospered anywhere more than in these states, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. And even in Texas, the projected new construction affords ample proof that investment is not deterred by the presence of this form of state control. One of the surprising features of some of these valuations by state authority, moreover, is their indication that many of our railroads are not in reality overcapitalized at all. In Minnesota, for instance, the total issue of stocks and bonds in 1908 was \$44,200 per mile; an amount just about equal to the estimated cost of reproduction, with due allowance for depreciation. In other words, this official valuation showed that the roads represented an investment practically equal to their entire issues of stocks and bonds. State valuation should indeed have no terrors for the honestly administered property. One of its principal benefits would be the segregation of the financial railway sheep from the goats in the public and investment eye.

An interesting case of governmental valuation far exceeding in amount the issue of securities, recently occurred in Massachusetts. The question of a fair scale of rates for its services being raised, an inventory of the physical property of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company showed a valuation of \$46,500,000. This pro-

¹ These state valuations have been more technically described by the author in the *Political Science Quarterly*, 1907, pp. 577-610. The latest valuation in Minnesota is described in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for May, 1909.

perty was capitalized for only \$38,900,000. Such a proceeding under the seal of public authority is of two-fold advantage. It allays public suspicion of over-capitalization. It also encourages capital by affording proof of the security behind its investments.

Advocacy of the principle of Federal valuation of railways does not necessarily mean that all the railroad possessions of the country need be inventoried at once. To do this would involve the expenditure of several million dollars. Moreover, the practice in effecting such valuation is by no means standardized as yet. It is a proceeding studded with technical difficulties of the first order. But, little by little, as state after state and corporation after corporation take account of stock, the procedure will become established. It is a branch of administrative activity requiring business and engineering talent of a high grade; but experience has already demonstrated its entire feasibility. And the need of it for the final settlement of disputed rates would seem to be beyond question.

The crowning feature of the legislation proposed by the Taft administration is governmental control of the issue of stocks and bonds by railroad companies. It is becoming increasingly clear that unless the Federal government assumes such responsibility the several states will do so independently. This latter alternative would be ineffective, and at the same time intolerable. Nor is there anything subversive of the established order in this proposal. Massachusetts has had an anti-stock-watering law since 1893. The result is that over-capitalization, whether of railroads, traction companies, or gas and electric-light companies is a non-existent evil. States as far apart as Texas and Wisconsin have also suc-

cessfully applied the same rule of publicity to the financial acts of their corporations. The most notable instance is, however, the creation of the Public Service Commissions of the State of New York. In the settlement of such knotty questions as the reorganization of the metropolitan traction companies, or the financing of the water-logged Erie Railroad, they may occasionally have blundered; but, on the whole, no unbiased critic will hesitate a moment in attesting their work a great success. No agency could protect the people from the evil results of the barefaced frauds upon the investing public perpetrated in the financing of the New York traction companies. Yet clearer skies are ahead; and a distinct improvement in the character of rapid transit has already resulted from the activity of these public bodies.

Several positive advantages, other than the mere prevention of gross fraud, are likely to follow the adoption by the Federal government of the principle of supervision of the finances of interstate public-service companies. The first of these, of course, is the prevention of an extortionate scale of charges for service rendered. Only last November the Wells-Fargo Express Company "cut a melon," by the declaration overnight of a three hundred per cent cash dividend out of accumulated surplus. Having thus trebled its capitalization, and the new shares having become widely disseminated, express rates in future over a large part of the United States must be maintained high enough to pay dividends upon this enormously inflated basis. Had guardians of the public interest been suitably forearmed, the economic warrant for this act would have been at least subject to review.

Not the least of the benefits incident to Federal control of railway finance would also be the stability thereby imparted to the financial markets. One of

the worst evils of our American railway finance has been stock-market manipulation by directors and their friends. The very recent rigging of Rock Island shares is a case in point. Despite the brilliancy of some of his achievements with the Union Pacific, it is indubitable that the late Mr. Harriman inextricably entangled his railroads in stock-market operations. That his speculative plunges under corporate names had a successful issue, does not in the least lessen the force of the criticism. Such operations depend in the main upon secrecy in financial affairs. The publicity incident to governmental control of capitalization would go far to abate what has long been a nuisance and a menace in American corporate finance.

Still another positive benefit which would accrue from the adoption of the President's policy of financial regulation, would be the extension of the market for railroad securities. Two great stores of capital for investment, one old and one very new, might be largely drawn upon for the development of transportation in future, were the light of publicity and governmental approval to be thrown upon new issues of securities. European capital has too often fared badly at the hands of American railroad managers. Our Eries and our Chicago Great Westerns have too far outweighed our Illinois Centrals and our Pennsylvanias among foreign investors. They have come to regard America as a field for speculation, rather than as one for investment. And the same thing is true in some degree of our Western farmer. Our agricultural population "out West" is no longer up to the ears in debt. The aggregate of its invested capital is now becoming large. This will be a great financial reservoir as years go by. These people, like the European investors, hold state activity in high esteem. Could their

savings be led into the channel of railroad investment, especially in the lines serving their own localities, the carriers would profit, not only directly, but by the creation of an atmosphere of political conservatism as well. It makes a great difference in the temper of a village whether the deacons of the church and the selectmen of the township are merely shippers of farm produce, or are shareholders in the railroad at the same time. A prime factor in winning the confidence of this class, and in offsetting the appeals of the political demagogue, would be the acquiescence of the railroads in a reasonable policy of financial supervision.

Eminent railway counsel avers that this is no time to reopen the issue of Federal railroad legislation; that, in fact, we are only just recovering from an era of political hysteria on the subject, and that legislative tinkering should be postponed until the Hepburn Act has at least had a fair trial. The answer is that the present administration is pledged to this policy, — to the perfecting of the programme of President Roosevelt in this regard. In a time of widespread prosperity, the American people are in a not unfriendly state of mind toward the carriers of the country. The experience of years proves that adequate public control is the only alternative for a socialistic programme of public ownership. The American people are happily not interested in this latter plan. But the bills now pending in Congress, and the state of public opinion on the subject, show the insistent demand for adequate supervision in future of these most powerful and indispensable public servants. In time of peace prepare for war. The surest protection against the shafts of the demagogue will be found under the ægis of publicity and ample Federal supervision.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WINE OF ANONYMITY

LET me not be misunderstood. I am not now thinking of the pleasures connected with the anonymous letter — the letter which, in disguised hand, warns Benedick not to trust Beatrice too far, or advises Beatrice to follow up Benedick and find out what he does between eight and nine of a summer evening. In the fashioning of such epistles there may be — there must be — a certain gratification, but it has never come my way. I have never experienced either the thrill of writing such a letter or the pang of receiving one.

Nor do I mean the fierce but coward joy of asserting, in an open letter, unsigned, that Iago is a liar and a villain, and thereby escaping the annoyance of a libel suit in consequence. This pleasure also I have never tasted, though I really have strong opinions about Iago, while disliking libel suits.

No. The wine I speak of is milder than this, and has no bitter after-taste. Having neither officious warnings nor malignant vituperations to utter, I yet find a certain gentle exhilaration in being able to express my thoughts without a signature.

I am, I believe, not the only person to feel this. The other writers in the Contributors' Club, entering its doors, which close softly behind them and tell no tales, and approaching its social hearth in the cosy club-room whose walls have ears, perhaps, but no tongues — they too, I notice, carry themselves with a more buoyant and jaunty bearing than the Olympians who sit enthroned in the Body-of-the-Magazine. There is a glare of publicity about

Olympus that even the gods felt — witness the way they slipped into human disguise or drew on the *tarn-helm* when they wanted to be really at ease. Often, indeed, this was when they were up to mischief, but not always. And the Club members are never up to mischief, and yet we like to be nameless. We are not saying anything that we are ashamed of, and yet — and yet — it is such fun to wear the *tarn-helm*!

For there is a certain relaxation that comes when we know that we are not going to be held up to what we have said, that we shall escape the annoyance of being expected to be the kind of person who said it, whatever it may be. When we meet a man who has written things, we expect him to live up to his signature. Usually he does n't, and then we grumble, "Is n't he the man who wrote — —? I thought so. Well, he does n't look it, does he?" Probably he is tired of being expected to "look it," and does n't mean to, and is glad he does n't.

In spite of Emerson, consistency is a hobgoblin. Most of us cannot help feeling that what we have said one day we must abide by the next, and this makes us careful. We are brought up from youth to think twice before we speak, and so we do. We think, perhaps, three or four times; and when we have done our thinking we have begun to suspect that we are poor creatures anyway and might better not speak at all; which may be the case, or not. Now the joy of anonymity is that we speak twice before we think. Perhaps — oh, mad and forbidden pleasure! — we never think at all, we simply speak. The result is that we are absolutely spontane-

ous and happy. The wine of anonymity has loosened our tongues, and we prattle on in unchecked and artless fashion, and often more pleasantly than when sobered by the cold gray dawn of responsibility.

It is probably the same thing at bottom that makes people so much better company at a masquerade than under any other circumstances. In the circle of the black mask and the domino we have no name, no past, no future, no self to live up to or down to, and the mood that is uppermost need never impose itself upon a later mood. We can be spontaneous and genuine. No wonder we are good company! For on the whole our spontaneous impulses are kindly and gay. We are almost always ready to love our fellow men for an hour, if we are not thereby committing ourselves to loving them for a lifetime.

It all seems to come back to the same thing—a reluctance to commit ourselves. It is easy enough to be advised, "Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again." To the visionary and the recluse this may be easy, but those of us who live close to our kind, who take color from them, who can never do anything without being conscious of an effect upon them which reacts in turn upon us—such vacillating and feeble chameleon-folk as these love to run to the cover of the anonymous; they wrap themselves snugly in its mantle and mask, and then—ah, then—they step out at ease, they hold the head high, they begin to say, "I think," instead of, "It is sometimes thought"; and "I doubt," instead of, "It appears doubtful." Ideas come to them with a rush. They have so much to say, now that the saying does not commit them to anything in particular. They can confess their souls without being taken too seriously, or, indeed, being "taken" at

all. They can berate the newspapers, and then settle down peacefully to the perusal of the latest murder news, and no one will taunt, "I thought you said that you never read the papers." They can write an encomium on Milton, and then take down Sherlock Holmes unchallenged by any one. They can hurl a philippic against magenta, and then choose a winter suit or the dining-room wall-paper of that color, without fear of reproach. Will any one say that this is not as wine to one who falters?

Perhaps the fear of consequences keeps us from a few bad acts, but I am convinced that it also deters us from many good ones. It keeps us from being as disagreeable to people as we should sometimes like to be, but it also keeps us from being as nice to them as we sometimes have the impulse to be.

I often think of this as I stand beside the track in the country and watch a train rush past. The engineer is usually leaning out of his window. I wave to him, he waves back, we smile in most friendly fashion, and the train flashes by. I am the better for the greeting, and I hope he is. Once I stood on a bridge and watched a slow freight creep along under me. The train men stood or lay on the tops of the cars, and as they passed they tossed salutations up to me. I caught them all. It was great fun. But afterwards I reflected, "What *would* have happened if that freight had suddenly stopped under the bridge, as freights sometimes do, or if the engine had blown out a cylinder or something, so that the intercourse of the moment threatened to be prolonged for an hour or two?" I fancy all those genial men would have suddenly stiffened into stolid automata, and I should have had a pressing engagement elsewhere.

This is what keeps happening to us all the time in life. Our human intercourse is constantly being thwarted by

our consciousness of consequences. It is especially the case when we are young. Young people feel that they can hardly have an intimate conversation without its ending in a promise to correspond, or an invitation to visit. If we keep this attitude as we grow older, the consciousness that a moment's intimacy may entail so much makes us pause before taking the fateful plunge. How often do we draw back in a moment of expansion because we reflect, "Shall we feel the same way to-morrow, or next month?" How many friendly impulses do we restrain because we are afraid the freight train may stop, and something more be expected of us!

But sometimes as we grow older we come to realize that we have made in part our own burdens, and missed some rare pleasures. We discover that if we are honest and natural, intimate moments may prove to be not millstones but stars. Among my treasures of memory are those flashes of communion with others which have apparently lighted no lamp of friendship needing daily tending. It may have been with an acquaintance, — who ever afterward remained, as before, an acquaintance merely, — it may have been with a stranger, standing beside us for a moment in a crowded shop, or a seat-fellow in a railroad train. The moment has come, we have recognized it, enjoyed it, and it has passed, but it is none the less prized.

Perhaps if we had more courage we should shake off the tyranny of our own words and acts, and not need the mask and mantle to set us free. But so long as we are what we are, I cannot but think we are happier, gayer, and no less good, if now and then we drop our names and speak without a thought of our own identity, if now and then we don our mask and cloak and fare forth among our fellows, freed from the restraints of our own personality.

BOOKS AND BOOK-SHELVES

LONG before Dr. Eliot set about constructing his three-foot shelf of books, which he has lengthened out to five; long before Dr. Crothers wrote an essay on the hundred worst books, men of note and men of letters had with such diligence been compiling lists of both kinds that a weary world has more than once cried out, "Sufficiency! enough!" No one less distinguished than the President Emeritus of Harvard could ever have persuaded us to reopen the discussion. As for Dr. Crothers and *his* list — one can't help remembering that Boileau preceded him with a tabulation of the world's worst books. Cervantes, too, drew up a once-famous list of the very worst novels. Whereas the best hundred of them — the goddess Dullness has always had a finger in compiling such statistics: —

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled in native anarchy the mind.

I make the quotation without disrespect to Dr. Eliot. Dr. Crothers has made it before me; and I am sure, too, that the original author of the couplet had no thought of applying it to the carpenter of that five-foot shelf we hear so much about to-day.

The hundred best books — the hundred worst books: it is only "emphasis" and the personal equation that determine which of them any list of books is — for reading purposes. I know an oldtime couple in Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose favorite reading, of a lamp-lit evening, is Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. They must be arrived by this time at the letter V, — and are strong, doubtless, on the definition of words like *vacant*, *vacuous*, *vacuum*, *vain*, and *vapory*. Perhaps these good people include the *Dictionary* in their list of the best hundred books, — if they ever stopped reading long enough to make one out.

After all, the best collection of one hundred books is that which has got itself together accidentally on my bedroom book-shelf; or on yours, provided you read in bed. Our "libraries" are sadly diluted streams: they float books that have been given to us by injudicious friends at Christmas-time, books left over from our course at the University, books too technical or too dull for real companionship, books got together for some serious purpose or other. It is different with any hundred books whose relation, the one with the other, is unstudied and fortuitous: books that stand on our shelf for no other reason than that we like to read them. Books that have been accumulated in a hodge-podge and pell-mell manner and claim no sort of cousinship are, as it falls out, the books most happily mated. They are like relations in human families: they cannot help themselves. These are the books that one really reads: reads in bed, with a jar of tobacco on a table alongside, and a pipe in one's mouth; reads on suburban trains; lends over week-ends to one's friends (and sees no more). Here are the books that are never "taken to town" when we "move in," at the end of the summer or autumn: books like the *Natural History of Selborne*, and a certain statistical volume labeled *Birds that Prey on Other Birds and Vegetables*.

I like the way in which the most incongruous titles and subject-matters drift together on my bedroom shelf. It does me good to see how close a pious tractate and a blasphemous brochure entitled, *Les Moines: Comédie Satirique*, nestle therein peace. The life of a member of the Society of Friends, long a missionary at home and abroad, jostles the latest sophistry of Anatole France; and when, by a piece of unassisted coincidence, Crèvecoeur's delightful *Letters from an American Farmer* stands beside William Barnes's *Poems of Ru-*

ral Life, I am a thousand-fold better pleased than I could ever have been by any intentional arrangement of these books together. What though a *Nonsense Anthology*, a *History of Witchcraft since the Middle Ages*, and Principal Shairp's *Poetry and Philosophy* rub one another just a little rudely? Such a juxtaposition can do poetry and philosophy no lasting harm,—and it pleasantly piques my sense of the grotesque.

After all, there are no hundred best books — no hundred worst ones. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, was it not, who owned up to his preference for reading *in* books to reading *through* them? "When I set out to read *through* a book," the Autocrat wrote, "I always felt that I had a task before me, — but when I read *in* a book it was the page or the paragraph that I wanted, and which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture." If we were only franker, most of us would confess to being like Holmes in this matter of our reading. To be sure, we have an old-fashioned disinclination to set down a book in the middle of it; we feel it our duty to finish whatever we have once begun at the beginning; yet if we yield to our New England conscience herein, we are only deterred from beginning very many books. And by "beginning" books I mean neither reading straight through their tedious opening pages, nor making haste, like a woman, to learn by the concluding chapter how it all "turns out." Open your book in the very thick of it: that is the true way of getting at its soul.

All of us know Francis Bacon's aphorism (that is found, not in one of Shakespeare's plays, but in the essay on *Studies*); even Macaulay's schoolboy — in the American limited edition of him — knows it by heart. Not all books are to be digested; that were too much for any one man's stomach. Taste them, then, and learn to smack your lips. The best

hundred books are the hundred that stand on your bedroom book-shelf the hundred that you have never yet "read through," but that you are forever reading *in*, with zest unrelaxed. You are forever stumbling on something new and excellent in opening up these pillow-books, when the house is still. The best hundred books are neither "timely," as the reviewers say, nor necessarily "compelling," the next favorite adjective in the English language, now that "strenuous" has gone out. The best hundred books serve to remind us that there's no such thing as time; time is only the empty space between our reviews of that ragged regiment upon the bedroom book-shelf.

THE POET'S FOURTH DIMENSION

At the Poetasters' sign
Some poor squires of the Nine
Met to sound the mighty poets
With a plummet and a line.

Hidden in a neighboring tree,
All their council I could see,
And their thin and piping voices
Clearly floated out to me.

First Poetaster

"Melody's the primal thing,
Falling waters—gales of spring—
Dorian flutes—were less melodious
Than the silver strains they sing"

Second Poetaster

"Pictures in those strains appear,
Bright as sands in rivers clear:
Oceans, mountains, chariots, horse-
men,—
Isles of Ariel, storms of Lear!"

Third Poetaster

"Thought and passion tamed by art
Body to the whole impart,
More than melodies or pictures
Pleasing deep the listening heart."

All

"There's a fourth dimension,
though,
Hiding in the forms we know,
Like the subtle airs of greatness
Of a king incognito.

"Yes, in spite of all our care,
Something unexplained is there,
Like a lost Love in the doorway,
Or the answer to a prayer."

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WATERWAYS AND RAILWAYS

BY LOGAN G McPHERSON

OF all the means used by man for travel or for the conveyance of things from one place to another, waterways and water-craft have held the largest place in history and literature; all that pertains to them still appeals to the imagination and to a sympathy deepened by centuries. Rivers formed by the processes of nature existed before the land-roads wrought by the hand of man. Sloops and triremes, navigating the seas, penetrated the rivers also.

As the stationary succeeded the nomadic life, forests had to be cleared and swamps to be drained. Not only in Holland and Belgium, but in Austria-Hungary, and even in England, the digging of ditches to drain supersaturated soil was the first step toward the construction of canals. Along a drainage channel a small boat could be propelled from one farm to another, and in a deeper and wider channel to a neighboring village. Thus were foreshadowed the artificial waterways which have generally been built to connect two natural waterways.

With the recession of the mediæval period, canals were extended, rivers were dredged, and their banks revetted to make more secure the channels for navigation, and to prevent the inundation of adjoining lands. With the

launching of larger ocean vessels, harbors and ports were improved. Wares brought from foreign lands by sailing-vessels to the ports were trans-shipped to the interior by smaller sailing-vessels or rowboats, over the rivers, and by boats drawn by hand or by animal-power along the canals. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the differentiation between deep-sea craft and inland water-craft became still more pronounced because of the utilization of steam as power.

By elemental forces the deep seas have been made, and are maintained as highways, free of cost, and for their use no toll is charged. Upon the vast expanse the roll of the mightiest steamer shakes no yielding bank. The ocean will carry the greatest vessels that man can build. His concern is only with the proportions of the craft: the relation of weight, displacement, and cubical contents to the propelling power, and to the resistance of wind and water. The more powerful the engines, the more serviceable the shape, the less is the resistance, the greater the burden that can be undertaken, and the greater the speed. The degree in which inland waterways are available for navigation depends upon the degree in which their physical characteristics approach

those of the deep seas. Over great bays and into estuaries the largest of the present-day ocean liners can go; but there are few of the boundaries dividing estuary from river which they can pass. Smaller ocean-going craft can traverse the deeper reaches of the greatest rivers, permitting regular communication such as that which exists between Cologne and Strasburg on the Rhine, and Liverpool, Havre, and Hamburg on the seas.

The facility with which even the greatest rivers can be navigated varies greatly. The Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, the Weser, the Danube, flow over stretches of hundreds of miles, along gradual declivities which in great measure have firm beds, and their currents carry little mud and silt in suspension. Others of the continental rivers have more tortuous channels and a less gradual slope. But few of those of England are navigable from as far as one hundred miles in the interior. There is no one of these rivers of any country upon which navigation is not impaired to a greater or less extent, by drought in summer and by frost in winter. In the United States but few of the rivers tributary to the Atlantic are navigable for considerable distances. The depths of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio, fluctuate within wide limits from one season to another. The channels of the greater rivers are tortuous and subject to constant modification by the violent periodic rush of the currents, which carry in suspension an almost unbelievable amount of sediment that is deposited here and there on the bars.

Although not comparable with the deep sea, a river is still a natural highway. Its channel has been cut, its bed and its banks determined by the erosion of the ages. Even when the channel is dredged and the banks revetted, the river is still in the main a product

of nature, existing in accord with and not in opposition to the play of natural forces.

This does not mean that the construction and maintenance of a canal must necessarily be in opposition to nature. Yet the fact that a canal is dug by man instead of the force of nature evidences that it is not a natural channel, the product of natural force. Canals that are built through level country easily become stagnant, because their currents are weak; when built across elevations, the supply of water must be preserved, often at extraordinary expense, and has to be adjusted by the use of locks. Canals are more susceptible to drought and to freezing than are rivers, and artificial banks tend to yield to the force of the water pushed aside by passing craft.

On the deep sea any number of ships as large as can be navigated may pass with undiminished speed. On a river, the size of craft, the rapidity of movement, and feasibility of passing, are limited by the width and depth of the channel; these limitations apply with greater force on a canal; and where there are locks the rate of movement and facility of passage are further restricted. It is not uncommon for the canal-boats on the comparatively short stretch between Paris and the Belgian frontier to suffer a detention of seventy-two hours in making what would normally be a twenty-four-hour journey, because of waiting turn at the locks. In England the locks on the canals, which as in France are tunnels, average perhaps more than one to a mile, expensive of construction, through which the propelling of the boats is slow and laborious.

The introduction of steam as power applied not only to locomotion by sea but to locomotion by land. From the time of the building of the first steam railway a score of years were consumed

in experiment before the construction of road-bed, rails, and locomotives had arrived at that mutual adaptation which gave some indication of the possibilities of this method of transport overland. That the canals had found a competitor which would wage a winning contest for supremacy was realized first of all in England. An article published in the *Quarterly Review* in 1835 said, "The disadvantages of the canal are many. The frost at one season of the year entirely puts a stop to all conveyance of goods, and the drought at another renders it necessary to proceed with half cargo. The speed at which goods can be conveyed on a railway can be so regulated as to be certain and constant, while boats are frequently delayed for hours at the lockages of a canal. Railways may be made to branch out in every direction to accommodate the traffic, whatever be the nature of the surface; while the possibility of carrying branches from a canal in any direction must depend entirely on the surface and a supply of water. Experiment has shown that at the speed of two miles an hour, under the same moving force on a turnpike road, on a canal, and on a railway, the canal has the advantage of the turnpike as 15 to 1; of the railroad as 2 to 1; at the speed of 2.82 miles the railway and the canal will be found to be equal, but at the rate of three miles an hour the railway has obtained the advantage over the canal in the ratio of 22.4 to 19.9, and at nine miles an hour the canal can take only one-eighth of the weight conveyed on a railway with the same power."

It is evident that at a speed of thirty miles an hour the disparity is still greater. The everyday spectacle in the United States of great freight-trains moving at this speed at intervals of a few minutes, and passing on double tracks, gives some comprehension of

the relative feebleness of the most capacious canal that it is feasible to construct. The test chronicled in the *Quarterly Review* was with traffic at grade in a straight line. In rounding curves and on up-grades the advantage of the railway multiplies.

Little wonder, then, that the canal proprietors of England, panic-stricken from the very inception of the railway enterprises, in many cases blocked the projects by opposing the charters until the railways had taken over their canals. The apprehensions then felt that the canals could not hold their own against the railways have been fully verified. The canals that did not pass under railway control have, with but few exceptions, fallen into decay. Although by reason of being responsible for the up-keep of the canals forced upon them, and in many cases for dividends they have guaranteed, the railroads have had every incentive to build up their traffic in order to make them at least self-sustaining, these canals have been operated year after year at a loss.

In the United States, during the early decades of the nineteenth century many canals were built, at a cost ranging from fourteen to seventeen thousand dollars a mile in the level middle states, to from thirty to sixty thousand dollars a mile, and even more, in the mountainous east. It was at first the general belief that, while the railways would be more useful for the conveyance of high-class merchandise, demanding quick service, they would never supplant the canals in the conveyance of low-grade heavy commodities. Within about thirty years, however, from the opening of the first railways, that is by about 1860, they had clearly demonstrated their superiority in the carriage, not only of high-class merchandise, but of low-grade materials and commodities. Canal after canal was abandoned, until at this time

there are very few interior canals in use in the whole country.

In England the railways not only demonstrated their superiority over the canals for the transportation of interior traffic, but in very great measure displaced the coastwise vessels that had been in service between one and another of the ports. For example, the railways carry the traffic between Liverpool and London and between Bristol and Hull, which in earlier days went by vessel. In the United States the railways demonstrated their superiority not only over the canals, but also over the rivers, in large measure displacing even the steamboats for which the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries were famous. Both in England and in the United States these results were obtained by the railways so reducing their rates to and from places between which they had water competition, that the boats could not afford to continue in service. In obedience to primal law, in the struggle for existence there was survival of the fittest.

In the countries of the continent of Europe, especially in Germany and France, the railways when under corporate ownership developed the same practices, and were leading to the same result, the entire defeat of the waterways. There was a great outcry that instruments created by pygmy man were despoiling the gifts of nature, destroying the usefulness of the naturally-ordained highways of commerce. In both countries there was governmental interference to protect the suffering waterways from the rapacity of the iron and steel marauders. In Germany the rates of the railways were made, and are maintained, at a level so high that the water-craft, which are allowed to charge whatever they please and to whomsoever they please, have in this respect a tremendous advantage. In France the rates of the railways

were arbitrarily made, and are arbitrarily maintained, at a level which averages twenty per cent higher than the rates of the water-craft, which, in that country, as in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Italy, are allowed to charge whatever they please. Discrimination between one shipper and another by the water-craft, which do not have to publish or adhere to established rates, is permitted by governments which rigidly prohibit such discrimination by the railways, compelling them to publish and maintain their rates.

From time immemorial, improvement of harbors, building of wharves, and provision of the appurtenances necessary to enable a port to engage in deep-water traffic, have been at the expense of a nation, a province, a city, or other community. Such expenditure has been incurred in but few cases and at few places by private corporations. In the continental countries of Europe even down to the present day this practice has undoubtedly been justifiable, inasmuch as the seaports have often been the commercial metropolises, the entrepôts for merchandise collected for export or imported for distribution throughout a nation having comparatively little interior commerce, depending for its prosperity in the main upon that moving by sea. This traditional practice obtains even in the United States, where the domestic traffic is by far the more important, with the result that the national government is continually besieged to improve one port that it may more successfully compete with another, which in turn makes demand upon the national treasury.

In the olden time, and even to this day in many places, especially in the countries of continental Europe, it is held that the provision of highways in general should be at governmental expense, because they are for the use of

the people in general. In the mediæval period, when communities were almost entirely self-sufficient, there was not often the inducement for corporations to provide highways, nor could adequate capital as a rule have been obtained by private subscription. Moreover, any one of the large rivers traversed what then were several countries. This led to the improvement of such streams under international agreement, to the abolition of tolls on international traffic, and finally to the abolition of tolls on all river-traffic. Governmental improvement and maintenance of riverways, and governmental construction and maintenance of canals, have continued and extended, until at this time, with negligible exceptions, tolls are not charged for the use of the rivers of Europe, nor in most cases for the use of canals. The results of this policy are shown by statistics that are startling.

The total capital expenditure of Prussia on its rivers, canalized rivers, and canals, to 1906, amounts to \$132,500,000. The expenditure in improving its rivers has averaged over \$30,000 per mile, the average on the Rhine being over \$60,000 per mile; the expenditure on the canalized rivers and canals has averaged over \$40,000 per mile. The total expenditure on the maintenance of its interior waterways in 1905 was over \$4,000,000; its total receipts in that year from these interior waterways about \$1,700,000. That is, the revenue from the interior waterways in 1905 was over \$2,300,000 less than the expense for maintenance. If there be added thereto interest on the capital at three and one-half per cent, amounting to \$4,637,750, it is found that the charge borne, without offset, by the state of Prussia during 1905 for its interior waterways amounted to nearly \$6,500,000.

In France, the grand total of the governmental capital expenditure on

rivers and canals amounted in 1906 to \$320,000,000, varying from \$64,000 per mile for improvement of rivers to \$200,000 per mile for construction of canals. The annual expense for maintenance borne by the government is between \$3,500,000 and \$4,000,000. It is estimated that the total traffic of the rivers and canals of France yields to the boatmen from \$12,000,000 to \$16,000,000 annually. The government receives none of this. But let it be supposed that from the higher figure there is deducted \$3,500,000 to cover the annual expense of maintenance, and there is left but \$12,500,000. Interest at four per cent on the \$320,000,000 expended by the government on the construction and improvement of these waterways would amount to \$12,800,000 a year. That is, the government has made a capital investment of \$320,000,000, on which it not only receives no interest, but pays annually for maintenance over ten per cent. Because of this investment and outgo a bare livelihood is obtained by the boatmen and their families, whose entire revenue is less than the cost of maintenance and the interest, if the latter be calculated at four per cent. If the charge borne by the French government on account of its interior waterways be distributed over the total traffic, it will average over four and one-half mills per ton-mile. This, added to the low estimated average transportation charge of a centime and a half per ton-kilometer, discloses that the interior waterway traffic of France bears a charge of nearly nine-tenths of a cent per net ton per English mile, which considerably exceeds the average received by the railways of the United States on all their traffic.

In Belgium the capital expenditure on the rivers and canals has been from \$55,000 to over \$450,000 a mile, the total to 1905 being \$79,050,000. The

average annual charge for current improvements and maintenance is \$445,000. The receipts for 1905 were \$400,000. If to the deficit in meeting the current expenditure for that year be added interest on the capital at three and one-half per cent, amounting to \$2,766,750, it is found that the total charge borne, without offset, by the state of Belgium on account of its waterways for the year 1905 amounted to over \$2,800,000.

In Holland capital expenditure on inland waterways has been made during long periods of time, not only by the national government, but by provinces and communities, and to a limited extent by private corporations. Adequate records of the totals have not been kept, and if they had been it would be impossible to allocate them between the purposes of drainage and navigation. The annual expenditure by the national government on the maintenance of the inland waterways has, during the past ten years, ranged downward from about \$3,000,000 to \$2,000,000 per annum. The total maintenance expenditures of the provincial and local governments and the private companies were not procurable. Neither the national government nor the provincial nor local governments receive any return on the capital expended in the construction and improvement of the rivers and canals. On the limited extent of these waterways for the use of which tolls are charged, these tolls are but nominal, the cost for maintenance and operation being in largest part without offset. That is, even in Holland, the one country in the world where it might reasonably be expected that the use of the inland waterways would be attended with direct pecuniary profit, they not only pay no return on capital, but do not meet the current expenditure for their maintenance.

In Russia the capital expenditure of

the government on the interior waterways during the last one hundred years has approximated \$500,000,000. The annual expenditure for maintenance and operation is about \$6,000,000, against which the only offset is about \$90,000 per annum.

It is Germany and France that are pointed to with pride by waterway enthusiasts, as countries whose example in encouraging and developing traffic upon inland waterways might well be emulated. Yet in Germany the length of the navigable waterways, which was 6200 miles in 1875, was 6200 miles in 1905 also, and the Rhine carries forty-three per cent, the Elbe twenty-four per cent, of the entire inland water traffic. In France the length of the interior waterways really available for navigation is 7378 miles, and over but about half of these is carried ninety-six per cent of the interior waterway traffic. These are the rivers and canals in the northeast, serving Paris and Havre, and carrying coal to and from Belgium and Germany. The other interior waterways of France, that is, the other half of those really available for navigation, carry less than five per cent of the traffic.

Contrasting with these statistics as to the status of the waterways, which have been obtained directly from the respective governments and from official publications, are the statistics in regard to the status of the railways, which likewise have been obtained from official sources.

In Prussia, if the traffic of 1905 be measured by ton-kilometers, it would seem that the waterways carry one-fourth of the total freight, but in reality they carry but about one-seventh. This is because the longer haul of the freight on the waterways, the far more circuitous haul, gives a greater volume of ton-kilometers than the haul by railway, which is usually over a route that

is approximately direct. Although the total capacity of all the freight-cars is substantially the same as that of all the water-craft, they carry seven times as much freight. This of course is because of the greater speed of movement, the greater promptness and rapidity of loading and unloading. Notwithstanding the lower rates by the Rhine, over one-fifth of the coal from the Westphalian mines to the city of Frankfort is carried by practically parallel rail-lines. The capital expenditure on the Prussian railways to 1905 was \$2,286,000,000. The receipts for that year were \$432,315,000, the expenses \$262,075,000, thus leaving a surplus of \$170,240,000, which is equivalent to nearly seven and one-half per cent on the capital and is over one-fifth of the revenue of the state, which owns substantially all the railways within its limits. This is the result, notwithstanding the traditional fostering of the waterways, and notwithstanding that the possibility of developing the Prussian railways to a capacity even approximating that of those of the United States has received practically no consideration.

In France, if allowance be made for the longer distance caused by the circuitous routes of the waterways, it will be found that they carry but eleven per cent, and the railways eighty-nine per cent of the traffic. The waterways of France are not only exempt from the payment of any return on capital or for maintenance, but they are exempt from all taxation and from all service to the government. On the other hand, through taxes of one kind and another, the government receives from the railways over \$30,000,000 a year, and its saving because of special services performed gratuitously or at reduced rates by the railways amounts to about \$20,000,000 more. If a corresponding burden were placed on the boats, they

would all be at the bottom of the canal. Yet the receipts for the railways stand for 1907 at \$13,760 per mile.

The administration by the Belgian government of the railways which here, as in Germany, are nearly all owned by the state, is admittedly wasteful. But, notwithstanding that fact, their surplus revenue during recent years averages over four per cent on the capital. As Holland is the one country in the world where it might reasonably be expected that the use of the inland waterways would be pecuniarily profitable, so also is it the one country in the world where it might be expected that the management of the railways could not be other than a losing struggle for existence. Yet these railways, which are leased from the state and are operated under corporate management, pay a rental to the government averaging about one and one-half per cent on its capital investment, pay for their maintenance and operation, and in addition return to the shareholders in the operating companies dividends which have ranged from four and one-half and five per cent in 1899 to three per cent in 1908.

In all of the countries that have been named, the tariffs of the railways are under strict governmental control, which in the case of Germany and France permits the charge of higher rates per ton per mile than the average rates of the railways of the United States. In every one of these countries the government practically makes the boatmen a present of the waterways. Yet in every one of these countries the superiority of the railways is manifest, even although not one of them has developed anything like the efficiency of those of the United States. Their locomotives being far less powerful, and their freight-cars much smaller, it is not possible to haul train-loads anywhere nearly so heavy.

This greater profitableness of the railways than of the interior waterways, notwithstanding the adverse conditions to which the governments subject them, clearly indicates that they are the better adapted for the purposes of transportation, so that the larger traffic flows to them despite the artificially imposed handicaps. The principal reasons for this are clearly shown in the article in the *Quarterly Review* which has been quoted. In their development the inland waterways and their craft have not made as much progress as even the backward railways of these countries. In the United States, where the railways have attained a far higher degree of efficiency than in Europe, and where the waterway traffic has not been nursed and bolstered to such an extent by the government, their victory over the rivers and canals is more complete. The impression that there is a clearly defined distinction between the kinds of commodities carried by rail and those carried by water, is not correct. The traffic of the waterways in greater proportion is of heavy and coarse commodities, but they also carry a share of the high-class merchandise, and the railways carry a large part of the fuels, ores, stones, and other crude materials.

Channels of transportation, to be efficient, must accord with the channels of traffic. In this respect the interior waterways of Europe have an advantage over those of the United States. Inasmuch as the import and export traffic of every country of the continent is mainly by water, it must pass through one or the other of the ports, of which nearly every one of the more important is at or near the mouth of one of the great rivers.

While the rail traffic between one and another nation of Europe is small compared with that which moves by deep water from port to port, rail

traffic between one and another region of the United States, whose total area is about equal to that of Europe, vastly predominates. Here the flow of traffic is mainly between the east and the west. In this direction the only waterways available for considerable traffic are the great lakes, which, in depth, extent, and navigable facility, are comparable to the great seas. But even the great lakes are not navigable during a considerable part of every winter because of ice-floes in the straits. The Erie Canal, originally constructed to connect the lakes with the Hudson River, has had a losing struggle, tolls for its use having been abolished in 1880 in order that it might carry some crumbs of the traffic that in vast volume moves over the railways.

Before the railways had become the generally accepted means of transportation in the United States, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio rivers were the great highways of the Mississippi Valley. Merchandise went down from Pittsburg and Cincinnati, and came up from New Orleans and Memphis. Collection from and distribution throughout the interior was made by wagon from the river-landings. Drought in the summer and ice in the winter caused cessation of navigation. When railways were built paralleling these rivers, they gradually secured an increasing share of the traffic, until at the present time there are but few lines of steamboats in regular service. In but one respect do these waterways now serve an important phase of commerce. This is in the conveyance of coal from the fields of western Pennsylvania, the Virginias, and eastern Ohio, and from fields in other adjacent states, to the South. Yet during 1908 but one and a half million tons of coal passed out of the Ohio River into the Mississippi. The coal that passes from the Pittsburg field down the Ohio

River beyond the Pittsburg district is but a small fraction of that consumed within the district itself; and even the companies engaged in the river coal-traffic supply a large part of their markets by rail.

In the United States, as in Europe, the improvement and maintenance of the rivers is held to be a function of the national government. In calculating the charge for transportation, the owners of the water-craft, as in Europe, need consider only the investment in the craft. The charge for the transportation of any particular consignment therefore need but little more than cover the cost of transportation.

The railway companies, on the other hand, are obliged to provide their entire plant, road-bed, structures, and equipment, and to bear the entire expense of maintenance as well as of operation. Their capital is obtained from investors, who will not subscribe unless they think there is prospect of return. The railways moreover are heavily, the water-craft but lightly, taxed.

Yet the railways are censured when they reduce their rates to meet water competition, although in such cases they simply adopt the same basis of calculation that the beneficence of the government permits the water-craft to adopt. That is, when the railways reduce their rates between competitive water points they figure their charges to cover but little more than the actual cost of transportation. If the government in its beneficence permits the charges for water transport to be made on a basis that disregards capital and maintenance, why should there be objection when the railways adopt the same basis, especially in view of the fact that the capital and maintenance expenditure of the railways are not obtained by taxation, as is that of the waterways?

It must be understood that if a rail-

way has to choose between carrying certain traffic or not carrying it, it is justified in carrying that traffic even at a rate so low that it will but little more than pay the actual expense of running the cars or the trains to accommodate it; inasmuch as whatever surplus the traffic yields above this prime cost contributes by that amount to the expense of maintenance. If a railway company, by devoting cars and locomotives to such transportation, should not have sufficient equipment remaining to carry other and more profitable traffic, it might be argued that it would be justified in abandoning the comparatively unremunerative for the sake of the remunerative traffic. The next step in this line of the argument is that, if the transportation of the less remunerative traffic be an economic necessity, additional means of transportation should be provided to relieve the overburdened railway.

Here arises the question: Should this additional means of transportation be provided and maintained by the nation at the expense of the taxpayers, or should it be provided by the subscription of investors? Investors will not subscribe capital unless there is prospect of return. It is incontestable that capital for the improvement of rivers and the construction of canals cannot be obtained by private subscription because they offer no prospect of return. It is equally incontestable that the capital of private investors will flow by the hundreds of millions of dollars into the construction and extension of railways if the operation of those railroads be not unduly hampered by antagonistic public opinion, and unjustly impeded by ill-advised legislation.

Where nature has provided navigable waterways, competition of the water-craft with the railways is economically sound. Expenditures to

prevent inundation, for irrigation, and for reclamation, cannot be here discussed. But wherein is the justification for the government expending without recompense money, obtained from the taxpayers, for the provision and upkeep of channels of transportation to compete with the railways that are constructed and operated with invested capital? It must be remembered that capital, in the one case as in the other, comes out of the resources of the nation; that if the government expends capital in ways that are economically unsound, there is so much less to be spent in ways that are economically sound. Why then should the government bestow capital gratis upon a less efficient means of transportation to which investors are not willing to subscribe?

It must also be understood that money expended by the government upon an interior waterway, although it come from the pockets of the whole people, can usually at the best benefit but the limited area contiguous to the waterways. In Germany over sixty per cent of the industrial establishments of the country are located in the valley of the Rhine, with the result that the interior districts are in a backward state of development. For this reason there is vigorous and widespread opposition to the expenditure by the state of further vast sums upon waterways that will pay no return and will serve only the adjacent districts. It is admittedly, as a rule, less expensive and more convenient to ship entirely by rail from one point to another, neither of which is on a waterway, than to ship by rail to waterway, unload and reload, and then transfer again from waterway to rail. In the United States this contention has far greater force. Even the Erie Canal, upon which the State of New York has showered millions of dollars, does

not serve the interests of the southern and northern counties of that state; and inasmuch as it is principally designed for the conveyance of through traffic, it renders but negligible service even to the counties it penetrates, these counties receiving and shipping nearly all of their products by rail.

Those in favor of the improvement of rivers and the construction of canals are wont to cite the Manchester Ship Canal as an example to be commended. It is unquestionable that this canal has revived the commerce of Manchester, and increased the value of lands along its banks to which industries have come, many plants having been attracted from other places of prior establishment. It certainly would be a cause for regret if the \$85,000,000 expended in its construction had not resulted in some benefit to somebody. Up to this time there has not been a dollar of return to the share capital, which was subscribed not only by the business interests of Manchester but by clerks, workingmen, and even servant-girls, in the furore of popular enthusiasm that attended the inception of the project twenty years ago. It is a matter, however, that concerns the people of Manchester. They were certainly entitled to have the canal if they were willing to pay for it. Had the \$85,000,000 come from the national treasury, the case would wear a different aspect.

At this time, happily, the popular enthusiasm of a few years ago in favor of the construction or reconstruction of a general network of canals in any part of the United States would seem to have waned. The country may well await the result of the expenditure of the \$101,000,000 appropriated by the State of New York for the improvement of the Erie Canal; and what the Panama Canal has yet in store no one can tell. A system of waterways to carry even heavy and coarse commod-

ities in the channels of traffic now served by the railways would have to be a network of such extent and intricacy that it would convert the whole United States into a gigantic Holland

Public interest for several years has been centred upon the provision of a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. There was clamor for such a waterway along which Lake vessels could go to New Orleans and thence out into the Gulf with unbroken cargo. The report of the Special Board of Engineers on the Survey of the Mississippi River, submitted to Congress by the Secretary of War on June 9, 1909, effectually demonstrates that this is entirely visionary, that the proposal to construct a channel from Chicago or St. Louis to New Orleans, adapted for lake, or ocean-going craft, is too wild for consideration; that the Lake vessels are not adapted to passage through rivers; and that even a fourteen-foot waterway would involve an expenditure entirely incommensurate with any volume of commerce in prospect. The report further states that "The immense commerce of the Rhine would be carried more readily and cheaply on the Mississippi to-day than on the Rhine, if such commerce were available for transportation by water and demanded such transportation. The decline in the commerce of the river has not arisen from its lack of navigability, but from the reduction in the amount of material available for shipment." This does not mean that the volume of commerce has decreased, but that it moves by the railways. That is, the shippers prefer the railways, even although the Mississippi as it is to-day affords better facilities for navigation than the Rhine. The great traffic of the Rhine is due, not only to its tremendous and comparatively stable volume of water, its gradual descent in a firm channel, its being

a minor estuary and a direct thoroughfare between the great industrial centres along its banks and the cities of the North Sea, but also to the advantages derived from extensive adjacent deposits of coal and of iron ore. No river in the United States is so favored.

That transportation by water has been and will continue to be a necessary factor in advancing civilization, no one can deny. The great vessels that ply the oceans, the seas, and the lakes, are of marvelous efficiency. To the extent that their usefulness can be furthered, expenditure is justifiable. The improvement of harbors conduces to this end, as does the construction of such canals as that of the Sault Ste. Marie, which permits large vessels to pass from deep water to deep water. By the same token the ship canal projected across Cape Cod, to enable coastwise vessels to avoid the circuitous voyage around the Cape, is a worthy undertaking. The building of a ship canal from the upper reach of Chesapeake Bay across to the Atlantic has been discussed for many years. This would save nearly two days in the voyage of the vessels that now have to round the capes at the mouth of the Chesapeake. Even on minor streams, the modern gasoline boats are doing good service by plying between river towns with rail communication and the smaller settlements and farms along the shores that have not that advantage.

In the United States, as in every country of Europe, the subject is a matter of politics, tossed forward and back as one or another party comes into power, and as popular enthusiasm waxes and wanes. Appropriations are made with liberality when there is a gust of favoring sentiment; and then, as the exchequer becomes low, work under way is not infrequently allowed to go to rack and ruin because funds for its prosecution are withheld.

THE THEOLOGIANS AT THE MITRE

BY E. V. LUCAS

I REMEMBER hearing an ingenious journalist remark that if ever he were appointed editor of a literary paper he would now and then devote a whole number to reviews of one book only, each review to be the work of a critic of eminence who was unaware that his verdict was not (as is usual) the only one that would be printed. "Thus," he added, "I should make an interesting number of my paper, while the differences of opinion in the reviews would healthily illustrate the vanity of criticism."

After having just read, with much entertainment, in an old book, the record of the travels in England of an intelligent German in the year 1782, I am inclined to think that, were I the editor of a general paper, I should adopt my friend's idea, and now and then induce several foreigners to visit my city or country, and record their impressions in parallel columns; just to show the reader how we strike contemporaries and strangers. But here, of course, the differences of opinion would rather tend to complete the picture than to bring criticism into disrepute. The result would be like those myriad reflections of one's self that are obtained from the triple mirrors in hatters' shops—all true, but all different, and some exceedingly unfamiliar and surprising.

If one of my observers were a man as shrewd and philosophic as Charles Moritz, the 1782 traveler, the excellence of one column at any rate of that number would be assured, for Moritz had both eyes and a brain.

A pastor in his native land, he sailed for England alone in May, 1782, bent upon seeing London and, for some unexplained reason, the Peak of Derbyshire. He knew the language perfectly, from books; and he brought to his adventure an open and tolerant mind, courage, determination, and humor. As it turned out, he found himself in need of all these qualities. Indeed, no traveler can afford to do without any of them. He wrote in German: my copy of his work was translated "by a Lady," and is furnished with a lengthy and rather too patronizing preface by an anonymous editor, with a standard of criticism for this kind of work so severe that it is a miracle that Moritz ever passed it at all.

As to the translator, she is, says the conscientious *entrepreneur*, "a very young lady, whose name, if it had been thought proper to mention it, would be indifferent to no lover of sound and deep learning, and exemplary piety." Since, however, the impropriety of mentioning it was so evident, we shall probably never be any the wiser. My own acquaintance with the deep learning and exemplary piety of the seventeen-eighties, at any rate in conjunction, is so meagre that I throw up the sponge forthwith. And now for the book itself, the translation of which seems to me easy and spirited almost beyond praise. "Some little stiffnesses," says the editor, who confesses to a revising hand, "may still remain"; but if so I have missed them.

Let us disembark at Dartford on

June 2, 1782, with Mr. Moritz, and proceed with him to London in a post-chaise, by way of Greenwich. I have read of post-chaises before, but never found them so vividly or informingly described as by this German pastor. It is worth while to pause a moment before going further and ask ourselves what we know of post-chaises in England in 1782. It will make Mr. Moritz the more interesting. Speaking for myself, I certainly did not know that three persons might (by Act of Parliament) ride for the same cost as one, and that the charge was fixed at a shilling a mile. Had you realized that? I had always thought of the post-chaise as a luxury for the rich only, but this brings it within reach of much humbler purses. And now for the German:—

“These carriages are very neat and lightly built, so that you hardly perceive their motion, as they roll along these firm smooth roads; they have windows in front, and on both sides. The horses are generally good, and the postilions particularly smart and active, and always ride on a full trot. The one we had wore his hair cut short, a round hat, and a brown jacket, of tolerable fine cloth, with a nosegay in his bosom. Now and then, when he drove very hard, he looked round, and with a smile seemed to solicit our approbation.”

That is quite a picture, is it not? Dickens could have made the post-boy look round no less brightly and triumphantly, but he would have given him jokes. This is Dickens without language: Dickens on the cinematoscope.

The road to London is very prettily etched in:—

“A thousand charming spots, and beautiful landscapes, on which my eye would long have dwelt with rapture, were now rapidly passed with the speed of an arrow. Our road appeared to be

undulatory, and our journey, like the journey of life, seemed to be a pretty regular alternation of uphill and down, and here and there it was diversified with copses and woods; the majestic Thames every now and then, like a little forest of masts, rising to our view, and anon losing itself among the delightful towns and villages. The amazing large signs which, at the entrance of villages, hang in the middle of the street, being fastened to large beams, which are extended across the street from one house to another opposite it, particularly struck me; these sign-posts have the appearance of gates, or of gateways, for which I at first took them, but the whole apparatus, unnecessarily large as it seems to be, is intended for nothing more than to tell the inquisitive traveler that there is an inn. At length, stunned as it were by this constant rapid succession of interesting objects to engage our attention, we arrived at Greenwich nearly in a state of stupefaction.”

It is very much as a few years ago men wrote of their first motor-car ride, or as Wilbur Wright's passengers write now.

Between Greenwich and London in 1782 Mr. Moritz was surprised precisely in the same way in which I was surprised in Berlin in 1907. One thing in particular, he says, “struck and surprised me not a little; this was the number of people we met riding and walking with spectacles on,—among whom were many who appeared stout, healthy, and young.” Is not that—considering the date—odd? No German traveler would make such a remark now.

In London he lodged with a tailor's widow somewhere near the Adelphi. The family consisted “of the mistress of the house, her maid, and her two sons, Jacky and Jerry; singular abbreviations for John and Jeremiah. The

eldest, Jacky, about twelve years old, is a very lively boy, and often entertains me in the most pleasing manner, by relating to me his different employments at school and afterwards desiring me, in my turn, to relate to him all manner of things about Germany. He repeats his *amo, amas, amavi*, in the same singing tone as our common school-boys. As I happened once, when he was by, to hum a lively tune, he stared at me with surprise, and then reminded me it was Sunday; and so, that I might not forfeit his good opinion by any appearance of levity, I gave him to understand that, in the hurry of my journey, I had forgotten the day. . . . When the maid is displeased with me, I hear her sometimes at the door call me the German; otherwise in the family I go by the name of the Gentleman." Quite an Addisonian touch.

The tailor's widow was a woman out of the common, for a favorite author of hers was Milton, and she told her lodger that her "late husband first fell in love with her on this very account; because she read Milton with such proper emphasis." This endeared her to her lodger too, for a pocket Milton was his inseparable companion during his travels. But I fear that when he proceeds to deduce from the widow a general love of the great authors among even the common English people, he goes too far. He made indeed the mistake that he might make to-day, when cheap reprints of classics are far more numerous: the mistake of supposing that people read what they possess. Classics are still largely decoration. For the most part, I fear, the owners of the hundred best books are reading something from the circulating library.

The widow and her servant looked after him well, giving him bread and butter cut as thin as "poppy leaves!" But what he liked even better was their toast: —

"Another kind of bread and butter usually eaten with tea, which is toasted by the fire, and is incomparably good. You take one slice after the other and hold it to the fire on a fork till the butter is melted, so that it penetrates a number of slices at once. This is called toast."

That seems to me a very pleasant touch. I wonder into how many books of travel in England toast has found its way.

His curiosity took him everywhere, sometimes without any introduction, and sometimes with a letter from the German minister, Count Lucy. His first experience of the House of Commons, with no influence at his back, was amusing and illuminating.

"Above there is a small staircase, by which you go to the gallery, the place allotted for strangers. The first time I went up this small staircase and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black standing there. I accosted him without any introduction, and asked him whether I might be allowed to go in the gallery. He told me that I must be introduced by a Member, or else I could not get admission there. Now, as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a Member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating, and again going downstairs: as I did, much chagrined. And now, as I was sullenly marching back, I heard something said about a bottle of wine, which seemed to be addressed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean, till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me, I should have given the well-dressed man half-a-crown, or a couple of shillings, for a bottle of wine.

"Happy," he says, "in this information, I went again the next day; when the same man who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings, very politely opened the door for me, and himself recom-

mended me to a good seat in the gallery."

Manners in Parliament seem to have improved a little. Mr. Moritz says:—

"The Members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the house in their great-coats, and with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a Member lying stretched out on one of the benches while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season. There is no end to their going in or out; and as often as any one wishes to go out, he places himself before the Speaker, and makes him his bow, as if, like a school-boy, he asked his tutor's permission. Those who speak, seem to deliver themselves with but little, perhaps not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is necessary is to stand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the Speaker (to whom all the speeches are addressed), to hold your hat and stick in one hand, and with the other to make any such motions as you fancy necessary to accompany your speech."

Mr. Moritz had good fortune, for he heard both Fox and Burke. He writes:

"Charles Fox is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks. But upon the whole, he is not an ill-made nor an ill-looking man: and there are many strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. I have frequently heard the people here say, that this same Mr. Fox is as cunning as a fox. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken."

A few weeks later, on his return to London, Moritz was again in the House to hear the debate on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham. Fox, General Conway, and Burke were the speakers. This is interesting:—

"Burke now stood up and made a most elegant, though florid speech, in praise of the late Marquis of Rockingham. As he did not meet with sufficient attention, and heard much talking and many murmurs, he said, with much vehemence, and a sense of injured merit, 'This is not treatment for so old a Member of Parliament as I am, and I will be heard!' On which there was immediately a most profound silence."

Our traveler was fortunate in the matter of Charles James Fox, for he heard him again, at an election. The hustings were erected outside St. Paul's, in Covent Garden, and Sir Cecil Wray was returned.

"In the area before the hustings, immense multitudes of people were assembled, of whom the greatest part seemed to be of the lowest order. To this tumultuous crowd, however, the speakers often bowed very low, and always addressed them by the title of gentlemen. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to step forward and promise these same gentlemen, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties as their representative. He also made an apology, because, on account of his long journey, and ill health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their respective houses. The moment that he began to speak, even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging sea after a storm; only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of *hear him! hear him!* and as soon as he had done speaking, they again vociferated aloud an universal huzza, every one, at the same time, waving his hat.

"And now, being formally declared to have been legally chosen, he again bowed most profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour done him: when a well-dressed man, whose name I could not learn, stepped forward, and in a well-indited speech congratulated

both the chosen and the chusers 'Upon my word,' said a gruff carter, who stood near me, 'that man speaks well.'

"Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp posts, and as if the speeches had also been addressed to them, they too listened with the utmost attention: and they too testified their approbation of it, by joining lustily in the three cheers, and waving their hats.

"When Fox, who was among the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an universal shout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and every one called out 'Fox! Fox!' I know not why, but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time; and so I also bawled 'Fox! Fox!' and he was obliged to come forward and speak; for no other reason that I could find, but that the people wished to hear him speak.

"When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob, were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole scaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing else, was completely destroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thousand long strips, or pieces, or strings, with which they encircled or enclosed multitudes of people of all ranks. These they hurried along with them, and every thing else that came in their way, as trophies of joy; and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London.

"Whilst in Prussia poets only speak of the love of country as one of the dearest of all human affections, here there is no man who does not feel, and describe with rapture, how much he loves his country. 'Yes, for my coun-

try, I'll shed the last drop of my blood!' often exclaims little Jacky, the fine boy here in the house where I live, who is yet only about twelve years old. The love of their country, and its unparalleled feats in war, are, in general, the subjects of their ballads and popular songs, which are sung about the streets by women, who sell them for a few farthings. It was only the other day our Jacky brought one home, in which the history of an admiral was celebrated, who bravely continued to command, even after his two legs were shot off, and he was obliged to be supported."

Living authors seem to have had no interest for Mr. Moritz, and therefore we get no glimpse of Dr. Johnson; but he saw everything else. He went to Ranelagh and Vauxhall; to many of the churches, even preaching in one; to the British Museum and to the theatre, where he was so much taken with a musical farce called *The Agreeable Surprise* that he saw it again and wished to translate it into German. Edwin was the principal comedian. Although the play was good, the audience was very uncivil.

Here again it is not uninteresting to pause and ask ourselves for our views on the London theatre-gallery in 1782. It had not occurred to me that the gods were quite as highspirited and powerful as Mr. Moritz describes them. In his seat in the pit Mr. Moritz became at once their target; but whether it was because he looked foreign, or because he had the effrontery to be able to afford to sit there, is not explained.

"Often and often, whilst I sat here, did a rotten orange or pieces of the peel of an orange fly past me, or past some of my neighbours, and once one of them actually hit my hat: without my daring to look round, for fear another might then hit me on the face.

"Besides this perpetual pelting from the gallery, which renders an English

play-house so uncomfortable, there is no end to their calling out and knocking with their sticks, till the curtain is drawn up. I saw a miller's, or a baker's boy, thus, like a huge booby, leaning over the rails and knocking again and again on the outside, with all his might, so that he was seen by everybody, without being in the least ashamed or abashed.

"In the boxes, quite in a corner, sat several servants, who were said to be placed there to keep the seats for the families they served, till they should arrive; they seemed to sit remarkably close and still, the reason of which, I was told, was their apprehension of being pelted; for if one of them dares to look out of the box, he is immediately saluted with a shower of orange peel from the gallery."

And here the London experiences end.

Now for the open road. Having coached to Richmond, Mr. Moritz set out to reach Oxford on foot, sleeping at whatever village he came to at night-fall. But he was not very fortunate, either because he fell among peculiarly rude and inhospitable folk or because his appearance was so odd as to be irresistible. A traveler on foot in this country, he says, "seems to be considered as a sort of wild man, or out-of-the-way being, who is stared at, pitied, suspected, and shunned by everybody that meets him. At least this has hitherto been my case, on the road from Richmond to Windsor.

"When I was tired, I sat down in the shade under the hedges, and read Milton. But this relief was soon rendered disagreeable to me; for those who rode, or drove, past me, stared at me with astonishment; and made many significant gestures, as if they thought my head deranged. So singular must it needs have appeared to them to see a man sitting along the side of a public

road, and reading. I therefore found myself obliged, when I wished to rest myself and read, to look out for a retired spot in some by-lane or cross-road.

"Many of the coachmen who drove by called out to me, ever and anon, and asked if I would not ride on the outside; and when, every now and then, a farmer on horseback met me, he said, and seemingly with an air of pity for me, 'Tis warm walking, sir!' and when I passed through a village, every old woman testified her pity by an exclamation of 'Good God!'"

His troubles continued, for an Eton inn refused to admit him at all, and the servants at the Windsor inn did all they could to make him uncomfortable. He had his revenge, however: —

"As I was going away, the waiter, who had served me with so very ill a grace, placed himself on the stairs, and said, 'Pray remember the waiter!' I gave him three halfpence: on which he saluted me with the heartiest 'G—d—n you, sir!' I had ever heard. At the door stood the cross maid, who also accosted me with 'Pray remember the chambermaid!'—'Yes, yes,' said I, 'I shall long remember your most ill-mannered behaviour and shameful incivility'; and so I gave her nothing. I hope she was stung and nettled by my reproof: however, she strove to stifle her anger by a contemptuous, loud horse-laugh."

But this was not all, for just outside Windsor Mr. Moritz made acquaintance with the perils of trespassing: —

"I found no regular path leading to these hills; and therefore went straight forward, without minding roads; only keeping in view the object of my aim. This certainly created me some trouble. I had sometimes an hedge, and sometimes a bog, to walk round; but at length, I had attained the foot of the so earnestly wished-for hill, with the high

white house on its summit, when, just as I was going to ascend it, and was already pleasing myself in the idea of the prospect from the white house, behold I read these words on a board: 'Take care! there are steel traps and spring-guns here.'

"All my labour was lost, and I now went round to the other hill; but here were also steel traps and spring-guns, though probably never intended to annoy such a wanderer as myself, who wished only to enjoy the fine morning air from this eminence."

An adventure with a foot-pad and rebuffs from other landlords followed, but in the little Berkshire village of Nettlebed, five miles northwest of Henley, he found repose. Nettlebed remained in his mind as the most charming spot in England: he liked the inn, he liked the people, and he liked the church. His description of the inn actually re-creates the past; indeed, it is not unworthy to stand beside that description of the inn in *The Old Curiosity Shop* in which the nature of dwarfs and giants was so illuminatingly discussed, over the landlord's wonderful stew.

"May I stay here to-night?' I asked with eagerness.

"Why, yes, you may.' — An answer which, however cold and surly, made me exceedingly happy.

"They shewed me into the kitchen, and let me sit down to sup at the same table with some soldiers and the servants. I now, for the first time, found myself in one of their kitchens which I had so often read of in Fielding's fine novels, and which certainly give one, on the whole, a very accurate idea of English manners.

"The chimney in this kitchen, where they were roasting and boiling, seemed to be taken off from the rest of the room and enclosed by a wooden partition: the rest of the apartment was

made use of as a sitting and eating room. All round on the sides were shelves with pewter dishes and plates, and the ceiling was well stored with provisions of various kinds, such as sugar-loaves, black-puddings, hams, sausages, flitches of bacon, etc.

"While I was eating, a post-chaise drove up, and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open, and the whole house set in motion, in order to receive, with all due respect, these guests, who, no doubt, were supposed to be persons of consequence. The gentlemen alighted, however, only for a moment, and called for nothing but a couple of pots of beer; and then drove away again. Notwithstanding the people of the house behaved to them with all possible attention, for they came in a post-chaise.

"Though this was only an ordinary village, and they certainly did not take me for a person of consequence, they yet gave me a carpeted bedroom, and a very good bed.

"The next morning I put on clean linen, which I had along with me, and dressed myself as well as I could. And now, when I thus made my appearance, they did not, as they had the evening before, shew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour: a room that seemed to be allotted for strangers, on the ground floor. I was also now addressed by the most respectful term, Sir; whereas, the evening before I had been called only Master: by this latter appellation, I believe, it is usual to address only farmers, and quite common people.

"This was Sunday; and all the family were in their Sunday-cloaths. I now began to be much pleased with the village."

On at last tearing himself from Nettlebed, after three futile efforts, Mr. Moritz walked to Dorchester, where he hoped to sleep but was not permitted. Late at night, therefore, he set out for

Oxford, and was joined on the way by another traveler to the same city, a young clergyman. They reached Oxford just before midnight, and Mr. Moritz proposed to sleep on a stone. "No, no," said his companion: and here we come to the gem of the book.

Hitherto Mr. Moritz has been now and then a little caustic, and always an alert observer, holding himself well in hand; but in the next two pages a very delightful satirical glint appears. I consider the midnight theological conversation that follows by no means unworthy to be remembered along with Hogarth's picture of a not dissimilar occasion. Mr. Moritz's editor no doubt had different views, for humor in a book of travel, as indeed in life, was not looked for in 1782; but at least he did not revise it out of the volume, and we must honor him accordingly. Whether it is known at Oxford I have not inquired; but I have several friends there who would immensely relish it.

"No, no," said his friend, "come along with me to a neighbouring ale-house, where it is possible they may n't be gone to bed and we may yet find company.' We went on a few houses further, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my astonishment when, on being shewn into a room on the left, I saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My traveling companion introduced me to them, as a German clergyman, whom he could not sufficiently praise for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking.

"I now saw myself in a moment, as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me very

extraordinary that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. Meanwhile, however, I took all the pains in my power to recommend myself to my company, and in the course of conversation I gave them as good an account as I could of our German universities, neither denying nor concealing that, now and then, we had riots and disturbances. 'O, we are very unruly here too,' said one of the clergymen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer, and knocked on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused; they enquired after Mr. Bruns, at present professor at Helmstadt, who was known by many of them.

"Among these gentlemen there was one of the name of Clerk, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better if he had confined himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us again and again, that he should still be at least a Clerk, even though he should never become a clergyman. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way, a man of some humour, and an agreeable companion.

"Among other objections to the Scriptures, he stated this one to my traveling companion, whose name I now learnt was Maud, that it was said in the Bible that God was a wine-bibber and a drunkard. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent passion, and maintained that it was utterly impossible for any such passage to be found in the Bible. Another divine, a Mr. Caern, referred us to his absent brother, who had already been forty years in the Church, and must certainly know something of such a passage if it were in the Bible, but he would venture to lay any wager his brother knew nothing of it.

“‘Waiter! fetch a Bible!’ called out Mr. Clerk, and a great family Bible was immediately brought in, and opened on the table among all the beer-jugs.

“Mr. Clerk turned over a few leaves, and in the book of Judges, 9th chapter, verse xiii, he read, ‘Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God and man?’

“Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when all at once the spirit of revelation seemed to come on me, and I said, ‘Why, gentlemen, you must be sensible that it is but an allegorical expression; and,’ I added, ‘how often in the Bible are kings called Gods!’

“‘Why, yes, to be sure,’ said Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, ‘it is an allegorical expression; nothing can be more clear; it is a metaphor, and therefore it is absurd to understand it in a literal sense.’ And now they, in their turn, triumphed over poor Clerk, and drank large draughts to my health. Mr. Clerk, however, had not yet exhausted his quiver, and so he desired them to explain to him a passage in the prophecy of Isaiah, where it is said in express terms that God is a barber. Mr. Maud was so enraged at this, that he called Clerk an impudent fellow; and Mr. Caern again yet more earnestly referred us to his brother, who had been forty years in the Church, and who therefore, he doubted not, would also consider Mr. Clerk as an impudent fellow, if he maintained any such abominable notions. [This is sheer Dickens, is n’t it?]

“Mr. Clerk all this while sat perfectly composed, without either a smile or a frown; but turning to a passage in Isaiah, chapter xx, verse 7, he read these words: ‘In the same day the Lord shall shave with a razor . . . the head, and the hair of the feet: and it shall also consume the beard.’ If Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern were before stunned

and confounded, they were much more so now; and even Mr. Caern’s brother, who had been forty years in the Church, seemed to have left them in the lurch, for he was no longer referred to. I broke silence a second time, and said, ‘Why, gentlemen, this also is clearly metaphorical, and it is equally just, strong and beautiful.’ ‘Aye, to be sure it is,’ rejoined Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern both in a breath; at the same time rapping the table with their knuckles. I went on, and said, ‘You know it was the custom for those who were captives to have their heads shorn; the plain import, then, of this remarkable expression is nothing more than that God would deliver the rebellious Jews to be prisoners to a foreign people, who would shave their beards!’ ‘Aye, to be sure it is; any body may see it is; why it is as clear as the day!’ ‘So it is,’ rejoined Mr. Caern, ‘and my brother, who has been forty years in the Church, explains it just as this gentleman does.’

“We had now gained a second victory over Mr. Clerk; who being perhaps ashamed either of himself or of us, now remained quiet, and made no further objections to the Bible. My health, however, was again encored, and drunk in strong ale; which, as my company seemed to like so much, I was sorry I could not like. It either intoxicated or stupefied me; and I do think it overpowers one much sooner than so much wine could. The conversation now turned on many different subjects. At last, when morning drew near, Mr. Maud suddenly exclaimed, ‘D——n me, I must read prayers this morning at All-Souls!’ ”

The scene of that convivial disputation was the Mitre; and if there are more amusing descriptions of a night in that inn I should like to read them. It reflects credit, not only upon the trav-

eler, but also upon the very young lady, his translator, whose name was so fragrant with exemplary piety.

Mr. Maud, before he departed on his conscientious errand, arranged to call for Mr. Moritz and show him Oxford; but the strong ale had been too much for the foreigner and he was not able to see the city till the day following. He was then taken to Corpus Christi and All Souls and other colleges. While "going along the street, we met the English poet laureate, Warton, now rather an elderly man; and yet he is still the fellow of a college. His greatest pleasure, next to poetry, is, as Mr. Maud told me, shooting wild ducks." After Oxford, Mr. Moritz visited Stratford-on-Avon, which he reached in a coach. And after Stratford-on-Avon, he saw Birmingham and the Peak of Derbyshire, and so returned to London and Germany. He had other adventures

and encounters, all described with liveliness; but here I must stop, hoping, not with Mr. Moritz's editor, that you may have both admired his genius and respected his good sense.

The ideal travel book could, I suppose, be written only by the Wandering Jew, who, never ceasing, as he does, to perambulate this globe, returning periodically, as one imagines, to every country, has it in his power in each successive description to note not only physical but social changes. I don't know what intervals elapse between his visits to London, but they must be sufficiently lengthy to permit of very noticeable alterations, perceptible even to a footsore and disenchanted Hebrew of incredible age. In default of this ancient peripatetic, no one could do it better than Halley's Comet, whose visits are paid punctually every seventy-four years, and who is with us now.

THE MADELON VIERA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THE schooner *Madelon Viera* has gone down off the Georges, and her captain, Raphael Viera, with her. They said that as she sank he stood with his arms folded, looking level before him as though he were on watch. They said, too, that through the drifting fog he loomed up incredibly huge, like some supernatural creature. The fog-wraiths and the early silver morning light seemed to have magnified him, so far as the mere size of him went, out of all reason, as if that dawn swimming with light glorified him, as if the moment of

his death were his apotheosis. His men in the dories even at that time of danger must needs gaze astonished at him as he stood on the deck of his wounded boat that was settling so inevitably in the water. From one and another of them one got the picture of Raphael Viera standing on his sinking vessel, now obscured by the fog, now standing out clear for a second as the mist blew from him, a dark, towering mass against the early day. When they were picked up they told, in a babble of voices, of how he stood there superbly

indifferent, as if the sinking of the boat were no concern of his; of how they implored him to save himself and how he did n't answer their cries.

He must have impressed them profoundly, for they mentioned only as an incident that, when the schooner went under, the swirl she made upset one of the dories hovering too near, and that Manuel Doutra and Antonio Susa were drowned, — that was the detail, all in the day's work. Later it appeared that those two men were his best friends on the schooner; their death seemed rather logical. It was as if some savage chieftain had taken with him his favorites, since it had pleased himself to die. That was the word for it, — "it had pleased him to die." He chose to. He was one of those men of whom it might be said fairly that though he might be killed, he could n't be beaten. He had played the winning card, though that card was his life; he had won the game from his wife Madelon. She shivers now and cries at the story of his death, cries without grief and yet beyond measure; and for her the drowning of Manuel Doutra and Antonio Susa is no detail, for Flores Doutra, widow of Manuel, and the old mother of Antonio have wept with her. They do not know, as does Madelon, that it is because of her that they were drowned. It is hard for her also to meet the eyes of Raphael's mother. Madelon is a very religious woman, tender of conscience, and her scruples have as many *nuances* as if she were New England by blood instead of by birth alone.

The first meeting of Madelon and Raphael Viera was so little one of the ordinary colorless meetings that, had you been superstitious, you might have felt that Fate had marked it off. Had Madelon never seen him again she must have always remembered him, and when she thought of him there must have been an echo of the hard beating

of her heart. Fire and ice must have fought together within her at his bare memory, as they did that first time.

Madelon stood leaning over the gate, watching the harbor flushing softly to strange pinks shot with indescribably soft blues. She sighed with content. "It's pretty as changeable silk," she thought

A schooner stole in, its sails golden in the evening light. Madelon watched the men moving about like black ants putting up the sails. Presently they dropped into a dory; they faced the west, and their sunburned faces flamed deep orange against the soft water. The man in the end of the boat towered up above the others, a young, commanding presence. They clambered out on the shore, in front of the gate where Madelon stood. They seemed to this girl who came from an inland town like a different breed from any men she had ever known, — swarthy, hairy men these, copper-hued. A person more versed than Madelon in the romance of the world might have compared them to a band of pirates. Their very apparel gave to most of them a foreign aspect: they wore high boots, their shirts were open at the neck, and they carried little bundles of effects tied in bright-colored handkerchiefs. Madelon stared at them with the frank curiosity with which one stares at the dwellers of a foreign country. Her eyes traveled idly from one to another till they met the eyes of Raphael Viera, and there they stayed, as if they had lost the power to move from his face.

Under his steady gaze her face flushed from pearl to deep rose; her wide gray eyes stared into his dark ones, startled, wide-open. Her hand had traveled unconsciously to her throat with a vague little panic-stricken gesture, as if she had read his thought and knew that if he could he would have strode the three steps that separated them and

then have gathered her into his arms. She would have run then, if she could; instead, she stayed, with her eyes on Raphael's, as though his swift flaming desire of her had been some force that paralyzed her will. It was as if in those few moments Madelon lived a lifetime of shivering protest against this man of alien blood; the very depths of her were in passionate arms against him, yet his eyes, tender, devouring, confident, burned her with fire. A sense of her own power thrilled her, while at the same time the sense of her powerlessness held her in panic.

As she looked back on it afterwards, it seemed to her that she had stood there always, scorching and shivering, the depths of her crying out with loathing against this intruder, her heart beating high with the sudden sense of power that so little and gentle a creature as herself should for a moment of time hold in her hand this master of men.

When the spell broke, Raphael advanced, his hat in his hand, to speak to some one coming up behind her. A little dazed, her heart still beating painfully, Madelon turned, flushing again, without reason, at the sight of her friend whom she was visiting. She recovered her self-possession as her friend introduced them. Mechanically she put her soft hand in his outstretched one, where it lay fluttering like an imprisoned bird. She looked away as she answered the commonplace things he said, not liking to see on his face the high triumphant expression of a man who has now found the thing on earth that he most desires.

As for Raphael, the touch of her hand, so little, so cool, confessing by its vague trembling all the things that her mask of self-possession denied, sent the blood beating to his brain. He enveloped her in a look that was a caress, while he talked of the indifferent things

one does to a girl one meets for the first time. His soft foreign accent rang so strangely in her ears, and his look so troubled her, that she scarcely knew what he was saying. Then, —

"I got be goin'," he told them. "You girls wan' cum wit' me to-ni't an' get ice-crim?"

Helen Kelsey, the girl Madelon was visiting, accepted, without hesitation; and, when Raphael had gone, prattled to her visitor concerning him.

Madelon barely heard her, absorbed in the contemplation of this man who had come up out of the sea to take possession of her. When it was her turn to speak, she said, —

"I don't think I like him, — he stares at one so, — he looks so foreign."

In that moment a wave of homesickness swept over her. She longed to be away from the sea that stretched so far and so sad-colored before her. The sails of the boats had faded from gold to a strange unearthly green; the soft dove-like pinks and blues had deepened and strengthened to colors that Madelon, in her meagre vocabulary, called "queer." The very noises were unhomelike. The lap, lap of little waves on the shore, the thumping of oars on thole-pins, the chug-chug of gasolene dories, — all fell strange and unfamiliar on her ear. She longed passionately for the little hill-encircled village clustered around a green common and shaded by swaying elm-trees, and for the men and women with white skins who walked up and down its asphalt streets. Here, knots of dark-faced Portuguese men and sleek, black-headed, dark-eyed girls passed and re-passed the house, and all of them bore some curious kinship in their looks to Raphael Viera. Madelon shivered slightly. They were all unhomelike, foreign-looking creatures, — handsome, vaguely repellant because of their strangeness.

"They're almost like colored people," she faltered.

"Why, Madelon Brennan," Helen remonstrated, "they're as white as we are. Of course they're different!" She spoke with that complacent patronage with which the dominant, fair-haired race speaks of the Southern race.

"They're awful different," Madelon agreed.

But their difference represented to her that horror that the women of the North have at times for the men of the South. Yet, in spite of their strangeness, Madelon must watch them, with the shrinking fascination with which her eyes had remained fixed, in spite of herself, on those of Raphael Viera.

That evening they waited for Raphael in the little yard. Out in the harbor the riding-lights of the boats twinkled like the lights of a town. Spikes of lilies made the air sweet with their troubling odor. Madelon waited, very quiet, — keyed high like a too tightly drawn violin string. Afterward, when she returned to her town, that evening and the succeeding ones were to her as part of a phantasmal dream, a dream where dark-eyed, dark-skinned men and women passed her, smiling, chattering; a dream where a heavy, dark man, a stranger, brooded perpetually over her.

On their way back the party became separated, — another man had joined them and walked with Helen. Raphael walked beside her, speaking little. He asked her questions such as a child might ask, about herself: —

"You called Mad'lon?" He said the name over two or three times.

Madelon strolled slowly on through the people swarming on the boardwalk, acutely conscious that his eyes never left her. He asked her questions concerning her parents, and where she lived.

"You wan' see my ship? Come out

on this pier wit' me, I show you." He looked at her covetously. "Come," he urged gently, — and yet with his gentleness there was the hint in his voice of a man accustomed to being obeyed by men and women.

He led the way up a small lane, which in turn led to one of the half-rotted wharves that jutted out into the harbor. Madelon followed slowly, letting the distance grow between them. She felt herself trembling; she wanted to turn and run from the shadow ahead of her. Instead, she followed, as if some invisible chain held her to him.

He stopped, and Madelon stopped also, a little distance from him. He pointed into blackness at a vague, shadowy something.

"My boat!"

Then she felt, rather than saw, that he had turned toward her, faced her squarely, and stood motionless.

"Come, Mad'lon," he said to her. And as she did not move, "Come," he said again, and she began walking toward him very slowly, as if he were drawing her to him by that mysterious bond that had kept her from running, as she wished to do just when his eyes met hers. She knew he was looking at her; oh, she knew well the expression of his eyes with which he watched her coming to him like a white ghost! She knew it as if this look had been a danger from which she had tried all her life to escape, and which was now upon her.

He did not move or speak again until she was near enough so that he could see her trembling in the darkness; until her soft, difficult breathing was like a whisper in his ears; until she was so close to him that in the darkness he could see her eyes lifted to him as if pleading, pleading for a moment's breathing-space. Even then he waited, as though listening intently to her, as though to give her time, if she wished

to run; or if she wished to break the spell that surrounded her. But Madelon did not speak. She stood there quivering before him, too frightened by his strange power to defend herself.

Suddenly, he gathered her in his arms and kissed her. First gently, lingeringly, with tenderness, then with a certain restrained and fierce eagerness. Her head drooped like a flower beaten down by rain. She did n't resist, she did n't make the faintest movement to leave him. She suffered as though stunned. She was very young, and had never seen before the uncloaked passion of man, and it swept over her and carried her with it as a great wave sweeps over a trifling object in its path. In the face of this great elemental thing, modesty, training, maidenliness, those trivial and ineffectual breakwaters, were swept away. Passive, as if in the face of a great storm, she let him raise her face in his hands like a cup and drink thirstily from her mouth. She had neither anger nor revolt. She had come to him when he bade her come. And to what she was coming his first look at her had made no secret.

As they walked back silent as ghosts over the soft rotting planks of the wharf, she trembled as one who has been in the face of some terrible danger. They did not speak. In the darkness Raphael groped for her hand and found it; she let it lie there unresisting. Then she turned toward him and spoke, in the monotonous voice of one speaking in sleep, — the end of a sentence, apparently of a long speech; as one may hear some one breaking out into spoken words where the rest has only been dreamed.

"But you can't make me kiss you, ever!"

Then she stopped, as if astonished at what she had said, astonished even at the sound of her voice, astonished

that she should be able to speak loud enough to be heard above the tumultuous beating of her heart.

The days that followed gave her no time for the recovery of herself. Before she knew it she had promised to marry him. Without putting it into words she supposed she was seeing the full fury of the storm. She could not know that Raphael kept watch and guard on himself, knowing that this girl whom he loved so irrevocably was as wax in his hands. Her bewilderment touched him, her acquiescence aroused his chivalry. Because he was arrogant and a man, it never occurred to him to wonder if she loved him. For his part, he loved her too well to harm her. But there was no hour that he did not make full of himself. He drowned her; he drove her hither or thither as a storm drives a rudderless boat.

At last, when her visit was over and she went home to her little green village, she felt like one who crawls back to firm shore again, out of the clutch of a smothering sea.

Raphael prospered amazingly that summer. He bought a new schooner, which would wait for their wedding for its name. The significance of this passed over Madelon, — boats meant nothing to her. It was when he wrote of a house which he had bought and was having remodeled, of a certain little upper balcony that would please her, and asked her advice and that of her mother on such intimate questions as the color of its paint, that she began to look here and there like a wild thing trying to escape.

Here Madelon found herself very much alone, as women have before her who have promised themselves in marriage to a likely-looking man with more money than any one had reason to expect. Her little Irish mother, so tender of her and so considerate, so proud of her girl, had no patience with her.

When Madelon cried and said she did n't wish to marry Raphael, the good woman lost her temper and told Madelon that girls nowadays were kittle cattle. Raphael seemed to her a fine big broth of a man she was glad to have Madelon marry, knowing that she herself was old, and that the world is a bad place for motherless girls. When pressed for reasons for not wishing to marry, Madelon could give none except that he was a foreigner, to which the old lady replied with spirit that he was no more foreign than she, and that his accent was every bit as good as her own mother's brogue. And while they treated her like a capricious child, Madelon, with panic in her heart, ran round and round in the cage of her thoughts, looking here and there to see if there were no way that she could hide from her captor.

Her nights were full of him. He appeared strange and dark and foreign, burning eyes on her, and she would cover her face with her hands to escape this compelling look of his, and wake up crying. The innermost drop of her blood revolted against him. She turned for help to the priest, and from him to her best friend, a young married woman. They all told her, wagging their heads wisely, that once married all would be well. As a proof that her revolt was caprice, they all pointed out the fact, irrefutable, that Madelon had engaged herself. And she had no words to explain that this, too, was a part of her resentment; that he should have drowned her in the violence of his love-making so that she had no ears nor eyes nor will, but was as if she had been beaten into a dumb acquiescence.

Now there remained only Raphael as a door of escape. If she could tell him, he would perhaps let her go.

When he came, his large presence, his childish satisfaction, smothered her. She took her courage in her desperate

hands before he had time to benumb her will.

"Come out here, Raphael; I want to speak to you."

He followed, adoring eyes on her.

"You look a lit'le pale. You want sea air. Soon you get sea air, Mad'lon," he laughed with meaning, trying to slip his arm around her.

"I've got to speak to you, Raphael," she repeated. Her purpose was oozing from her, the fears that held her bound were so large, her will so puny.

"I don't want to marry you, Raphael." She had said it now, and she stood waiting for the shock.

He smiled tenderly.

"You won't feel lak that way long."

Like the priest, he seemed to feel her reluctance becoming.

"You don't understand," she repeated slowly. "I don't want to marry you, Raphael."

He smiled kindly again, smiled as if he had not heard what she said. She heard him breathing as if in a prayer of adoration, "O Mad'lon! Oh, my little girl, Mad'lon!"

It was more shattering to her than any remonstrance or anger could have been. She had braced herself, for she dreaded the rush of his feeling—feared it as a man who has been half-drowned fears drowning; and he only said, "O Mad'lon!" from the depths of his contentment.

Some instinct told him to keep aloof from her. He patted her hand kindly and consolingly. She was not far from tears.

"No good'll come of my marrying you, Raphael. Don't marry me, Raphael," she begged. "No good *can* come of marrying me. I don't know what's the matter of me. You're kind and good, Raphael, you ought to find a good wife. Don't marry me, Raphael!"

He smiled at her with his uncomprehending indulgence.

In after years she always felt glad that she tried to hide from him what she felt. She repeated to herself, as if it were a lesson learned, that she would become used to him in time. She was a well brought-up girl and knew what was due a husband; moreover, she was religious and believed marriage to be a sacrament. She prayed earnestly that her heart might change. This also she was glad to remember.

She prayed on, even though the slender fondness she had for him had been killed dead the first week of their marriage. A chill horror clutched at her. The sound of Raphael's footstep made her start; when he came into the room she shivered as with cold.

As for him, at first he saw nothing. What he thought to be her modesty delighted him, her reluctance to be alone with him seemed a charming coquetry. Then in Madelon's horror a resentment began to grow. She remembered without ceasing how she had begged him to let her go in peace. After all, it was his fault. He had gone forth to get her, she had never lifted a finger, he had carried her along in the swift rushing current of his passion. Why, then, need she be forever submissive? There must be some way she could live more tolerable than this. Her unspoken resentment flicked him like the sudden, unexpected bite of a whip. He began to watch her; the result of his observation made him ask, —

"You shiver w'en I touch you, — w'at mek you shiver, Mad'lon?"

For answer she had only tears, a bitter rush that had been gathering through the staring nights and tearless, burning days. The passion in them appalled him. This was the first emotion he had from her. He had known her as submissive and very gentle, as unresisting as a lovely cup from which one might drink of pleasure unrestrained. Now she cried like a child frightened by the

nameless horrors of the dark. When he would have comforted her in the only way he knew, she drew from him shudderingly as from something unclean. His outstretched hand fell by his side as nerveless as though broken. At this moment he could as little have touched her as she could have defended herself from him in the beginning.

Soon after, he went away on a cruise. He was successful even beyond his former successes. He turned his ship toward home triumphant, master again of himself.

The first two weeks he was gone she was like a child out of school. She sang about the house, occupied herself about the homely household tasks she loved, and played mistress of her fine new home, putting from her the thought of what price had been paid for it. She looked at the sea as little as possible. It was the symbol of him. He had come out from it to her; presently it would bring him to her again.

At night she would wake up in cold fear from a dream that he was already home.

When his schooner came bravely to her mooring, Madelon sat waiting for him in the midst of the shiny new furniture of the sitting-room, now hot now cold, a burning mist floating before her eyes, like a creature in a fever, alone with her unfathomable debasement.

She sat with haunted, unseeing eyes fixed on the door. He opened it to find her staring at him. He stood in the doorway as he had flung it open, and as his eyes fell on her face his look of high expectancy vanished. His face grew black with the blood that flooded his dark skin. Then pity for her suffering swallowed his first movement of anger, for he loved her, and knew besides how to be kind to women.

"W'y, Mad'lon," he said gently, "w'y, my lit'le girl, Mad'lon!"

He advanced toward her, his arms outstretched.

She tried now to be submissive as a wife should. She waited his coming, settled heavily in her chair as if she had been a woman of stone; but when he bent over her and she felt his breath hot on her neck, she sprang from him. Still pitiful and tender, he followed her. She cowered against the wall and put an arm up to fend off his caress as one does a blow. So they stood staring at each other, it seemed for a long time. At last, —

“W’at meks it?” he asked. His voice came to her in a hoarse whisper. “W’at meks it you don’ lak me, Mad’lon?”

The foreign cadence of his voice was louder in her ears than his anguish. That, too, reached her, but it did not touch her; instead, it was a certain sullen satisfaction to her, for she had suffered — what had n’t she suffered? Now it was his turn, and she was glad.

Some look of triumph must have flashed to her eyes and kindled his rage.

“You don’ lak me, Mad’lon! You don’ lak me! You love somebody! You always love somebody else!”

Jealousy and fury and desire all had their way with him. He raged like an animal in pain, taunting her and pleading with her by turns, while she stood white and motionless against the door, the power of speech gone from her as if a storm blew the words from her mouth. He raged on, lashing himself into a fury against this white speechless woman who had so bitterly betrayed him. Then he made as though he would strike her down where she stood, and she fled to her room and locked the door and stood with her back pressed against it as if she would defend it with her life if he tried to break it down.

A strange lightness filled her. He had given her a reason for hating him. He

had injured her, insulted her; he would have struck her. The blame was shifted. She listened to his pleadings without answering a word. He might rage now, she did n’t care. Unmoved she listened to him begging forgiveness. In his heart of hearts she knew he had thought no evil of her; he knew her too well for that. This only hardened her; the insult was only the more wanton.

She went downstairs boldly next morning and prepared breakfast. She greeted him pleasantly. She turned to him a hard brightness as though he had been a stranger. He watched her, dazed, as if he saw her through a fog. He who was accustomed to act so definitely in the moments of physical crisis was as bewildered as a landsman in a shipwreck. What had happened? what to do next? There seemed to be nothing to do, nothing at all. Some one else was sitting at the helm of the boat that was their life, and it was Madelon; she was guiding it with a firm, steady hand, into strange waters.

Through his night of fitful sleep he had been angry at her, and at himself, by turns. He had tried to give himself an account of what had happened. He could not tell. He had thrown himself back on that comfort used by all men in such distress, that women are hard to understand. He had come down ready to forgive and to be forgiven, to find this new Madelon hard and shining as a crystal ball, with no angle anywhere that one could take hold of; instead of repelling him, her attitude was a curious irritation to his senses. It aroused in him that desire of mastery.

The world of Raphael Viera had obeyed him. He had been stronger than other men. He was master of his boat. He had pitted his own wit and resources against the fury of the sea and won; time and time again he had won through desperate chances: now

this blond child was stronger than he.

He watched her as she came and went, at her household tasks, watched her hungry, his eyes sometimes a menace, sometimes a caress; and while she answered him and spoke with him, he felt as if, for all the difference his presence made, he might have been some one else, he might have been no one at all. He went out and stayed the morning, came home to eat, went out again. Madelon attended to his wants with the precision of a conscientious housekeeper. She did not start at the sound of his footsteps, he did not ruffle the smooth surface which she presented to him. Overnight she had become captain of herself.

That evening they sat with the lamp between them, a picture of domestic peace, — Madelon sewing on some garment of Raphael's; Raphael, his pipe in his hand; between them a strange tenseness growing, unrecognized, unvoiced.

There was fought out that night, once again, in that new and shining room, the primeval battle of the Northern white woman's inner hatred for the darker blood, and her passionate desire to keep her race pure against the Southerner who looks with longing eyes to the woman, fair-haired, whiter-skinned than his own sisters; fire and ice met there and fought, wordlessly.

Madelon Viera sewed and spoke no word, and Raphael Viera spoke no word and looked with sombre eyes at the woman who was his wife, and who was not his.

Out in the harbor two bells struck from one ship to another. The little over-ornamented clock on the mantelpiece chimed nine. Madelon arose.

"Good-night, Raphael," she said. Her eyes rested on him with neither hate nor pity, as detached as if great spaces of time divided them. She went to her room and locked the door.

And now there came over Raphael a white flame of rage. He had the simple man's ideas of what the duties of a wife are. Incredible it was, a mockery, that a woman should dare — a little soft blond woman — to go to her room and lock her door. He raged up the stairs behind her. He knocked on the door. No answer.

"Open the door, Mad'lon," he called, his voice low, and with the flicker of his rage and desire in it. "Mad'lon, open the door, or I brek it!"

No answer. He heard her moving within as though his voice had not come to her. He lifted his great shoulder and crashed the door through.

She was standing before the glass, her long hair falling about her, still dressed. She turned quietly toward him, no fear in her eyes, no remonstrance on her lips, and faced him mutely.

"Take me, if you will," her look said, "but you will not hold me in your arms. Your body is stronger than mine, but you will hold only illusion. See, I do not fight with you; I don't fear you; I don't plead with you."

So they stood, his face working with anger and passion, hers as serene as a child whose hand is in its mother's, ready to meet what she must. It was the cold, unfaltering strength of the Northern race against the mad passion of the South. She had suffered all she could; she had feared all she could; she had passed beyond the place where there was fear or suffering.

So she stood there, a little soft thing he could have crushed in his hand. And beaten by a force he was ignorant of, he turned and left her.

He stood the shattered door into its place. She heard him sighing as if under a great burden. But as though it were no concern of hers, she went on and undressed herself and went to her bed.

He found no change in her the next morning; he watched her furtively.

They even talked about the things of his house, his mother's health.

"I'm starting off to-morrow, Mad'lon," he told her.

She nodded, and asked him what things he would need. She seemed not to notice either his anger in its sullen bursts of inner rage, or the times when he looked at her as he had never looked at man or woman, piteously, with appealing eyes, begging for mercy.

The day dawned lowering. Other fishing-boats stayed in the harbor.

"I think we get-a blow."

"Yes," she answered indifferently.

The fury of the sea meant nothing to her.

"Perhaps I'm gone long, Mad'lon."

She did not answer.

Suddenly he flung out his arms, —

"Mad'lon, my Mad'lon!" he cried.

"You kiss me good-by, Mad'lon, you kiss me good-by?"

She did not answer; looked at him with level eyes, and they faced each other again, he, with his head up this time, proudly taking his defeat like a man, knowing, for reasons he could never understand, that she would never kiss him of her will; that she would never be his. And so, triumphantly as he had won her, triumphantly he gave her up, with his head held high, his eyes shining on her, as if he saw even now his schooner going down under him.

"Good-by, Mad'lon, my Mad'lon," he said to her.

For it could be fairly said of Raphael Viera that though death for him might be the winning card, he could not be beaten in this game of life.

THE RELIGION OF THE PRESENT

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

IN Plato's version of the Greek mythology there were three Fates, Lachesis singing the events of the past, Clotho chanting the deeds of the present, and Atropos forecasting in her weird music the mysteries of the future; in each case the verdict was sure, because these three sisters were the daughters of Necessity. There are three ways in which religion may be viewed. The Achilles of the war-camp of educators has spoken for the religion of the future with the valor and vigor of the Greek hero, and with none of his wrath:

an American man of letters in foreign residence has written with insight and sympathy of the religion of the past; in this paper I purpose to say something about the religion of the present. Lachesis and Atropos should not be allowed to sing alone; however hoarse her voice may be, Clotho should be added to the choir. Would that the resulting harmony might be as of old, what indeed it can never hope to be, the song of Necessity.

It is no doubt an audacious task for one to undertake to speak worthily of the religion of to-day. Pure religion and undefiled is the chief glory of hu-

man existence; it is of infinite worth and beauty; it shines in the intellect with a steady light; it beats in the heart with a pulse of fire; it utters itself in the sacrament of loving service; it builds the character into permanent conquest over evil and pain and fear. Even when religion is mixed, as it usually is, with the alloy of ignorance and passion, it is still great. In the darkness it is the impulse to seek the light, the furnace, often seven times heated, in which love and being are refined, the supreme consolation in struggle and defeat, the Eternal Spirit of renewal, fulfillment, and hope in our human world. One may well hesitate to discuss this wonder of a humanity aflame with the Deity, burning but unconsumed; he may well shrink from the attempt to translate the mystery into words. No wise man will allow himself to speak here till he has seen for himself the unutterable glory of the soul of true religion, till he has done penance and has received absolution for his audacities and mistakes, till he has confessed himself unworthy to represent a reality so divine.

At the very outset the duty of limitation meets us. A general view of the subject is alone possible, and that must always be a limited view; the mountain-top outlook is wide, includes large things, but gives no special features, no details. Then, too, limitation must here be made to the Christian religion, and to the Christian religion in free communities, where alone the present differs from the past.

If the first duty was one of limitation of the subject to be discussed, the second is the definition or description of it. What is the religion of the present, thus limited? It is, I dare believe, essentially the religion of Jesus Christ, conceived by the minds of men to-day and reproduced in their souls. For example, there is the Lord's Prayer with

its incomparable union of belief and emotion. That Prayer carries its religious feeling in a scheme of belief as truly as the electric current is carried on the live wire. "Our Father": here we have the one humanity in its appeal to the Eternal Father who is the object of its trust and adoration. "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done": here we have the summum bonum of the race, the eternal good and its ground in the primal will. "Give us our daily bread": here is the belief that the temporal life of man is of concern to God. "Lead us not into temptation": lead us through it; here is the vision of the universal moral trial and the possibility of victory. "Forgive us our debts": here is the recognition of moral servitude, and the chance of moral freedom. The scheme of belief in the Lord's Prayer, in union with the emotion in it, in union also with the Lord himself, the Holy Spirit added thereto, and the logic of the Prayer as to the worth of man and his world, may be said to represent the essential working faith in the free churches of America.

If we may be allowed to assume that the religion of the present is content to be represented by the Lord's Prayer, we may proceed to distinguish two aspects of that religion. There is the experimental aspect, containing a fusion of thought and feeling and conduct; an experiment in which no special analysis is made, a content of life, a consciousness of new moral worth and power. In the second aspect we have the emphasis laid upon the intellectual implications of the experience; these implications are the meanings of the new life rendered in terms of the intelligence; as such they are regarded as the truth. This truth expresses itself in a series of beliefs about the soul, society, the Church, the Bible, Christ, and God. Religion, thus regarded, contains a vital and a formal element, an ex-

perience with its fusion of intellect and heart and will, and an intellectual account of this experience as the objective and eternal truth.

There is a third form of discipline in sound religion. As religion lives and moves and has its being in ideas, it seeks to greaten itself by expressing itself in a more adequate order of ideas. Hence exact scholarship is a religious discipline, the work of thought a servant of the soul, enlightenment a means of grace, a true philosophy of religion the hope of glory. For the free spirit, religion is not at its best in its state of fusion; for the genuine Protestant religion comes to its highest through the reason. For this type of believer nothing kills religion so quickly as the attempt to confine it to feeling, to declare that it is forbidden ground for the intellect, to limit its meaning to the subject of it, to call it poetry in contrast with fact, to hint that it is a mystery of loveliness unanswerable to reason and without foundation in the rational order of the world. These three forms or aspects of religion must now be considered in detail.

II

In religion as an experience there are four great notes, — the quest for personal worth, the concern for social righteousness, the triumph over death, and the mood of reconciliation to the universe, the beatitude of peace toward God. These are the four voices — the soprano, the contralto, the tenor, and the bass — of the richest humanity, that have sung, now with one voice leading and again another, now with this measure of depth and purity and again with that, in the religious soul of the world in all past time; and these are the great voices in the religion of the present. Here at least past and present blend in one vast harmony; here the ages reveal

their inmost heart in a noble identity. The disciples of Moses and the Prophets, the apostles of Christ, devout souls in the Church of the East and the Church of the West, Buddhist and mediæval mystic, Catholic and Protestant, unite in a great fellowship here. So far as they are religiously alive, their quest is for personal worth, social righteousness, triumph over death, and reconciliation to the will of the Most High. This is the mystic, unfathomable song of the ages of faith; and to its great notes we must listen if we would understand anything of the sources of the strength, pathos, dignity, and beauty of our human world.

Real religion would seem to begin in the quest for personal worth. The initial thing is perhaps the vision of the Infinite worth: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God, the Almighty, who was and who is and who is to come. Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power." In the vision of the Infinite worth the worthlessness of the mere natural man is revealed, in all deep souls, in a tremendous way. Then we hear coming to us from the four winds of heaven the great confession: "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; But now mine eyeseeh thee, Wherefore I abhor myself, And repent in dust and ashes." In the Temple Isaiah has his vision of the Infinite worth, and at once breaks out in the lamentation: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

These examples from the past point to the origin of true religion to-day. Ethical triumph in the stress of the personal life is the primal fountain of all great religion. Indeed there is not in existence a religion worthy of the name that does not reveal its strength first

of all in this personal ethical triumph. Convictions of sin, repentances, prostrations before God, are all preventives; they are the outriders, religion itself is King.

Religion now, as of old, begins in the vision of the moral ideal, in the faith that the moral ideal is a true intimation of the purpose of God concerning the soul, in the confidence that God is somehow in that heavenly vision, in the daring resolution to begin, with the help of the Highest, to order this tumultuous human existence by the light and authority of the ideal. Sorrows there are, misgivings many and deep, obstacles that seem insurmountable, discouragements that deplete strength, despondencies that terrify one like nightmare. Nevertheless these are no part of religion; they are not even the impedimenta; they are part of the host of Satan that must be fought and overcome. Religion lives in the ethical triumph of the personal soul; religion in its aboriginal nature is moral triumph through the vision and grace of the moral Deity. Jesus meets the Devil in the wilderness of Judæa, defeats him, keeps his moral nature entire, and thus, as personal moral victor, returns in the power of the Infinite to begin his public ministry. His vision—"I saw Satan fall from heaven as lightning"—is from his own soul where the Infinite worth is on the throne; his confidence in his cause—"the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"—has its first and deepest fountain in his own absolute moral victory; his assurance to his few fearful disciples—"Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom"—is won through the victorious insight of his own conscience.

Concern for the social ideal is another great note of contemporary religion. Never, since Jesus preached in the fields of Galilee and the hillsides of

Judæa the good news of the kingdom, has the social ideal as inseparable from true religion been advanced to the eminence and authority which it everywhere holds to-day. The nominal Christian, and the genuine, are here set apart as far as the east is from the west. The man whose interest begins and ends in himself cannot by any possibility be counted on the side of religion: his soul is still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. No matter what his standing in intellect or society or church may be, if his conscientious concerns are limited to himself and his family, he is in a state of excommunication from the kingdom of love. Doubtless industrious and decent lives are public utilities; but they are so by the constitution of the world, and not by the virtue of the selfish human being who cannot attain his ends without them. Men of humor, good fellows, persons who can tell and appreciate a good joke, doubtless have their social uses; but we are not so hard pressed for recruits as to be compelled to draft them into the army of social idealists. Soundness in the faith can no longer atone for cruelty in the life; we have no religious use for those whose creed is this:—

Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter—stick to sound believing

Religion to-day, as in all other days, has many professors but few confessors. In the presence of the moving beauty of the social ideal the hearts of the multitude are dead; their religion, if religion it can be called, is little more than a branch of their selfish concern for existence. As in the Master's parable, when the robbers are left out of the count, the priests and the Levites in the religious community are two to one compared with the good Samaritan. No reduction of the stern demands of moral law, no generous bestowment of sweet compliments upon active and

productive men who yet care nothing for the human soul, no hauling down of the ensign of a rigorous and glorious social idealism, can in the least add to the essential strength of the religious community. If social idealism, if intense and constant public concern, is not in the hearts of men, it is the bitterest mockery to call them Christians, the utmost vanity to look for religious issues from them. The warning is still wrought in all the solemnity of truth: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The Master was the incomparable soldier of the social ideal, and only they who march under that banner can with truth be called his.

Soldiers of the social ideal, religious men to-day are, in great numbers and with unwonted enthusiasm and hope. The horrible theological masks under which in other days the love of good men for bad, righteous men for unrighteous, men in the ethical triumph of the religious life for men still in their sins, concealed itself, are now torn off and cast aside. "Freely ye have received, freely give"; there is the essential impulse for example in the soul of the foreign missionary. For the missionary himself Christianity is the highest moral ideal in process of realization; his heart is on fire over the advent of personal worth and joy. His experience justifies the Christian ideal for the world, and for the universal conquest of that ideal he goes forth to lay down his life.

Here our analysis of the religion of the present meets a new wonder. The social ideal, when truly served, refines and exalts the human nature of the servant. Domestic affections become purer and more tenacious. Moral idealism discovers unsuspected depths in the human heart; Christian faith brings into existence a new humanity. Life in the inner centres of home, and in the

outer circles of friendship, becomes increasingly precious and more and more dependent upon the well-being of those to whom it is thus attached. What happens? Death is clothed with new terror. It now threatens the world that love has created, that love inhabits and delights in, with total and ruthless extinction. It raises a new question. How can men keep the humanity that lifts itself into finer forms and dearer attachments, and yet be able to face death as the final end? If men are to regain calm, must they not surrender or quench the finer and intenser humanities? Does not this question issue in a dilemma? Reduce your affections to indifference, and face death without fear; or retain the burden of a great Christian heart, and break down in moral despair?

Thus it is that the Christian faith is to-day what it has always been, the triumph over death. The incomparable servant of the social ideal who was the Founder of Christian faith triumphed over death. The social idealist does not, at this stage of his evolution, reason about immortality; he believes that as the sovereign social idealist could not be held under the dominion of death so his disciples shall not see death. The idealist in time is created by the Idealist in eternity; the temporal idealist is the servant of the Eternal Idealist. Man in his social vision and service has the Highest in him and behind him. Therefore he fears no evil for himself or his cause, even in the valley of the shadow of death. This sanction of human worth out of the Infinite, this deliverance from the fear of death, this translation into a great confidence and a vast hope, is the fruit of the Spirit in the new Christian humanity.

The final note in the religion of to-day, as in all other great days, is reconciliation to the will of God. Here the ideal, personal and social, is seen with

purser eyes and served with a more energetic will; here the process of the refinement and exaltation of the human heart goes on with an intenser and surer movement; and the horror of death as the destroyer of man's fair world of love grows greater and not less. Now, however, things are accepted as they are. The bird no longer dashes itself against the bars of its cage; the world beyond is no longer the object of wistful or indignant gaze; it now inspires deep and calm reflection and content. Then men come to utter in their own name the supreme wisdom of the past: "No evil can happen to a good man, whether he be alive or dead"; "all things work together for good to him who is dear to God"; "all things work together for good to them that love God"; "in life and in death we are the Lord's"; "Thou hast made us for Thyself and we are restless till we rest in Thee"; "His will is our peace"; "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done!" Reconciliation has begun; we make no plans; we live in the circle of the Eternal good-will; we do not choose our lot, we accept with content what is given. Here begins the peace that flows like a river, the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

III

The fusion of thought and feeling and action found in religion as an experience does not seem to be a final satisfaction. When this experience is at the flood, it carries in its tides the immediate sense of the Eternal; then it looks upon reflective thought with impatience, if not with disdain. In few men, however, does the religious consciousness remain at the flood, and while the depths of the soul may never be deserted, the volume of life is reduced by these great recessions. Then come the reflective hours, the ques-

tions and the work of the intellect, the analysis and the synthesis that are the serious criticism of religious experience. Are not the meanings and assurance of the life of the spirit to be found in ideas? What is the intellectual content of the Christian consciousness? What think ye of Christ, ye who have become under him the soldiers of the ideal? Is there an infinite reality answering to the thought of the God and Father of Jesus Christ? What is to be said for the kingdom of God, when looked at as an idea, in the presence of the organized selfishness of society and in the centres of this wild and terrible cosmos? What is the deepest nature of man? Is he essentially physical and incidentally spiritual, or essentially spiritual and incidentally physical? In spite of his brute inheritance, is man's vocation in the kingdom of love? What value shall we attach to the burdens of the Bible old? Does the fellowship of believers gain anything beyond comfort and efficiency when it calls itself a church, or the church? Has man's soul a merely temporal value, or is its worth essential to the eternal worth?

It is universally felt among us that, sooner or later, the question of truth emerges; that in religion, as in everything else, this is the sovereign question. Theology, or the philosophy of religion, is the endeavor to find the truth in which religion lives. While it is clear that a true theology or philosophy is no substitute for genuine religion, and cannot by any possibility atone for a shabby religion, as it so often tries to do, it is likewise clear that good religion would become better were it grounded in the sound understanding of itself. This, at all events, is the conviction that has animated the theological movement of all the Christian centuries; the aim has been to find and declare the truth of religion, and the declaration has been made in an order or system of

ideas. Heart and flesh fail; the subjective in religion is apt to have a fugitive character; the great objective ideas that have risen like stars out of the depths of the religious mind, and that assemble in its heights in splendor and majesty, become the refuge of all the weary; there they shine forever and ever. The love of doctrine is no delusion; even when men have sworn to have nothing more to do with it, they turn up in unexpected quarters and with strange requests, like Abraham Lincoln's friend who had signed the pledge and who under stress of thirst appeared in the drug-store with the supplication, "Give me a drink unbeknown to me."

The traditional philosophy of the Christian religion came into being as a servant, and a noble servant it has been. Remade in the light of to-day, a noble servant it remains. In its old form, however, it has fallen to the ground, and that from the operation of two causes. It has been seen to be untenable by men outside its pale, who have found and declared, in ideas, the truth of other sections of human experience; and it has been found, as a whole, as a system, to be inadequate and unworthy by men inside the circle of faith who have considered well the fullness and majesty of the Christian heart, and, above all, who have looked into the unfathomable depth and glory of the mind of Christ. *The Origin of Species*, and *The Descent of Man*, by Darwin, raised questions and created doubts that were new. Here was an able and a devoted man of science, with certain sections of human experience before him, doing his best to give a rational account of them. He may not have been entirely successful in his attempt; where he did succeed, errors may have crept in to mar the greatness of his achievement. Nothing done by any individual, however extraordinary his

genius may be, is ever complete as it leaves his hands or entirely free from mistake. To this statement no one would be readier to assent than the modest man of science, Charles Darwin. Still, incomplete as his work was, it wrought a revolution in ideas concerning the origin of man, and thereby did much to make untenable the dogma on which, from Tertullian onward, ecclesiastical theology was built.

Simultaneously there was going on inside the circle of faith the great movement of scientific research as applied to the Bible. Here again it is not necessary, nor would it be safe, to claim even for such scholars as Ewald, Wellhausen, Keunen, Robertson Smith, and their successors in Europe and America, entire and unmixed success. The final chapter of this movement is not yet written, because the movement itself is still in progress. But the results, long ago obvious to common sense, and clear as axioms to men of the spirit, have acquired the certainty of scientific determinations that all parts of the Bible are not of equal value, that errors of fact are of frequent occurrence, that many instances of barbaric custom may be cited within its compass, that everywhere with its divine content human fallibility mixes, that where the Bible is supreme and incomparable as the revelation of God to man, it is still true that we have this treasure in earthen vessels.

This immense relief from the slavery of the Christian spirit to even the greatest Book, this vast introduction to the interior splendor and preciousness of the Bible, began at once to work changes in belief. From radical thinking upon the basis of Christian experience the intellect had been prohibited. The supreme Book had been used to browbeat and intimidate the reason. Now the reason could be both reverent and free. It was no longer enough, in order

to prove the truth of a given contention, to cite a text in its favor from any corner of the Bible. A vast structure of belief had been built up with no deference to Christian experience at its best, upon an indiscriminate use of Scripture, upon isolated texts, educed as proofs from a practically infallible Book; when the proof-texts were discredited the structure fell to the ground.

Inquiry into the origins and growth of the literature gathered in the Bible was accompanied by investigation of the intellectual conditions under which the doctrines of the Church arose. This revealed the fact that many of the elements in the Church's philosophy of religion were extra-Biblical in their origin. The classic philosophers of Greece contributed much; the Stoics contributed something; Roman law exercised considerable influence over the formation of opinion concerning man; while as an institution, the Christian Church was openly developed on imperial lines.

THIS analysis did not mean necessarily the destruction of the reigning order of ideas. Nothing lives, nothing dies, simply on account of the region where it was born. In the realm of the spirit it is the question of worth that determines the life and death of ideas. Therefore a far greater movement has now to be named than the scientific treatment of natural history, or the critical consideration of the Bible, or the analysis of theological belief into its elements and origins. The greatest thing in the Christian thought of the present is the judgment of religion, in all its forms and phases, by the might of the free Christian conscience. All that men have thought and done, all that God has done as expressed in the order of nature and in the constitution of the race, is brought to the bar of the Christian conscience for judgment. Never hitherto, perhaps, has a critical power so tremendous been introduced

to religious belief; never has the conscientious Christian been allowed such entire freedom as he possesses to-day.

This conscience is itself the product, the sublimest product, of the Christian religion; its imperiousness constitutes a new and deeper basis for faith. On the assumption of the existence of the God and Father of Christ, nothing can be true that does not accord with that assumption; and this means that nothing can be true that does not win the favorable verdict of the moral reason of Christian freemen. Against this rock the ship of traditional theology struck and foundered. No man living in any civilized centre has heard in twenty years a sermon, true to the ancient tradition, on the decrees of God, election, reprobation, expiatory atonement, and eternal punishment, such as Emmons, and many another less eminent than he, preached in Massachusetts seventy-five years ago. What would the most conservative men of to-day think if they were addressed in these words, which Dr. Griffin, the first minister of Park Street Church, Boston, spoke to his congregation: "To his own dear people he [Christ] will be a refuge from the hail that shall eternally lash the howling millions of the damned." The revolt against such teaching has been coming for two generations. Occasionally these moral symptoms have appeared in strange places and in strange words. A certain minister of the Church of Scotland, being hard pressed by the arguments of members of his Bible class concerning the justice of God in decreeing man's fall, his sin and all its consequences, and then in sending the non-elect to eternal hell for doing what their Maker had decreed that they should do, is reported to have replied as follows: "My friends, you must understand that the Almighty in his public and judicial capacity is obliged to do many things which in a

personal and private capacity he would be ashamed to do." Here is the symptom of moral awakening and the tentative application of moral reason to religious belief. Within a generation there has been a resurgence, in the field of religious opinion, of the buried Christian conscience.

IV

Two great characteristics of the religious thought of to-day we have found: the intellect working with scientific method as the judge of the records of faith, and the conscience as the final judge of the worth of the order of ideas in which religious experience expresses itself. The Christian intellect operates in the field of fact, is content with nothing less or other than fact; the Christian conscience proceeds upon the aboriginal assumption of the Gospel, the moral perfection of the God and Father of Jesus Christ, and brings all the ideas of faith into that court of final assize. The method in the field of fact is inductive; in the field of ideas it is deductive. The great premise of the Christian religion is an assumption, namely, the perfect goodness of God. While that premise remains valid, inconsistent ideas or inconsequential inferences are ruled out; fidelity to that premise means a new heaven and a new earth wherein the perfect moral being of God dwells. The premise itself, the perfect love of God for men, is of faith. An induction of facts, human and cosmic, may precede the adoption of the premise; facts appear that seem to call for it with the voice of necessity; other facts arise that seem to contradict it; it is adopted because it is believed to be the truth, and it remains a fundamental position of faith because it is not held as given in complete logical form. It is of faith because the rational attestation of it is incomplete. The

point is that this fundamental position of faith becomes the determining principle over the entire order of religious belief. Hence it is that, owing to this principle and its free use, a new day has dawned in the judgment of the ideas of faith. It is now felt, as perhaps never before, that Christian experience has hitherto failed in getting itself expressed in an order of ideas equal to its own moral worth. It is felt that the heart of Christendom is to-day what it has always been since apostolic times, immeasurably greater than its head. The God of love in the universe, the Lord of love in time, the life of love in the community of religious men, the idealisms, personal and social, that constitute the soul of Christianity and the grace of the Eternal in human hearts, have never been adequately or even worthily represented in any accredited system of theology.

The work of the scholar in the records of religion and the demands of the Christian heart have made the present an age of transition. To those unable to survey the whole movement, who have not seen into the faith from which it springs, who are lost in the dust and smoke of local engagements, the battle seems to be a form of civil war, in no sense a wise attempt to greaten the forces of the Christian spirit or to advance its sway. The unrest of the time seems to many to be needless, the fruitless toil of militant and audacious men, the sign of a degenerate Christianity bent on the sacrifice of its historic dignity to the wayward and pagan notions of the age. All this and much more of a similar import is in the air. It is the inevitable accompaniment of a Christianity dissatisfied with itself on the side of history and on the side of ideas, and bound to declare its worth for the soul in a worthier philosophy. For the patient under this sort of surgery there is no anæsthetic; pain must be inflicted

upon good men; the great consolation lies in the swifter coming of the kingdom of Truth.

There are many who raise the question, Why not abandon theology altogether? On its historical side it throws up great mounds of dogmatic *débris*; on its critical side it runs riot in every kind of excess, and obscures the records of faith with the dust and confusion of its issueless toil; on its philosophic side its procedure is so tentative and inconclusive as to make it worthless elsewhere than in "the heaven-and-hell amalgamation society." What value can there be in all this for the soul triumphant in its visions and rejoicing in the visible transformations wrought by its services? The old earth does not need either astronomy or geology in order to circle its orbit and run its course; these are the occupations of men of leisure who are borne on the back of the flying planet. The religious soul needs neither theology nor anthropology, neither a systematic doctrine of God nor a philosophic doctrine of man; it goes in the strength of its vision and passion, and keeps the world habitable and beautiful for the lazy and strange class of human beings who take pleasure in the compulsions of the intellect, and who glory in every new brood of uncertainties that they have been able to hatch.

These wild words fairly represent the attitude of many Christian men and women to-day. They find an order of ideas implicit in the courses of religious experience; they discover there the sense of Christ, the consciousness of the God and Father of Christ, the reality of the kingdom of Love; they know the Bible as the indispensable nourisher of faith; and beyond this order of thought implicit in life these persons do not care to go. The truth of religion, so these persons hold, is given in experience; the certitudes of the spirit are immediate; when the Christ-

ian soul turns from these to the domain of criticism and of philosophy, it exchanges clearness for confusion, confidence for doubt, the light and joy of the heart for the gloom and foreboding of the intellect unconscious of its incompetence.

There are other voices still that cry out in this day of trouble. These voices tell us that philosophy can have no influence upon life because life is lived before philosophy begins. Life is the object to be understood; but to be understood it must first of all be lived. Perfect understanding of man's world implies that man's world is already done to completeness. These prophets quote Hegel's famous and beautiful comparison of philosophy to the Owl of Minerva, that takes its flight only when the shades of night are gathering.

In this lamentation there is doubtless some truth. It is true that we give thanks for the years that bring the philosophic mind, that we grieve that the wisdom of one generation cannot be made over to another, that the compound of instincts, impulses, visions, deeds, and experiences is the great propulsive power of existence, that reflection and wisdom are less strictly life than about life. Yet when all this is admitted, it must be added, that it is in the highest degree unreasonable to hold that a man's veritable belief about the meaning of his existence and the universe in which he finds himself does not influence in potent ways his character and behavior. There is something wrong with the philosophy that thus empties itself of vital meaning, and then detaches itself from the sovereign struggles of men. If knowledge is no help to morality — then the character of God owes nothing to his omniscience; in that case the perfect intellect might well be the most destitute of religious worth. Such inversions of the thought of wise men are to be disre-

garded. We must recall the obvious fact that men are practical beings from the inmost centre to the outermost circle of their nature, that all ideation is but the prophecy of action; it is either the instantaneous decision of the gun to fire, or the longer or shorter run of the fuse before the explosion that blasts the rock. Nor must it be forgotten that philosophy is the love of wisdom, that the great figure who inaugurated its vast course in European history sought and loved it wholly for its divine influence upon man's existence. In Plato and Aristotle, the incomparable masters of philosophy, this discipline never outran its original meaning; it remained a way for the refinement and exaltation of life, and in the case of both thinkers, it terminated in the vision of God. Life is not first lived and then understood; it is poorly lived till understood; when well understood, life begins a new career of achievement and worth. Hegel's comparison is, therefore, beautiful but utterly fallacious. When the divine bird begins its flight, even if it should be near sunset, at once another and more glorious day dawns, the day in which upon the discovered purpose of existence, the new creation in answer to that purpose appears. Knowledge of the truth is not a luxury, it is a necessity; it is not an æsthetic delight at the end of the day, but the blast of the bugler calling the soldier of the ideal to arms and to the fresh conquests of the new prophetic morning.

It is, therefore, worthy of note that the men who are in any true sense helping to determine the character of Christianity in the free churches of this nation believe, with practical unanimity, that the philosophy of religion is an essential part of religion; that, independent of expression in an order of ideas, religion cannot attain its highest maturity and power. Nor do these leaders

intend to break with history in this invigorating search for the truth of faith. The traditional theology fails chiefly for two reasons: first, on account of its crudities; and second, on account of its negations. When the crude thinking has become mature and the negations have been removed, the great ideas that have held sway through Christian history emerge in unspent power. God is still sovereign; his will is now on the side of humanity; it is the infinite good-will, and as such the source of moral freedom and the assurance of victory to all souls; resistance to this will, whether through ignorance or perversity, remains the supreme calamity; forgiveness and moral hope continue to have their ground in the love of God perfectly disclosed in the sacrificial career of the Divine man, whose words have gained new meaning with the lapse of the centuries:—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"; the kingdom of God in time and beyond, as the sphere of man's vocation and the increasing realization of the Holy Spirit, abides; even the Trinity, which carries associations offensive to many, is felt to be of permanent worth, as the witness that social humanity is grounded on an eternally and ineffably social Deity.

The forms of historic thought no wise contemporary thinker will lightly disregard; especially the evolution of Christianity from the person of its Founder. A Christless Christianity is no part of the programme of the truly representative prophet of to-day; with him personality is the key to the world of man, the key to the universe of God, and here the personality of Jesus Christ is of inexpressible moment. Moral personality in man had its first universal accentuation, and moral personality in God its supreme revelation, in the Master of the Christian world. Besides, he so epitomizes in himself our world of

faith, transfigures it in the glow of his moral victory, translates it from the abstract into the concrete, and wins for it the loving devotion and service of his disciples that to attempt to separate the Gospel of love from the Lord of love would be to do violence to the method and spirit of Christianity, and at the same time would outrage the heart of the Christian community.

Let no one say that these words are intended either as a censure upon liberalism or as a sop to the Cerberus of a complaisant, callous, and often demented orthodoxy. No doubt religious liberalism is in danger of forgetting the deeper meanings of the person of Christ; no doubt it is exposed to the temptation of a too easy reduction of Jesus to the levels of men of the Spirit in all ages and among all peoples; no doubt it is in peril of failing to note his unique vocation in the kingdom of God, of falling a prey to a hard and impatient rationalism, of taking him and his Gospel more through the understanding and less through the totality of human life. While this is obviously true, it is felt by many that the dangers of orthodoxy are far greater. Its closed mind and conceit in the presence of an infinite interest are bad omens. One must experience a severe shock in going from the elaborate and exclusive forms of modern Christianity into the presence of the Lord whom it professes to adore and follow. It is at first sight hard to discover the connection between its multiplied machinery and His sublime simplicity, its emphasis upon ritual and His sole reliance upon the prophetic gift, its confidence in apostolical succession and His glorious trust in truth, its redundant and exclusive ecclesiasticism and the Master's absolute immunity from this disease. When one considers this Divine preacher either in the humble meeting-houses of his people, or in the fields of Galilee and

the hillsides of Judæa, notes the pure spirituality of his message and the interior splendor of his soul, one is ready to assert that the only hope of the proudly orthodox churches of the world is in ever deeper association with him. In no other way would it seem to be possible that they should ever catch a glimpse of the things for which he had a divine concern, awake to the awful contrast that exists between the spirituality and simplicity of His cause and the mixed and multitudinous character of their own, and subordinate their idiosyncrasies to the universality and freedom of His kingdom.

It is seen by many representative thinkers among us that the radicalism and the conservatism of to-day are both suggested in the Sadducee and the Pharisee of that age; it is recalled, with many significant reflections upon the fact, that while Jesus met strong opposition from the heterodox Sadducee he encountered a more subtle and deadly enmity in the orthodox Pharisee. The Christian Church has never laid this truth to heart; indeed it may be said that the Church has never seen it. It was against a flippant heterodoxy that Jesus vindicated faith in the endless life of the human soul: God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. It was against an exclusive and callous orthodoxy that Jesus spoke his parable of the Good Samaritan; it was against the pride and inhumanity of the same class that the Master made his defense of his interest in publicans and sinners, in the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Drachma, and the Lost Son. The peril of current liberalism is great; the peril is vastly greater of a morally obtuse and consequential conservatism, confident that it holds the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. These obvious dangers of the time suggest many reasons why there should be an association infinitely closer and pro-

founder than has ever yet existed between the evolution of Christianity and the Founder of Christianity.

The task which the new generation of Christian thinkers puts before itself is, first, to discover the truly representative experience, and then to take the ideas on which the soul lives in the courses of experience, clear them of confusion, lift them to maturity, authenticate and set them in a great majestic order. And in this constructive endeavor two ideals, or two aspects of one ideal, are the guiding forces. There is the ideal that everything in the universe is amenable to reason, that final unintelligibility nowhere exists. Mystery, as the sign forbidding reason to trespass in this domain or that, or as signifying that inscrutability is the essence of any section of existence, is expelled; mystery, as the symbol of the unexplored, the token of the immeasurable task that the reason has on its hands, is everywhere present. Little is yet understood; all may be understood; for the reason that the universe is an endless opportunity, an open door that no man can shut. The universe, as it lives in the senses and in the soul of man, answers the questions and falls into the order of reason. This is the ideal that animates and supports the scientific activity of the world; and while individuals grow weary at an immeasurable task, break out in lamentation over the slightness of the progress made and in despair of attaining the goal, no such paralysis ever takes permanent possession of the race. It is ever young, ever buoyant, ever sure of the ideal of complete intelligibility, ever undiscouraged and full of hope in the vast and exhilarating pursuit.

That in the world of faith everything must answer at last to the moral reason of man is the second ideal. According to this ideal, the universe justifies essential Christian faith; the universe

does this because its final character is just. Subjective substitutes for objective validities are no part of the normal triumphant faith of to-day; consolations drawn exclusively from the religious life in time are deemed insufficient; the shout is now what it has ever been—the Eternal God is thy refuge. Theology confined to the temporal shares the same fate with philosophy confined to phenomena; both are doomed to confusion in the presence of an outstanding universe unresponsive to reason. Ethics limited to man's world in time must become a chapter in the black book of despair. What are all our causes, our human idealisms, personal and social, if the swell of the Eternal is against them? The moral reason, with its inherent and boundless idealism, claims for its field the universe; to disallow its claim is to reduce it to vanity, to deny it the friendship of the Infinite is to decorate it with folly in time. Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on his cross, are justified not only out of the limited and brief world of man, but also out of the Eternal. Were it otherwise, who would care to work at the Sisyphus stone of the kingdom of Love not because its worth would vanish, but because all hope of its actual sovereignty would forever perish.

Here is the moral problem involved in the question of immortality. If death means annihilation, it means eventually the utter destruction of man's world. The economic, æsthetic, scientific, and philosophic phases of that world might well enough vanish utterly, thus damned for the glory of God; but if man as a servant of the moral ideal, as victor over brute worlds in the name of the ideal, as a creator of intrinsic moral values, as a lover and doer of the behest of the Eternal, is to cease to be at death, the moral character of God is henceforth a fiction, his pity for man at his worst and his sym-

pathy with man at his best become wholly incredible. In such a connection to say that like as a Father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, or to repeat the opening sentence of the Lord's Prayer, or any words from the Gospels that declare the infinite worth of the soul to God, is an exercise in self-delusion. If the world that comes out of the moral reason of man is not of permanent worth to God, it can only be because in God moral reason does not exist. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing; and one of them doth not fall to the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

The obligation that demands from man life for the moral ideal, and that denies him the privilege of endless service of the same, contains an unconscious but obvious insult to the Deity. Is there no obligation resting upon the Being who has put man under moral bonds? Has he no sense of fairness who calls upon men for that supreme quality? Is God justified in throwing man into the boiling stream of time, in calling upon him to learn to swim, or to rescue those who have not yet learned, and finally in drowning this valiant swimmer as the best way of getting rid of him? According to what conception of justice is man under duty to surrender his soul in service while God stands absolved? I can imagine duty from man to man to stand fast, were there no God; but I cannot imagine a moral Deity absolved from accountability to the conscience which is his sovereign gift to man. On this ground Jesus would not be the apostle of God, but his immeasurable moral superior. If we hold our moral world and all its precious treasures without the concern of the Eternal, by all means let us hold and increase it, but let us cease to worship God or to pay him the compliment of

the homage that he does not deserve.

The Christian religion to-day, as in the earliest day, identifies man's fortune with God's character, man's cause with God's purpose. In the Gospel the union of the Divine and the human that in Christ was perfect is by anticipation perfect in mankind. Identity of moral being between God and man, broken by sin, seeks through the Gospel of reconciliation the reestablishment and the endless duration of the aboriginal fellowship. Christianity is the religion of the Infinite; it first fills human life with God, and then it fills the universe with the will of the God who lives in man. All reductions of religion in deference to the gloom of the temporal order, or through fear in the presence of the cosmos; all selective devices whereby a human idealism sweet and fair is founded on the brute necessity that disowns it, and that is frowned upon by the black mysteries above it; all forms of rainbow-colored sentiment that derive their sole value from the retina of man's spirit; all limitations of the scope of religion that it may become more and more manageable to an impatient rationalism, are against the genius of the Gospel of Christ and equally against the Christianity that reigns to-day in the free, progressive communities of the land. Christian men are forward to declare that their idealism is the image of the Eternal realism. They want no delusions and no pigmy faiths; they want a religion that fills the universe with light, that gives to the moral ideal the final sovereignty, that guards in a great way the treasures of human love, that opens before the soldiers of the ideal in the day of their distress vistas of endless hope, that calls them to do battle in a campaign that cannot fail, that makes faith an act of trust in the supremacy of conscience in man and in God.

IRISH FAIRIES

BY SARAH N CLEGHORN

WHEN Giraldus Cambrensis visited Ireland in the twelfth century, he found the people "a trifle paganish." They believed in all sorts of fairies, banshees, witches, and changelings — "the gods of the earth," as the ancient Book of Armagh calls them. Eight centuries have changed the Irish but little in this respect. The credit of "the little good people" is as good as ever amongst them. "Have you ever seen a fairy or such-like?" Mr. Yeats inquired of an old man in County Sligo. "Am n't I annoyed with them?" was the answer. "Do the fishermen along here know anything of the mermaids?" he asked a County Dublin woman. "Indeed, they don't like to see them at all," said she, "for they always bring bad weather." In County Cork, young maidens still wake up in the dead of night, and hear the fairies taking down pots and dishes and cooking themselves a fine supper by the fire. The Hackets of Castle Hacket, Galway, claim to have had a fairy for their ancestor.

The Irish cosmogony derives the fairies from a station between heaven and earth. They are a sort of inferior angels —

Too mocking for bliss, and too merry for burning.

If we may trust Crofton Croker, they were "turned out of heaven" along with all Satan's host, and "landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, *having more sin to sink them*, went down further to a worse place." Some of them, at times, show a momentary anxiety about the state

of their souls. A great gathering of fairies in Cork once sent a young man, whom they met by the riverside, to ask the priest what chance there was for them all to become good Christians at the last day?

It is soon seen that these Irish fairies are no mere nursery playmates. They attend earthly weddings and funerals, and at their own dances (in Donegal, at least) welcome handsome young mortals and frolic freely with them. They engage in airy battles among themselves, which seem in miniature not unlike the faction fights of their mortal countrymen at fairs and patron festivals. When the wind whirls the thatch off a peasant's house, he knows it is a scrimmage of the fairies overhead. Indeed the only thoroughly childish trick which seems to be common amongst them is that of exchanging themselves for mortal babies, and hiding away in cradles. They share with all other Irishmen an exceeding love for little children, and steal them away for the pure pleasure of their company; some skylarking old fairy volunteering to impersonate the baby, and delude the sharp eyes of the mother. These undertakings, so far as I can discover, are always unsuccessful. The mother invariably suspects the wizened occupant of her cradle, and with the help of some wise woman of the neighborhood, wheedles it into declaring its real age. The cat being thus out of the bag, it becomes an easy matter to chase the fairy away with a red-hot poker or boiling teakettle, when

the baby is miraculously restored. Irish babies are robust, and bear the change from fairy back to mortal climes better than did Bonnie Kilmeny in Hogg's fine poem.

The greatest charm of the Irish fairy tales is their unparalleled realism—one might almost have said veracity. The mixture of dream and reality, thought so remarkable in Mr. Kipling's *Brushwood Boy* and *They*, is surely outdone in this particular by the fairy stories of Croker, Lover, and Carleton. They invariably begin by assigning the actors in the story to a certain county of Ireland, and often name a village of that county. "People may have heard of Daniel O'Rourke," begins a wild tale by Crofton Croker. "I knew the man well. He lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go toward Bantry." Nor does the verisimilitude diminish as the tale proceeds. The air of careful fidelity to fact is kept up throughout; and often at the end one finds a grave speculation as to whether some trivial detail or other has been sufficiently verified.

Carleton has an engaging way of following some particularly tall statement about a fairy or witch with a cautious bit of hedging. "Now I won't swear the leprecaun's hat was red, *for 'fraid I'd tell a lie.*" The plausible scenery and geography of these stories having gone so far to beguile the reader, a liberal admixture of very human beings, all behaving quite naturally and cheerfully in the midst of the fairies' pranks, completes the charm, and leaves the impression of a candid and conscientious narrative. Miss MacClintock conveys this illusion very readily. In her excellent story of *Jamie Freel and the Young Lady*, the fairies have long held their revels in the ruined castle, and Jamie has heard them singing and dancing there a dozen times before

he ventures to join them; at which point his mother endeavors to dissuade him in much the same tone and manner as she might if he were bent on running away to sea, or joining the army. Carleton thus describes the talk of Frank Martin, the weaver of Tonagh Forth, who "maintained a great intimacy with the fairies":—

"Well, Frank, when did you see them?"

"Whist! There's two dozen of them in the shop this minute. There's a little ould fellow sittin' on the top of the sleys, and all to be rocked while I'm weavin'. . . . Go out o' that, you shingawn! Let the tallow alone, you little glutton. See, there's a weeny thief o' them aitin' my tallow."

"What size are they, Frank?"

"Oh, little wee fellows, with green coats, and the purtiest little shoes ever you seen. There's two of them—both ould acquaintances of mine—runnin' along the yarn-beam. That ould fellow with the bob-wig is called Jim Jam, and the other chap with the three-cocked hat is called Nickey Nick. Nick plays the pipes. Nickey, give us a tune, or I'll malivogue you. Whisht now, listen!"

"It was well known," continues Carleton, "that at night, whenever he woke out of sleep, the first thing that he did was to put out his hand, and push them, as it were, off his bed.

"Go out o' this, you thieves, you—go out o' this now, and let me alone. Nickey, is this any time to be playin' the pipes, and me wants to sleep? There now. Sure they're all gone, barrin' poor Red Cap, that does n't like to lave me."

There is not much revengeful spirit in the Irish fairies. Teig O'Kane, in Mr. Douglas Hyde's fine translation from the Gaelic, was indeed made to carry a corpse about, from parish to parish, through a long night of terror;

but he afterwards reformed from his wild ways, "married Mary," and led an industrious and prosperous life. The reader reared on Grimm and Andersen may tremble horribly for the fate of Billy MacDaniel in the fine rollicking story of *Master and Man*, when he spoils the old fairy's plot for carrying off the young bride. Had MacDaniel but held his tongue, instead of shouting out "God bless us!" when the young bride sneezed, the plot would have succeeded; and yet he escapes with a scolding and a slap or two, and is able to join the wedding-party and spend a jovial evening with them. Light-hearted, good-humored Irish fairies! They are so talkative and confidential that they often let mortals into the secret of their mischievous intentions. Their minds seem as transparent as their bodies. They have a share of the all-redeeming humor which in Carleton's hands humanizes the murderous faction fight, and which Miss Lawless puts into the mouth of her revengeful exile from County Clare: —

Hark, yonder in the darkness one distant rat-tat-tat!

The old foe's coming on — *God bless his soul for that!*

Irish fairies are quite capable of enjoying a good joke upon themselves. Even Satan, in *The Three Wishes*, enters quite into the spirit of the clever blacksmith, who has got the best of him in a bargain, and in the midst of receiving a fearful drubbing with a sledge-hammer, calls out politely, —

"But if possible, Mr. Dawson, be a little more delicate."

The fairies inhabit the whole of Ireland; but they have their favorite haunts and meeting-places. Their great fighting tournaments are held on May Eve on the Plain-a-Bawn, where they contend for the best ears of corn in the coming harvest. The little village of B—— claims to be the most "gentle"

(that is, fairy) place in County Sligo; but others claim that honor for Drumahair or Drumcliff. Miss MacClintock's Ulster fairies speak a dialect partly Scotch, and Mr. Douglas Hyde's belong to Roscommon and Galway. Black's *Guide to Ireland* provides fairies and ghosts liberally for castles, promontories and lakes, the prettiest legend of all being assigned to Lough Leane, where fairies dance about the ghost of The O'Donoghue, as he returns every seven years to his old home. Mr. and Mrs. Hall devote many pages of their imposing three-volume work to fairy legends, and in particular to sunken towns and villages in the Irish lakes. The fairies are very fond of hawthorn trees, and indeed plant them for their own pleasure; and woe to the man who cuts down a fairy "thorn." It was under such a tree that Anna Grace, in Ferguson's lovely ballad, met her fate.

It is easy to anger the fairies by throwing water out of windows after dusk or before dawn. Often they are trooping by, and are bespattered. One Mrs. Corcoran was bedridden for seven years for no other offense than this. Lady Wilde says that in some parts of Ireland it is customary, when throwing away water at night, to warn the fairies by shouting in Gaelic, "Away with yourselves from the water." This shows that the trooping fairies have no *penchant* for woods and fields, but prefer the main-traveled roads.

There are many sorts of fairies in Ireland. These trooping clans, the friendliest, wear green jackets; the solitary fairies wear red. According to McAnally, a peasant once witnessed a battle between them; and when the trooping fairies began to win, he was so overjoyed "*to see the green above the red*," that he gave a loud hurrah! Immediately all vanished from view, and he found himself thrown headlong in the ditch. In Mr. Yeats's classifica-

tion, the weird, but not unkindly merrows (or sea-fairies) come next; then the changelings; then the fairy doctors, and witches, who inhabit puddings and pots, bewitch butter, steal milk, and the like; the banshees, not always harbingers of death; the leprecaun, or fairy shoemaker, "the only industrious person among them" (for they dance their shoes away in a single night); the Pookas, first cousins of the Scotch Brownies, who for their sins are obliged to help the housewife with nightly elfin labors; the giants, the ghosts, and the Satanic race of demon-cats; and last, the "kings, queens, princesses, earls, and robbers."

Fairy rings, alas, are explained on scientific grounds in all the encyclopædias. The enchanted raths, or forths, however, are left the fairies still. It is there that they play their lovely music, which leaves a wild craving forever in the heart of the unlucky child or maiden who hears it. Mortal men have sometimes listened and learned the fairy tunes, and may play them freely when not too near a rath, or on the dangerous eves of May, Midsummer, and November. "The Pretty Maid Milking the Cow" is a tune stolen from the fairies, and so is "Eileen Aroon," the Irish original of "Robin Adair." A poor little hunchback of Connaught, who had an ear for sweet music, once heard the "good people" singing, and after listening for a long time, lifted up his voice in a happy variation of their tune. So well and so modestly was it done, that the fairies, delighted at the addition to their repertoire, took off his hump by a spell, and made him straight and strong.

Not every fairy-seeing man agrees with Frank Martin about the size of the fairies. Mr. Douglas Hyde makes them as large as midgets. The witches of Slievenamon are full-grown women. Shemus Rua saw two "red-headed fellows" of full adult size walking away

with his cow. Their subsequent behavior, and the strange company to which they introduced him, showed them to be fairies. The good people are good linguists. They speak both Gaelic and English, as well as a tongue of their own, which puzzled Teig O'Kane when he met them on the lonely road.

"Oh wirra!" said he, beginning to repent of his sins. "It's not English or Irish they speak — it can't be that they're Frenchmen!"

Improving on their melodies is not the only way of befriending the fairies. To leave a little new milk on the window-sill or door-step overnight is a thoughtful, neighborly act much appreciated by them. They prefer being called "good people" and "gentry" rather than fairies. A horseshoe over the door keeps them at arm's length, even though invited to enter. Frank Martin declared that he was blessed at his birth with a special prayer against their power. They will not often face a priest, or speak with him, though they may pluck up courage to send him a message. And yet they are often allies of the priests in their parish work, for the salutary frights which they give to wild young men often send them back to church and honest living.

The trooping fairies are really only to be feared on Midsummer Eve. It is then that they steal away mortal maidens. In Donegal, in the forties, was living an old woman who declared that she had been carried off and kept for seven years in fairyland. "We had fine white bread, and crudded cream," said she, "and everything but the grace of heaven." More tragic is the tone of Sir Samuel Ferguson's fine ballads of the *Fairy Thorn*, and *Well of Lagnanay*.

Una! Una! thou may'st call,
Sister sad! but lith or limb
Never again of Una Bawn,
Where now she walks in dreaming hall,
Shall eye of mortal look upon.

Where is, or was, that fairyland to which Una Bawn and Anna Grace were snatched away? According to Mr. Baring-Gould, there is a legendary sunken island "seven days' sail westward from the coast of Clare." This is the fabled land of perpetual youth. Old Irish

peasants say that "you can buy happiness there for a penny." Perhaps this is the fairies' paradise? But do fairies ever die? "Blake," as Mr. Yeats reminds us, "once saw a fairy's funeral; but in Ireland," he adds, "we think they are *immortal*."

ALLELUIA

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

WITH Windflower now and Daffodil
That bird they call Cuckoo
Goes shouting now o'er vale and hill
His Allelu —
Alleluia!

He feasts him on the Cuckoo's-meat,
The Wood-sorrel so new;
And shouts his grace ere he doth eat —
His Allelu —
Alleluia!

Sith Christ hath left the wormy grave
The world's in green and blue;
This clerk sings piously his stave —
His Allelu —
Alleluia!

Up hearts! for Jesus Christ His sake,
Who by His dying slew
Both sin and death. Here's one awake
Calls Allelu —
Alleluia!

W. C. BROWNELL

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

THE highest function of criticism is to plan those reconstructions that are forever necessary. Matthew Arnold is as clear an example of the professional critic as England produced in the nineteenth century; and between him and other writers, his contemporaries, there was a difference, not so much of power as of position and intention. It was evident from the first that he was trying to create in the minds of his countrymen a certain order; his effort was to broaden the basis of their life and make a new arrangement of its elements, — in a word, to synthesize. The opportunity for synthesis was never more inviting anywhere than it is in America. Here and there we have accomplishment and character. But accomplishment with us is generally dislocated, and character starves for want of a sustaining *milieu*. We are a nation, but scarcely a society. Only now and again have we been effectively touched by the Time-spirit. The German *Aufklärung*, which was educational and religious, failed to enlighten our ancestors, who were still busy on the frontiers and occupied with political organization. The spirit of the French Revolution, a spirit as much social as political, aroused in our young cities a reaction partly religious, partly aristocratic. The historico-critical movement of the last generation in Europe dies when it touches our shore. Every age desires above all things to be interpreted to itself. If such an interpretation of the present age should be granted, it is to be feared that America must be

left out of the reckoning. We have scarcely begun the work of analyzing and assessing our intellectual resources, which must go before synthesis.

It is my purpose to review the social and literary studies of Mr. William Crary Brownell, a professional critic who has done much to sober our judgments of ourselves, and to make us see the achievements of our best writers in a perspective that may fairly be called cosmopolitan. I shall refer to his art criticism only as it appears to have enriched his equipment and modified his general attitude.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since the publication of his *French Traits*, which is a study no less of American than of French life, and perhaps more safely based on the American side of the comparison. With the publication of his *French Art*, in 1892, he gave evidence of highly specialized knowledge in a sphere of activity peculiarly exacting. Nine years later he gathered into a volume called *Victorian Prose Masters* his essays on Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Meredith. And between 1903 and 1909 he has published, in *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, essays on Hawthorne, Henry James, Cooper, Lowell, Poe, and Emerson, which he has expanded and reprinted as *American Prose Masters*.

It is plainly not Mr. Brownell's chosen task to contribute directly to what would at the present time be the vain labor of synthesis. He commends no social philosophy. He is one of those

who sow the seed of discontent. Such glimpses of his own view of life as he permits us to catch reveal a serene mind which has come to rest securely somewhere; but the effect of his criticism upon his readers is to dissolve false security. In artistic matters we are liable to accept the will for the deed, or at least the effort for the accomplishment. The tendency of our optimism is to overestimate the value of activity, of effectiveness, and to disregard the end. We exhort one another to be enthusiastic; but what is really important is that we should have worthy ideals. Loyalty is preached to us. But loyalty to what? We even hear it proclaimed that faith is in itself a virtue, irrespective of its object. Plainly the first duty of a critic is to question the validity of what the world accepts as true, and the propriety of the world's tastes.

Mr. Brownell is a master of the art of making distinctions and testing accepted claims. To make distinctions and test claims involves either reference to some canon of value or comparison with examples outside the ken or the sympathy of the ordinary observer. Precept may boast its converts, but example has the more primitive prestige, and has been a thousand times more often triumphant. Again, criticism can be applied from a point inside the circle of things judged, or from a point without. It can be implicated and standardized, or, on the other hand, detached and of protean form. Mr. Brownell's criticism is essentially undomestic, and although far from lawless it is not dogmatic. He realizes that a critical movement related closely to an American standard of taste and limited by an American horizon would be provincial, would be, above all, illusory.

If Mr. Brownell has not been pilloried by a patriotic press for his *French Traits*, he may thank the successful complexity of his style. For the inter-

est of this very candid book, for American readers, lies in its comments on us, and the victory in its war of contrasts falls almost uniformly to France. The French, he says, have accepted the results of the Revolution. They are loyally attached to democratic principles, which they are endeavoring, with characteristic devotion to logic, to apply in detail. One fundamental doctrine of the Revolution is that it shall never cease, because change means health. "How idle it is," he exclaims, "to commiserate them for their instability, when not stability but flux is their ideal." Another leading doctrine of French democracy is that not precedent but reason — contemporary, practical reason — shall be the criterion of movement. "The revolutionary spirit," he tells us, "is the reforming and revising instinct. . . . It has invariably a programme." The application of ideas to life, notably of these two master ideas, is with the French but little obstructed by cant and false sentiment. They trust their principles, and are not afraid to see them at work. What is rational has the best possible guarantee of safety.

Democracy in France, thus loyally recognized and put to use, has become a network of channels by means of which the naturally strong social instinct of the French race has poured itself over the entire field of their life. In France, society is the measure of all things. This fact is in itself a liberation from many forms of narrowness and meanness. It enlarges the national mind, elevates the individual towards and even above the level of the whole, and rationalizes patriotism. Hence the French, despite their proverbial self-satisfaction, their disinclination to travel, their indifference to what is foreign, are not really provincial. Hence, too, art and manners flourish supremely well in France. Art flourishes, because

it is a distinguished branch of public service; manners flourish, because human respect is of their essence.

By way of contrast, Mr. Brownell represents Americans as untrue to their profession of democracy, as inheriting the English empirical habit instead of obeying the dictates of reason, and as suffering from the provincial crudeness that results, in a republic, from hampering the social instinct. Among the preventable causes of our unintelligence and bad manners, there is, he argues, at least this very important one, that our theory of democracy is in large part a pretense.

We are perhaps painfully conscious of our minor faults. To be told that they are not being overcome because we have lost faith in the principles of democracy, — that our manners and our art would be more distinguished if equality were in fact, and not merely in half-hearted profession, our political and social ideal, — this is the new and salutary lesson. Not as we are provincial, but as we are false, do we come behind the French in the art of living. And certainly provincialism, in its own awkward way, has done something to supply color and variety, the lack of which in America depresses foreign observers.

The structural lines in *Victorian Prose Masters* are simple and important, but are likely to be overlooked by a reader whose attention is absorbed by the bewildering multiplicity of views which the book contains. The number of these views, and still more their subtlety, incline one at first to consider them the result of extreme cleverness. But nothing could be more unjust than to regard Mr. Brownell as a clever thinker. He shows himself everywhere ready to sacrifice mere point for the sake of justness, to disregard, for example, the danger of being obscure or of seeming to be commonplace. Ob-

scure he sometimes is, and stands in so far without excuse, but really commonplace he never is. In spite of a superficial appearance to the contrary, these essays are not groups of witty but inconsequential "good things," like Mr. Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, nor are they a parade of learning and legerdemain, as some of Lowell's essays unquestionably are, — prodigal and even prodigious in their cleverness, and a sort of pedantry, however delightful. What distinguishes Mr. Brownell is something quite incompatible with the desire to shine. This is, it seems to me, his power of restraining and directing a naturally emotional nature by a spirit of judicial coolness.

A philosophy, neither vague nor yet obtrusively declared, lies behind these studies, and accounts for their fundamental simplicity. But what concerns us first is the simplicity of Mr. Brownell's method. It is easily possible to apprehend the central thought in each essay. For he is in so far a disciple of Taine that he always delves for the master-trait.

Extraordinary force, self-consciousness, and willfulness, Mr. Brownell marks as the most salient traits of Carlyle. "He did not know what love is." "His mind monopolized his feeling." "It is his thinking, not himself, that is agitated." Is it not possible that Mr. Brownell was still too much affected by the long-time obsessing *Reminiscences*, when he wrote in this strain? Is it not a little petulant to complain that Carlyle was not *good*, an implication that pervades Mr. Brownell's essay, and to note with disapproval his way of obtruding into criticism and history a body of doctrine, which is judged to be rather exiguous after all? For we must take genius as we find it, and a self-effacing, quiet-mannered, disinterested Carlyle would be no Carlyle at all. Whether we disapprove or

not of applying the spirit and method of poetry to philosophical and historical subjects, to such subjects as are treated in *Sartor Resartus*, *Cromwell*, and *Past and Present*, Carlyle specifically works with a poet's purpose and in a poet's manner, by an inner light which is nothing other than personality.

Mr. Brownell, I think, occupies himself too much with Carlyle's origins and temperament, and takes too little account of what Sainte-Beuve calls "a certain contrary," the supplementary and often inconspicuous qualities that count in rounding out a character. Yet there can be no dissentient voice to the judgment which finds excess and caprice to be Carlyle's most crying defects. Nor is Mr. Brownell too severe when he notes "the plebeian antagonism to democracy that leads him to consider the spirit of the time as negligible except as incarnated in the hero." And he is stating an obvious truth when he declares that the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century "found in Carlyle an instinctive and deliberate antagonist: science he neglected, democracy he decried." A much too drastic inference is drawn from this fact, in a passage from which, to represent it fairly, I must make a long citation: "To be out of harmony with one's time and environment is a heavy handicap on energy, which is thus inevitably deflected instead of developed, however it may be intensified by isolation. It is inherently inimical to expansion, and Carlyle may really be said to have devoted his prodigious powers to the endeavor to transform the 'epoch of expansion' in which he passed his life into an 'epoch of concentration,' to adopt Arnold's terminology. Unaided, or aided only by the futile of the intellectual world, the Froudes, the Kingsleys, the Ruskins, such an attempt must be both transitory and incomplete."

It is to the major premise of this syllogism that I take exception, namely, that revolt against one's time and environment is a handicap on energy and inimical to expansion. Rather it is a generator of energy and a mode of expansion. Undoubtedly Carlyle reacted against the scientific and democratic free-thought which was in the end to prevail. Undoubtedly his efforts were not crowned with direct success. But as we look back now upon the fifty years that lie between 1815 and 1865, it seems to be a period marked as deeply by its reactions as by its forward movements. And while specifically reactionary, — but, he it said, not therefore necessarily futile, — the animating spirit of Carlyle's lifework, and its contagious principle, was independence. He wrought upon the youth of his time, not as Newman and Ruskin wrought, in the interest of mediævalism, but all for modernism. He did not underestimate the volume and momentum of the positive movement, the movement of expansion. If he attempted prematurely to synthesize, he limited, of course, his reputation as a prophet, but he also vindicated the immunities of individual thought and feeling. This was his contribution to the side of expansion. Perhaps he was thus more useful to it than if he had joined the hue and cry of optimists who proclaimed that all would soon be well in Zion.

One of the futile of the intellectual world — this is the clue to Mr. Brownell's delving for the master-trait of Ruskin. As in the case of Carlyle, he finds it to be a too confident release of personality, or, to look upon the matter from another point, a too unquestioning reliance upon the inner light. Ruskin was characterized by the "predominance of the emotional sense over the thinking power." He was "a pure sentimentalist." It is unusual and per-

haps salutary to behold Ruskin treated with a complete lack of reverence by one who is as free as possible from the bondage of philistinism. He is treated, of course, without a trace of levity, in this case. Mr. Brownell leaves him little except a wonderful, though unclassical and vitiated style, philanthropic motives, and the distinction of having been "the most attentive, the most affectionate, the most eloquent, the most persuasive apostle of nature." He denies him any fitness to write about art; "he neither recognized its limitations, nor acquiesced in its office, nor apprehended its distinction." Naturally this contention opens the way to a treatment of the claims of art for art's sake, and the respective demands of the senses and of reason, including morals and utility, in contemplating works of art. And nowhere are Mr. Brownell's judicial fairness and the generous maturity of his spirit better shown than in this debate.

Again, he finds Ruskin's social and economic preaching futile. But we should not judge too pragmatically the foiled searchers, the shocked reactionaries, of the Victorian period. As Carlyle's prophecies made, in the long run, for independence and for strength of will, so I believe Ruskin's rhapsodies made, on the whole, for truthfulness, and that too in a sphere with which Englishmen were indisposed to associate the idea of truthfulness at all. Art meant nothing to Ruskin except as it illustrated nature or edified man. These two objectives Ruskin kept steadily in view, not only in his art criticism, but equally in his economic exhortations; and I see no reason to hold that the moment was ill-chosen for preaching truth to nature, and utility to the whole man, as criteria in art and politics.

Arnold is a classic, in a sense in which Ruskin and Carlyle are not. He

is a classic because of the unfailing harmony between his impulses, his equipment, his object, and his medium. If to a certain class of minds he makes but an ineffectual appeal, a class of minds that require above all a forcible impact, and generally an obviously emotional one, the cause is perhaps disclosed in what Mr. Brownell acutely finds to be the formula of his harmony, namely, that "he directed his nature, as well as he directed his work, in accordance with the definite ideal of reason." Readers of the very numerous class to which I refer associate the idea of literary genius not so much with definiteness and with reason, as with power, somewhat vaguely composed and irresponsibly set in motion.

More and more the preëminence of Arnold among English critics is coming to be acknowledged, because time is bringing into relief the soundness of his views, the sincerity of his purpose, and the excellence of his style. "The critical sense is so far from frequent," says Mr. Henry James, "that it is absolutely rare, and that the possession of the cluster of qualities that minister to it is one of the highest distinctions. It is a gift inestimably precious and beautiful." Mr. James appears to regard curiosity and sympathy, quickness to appreciate and take fire, in a word, sensitiveness to impressions, as the mistress of these qualities. But if, as Mr. Brownell affirms, Arnold stands alone among English critics, he does so because his whole nature was symmetrically cultivated, and because no other has "his faculty of extracting their application from the precedents indicated by culture."

The most effective service of Mr. Brownell's essay is to explain the nature and resources of Arnold's art as a critic, and to place in a true light his theological writings. Arnold's criticism is not impressionistic, not "the irresponsible

exercise of the nervous system, however attuned to taste and sensitized by culture." It has behind it a body of doctrine. I wish I could agree with Mr. Brownell in thinking that Arnold almost escaped the perils of didacticism, that he had an eminent gift for seeing things as they really are, and for penetrating the personalities of other men. It seems to me that in none of these respects was he conspicuously well endowed by nature, and that his distinction lies in the centrality, the classical quality of his culture, and in the art by which he applied its lessons. For example, one cannot be sure that his picture of Falkland is a true picture. His achievement in this case is to have been guided by his culture to find an historical figure who could, by an infusion of his own purpose, be made to serve as a rebuke to our age. Culture determined his choice of a figure, as it opened his eyes to the evil of contentiousness and a warlike spirit. His art showed itself in the cunning simplicity with which he composed the picture, in the deft turn of its application, and in his pure and memorable language.

In like manner, it was the centrality of his culture, his success, partly from fortune and partly from careful habit, in keeping close to the best line of tradition and yet free of access to the *Zeitgeist*, that enabled him so early among men of English speech to see that the vital quality of Christianity depends not on prophecy, or on miracles, or on metaphysics. He never underestimated the distinctive features of Christianity, though as a humanist he was incapable of exaggerating them. Mr. Brownell admirably says: "Nearly the whole thinking world, save that portion of it committed to the defense of dogma, has practically, if insensibly, come to adopt his view that the sanction of religion is its natural truth." When we ask ourselves what theory

or what faculty drew him to the study of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, acquainted him with Renan, impelled him to an attitude of discipleship toward Sainte-Beuve and Scherer, and turned him to the contemporary German exponents of the critico-historical method, we shall be perhaps no further advanced. The simple fact is that his education opened these lines to him and enabled him to see their correlation. No one exercised a more direct and practical influence upon him than Sainte-Beuve, to whom he was indebted for at least half of the subjects treated in the original edition of *Essays in Criticism*. And of Sainte-Beuve also it may be said that his unique quality was the generality of his literary and historical culture, uniting and covering all salient traits.

Mr. Brownell's theory of criticism derives from Taine; his manner, in so far as it is not original, derives from Mr. Henry James. Naturally therefore he seems less conscious of the peculiarities of Mr. James's manner than of his theory. It is not surprising that the subtlest element in his essay on Mr. James is his comment on the doctrine of "disinterestedness," of which Mr. James is so distinguished an adept. "It is," remarks Mr. Brownell, "not precise enough to say that Mr. James's mind is essentially critical, and that therefore his attitude is essentially detached. There are two sufficiently distinct varieties of the critical mind, the philosophical and the scientific. Mr. James's is the latter. . . . So far as fiction is a criticism of life, it is so because it exhibits a philosophy of life, in general or in some particular. It is far more the scientific habit of viewing life and its phenomena that Mr. James illustrates." This penetrating statement goes far to account for Mr. James's aridity, and to justify the very general opinion that his art savors too much of

virtuosity. To be disinterestedly curious — if anybody can be so indeed — is felt not to be an interesting attitude. This is the measure of the immense sacrifice Mr. James makes to his theory. While Mr. Brownell eminently appreciates Mr. James's achievement, he manages, with much fine discrimination, to express a profound misgiving as to the direction he has pursued.

The literary work of James Russell Lowell has never before been subjected to a perfectly unflinching analysis. The brightness of his personal charm has hitherto made scrutiny blink. Mr. Brownell, in an essay which is as direct and simple as the essay on Mr. James is perplexed, reaches a conclusion in regard to Lowell's prose which is as just as it is disillusioning. "The critical temperament is a reflective one," he says; and Lowell was "temperamentally energetic, but reflectively indolent." Starting from this remark, which is nothing if not clairvoyant, it would be possible, though ungracious to a rich personality which is yet a living memory, to insist upon the unsatisfactory elements of Lowell's essays, their wearying crackle of puns and quotations, their baffling want of composition, their aimless force and ineffectual fire, their purely literary inspiration. Given a superlatively energetic temperament and the bubbling humor of Mr. Lowell, both insufficiently restrained by reflection, and we have too often a tiresome smartness. In this, as well as in some of his noblest qualities, he was more typically a New Englander than a representative American. Quick, sententious, conclusive, not to say specious and dogmatic, the New England mind outruns the slower wits of the "average American." It is only after an interval that one perceives the cause of a vague, but very real, sense of discomfort in reading Lowell. It is that one has been too smartly dealt with.

Mr. Brownell judges Lowell's poetry very favorably. His praise of the *Commemoration Ode* seems even extravagant, and is not justified by the stanza he quotes and challenges the world to match.

One of the most honorable opportunities that can come to a man must be that of recalling to public attention the value and interest of a writer whose fame has begun to suffer an undeserved decline, especially if this neglect has been due primarily to the censorious, who have despised the verdict of the humble. To read Mr. Brownell's remarks on Cooper's "massive and opulent work" is very pleasant. But it seems to me that he does not really base his high estimate on a relish for Cooper's romances as romances, but rather on extraneous considerations. He finds Cooper manly, and a knower of men. He finds him well-informed and sound in judgment. He praises his aversion to sectionalism, and his preference for Episcopacy as compared with the sectarian rawness of his day. Cooper's vision embraced the whole country, and his sympathies were for what was most conservative, most productive of amenity, and most comforting to a craving for historic continuity. His politics, we are told, were "rational, discriminating, and suggestive," and he was a great publicist. Mr. Brownell also regards Cooper as a fertile creator of characters. Thus far it is possible to agree with him. But not until it has been shown that Cooper's style is a facile and charming medium, will it appear likely that people beyond the age of twenty will read him with the interest his large outlook and historical position in themselves deserve.

Hawthorne evidently exasperates Mr. Brownell, and the resulting essay is the least engaging and the least convincing in the volume. Still, no other more impressively demonstrates the critic's

power of psychological analysis. It is his most elaborate study. The disintegration proceeds over the entire surface of Hawthorne's character and of his work, as if some vigorous plant were insinuating its myriad tentacles into the crevices of a wall. The results are as follows:—

Hawthorne cultivated his fancy to the neglect of his imagination; and he neglected his imagination because he shrank from reality. By nature he was hard-headed, and a lynx-eyed observer, but he made, in his novels, little or no use of his faculty for seeing things as they are. His mysticism was not temperamental, but deliberate and cold-blooded. Even when he was at work with real objects, his preference for allegory led him to symbolical expression. "The insubstantiality he sought was to consist in the envelope, not in the object," but he ended by "evaporating both." Being prone to reverie, he was not energetically reflective, and he had very little to brood over. Being self-centred, he applied the measure of his own tastes even to painting and sculpture, of which he knew next to nothing, and even to history, to which he was indifferent. "The value of culture, even to a writer of pure romance," is proved by the fact that "he succeeded in the main when he dealt with the Puritans, and almost invariably failed when he did not"; for the early life of New England was the only period he had studied. "There he had a background, material, and a subject of substance." When he traveled abroad, his frame of mind was not unlike that of our "humorists," who, in their favorite phrase, find "nothing that can beat God's Country." Being a fatalist, he blandly considered that his genius had been once for all delivered to him and was not to be diverted, enlarged, or transformed. From the influences of culture "he protected him-

self with signal perversity and success. His imagination was not nurtured, because his mind was not enriched. . . . Hawthorne"—and here is Mr. Brownell's most cruel discovery—"cared nothing for people in life and made extraordinarily little of them in his books. In no other fiction are the characters so little characterized as in his, where in general their *raison d'être* is what they illustrate, not what they are."

I suppose Mr. Brownell deserves our gratitude for expressing these negations, which in themselves are true. But his two or three pages of praise for *The Scarlet Letter*—"our one prose masterpiece," he calls it—by no means restore the balance or exhaust all the good that might be said of Hawthorne. Much indeed ought to have been said about that noble severity, that unity of tone, which denote Hawthorne's mastery of himself and of his material, such as it is, in more than one or two of his romances. Mr. Brownell has made no confident attempt to explain the sources of Hawthorne's undeniable fascination. To say that his fame is kept alive by national superstition, by his being part of the required reading of youth and the indulgent memory of maturity, is to despise the judgment of many competent readers and the general opinion. It is not "letting the world judge." Absolutely correct as is the general theory that the substance even of romance should be real, we may still contemplate with admiration the result achieved by an artist working with defective material. Hawthorne is perhaps our only classic. No element of literary art is so preservative as its medium. And Hawthorne's style has the clearness, the refinement, the elevation, the sufficiency, and the restraint of classic style.

These were qualities of his nature, too. His detachment, which kept him aloof from his surroundings, saved him

from contemporary vagaries. His rare and pure genius, which shut him off from the sympathy of prying neighbors, whether philosophers or common village intruders, has lifted him into companionship with thousands who are, perhaps perversely, satisfied with a less rigorous definition of fiction than that it shall be invariably a criticism of life based upon observation. They imagine at least that the dreams of Hawthorne are a kind of experience.

With Poe the case is different. His dreams are not so certainly as Hawthorne's the play of a sound and candid mind. Nor do his writings, whether prose or verse, possess the warrant of an invariably excellent style. The tales had the good luck to accord with a taste for horrors and extravagance, and a taste for decorative description, that flourished for a while in France. That they obtained a considerable vogue throughout Europe is not particularly significant, for it was thus they obtained it. We have in this matter thought too much of "European recognition." We shall do better to judge Poe's tales for what they are. There is no denying that through sectional incompatibility Poe never had sympathy and support from his contemporaries in New England. If he is now the object of a cult, it is the *revanche*. On any other grounds a Poe cult would be absurd. But nothing is less absurd than the instinct to right a wrong.

Mr. Brownell's temperate article has provoked many a hot controversy. But what does he really say? He declares that Poe was "the solitary artist of our elder literature," and endeavors to establish this high claim—too high, when we remember Irving and Hawthorne—by strict attention to Poe's technic. He avoids what Poe's admirers tremblingly deprecate: he never confuses the technical and the moral. But of course the two cannot be kept apart

when the choice of subject, or any one of several other essentials, comes to be considered. And I fancy that the first words that give umbrage occur when he says that Poe's "most characteristic limitation as an artist is the limited character of the pleasure he gives." The question of technic disposed of, he makes bold to declare that the effect of Poe's personality is always unpleasant, that he was fascinated by the false, and that his tales lack substance. They have, he tells us, no human interest, because humanity did not in the least interest Poe. And fiction without human characters is, to say the least, abnormal. It is difficult to see how any one can gainsay all this. Yet to accept it is to reject almost every claim for Poe as a prose-writer.

The fact is that the intellectual life of America in Poe's time was too meagre to provide sufficient substance for the imagination, which deals with reality, and both Poe and Hawthorne were thrown back upon the fancy, which feeds on a more vapory diet. And Poe, perhaps more of an artist than Hawthorne, was less disciplined and consequently less cultured. Hawthorne, moreover, as Mr. Brownell has pointed out, was only negatively perverse; he simply did not turn his face toward life. Poe's perversity was positive and acute; he falsified life.

Two little poems, haunting, melodious, will long preserve Poe's name, the lines *To Helen*, and *To One in Paradise*. The name of Lovelace has been borne down to us from the seventeenth century on two such azure wings. That he will share the literary fate of Lovelace is possibly the most we can hope for Poe. And the famous cavalier songs, be it observed, come closer home to common sympathy, while not less elevated in feeling or elegant in form than Poe's two pieces of magic.

It is to be regretted that in his latest

essay, on Emerson, Mr. Brownell's ordonnance or composition is as complex as in his earlier works, and that his style makes the same severe demands on the reader. He rarely appeals to the eye and never to the ear. He has no instinct for metaphor. No writer of his class is so abstruse. It may well be a matter of principle with Mr. Brownell to address himself only to the judicious, to utter his inmost thought regardless of the unintelligent; but an abstraction invariably gains by being precipitated into sensuous language, and it is often surprising how a complicated statement can be simplified without the loss of anything worth saving. One is puzzled as to what Mr. Brownell really thinks about Emerson. The essay opens with exaggeration and ends in faint denial.

There are some contradictory personalities who must be treated trenchantly, even at the risk of incompleteness. Arnold's incisive and consistent lecture remains in memory as one of the possible views of Emerson, while Mr. Brownell's complex of cross-lights is already dim when one has read the last page. Singleness, one would think, was Emerson's most winning trait. It was also, of course, his most serious limitation. Mr. Brownell perceives both aspects of this quality. Furthermore, he calls attention to the predominance in Emerson of pure intellect. These are the main lines of his essay. Valuable as are the many secondary thoughts, they should not have been allowed to obscure these.

In so far, he departs from his general practice. For if I were asked what Mr. Brownell's own master-trait was, I should reply, a trained desire, perhaps originally an instinct, but now certainly a disciplined instinct, to estimate details with regard to the wholes that they help to constitute; or, in brief, a sense of relative values. His mind be-

longs to the small family of the resolutely judicial, not of the legal, but of the equitable type, who see truth as an artist sees his material, with a primary regard for congruity and proportion.

If he has a body of doctrine, its first tenet is the now almost undisputed one that literature is valuable in proportion to the amount and quality of effective truth it conveys. With him realism is fundamental. He seeks in plastic and in literary art their significance, their expression; but he takes for granted, with not so much as a question, that the only sound basis is experiential reality.

And another principle with him is the duty of accepting and rationalizing the immense fund of optimism that is one of our national assets. His work is often destructive, but always in the interest, and in a spirit, of cheerfulness. His standards are not of this year; yet what he cares most for is the present. "To an intelligence fully and acutely alive," he says, "its own time must, I think, be more interesting than any other."

He is not so devoted to the ideal of detachment that he does not, upon occasion, perform an act of taste; and to perform an act of taste, as Sainte-Beuve remarked, requires courage. At least in a critic so modest as Mr. Brownell it requires courage.

His methods are painstaking in the extreme, and his manner is often recondite and difficult; yet there is nothing esoteric in his aim or in his substance. "The business of intelligent criticism," he avows, "is to be in touch with everything." And yet he holds fast to these principles, not with the inhuman and almost inconceivable "disinterestedness" of which we hear so much, but with the very evident patriotic purpose of promoting centrality and urbanity of taste.

JOHN DUTTON'S FINANCES

A DISCUSSION OF THE COST OF LIVING

BY W. MARTIN SWIFT

To those who take the 9.49 express from Brockton to Boston, it is apparent that John Dutton, the veteran conductor, is failing in health. Thirty years ago Dutton lived in the little town of Holbrook, a suburb of Brockton, on the Old Colony Railroad, and was engaged with his father, then a man of fifty-five, in the manufacture of custom-made shoes in a little shop in one corner of their house. The family income was small, amounting to only about nine hundred and sixty dollars per annum, as compared with twelve hundred and eighty which Dutton himself now receives as a conductor on the New Haven Railroad.

The conditions of that time, however, differed radically from those now existing. Massachusetts did not then produce one hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of boots and shoes per annum; nor were there then any mammoth shoe-factories in the city of Brockton, nor was the Old Colony Railroad a mere branch of an immense transportation system capitalized at \$385,000,000; nor was our manufacturing business over-stimulated by the world's annual flood of gold, amounting to \$450,000,000; nor had our great cities drawn from the farms the flower of their population. Life was much simpler than it is now. Our business organization was less complex, and while our industrial achievements were less striking, we were more than com-

pensated by the larger significance of the home, the greater freedom from worry, and the lower cost of living.

These, however, are studies quite beyond the sphere of John Dutton's thought and activity. He is chiefly concerned in the rearing of his family, the education of his children, and the attempt to make ends meet. To the casual observer, Dutton with his twelve hundred and eighty dollars per annum seems a fortunate individual, especially in view of the fact that the average income of other laborers in the United States is only about six hundred and forty dollars. Indeed, up to 1897, or a year or two thereafter, Dutton regarded himself as one of the successful minority in the struggle for a living; but since that time his difficulties have grown even more rapidly than the additional expense of rearing three growing children would seem to warrant. His family account books show that he now receives twenty per cent more salary than in 1897; but against this, his annual supply of food now costs about \$550, as compared with \$385 then; his rent has advanced from \$168 to \$240; his expense for clothing from \$150 to \$180, and the cost of his fuel from \$56 to \$62.

It may be seen at a glance that his total expense for these four main necessities amounts to about \$1,032 now, as compared with \$759 then, while his income has increased only from \$1.075

to \$1,280. He therefore has a balance of about \$248 with which to cover his entire expenditure for lighting, insurance, the fees due to his union, furniture and utensils for his house, books and papers, education, amusements, sickness, and other incidentals; and this compares unfavorably with a surplus of \$316 twelve years ago. Hence it becomes constantly clearer to him that his ambition to educate his children and improve his home can result in nothing but disappointment; and as commodity prices rise from month to month, living for him must be reduced more and more to the basis of bare existence.

For these hard conditions, he reasons, some one must be responsible; and whom should he blame but the "trusts," which, so far as he can see, are directly instrumental in keeping his wages down, as well as in raising the prices of meat, coal, food-stuffs, and other necessities of life. Were Dutton a student of industrial history, however, he might see that these "trusts," which appear so culpable to him, have done nothing which any man would not do under like circumstances. Their origin dates back to the decade beginning about 1830, when the railroad first became a factor of importance in the transportation business, and the factory first began largely to supplant the workshop. In the natural development of their business, the many short railroads of that time have extended their lines, and consolidated their interests, until all the important railroads of the United States have now become organized into six great groups, working in substantial harmony.

The growth of our industrial "trusts" was equally natural: for a large system of factories controlling its own raw material, and having sufficient power and volume of business to command low freight-rates, and to ward off serious

competition, can operate much more economically, and with much greater profit, than could the small factory of twenty-five years ago. Moreover, it is quite natural that a community of interests should spring up between our great railway and industrial corporations, for the former, in building up their freight-traffic, offered every convenience and inducement to the latter; and this community of interests has now extended itself, until, under the leadership of able financiers, our great railway and industrial companies and our banks are now working in practical harmony. The concentration of interests, and of financial and industrial power, resulted purely from the greater profit of doing business on a large scale, and by machine methods; and if our "trusts" have sought to produce, or buy, at low cost, and to sell at good prices — they have done only what every merchant and every producer has done from time immemorial.

To John Dutton, however, the case appears in quite another light. Could he express himself in the phraseology of economics, he would say that the principle of free competition was just and sound a generation ago, because no one merchant or producer had sufficient power to oppress the rest; but for million-dollar corporations to use their power to maintain prices seems to him plain extortion; and for them to use their influence, as individuals have always done in the past, to secure favorable legislation, seems to him the worst of corruption.

Beyond question, he overestimates the influence of corporate control upon prices; for the growing wealth of our people, and their increasing consumption of all the leading commodities, have certainly played a large part in raising prices. Since 1897, our per capita consumption of cotton has increased from nineteen to twenty-nine

pounds; of wheat, from four to seven bushels; of sugar, from sixty-five to seventy-five pounds, and of other commodities in like proportion. These arguments, however, are not only unconvincing, they are also irritating to John Dutton, and to other men of his class; for these men have no means of verifying the data, and only know that so far as they themselves are concerned, there has been neither any such increase in the consumption of the necessities of life, nor any possibility of it.

It would be quite unjust to hold them responsible for this defiant and skeptical attitude of mind; for while the data are indeed correct, the increased demand for commodities has come mostly from the well-to-do and wealthy classes, and not from the laboring classes. It has been carefully estimated that, except in the great agricultural states, fifty-five per cent of our population owns ninety-eight per cent of our property; and it is undoubtedly true that the distribution of newly produced wealth from year to year is similarly unequal. From twenty to thirty per cent of our entire working population is out of employment during some portion of the average year; and it is conservative to say that the number of workers receiving a bare living wage amounts to at least forty-five per cent of the total.

To this forty-five per cent, all talk of industrial achievement sounds hollow indeed. The practical problem before them — how to make ends meet — admits of no theorizing, and to them there is no satisfactory excuse for low wages and high prices. To the economist, the theory that the rise in prices is due in a considerable measure to the great increase in the world's production of gold is very satisfying. It is undoubtedly true that this increase in our money supply stimulates business by adding to the reserves of our banks, increasing

the supplies of loanable funds, and rendering capital more readily obtainable. Nor is there much doubt that the consequent increase in trade-activity tends to raise prices, and to result ultimately in higher wages.

But these considerations are quite too abstract for the forty-five per cent who earn a bare living; and if Dutton were told that our increasing gold production indirectly benefited him by stimulating trade, securing steadier employment, and tending toward higher wages, he would truly reply that for the past twelve years the rise in prices had greatly exceeded the rise in wages. During this period, the condition of the laboring classes has undoubtedly improved to a considerable extent, owing largely to the steadier employment given, and to the falling cost of many manufactured products which tend to make homes more comfortable and attractive; but the pinch lies in the fact that wages do not rise as fast as prices.

On this and other accounts, the great prosperity of the past decade has been shared very unequally. John Dutton maintains that wages have been held down by the excessive influx of foreign laborers into this country; and certain it is that the increase in immigration from 230,872 souls in 1897 to 1,285,349 in 1907, must have had a very material effect in retarding the rise of wages. The demand for labor during this period undoubtedly kept pace with the great expansion of general business. But so long as this demand could be supplied by imported labor, it could have no very strong tendency to raise wages. John Dutton maintains that a tariff system which protects the products of capitalists, manufacturers, and producers of commodities, and fails to protect labor, is entirely unfair; and that justice to the workingmen requires that so long as there is a high tariff on merchandise, there shall be a high

tariff on labor. The average import duty on merchandise is about twenty-four per cent; an admission tax equal to twenty-four per cent of the yearly earning capacity of the average male immigrant would be about one hundred and forty dollars; and whether by this or by other means, Dutton maintains that immigration should be checked in order to give the laborer a fair chance. To the argument that American labor is paid better than foreign labor, he retorts that American capital also is paid better; and to the contention that the tariff on merchandise protects labor as well as capital, he replies that what the tariff gives in higher wages, it more than takes away in the higher cost of living.

Certain it is that, notwithstanding the extraordinary prosperity of the past decade, the purchasing power of the wages of railway employees has actually declined, while that of the average wage for all industries has declined almost as much — from 1897 to the present date, this fall being estimated at about fifteen per cent. Apparently the only benefit derived from the present era of prosperity, by the laborers in industries other than agriculture, has been the more constant employment given; and the share of agricultural laborers in the general betterment has been due almost wholly to the lower cost of their food-supplies, and to the greater simplicity of their wants.

Indeed, those engaged in agriculture have, on these accounts, been somewhat free from the evils of rising prices; for some of the very influences which have raised the cost of living in all other industries have at the same time increased the profits and wages of agriculture. As population has drifted more and more to the cities, the proportion of workers engaged in the production of food-stuffs has steadily declined, until, at present, only about thirty-

six per cent of our working population is engaged in agriculture, as compared with thirty-eight per cent in 1890, and more than forty-four per cent in 1880. The number of mouths to be fed is continually growing more rapidly than the number of hands engaged in feeding them; and so long as less and less labor is devoted to the production of foods, and more and more to other pursuits, the cost of living, as well as the profits of agriculture, must continue to rise.

Moreover, the problem of rising prices is even more serious for the salaried than for the wage-earning classes; for salaries have actually fallen, whereas in the case of wage-earners, the rise in the cost of living has been partly offset by the general increase in wages. The average fall in salaries in Massachusetts from 1895 to 1905 — an exceptionally prosperous period — was 6.96 per cent, whereas wages during the same period rose 9.18 per cent, as shown by the state census. Some of the principal factors affecting the two classes of incomes have been distinctly different; for salaried employees entirely lack any such organization as labor-unions, through which to press their demands, while the number of persons qualified to fill salaried positions has been immensely increased by the rapid growth of industrial and business education. Chiefly for these reasons, there has been a widespread tendency to substitute younger and poorer-paid men for those formerly occupying high-salaried positions; and as a consequence the purchasing power of salaries has probably fallen at least 25 per cent since 1897.

But the problem of rising prices is becoming serious, not only to the wage-earner and the salaried employee, but also to professional and business men, whose incomes range from three to ten thousand dollars per annum. Their

problem, however, is essentially different in one respect, namely, that their higher standard of living is consuming their increased income, whereas, with the other two classes, the decline in the purchasing power of incomes tends to force the standard of living downward. Hence, the income-receiving classes, while perhaps having no great advantage in ability to accumulate savings, have a distinct advantage in ability to maintain a rising standard of living.

Undoubtedly the increase in incomes since 1897 has been almost astonishing. During this period the per capita gross business done by all industries in the United States has grown nearly 25 per cent, while, owing to better business methods and to the increased skill of labor, net profits have grown even more rapidly. In brief, the average gain in incomes is estimated at 35.5 per cent; but this gain is apparently more than offset by the rise in the standard of living. During the period mentioned, commodity prices have risen about 42 per cent, the quantity of food and clothing consumed has increased about 35 per cent per capita; and other items of expense have grown proportionately. The cost of the necessities of life has increased about 51 per cent, while the average per capita expenditure of the income-receiving class for educational purposes has grown about 70 per cent. Meanwhile the increase in rent is estimated at nearly 30 per cent, in cost of government 32 per cent for each person, and in the consumption of luxuries more than 200 per cent per capita.

It seems strange, at first thought, that so energetic and capable a class of people cannot obtain better control of their expenditures; but a little reflection shows us that these expenditures are governed by a psychological law as deep-rooted and strong as human nature itself. Standards of living are the natural outgrowth of standards

and methods of doing business; or, in other words, the whole structure of the social side of our life is the indirect but equally inevitable outgrowth of our industrial system. The latter is the creature of our primary or physical wants, whereas our social system is, in turn, the creature of the general conditions of living, and of the methods of thought and action which are determined by our industrial activities.

Broadly viewed, the main characteristic of our industrial system, the characteristic which distinguishes it from those of all other ages, is its mechanism. The past has had its great empires, its highly developed philosophies, literatures, and political systems; but no other age ever had so much mechanism. The whole world, to some extent, and the United States in particular, has been developed into one vast machine for the production and distribution of goods. This machine of ours is politically united under one government, physically bound together by railways, telegraphs, and telephones, and unified industrially and financially by the great concentration of banking, railway, and other corporate interests in New York City.

Both industrially and socially, this is a mechanical age. Just as the railway represents the mechanism of industry, the automobile symbolizes the mechanism of society. The employment of about six hundred thousand such machines by the people of the United States — one for every hundred and fifty persons — can hardly be explained by reasons of utility; nor is there any charm in the speed or mechanism of the automobile, which can be regarded as a substitute for the beauty of the landscape; but its very wheels and sprocket-chains satisfy the social "want" for action, mechanism, and dash. Minds steeped in the sight or sound of the revolving wheels of the

factory, or drilled in offices where business is carried on with mechanical speed and precision, crave action, mechanism, and organization.

In brief, our highly concentrated and organized methods of mechanical production have led inevitably to a highly organized and mechanical social structure. Every thought and feeling and conception is made the basis for a club or society — just as every profession and business is specialized, and every step in processes of production results in corresponding divisions of labor. All this mechanism and organization involves a corresponding multiplication of "wants," and increase in expense. There are automobiles even where there were no horses; our houses have grown to be larger and better equipped to meet the greater demands upon them; ideas have been converted into clubs and societies; even happiness is no longer happy unless it is organized.

This multiplication of wants has also been stimulated by the increasingly abundant means of satisfying them through the growing use of credit. The establishment of the gold standard in 1896 greatly enhanced our credit with the capitalist nations of Europe; and since then the growing extension of credit by capitalists, both foreign and American, and by our banks, manufacturers, and wholesale and retail dealers, has continued, until every one who now has the slightest claim to the use of credit is accommodated.

Not only is it impossible to determine in what proportion incomes and credit have been used to satisfy our growing wants, but we are liable, in many instances, to mistake that which is really credit for actual earnings. During the past ten years, for example, the borrowings of our railways have exceeded their aggregate dividends and interest payments; and who shall say what portion of the fortunes accumu-

lated in the railway business must be ascribed to these borrowings? A large part of the capital provided for the establishment of all new enterprises, and for the extension of old ones, is paid out in wages, salaries, and incomes; and there are thousands who cannot know what portion of their incomes consists of real earnings, and what portion represents the borrowings of the industries in which they are engaged.

Moreover, the tendency toward the use of credit for the satisfaction of wants is enhanced by the increase in our supplies of capital. The world's immense production of gold since 1895 has brought about corresponding increases in bank-reserves, in the volume of money, and in the mobility of capital; for the production of gold stimulates the use of credit more than does the production of other forms of wealth, in proportion as it changes hands oftener, or causes other property to be exchanged oftener. The mobility of capital, and with it the use of credit, has also been increased by the rapid extension of the corporate form of ownership. For more than a decade, private property has been converting into corporate property at the rate of nearly a billion dollars per annum; and the new securities issued in the process form excellent collateral for loans, and correspondingly increase the availability of capital.

The rapid growth in the supply and mobility of capital, and the corresponding growth in the use of credit, have had similar effects upon our industrial and social life. The many fortunes made in business through the use of borrowed capital have had a distinct tendency toward its use in the achievement of social success. Many railways and other new enterprises have been "capitalized," or, in other words, have borrowed capital, to the extent of their ability to earn and pay the interest and

dividends required; and there has been a perceptible tendency to capitalize personal incomes in a similar way — borrowing to the extent of one's ability to pay running expenses and interest charges.

Through this natural process, debt, which was at first generally contracted for the sound purpose of developing our natural resources, has become a national habit; and in our social, as well as in our industrial and municipal life, the distinction between sound and unsound indebtedness has been growing more and more shadowy. The gross public and private indebtedness of the people of the United States is now estimated at \$660 per capita, as compared with our total wealth of about \$1450 per capita; and even our net indebtedness, including only our foreign and public debts, is estimated at \$71 per capita, or \$350 per family.

Industrial mechanism, in brief, has given rise to the highly organized and mechanical structure of society; and the increasing organization in both departments of life has been accompanied by a corresponding multiplication of wants. Our inborn and inbred craving for progress, and rapidity in progress, has given these wants irresistible power over the mind — while the growing supplies of capital and increasing use of credit have proven a fertile soil in which these wants might multiply.

Yet the outcome seems neither remote nor inscrutable, notwithstanding that social and industrial developments move on such broad lines that it is seldom possible to gauge accurately the time required for their completion. Already, through the operation of natural forces, the problem of rising prices is in process of solution. Among the most far-reaching of these forces is the checking of the movement of population into cities. The welfare of all, and particularly of the salaried and wage-

earning classes, will be promoted by the retarding and the ultimate reversal of this movement. This, in turn, is certain to be accomplished, since the continuance of the urban movement tends constantly to raise food-prices, to increase the profits of agriculture, and to diminish the relative advantages of city life. If economic tendencies are left to themselves, the movement will be checked by a process of starvation, if by nothing else. Already it is proceeding at a diminishing rate; and the building of thirty-one thousand miles of electric railways in the United States since 1897 represents in part a counter-movement of population — into the suburbs and the country.

Other forces also will contribute to the solution of the problem. The mobility and abundance of capital cannot go on increasing without limit; and the over-extension of credit — which has so stimulated the growth of wants and expenses — will cure itself. The expansion of credit, or, in other words, the growth of the debt-habit, involves a continually increasing demand for loans; and the greater this demand, the higher interest-rates rise, the more net profits are reduced, and the greater is the resulting forced curtailment of loans. In recent years, as a result of the growing use and abuse of credit, loans have expanded more rapidly than formerly, and in consequence, business depressions, or reactions, are occurring more frequently. The experience of these depressions is certain to teach us the proper use of credit, and correspondingly to limit the multiplication of our wants.

This automatic limitation of the debt-habit, and the better division of population between urban and rural life, are certain ultimately to establish a better equilibrium between income and expenditure; and the rapid rate of our industrial and social growth sug-

gests that this may be accomplished in a surprisingly short time. Back to the country, or even to the smaller suburbs, means back to nature in some degree. As the relative profits of agriculture increase, and the urban promise of quick riches becomes more discredited, the mechanism of city life, and, to a lesser degree, of all our social intercourse, will lose a part of its charm. The burden of over-organization will seem heavier as its profits and allurements decline; and as the automobile or factory method of producing happiness becomes more difficult, other and more æsthetic methods will be sought and found.

Rural life or surroundings cultivate the love of nature; and that in turn quickens the appreciation of nature's imitations in art. The multiplicity of automobiles and clubs and mechanical pleasures must yield somewhat to the love of painting, poetry, architecture, and sculpture. Pleasures of thought and feeling must, to some degree, supplant pleasures of action, and physical accomplishments. The æsthetic in our natures, stimulated by the irresistible social and industrial tendencies toward the country, and away from the debt-habit, must necessarily gain upon the mechanical. It seems inevitable that there should develop some general conversion of material into mental wants, and a partial substitution of culture for wealth as a measure of the value of the individual. In brief, the present excessive cost of living represents a stage of our industrial and social growth, and promises to be solved, at least in part, by a further development of the same industrial and social forces which produced it.

This view of the future, however, does not appeal to John Dutton; for even though he fully understood the evolution of conditions and wants which may be expected to solve the cost-problem of the income-receiving classes, he would not fall within the pale of this evolution. His problem is not how to limit the multiplication of wants, but rather how to satisfy the more primary and inevitable necessities without exhausting all means of providing for the higher wants which arise from the intellectual, social, and æsthetic side of his nature.

Capital, unlike wages and salaries, reproduces itself through the drawing of interest; and in consequence, capitalists tend to come more and more into the possession of all business property and all wealth-producing agencies. As the power of the capitalist thus expands, his control over salaries and wages increases correspondingly, and whenever business depressions or the varying fortunes of trade endanger either profits or wages, his human instinct impels him to protect profits. Thus wages tend to fall lower and lower, as compared with incomes; and the recipients of wages and salaries are dependent in a large degree upon legislative relief measures, such as the checking of immigration, the readjustment of taxes, and the revision of the tariff in favor of the consumer. Hence, while the natural evolution of our industrial and social life may solve the cost-problem of the income-receiving classes, the financial problem of John Dutton and his fellows requires something more — a greater spirit of fairness and brotherhood in both legislation and business.

OUR TENANTS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

IT is impossible to live in Chambers without knowing something of the other tenants in the house. I know much even of several who were centuries or generations before my time, and I could not help it if I wanted to, for the London County Council has set up a plaque to their memory on our front wall. Not that I want to help it. I take as much pride in my direct descent from Pepys and Etty as others may in an ancestor on the Mayflower or with the Conqueror; while if it had not been for J. and his interest in the matter, we might not yet boast the plaque that gives us distinction in our shabby old street, though, to do us full justice, its list of names should belengthened by at least one, perhaps the most distinguished.

I have never understood why Bacon was left out. Only the pedant would disown so desirable a tenant for the poor reason that the house has been rebuilt since his day. As it is, Pepys heads the list, but, I regret to say, he waited to move in until after the Diary ended, so that we do not figure in its pages. Nor, during his tenancy, does he figure anywhere except in the parish accounts, which is more to his credit than our entertainment.

Etty was considerate, and put on record his "peace and happiness" in our chambers, but I have no proof that he appreciated their beauty. If he liked to walk on our leads in the evening and watch the sun set behind Westminster, he turned his back on the river at the loveliest hour of all.

It was his habit as Academician to work like a student at night in the Royal Academy Schools, then in Trafalgar Square — an admirable habit, but one that took him away just when he should have stayed. For when evening transformed the Thames and its banks into Whistler's "Fairyländ," he, like Paul Revere, hung out a lantern from his studio window, as a signal for the porter, with a big stick, to come and fetch him and protect him from the robbers of our quarter, which had not then the best of reputations. Three generations of artists climbed our stairs to drink tea and eat muffins with Etty, but they showed the same ignorance of the Thames, all except Turner, who thought there was no finer scenery on any river in Italy, and who wanted to capture our windows from Etty and make them his own, but who, possibly because he could not get them, never painted the Thames as it was and is. One other painter did actually capture the windows on the First Floor, and, in the chambers that are now the Professor's, Stanfield manufactured his marines, and there too, they say, Humphrey Davy made his safety lamps.

We do not depend solely on the past for our distinguished tenants. Some of the names which in my time have been modestly inscribed inside our vestibule, later generations may find on the plaque we make a parade of on our outer wall. For a while, it was our privilege to count Mr. Edmund Gosse as "one of us." Then we have had a novelist or two, whose greatness I shrink

from putting to the test by reading their novels, and also one or more actors; but fame fades from the mummer on the wrong side of the footlights. We still have the Architect who, if the tenants were taken at his valuation, would, I fancy, head our new list.

He is not only an architect, but, like Etty, — like J., for that matter, — an Academician. He carries off the dignity with great stateliness, conscious of the vast gulf fixed between him and tenants with no initials after their name. Moreover, he belongs to that extraordinary generation of now elderly Academicians who were apparently chosen for their good looks, as Frederick's soldiers were for their size. The stoop that has come to his shoulders with years but adds to the impressiveness of his carriage. His air of superiority is a continual reminder of his condescension in having his office under our modest roof. His "Aoh, good mornin'," as he passes, is a kindness, a few words from him a favor rarely granted, and there is no insolent familiar in the house who would dare approach him. Royalty, Archbishops, University dignitaries, are his clients, and it would seem presumption for the mere untitled to approach him with a commission. His office is run on dignified lines in keeping with the exalted sphere in which he practices. A parson of the Church of England is his chief assistant. A notice on his front door warns the unwary that "No Commercial Traveller need apply," and implies that others had better not.

William Penn is probably the only creature in the house who ever had the courage to enter the academic precincts unbidden. William was a cat of infinite humor, and one of his favorite jests was to dash out of our chambers and down the stairs whenever he had the chance: not because he wanted to escape, — he did not, for

he loved his family as he should, — but because he knew that one or all of us would dash after him. If he was not caught in time, he added to the jest by pushing through the Academician's open door and hiding somewhere under the academic nose; and I am certain that nobody had a keener sense of the audacity of it than William himself. More than once a young assistant, trying to repress a grin and to look as serious as if he were handing us over a design for a deanery, restored William to his family; and once, on a famous occasion when we were starting, already late, for the Law Courts and the witness-box, the Architect relaxed so far as to pull William out from among the academic drawing-boards and smile as he presented him to J., following in pursuit. Even Jove sometimes unbends; but when Jove is a near neighbor it is wiser not to presume upon his unbending, and we have never given the Architect reason to regret his moment of weakness.

Whatever the Architect thinks of himself, the other tenants think more of Mr. Square, whose front door faces ours on the third floor. Mr. Square is under no necessity of assuming an air of superiority, so patent to everybody in the house is his right to it. If anything, he shrinks from asserting himself. He had been in his chambers a year — coming a few months "after the fire" — before I knew him by sight, though by reputation he is known to everybody from one end of the country to the other. Not only is there excitement in our house when the police officer appears on our staircase with a warrant for his arrest for murder, but all the United Kingdom thrills and waits with us for the afternoon's Police Report. In the neighborhood I am treated with almost as much respect as when I have played a leading part in the Law Courts. The milkman and

the postman stop me in the street, the little fruiterer round the corner and the young ladies at the Temple of Pomona in the Strand detain me in giving me my change, as if I were an accessory to the crime. What if the murder is only technical, Mr. Square's arrest a matter of form, and his discharge immediate? The glory is in his position, which makes the technical murder an achievement to be envied by every true-born Briton. For he is Referee at the Imperial Boxing Club, and therefore the most important person in the empire, except perhaps the winning jockey at the Derby or the captain of the winning football team. The Prime Minister—Royalty itself—would not shed a brighter lustre on our ancient house, and there could be no event of greater interest than the fatal "accident" in the ring for which Mr. Square is held technically responsible.

He shares his chambers with Mr. Savage, who is something in the Bankruptcy Court. With them we have not so much as the undesirable intimacy that comes from mutual complaint, and such is their amiability that William, in his most outrageous intrusions, never roused from them a remonstrance. I am forced to admit that William was at times ill-advised in the hours and places he chose for his adventures. He often beguiled me at midnight upon the leads, that he might enjoy my vain endeavors to entice him home with the furry monkey tied to the end of a string, which during the day never failed to bring him captive to my feet. By his mysterious disappearances he often drove J. — whose heart is tender, and who adored him — out of his bed at unseemly hours and down into the street, where, in pyjamas and slippers, and the door banged to behind him, he became an object of suspicion. On one of these occasions, a policeman ma-

terialized suddenly from nowhere and turned a bull's eye on him.

"Have you seen a cat about?" J. asked.

"Seen a cat? Oi've seen millions on 'em," said the policeman. "Whot sort o' cat?" he added.

"A common tabby cat," said J.

"Look 'ere," said the policeman, "where do you live any'ow?"

"Here," said J., who retained his presence of mind and his latch-key.

"Aoh, Oi begs your parding, sir," said the policeman. "Oi did n't see you, sir, in the dim light, sir, but you know, sir, there's billions o' tabby cats about 'ere of a night, sir. But if Oi find yours, sir, Oi'll fetch 'im 'ome to you, sir. S'night, sir. Thank ee, sir."

When the kitchen door was opened the next morning, William was discovered innocently curled up in his blanket. And yet, when he again disappeared at bedtime a week or two later, J. was again up before daybreak, sure that he was on the doorstep breaking his heart because he could not get in. This time I followed into our little hall, and Augustine after me. She was not then as used to our ways as she is now, and I still remember her sleepy bewilderment when she looked at J., who had varied his costume for the search by putting on knickerbockers and long stockings, and her appeal to me: "*Mais pourquoi en bicyclette?*" Why indeed? But there was no time for explanation. We were interrupted by an angry but welcome wail from behind the opposite door, and we understood that William was holding us responsible for getting himself locked up in Mr. Square's Chambers. A brand-new pale pink silk quilt on Mr. Square's bed had appealed to him as more luxurious than his own blanket, and he had profited by Mr. Square's absence to spend half the night on it, leaving behind him a faint impression of his dear

grimy little body. Even then Mr. Square remained as magnanimously silent as if he shared our love for William and pride in his performances.

All we know of Mr. Square and Mr. Savage, in addition to their fame and modesty, we have learned from their old man, Tom. He is a sailor by profession, and for long steward on Mr. Savage's yacht. He clings to his uniform in town, and when we see him pottering about in his blue reefer and brass buttons, Mr. Savage's little top floor, that adjoins ours and opens out on the leads we share between us, looks more than ever like a ship's quarter-deck. He is sociable by nature and overflows with kindness for everybody. He is always smiling, whatever he may be doing or wherever I may meet him, and he has a child's fondness for sweet things. He is never without a lemon-drop in his mouth, and he keeps his pockets full of candy. As often as the opportunity presents itself, he presses handfuls upon Augustine, whom he and his wife ceremoniously call "Madam," and to whom he confides the secrets of the household.

At times I have feared that his confidences to Augustine, and the tenderness of his attentions, were too marked, and that his old wife, who is less liberal with her smiles, disapproved. Over the grille that separates our leads from his, he gossips by the hour with Augustine, when she lets him; and once or twice, meeting her in the street, he has gallantly invited her into a near public to "'ave a drink," an invitation which she, with French scorn for the British substitute for the *café*, would disdain to accept. To other tributes of his affection, however, she does not object. On summer evenings he sometimes lays a plate of salad or stewed fruit at our door, rings, runs, and then from out a loophole of a window by his front door, watches the effect

when she finds it, and is horribly embarrassed if I find it by mistake. In winter his offering takes the shape of a British mince-pie or a slice of plum pudding; and, on a foggy morning, when she comes home from market, he will bring her a glass of port from Mr. Square's cellar. He is always ready to lend her a little oil, or milk, or sugar, in an emergency. Often he is useful in a more urgent crisis. In a sudden thunder-storm he will leap over the grille, shut our door on the leads, and make everything shipshape almost before I know it is raining. He has even broken in for me when I have come home late without a key, and by my knocking and ringing have roused up everybody in the whole house except Augustine.

Mrs. Tom, much as she may disapprove, is as kindly in her own fashion; she is quite learned in medicine, and knows an old-fashioned remedy for every ailment. She has seen Augustine triumphantly through an accident; she has cured Marcel, Augustine's husband, of a quinsy; and she rather likes to be called upon for advice. She is full of little amiabilities. She never gets a supply of eggs fresh from the country, at a reasonable price, without giving me a chance to secure a dozen or so; and when her son, a fisherman, comes up to London, she always reserves a portion of his present of fish for me. I could not ask for kindlier neighbors, and they are the only friends I have made in the house.

I was very near having friendship thrust upon me, however, by the First Floor Back, Mrs. Eliza Short: an elderly lady of generous proportions and flamboyant tastes, "gowned" elaborately by Jay, and as elaborately "wiggled" by Truefitt. The latest fashions and golden hair cannot conceal the ravages of time, and, as a result of her labors, she looks tragically like the unwilling wreck of a Lydia Thomp-

son Blonde. I may be wrong, she may never have trod the boards, and yet nothing save the theatre could account for her appearance. The most assiduous of her visitors, as I meet them on the stairs, is an old gentleman as carefully made up in his way, an amazing little dandy, whom I fancy as somebody in the front row applauding rapturously when Mrs. Eliza Short, in tights and golden locks, came pirouetting down the stage. I should have been inclined to weave a pretty romance about them as the modern edition of *Philemon and Baucis* if, knowing Mrs. Short, it did not become impossible to associate romance of any kind with her.

Our acquaintance was begun by my drinking tea in her chambers the morning "after the fire," of which she profited unfairly by putting me on her visiting list. She was not at all of *Montaigne's* opinion that "incuriosity" is a soft and sound pillow to rest a well-composed head upon. On the contrary, it was evident that for hers to rest in comfort she must first see every room in our chambers and examine into all my domestic arrangements. I have never been exposed to such a battery of questions. I must say for her that she was more than ready to pay me in kind. Between her questions she gave me a vast amount of information for which I had no possible use, and she could not pass me on the stairs, or in the hall, or on the street, where much of her time was spent, without stopping me with some equally irrelevant piece of confidence. I positively dreaded to go out or to come home, and the situation was already strained when Jimmie rushed to the rescue. One day when she had been out since ten o'clock in the morning, she returned to find him locked up in her chambers alone with her bird. That the bird was still hopping about its cage was to me the

most mysterious feature in the whole affair, for Jimmie was a splendid sportsman. After his prowls in the garden he only too often left behind him a trail of feathers and blood-stains all the way up the three flights of our stairs. But if the bird had not escaped, Mrs. Short could hardly have been more furious. She demanded Jimmie's life, and when it was refused, insisted on his banishment. She threatened him with poison and me with exposure to the Landlord. For days the Housekeeper was sent flying backwards and forwards between Mrs. Short's chambers and ours, bearing threats and defiance. Jimmie, who knew as well as I did what was going on, rejoiced, and from then until his untimely death never ran downstairs or up — and he was always running down or up — without stopping in front of her door, giving one unearthly howl, then flying; and never by chance did he pay the same little attention to any one of the other tenants.

Mrs. Short does not allow me to forget her. As her voice is deep and harsh, and thunders through the house when she buttonholes somebody else, or says good-by to a friend at her door, I hear her far more frequently than I care to; as she has a passion for strong scent, I often smell her when I do not see her at all; and as in our little quarter we all patronize the same tradesmen, I am apt to run into her, not only on our stairs, but in the dairy, or the Temple of Pomona, or further afield, at the Post Office. Then, however, we both stare stonily into vacancy, failing to see each other, and during the sixteen years since that first burst of confidence, we have exchanged not a word, not even a glance: an admirable arrangement which I owe wholly to Jimmie.

With her neighbors on the other side of the hall, Mrs. Short has nothing in common except permanency as tenant. Her name and the sign of the Church

League faced each other on the first floor when we came to our chambers; they face each other still. The League, with a display of hospitality that should put the Architect to shame, bids everybody enter without knocking. Once, when we wanted to rent a room in the house next door, which belongs to the League, I accepted this Christian invitation. I was confronted by a tall, solemn-faced young man, who informed me that the Secretary was "engaged in prayer"; and, though I repeated my visit, I never got further than the inner hall. As I could not catch the Secretary in his less professional moments, and as his devotions did not soften his heart to the extent of a penny off the rent, which we thought extortionate, there was nothing to do but to resume the original impersonality of our relations with the League.

The Solicitor of the Ground Floor Front has been with us a short time, but he succeeded the old insurance agent, whom nothing save death could have removed, and for years before he lived no farther away than Peter the Great's house across the street, where he would be still, had it not been torn down over his head to make way for the gaudy new building which foretells the beginning of the end of our ancient street. In the Ground Floor Back, change for long was continual. It was the office of a theatrical agent, of a Music Hall syndicate, of a newspaper correspondent, of a publisher who piled his books in the windows, and made it look so like a shop, which is against the rules of the house, that his disappearance seemed his just reward. After this a steamship company took possession, bringing suggestions of sunshine and spice with the exotic names of its vessels and the far-away southern ports for which they sailed, — bringing too the spirit of youth, for it employed many young men and women

whom I would meet in couples, whispering on the stairs, or going home at dusk, hand in hand. Tender little idyls sprang up in our sober midst. But the staff of young lovers hit upon the roof as trysting-place at the luncheon hour, running races and playing tag up there, and almost tumbling through our skylight. Cupid, sporting overhead with wings exchanged for hob-nailed boots, was unendurable, and I had to call in the Landlord's Agent. He is the unfortunate go-between in all the tenants' differences and difficulties: a large, flabby, shy, nervous man, designed by nature for anything rather than much communication with his fellow men, and decreed by fate and his calling to communicate with them constantly in their most disagreeable moods and phases. Half my fury evaporated at sight of his troubled face, and I might have endured the races and games of tag, could I have foreseen that, almost as soon as he put a stop to them, the steamship company would take its departure.

The Professor who then came in has been there ever since, and is so exemplary a tenant that I hope that there will be no more changes in the Ground Floor Back. I suspect him of making his amusements his chief business in life, as it is said a man should, and as the Briton certainly does. He hunts in the season, and, as he always motors down to the meet, he is apt to put on his red coat and white breeches before he starts, and they give the last touch of respectability to our respectable house. He is an ardent automobilist, and his big motor at our door suggests wealth as well as respectability. But his most ambitious achievement is ballooning, to which he owes a fame in our quarter only less than Mr. Square's. We all watch eagerly, with a feeling of proprietorship, for the balloons on the afternoons when balloon races and trials start from the Crystal

Palace or Ranelagh. I have caught our little fruiterer in the act of pointing out the Professor's windows to chance customers; and on those days I am absorbed in the sporting columns of the afternoon paper which, at other times, I pass over unread. He has now but to fly to complete his triumph, and the pride of our house in him.

Restlessness also prevails in the Second Floor Back, and as we are immediately above, we suffer the more. First, an Honorable occupied the chambers. His title was an unfailing satisfaction to the Agent and the Housekeeper, who dwelt upon it unctuously every time they mentioned him. I am not learned in Debrett and Burke and may not have appreciated its value, but he might have been Honorable ten times over and it would not have reconciled me to him as neighbor. He was quite sure, if I was not, that he was a great deal better than anybody else, and he had the Briton's independent way of asserting it. He slammed behind him every door he opened, and when the stairs were barricaded by himself, his friends, or his parcels, and we wanted to pass, he failed to see us as completely as if we had been Mr. Wells's Invisible Man. He went to the city in the morning, and was away all day, even an Honorable being sometimes compelled to pretend to work. But this was no relief. During his absence his servants availed themselves of the opportunity to assert their independence, which they did with much vigor. When they were not slamming doors, they were singing hymns, until Mrs. Eliza Short, from her chambers below, and we from ours above, in accord the first and only time for years, joined in protest and drove the Agent to the unpleasant task of remonstrating with an Honorable.

The Honorable was followed by a *Maitre d'Hôtel*, Adolf by name, an Anglicized German, with mustaches

like the Kaiser's, and the swagger of a drum-major. He treated our house as if it was the dining-room under his command, locking and unlocking the street door, turning on and out the lights on the stairs at any hour that suited him, however inconvenient to the rest of us. He littered up the hall with his children and his children's perambulators and hobby-horses, just where we all had to stumble over them to get in or out. Nobody's taxi tooted so loud as his; not even the Honorable's door shut with such a bang. Augustine's husband being also something in the same profession, they both despised the Adolfs for putting on airs though no better than themselves, while the Adolfs despised them for not having attained the same splendid heights, and the shaking of my rugs out of the back windows was seized upon as the excuse for open warfare. Augustine said it was there they should be shaken according to the law in Paris, which she thought good enough for London. Mrs. Adolf protested that the shaking sent all the dust into her rooms. Augustine, whose English is small, and what there is of it not beyond reproach, called Mrs. Adolf "silly fou," which must have been annoying, or harangued her in French, when Mrs. Adolf, who could not understand, suspected an offense in every word.

Mrs. Adolf wrote to the Agent, to the Landlord, to me, — she declared she would summons me to the County Court. Between letters she watched at her window for the rugs and, reinforced by her servant and her charwoman, made faces at Augustine, who has a nice sense of justice, and a temper that does not permit her, with Elizabeth Bennet's father, to be satisfied by laughing in her turn at those who have made sport of her. I trembled for the consequences. But at the critical moment, Adolf was promoted to the more

splendid height of Manager and a large salary; the taxi was replaced by a motor car of his own; Mrs. Adolf arrayed herself in muslin and lace for the wash-tub, in nothing less elegant than velvet for the street; and they left our old-fashioned Chambers for the marble halls and gilded gorgeousness of the modern mansion.

Of the several tenants after the Adolfs, I seem to remember little save the complaints we interchanged. I tried my best to do as I would be done by, and to keep out of their way, but accident was always throwing us together, to our mutual indignation. There was the bachelor, whose atrocious cook filled our chambers with the rank odors of smoked herrings and burned meat, and whose deserted lady-love filled the stairs with lamentations. There was the young married couple into whose bath-tub ours overflowed. There was the accidental actress, whose loud voice and heavy boots were the terror not only of our house but of the street, whose telephone rang from morning till night, whose dog howled all evening when he was left alone, as he usually was, and whose rehearsals in her rooms interrupted the work in ours with ear-piercing yells of "Murder" and "Villain."

But I cannot recall them all, so rapidly did they come and go. We began to fear that the life of the tenant was as Tristram Shandy described the life of man, a shifting from sorrow to sorrow. We lived in an atmosphere of fault-finding, though when there was serious cause for complaint, not a murmur could be wrung from the tenant below, or, for that matter, from a tenant in the house. All, like true Britons, refused to admit the possibility of interests in common, and would not stir a hand, however pressing the danger, so long as they were not disturbed. If our chambers reeked with smoke and the smell of burning wood, they accepted

the information with calm indifference because theirs did not. Nor did it serve as a useful precedent if, as it happened, smoke and smell were traced again to a fire smouldering, as it had been for nobody knew how long, in the cellar of the adjoining house, separated from ours only by the "party wall" belonging to both: that ingenious contrivance of the builder for creating ill-will between next-door neighbors. They declined to feel the banisters loose under their grasp, or to see the wide gap opened in the same "party wall" after the fall of the roof of Charing Cross Station had shaken our quarter to its foundations, and made us believe for a moment that London was emulating Messina or San Francisco. And I must add, so characteristic was it, that the Agent dismissed our fears as idle, and that the surveyor, sent at our request by the County Council, laughed us to scorn. But we laughed best, for we laughed last. A second surveyor ordered the wall to be pulled down as unsafe, and rebuilt, and the Agent in the end found it prudent to support the banisters with iron braces.

When, after many trials and tribulations, Mr. Allan took the Second Floor Back, we thought the Millennium had come. He was a quiet man, employed in the morning, so we were told, in writing a life of Chopin, and in the evening, as we heard for ourselves, in playing Chopin divinely. The piano is an instrument calculated to convert an otherwise harmless neighbor into a nuisance, but of him it made a delight. He was waited upon by a man as quiet, whose consideration for the tenants went to the length of felt slippers in the house, who never slammed doors nor sang, who never even whistled at his work. An eternity of peace seemed to open out before us; but, as they say in novels, it was not to be. Our confidence in Mr. Allan was first shaken by his

ringing us up one night, or rather one early morning, at an hour when, in my experience, a ring at the door-bell means either a fire or an American cablegram, merely to ask us when we proposed to go to bed; and it struck me then, and still strikes me, as an unjustifiable exhibition of nerves. Had I borne malice, I should not have had to wait long for my revenge, nor to plan it myself.

Not many days later, Mr. Allan's servant, watering the flowers on the open balcony at Mr. Allan's window, watered by mistake the new Paris bonnet of the lady of the Ground Floor Back, who was coming home at that very minute. She walked straight upstairs to Mr. Allan's chambers, the wreck in her hand. The servant opened to her knock, but she insisted on seeing the master. "I have come, Allan, to tell you what I think of the conduct of your servant," she said when the master appeared. "Yes, I call you Allan, for I mean to talk to you as man to man," which she proceeded to do. I did not hear the talk, but it was almost a week before I heard the piano again. Poor Mr. Allan! And this proved a trifle to the worse humiliation he was soon to endure.

As I sat with a book by my lamp one evening before dinner, shrieks from his chambers and a crash of crockery sent me rushing to the door and out upon the landing, with Augustine at my heels. Old Tom and his wife arrived there simultaneously, and, looking cautiously over the banisters, I saw an anxious crowd looking up as cautiously from the hall on the ground floor. The shrieks developed into curses, intermingled with more riotous crashing of china. The Housekeeper, urged by the crowd below, crept all unwilling to Mr. Allan's door and knocked. The door was flung open and, before she ventured to "beg pardon but the noise

disturbed the other tenants," Mr. Allan's hitherto well-behaved servant greeted her with a volley of blood-curdling epithets and the smash of every pane of glass in the upper panel of the door, and down she fled again. He bolted out after her, but looking up and catching a glimpse of Tom peacefully sucking a lemon-drop, he became so personal that Tom and his wife retreated hastily, and for the first time the smile faded from the old man's face. In a moment's lull I heard Mr. Allan's voice, low and entreating, then more curses, more crashes — I should not have thought there was so much glass and crockery to be broken in the whole house.

Presently a policeman appeared, and then a second. The door was open, but the servant was busy finishing up the crockery. Mr. Allan spoke to them, and then, like a flash, the servant was there too. "I dare you to let them come in!" he yelled, so loud he could be heard from the top to the bottom of the house. "I dare you to let them come in! I dare you to give me in charge! I dare you! I dare you!" And Mr. Allan did not dare, that was the astonishing part of it. And he never lost his temper. He argued with the policemen, he pleaded with the servant, while one group on our landing and another on the ground floor waited anxiously. The policemen did not desert us, but stood guard on the second floor, which was a reassurance, until gradually the yells were lowered, the crashes came at longer intervals, and at last, I suppose in sheer exhaustion, the servant relapsed into his usual calm, Mr. Allan "sporting his oak," and I learned how truly an Englishman's home is his castle.

The Housekeeper spent the evening on the stairs, gossiping at every door. There was not much to learn from her. A mystery was hinted — many mysteries were hinted — not a

shred was left to Mr. Allan's reputation. The truth I do not know to this moment. I only know that before the seven days of our wonder were over, the Agent, more careworn than ever if that were possible, made a round of visits in the house, giving to each tenant an ample and abject apology written by Mr. Allan. At the end of the quarter, the Second Floor Back was again to let.

We should have parted with Mr. Allan less light-heartedly could we have anticipated what was in store for us. He was no sooner gone than the Suffragettes came in.

I have no quarrel on political grounds with the Suffragettes. Theoretically, I believe that women of property and position should have their vote; but I think it a lesser evil for them to do without it than for the suffrage to become as universal for women as for men, and to grant it on any other conditions would be an indignity. I state the fact to explain that I am without prejudice. I do not argue, for, to tell the truth, shocking as it may be, I am not keen one way or the other. Life for me has grown crowded enough without politics, and years have lessened the ardor for abstract justice that was mine when, in my youth, I wrote the *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft*, and militant Suffragettes as yet were not. Ours are of the most militant variety, and it is not their fault if the world by this time does not know what this means. Even so, on general principles, I should have no grievance against them. Every woman is free to make herself ridiculous, and it is none of my business if my neighbors choose to make a public spectacle of themselves by struggling in the arms of policemen, or going into hysterics at meetings where nobody wants them; if they like to emulate bad boys by throwing stones and breaking windows, or if it amuses them to slap and

whip unfortunate ministers who, physically, could easily convince them of their inferiority. But when they make themselves a nuisance to me personally, I draw the line. And they are a nuisance to me.

They have brought pandemonium into our quarter, where once all was pleasantness and peace. Of old, if the postman, the milkman, a messenger boy, and one or two stray dogs and children lingered in our street, we thought it a crowd; since the coming of the Suffragettes, I have seen the same street packed solid with a horde of the most degenerate creatures in London, summoned by them "to rush the House of Commons." They have ground their hurdy-gurdies at our door, Heaven knows to what end; vans covered with their posters have obstructed our crossing. Motor-cars adorned with their flags have missed fire and exploded in our street; and they have had themselves photographed as sandwiches on our terrace. Our house is in a turmoil from morning till night with women charging in like a mob or stealing out like conspirators. Their badges, their sandwich-boards, their banners, lie about in our hall, so much in everybody's way that I sympathized with the infuriated tenant whom I caught one night kicking the whole collection into the cellar. They talk so hard on the stairs that often they pass their own door and come on to ours, bringing Augustine from her work and disturbing me at mine, for she can never open to them without poking her head into my room to tell me, "*Encore une sale Suffragette!*" In their chambers they never stop chattering, and their high shrill treble penetrates through the floor, and reaches us up above. The climax came with their invasion of our roof.

This roof, built "after the fire," is a modern invention designed for the

torture of whoever lives underneath. It is flat, with a beautiful view to be had among the chimney-pots and telephone-wires; it is so thin that a pigeon could not waddle across without being heard by us; and as it is covered with gravel, every sound is accompanied by a scrunching warranted to set the strongest nerves in a quiver. We had already been obliged to represent to the Agent that it was not intended for the Housekeeper's afternoon parties or young people's games of tag, that there were other, more suitable, places where postmen could take a rest, or our actress recite her lines, or lovers do their courting amid the smuts. Our patience, indeed, had been so tried in one way or another, that at the first sound from above, at any hour of the day or night, J. was full tilt after the trespassers, and they were retreating before the eloquence of his attack. It was in a corner of this roof, just above the studio, and in among wood-inclosed cisterns, that the Suffragettes elected to send off fire-balloons which, in some way best known to themselves, were to impress mankind with the necessity of granting them the vote. The first balloon floated above the chimney-tops, a sheet of flame, and was dropping, happily, into the Thames, when J., straight from his printing-press, in blouse, sleeves rolled up, arms and hands black with ink, a cap set sideways, was on the roof, and the Secretary of the Militants, and a young man in the brown suit and red tie that denote the Socialist, in their hands matches and spirits of wine, were flying downstairs. I was puzzled to account for their meekness, unless it was that never before had they seen anybody so inky, never before listened to language so picturesque and American. J., without giving them time to take breath, called in the Landlord's Agent, supported by the Landlord's Solicitor, and they were con-

vinced of the wisdom of promising not to do it again. And of course they did.

A week later the Prime Minister was unveiling a statue or performing some equally innocent function in the gardens below our window, when the Suffragettes, from the roof of near workshops, demanded of him through a megaphone to give Votes to Women. We follow the movement with such small zest that when we were first aware that something out of the common was going on in our quarter, the two heroines were already in the arms of policemen, where of late so much of the Englishwoman's time has been spent, and heads were at every window up and down our street, housekeepers at every door, butchers' and bakers' boys grouped on the sidewalk, one or two tradesmen's carts drawn up in the gutter, battalions of policemen round the corner. The women, no doubt, to-day boast of the performance as a bold strike for freedom, and recall with pride the sensation it created.

At this point I lost sight of the conflict on the roof below, for, from the roof above, a balloon shot upwards, so high that only the angels could have read the message it bore. The familiar scrunching, though strangely muffled, was heard, and J., again in blouse and ink, was up and away on a little campaign of his own. This time he found six women, each with a pair of shoes at her side, and her feet drawn up under her, squatting in a ring behind the cisterns, bending over a can of spirits of wine, and whispering and giggling like school-girls.

"It won't go off," they giggled, and the next minute all chance of its ever going off was gone, for J. had seized the balloon and torn it to tatters.

"You have destroyed our property," shrieked a venerable little old lady, thin and gaunt, with many wrinkles and straggling gray hair.

He told her that was what he had intended to do.

"But it cost ten shillings," she squeaked in a tremor of rage, and with an attempt at dignity; but it is as hard to be dignified as Corporal Trim found it to be respectful, when one is sitting squat upon the ground.

A younger woman, golden-haired, in big hat and feathers, whom the others called Duchess, demanded "Who are you, anyhow?" And when I consider his costume and his inkiness I wonder he had not been asked it long before.

"You can go downstairs and find out," he said, "but down you go!"

There was a moment's visible embarrassment, and they drew their stocking-feet closer up under them. J., in whom they had left some few shreds of the politeness which he, as a true American, believes is woman's due, considerably looked the other way. As soon as they were able to rise up in their shoes, they altogether lost their heads. The Housekeeper and the Agent, summoned in the mean time, were waiting as they began to crawl down the straight precipitous ladder from the roof. In an agony of apprehension, the women clutched their skirts tight about them, protesting and scolding the while. The little old lady tried to escape into our chambers, one or two stood at the top of the stairs, cutting off all approach, the others would not budge from our narrow landing. A telegraph-boy, a man with a parcel, endeavored to get past them and up to us, but they would not give way an inch. Finally in despair, J. gently collected them and pushed them down the stairs toward their own door.

"We will have you arrested for assault!" the little old lady shrieked.

"We charge you with assault and battery," the golden-haired lady echoed from below.

And we heard no more, for at last,

with a sigh of relief, J. could get to our door, and shut out the still ascending uproar.

But that was not the end of it. If you can believe it, they were on the roof again within an hour, getting themselves and their megaphone photographed, for the fight for freedom would not be half so sweet without the publicity of portraits in the press. And we were besieged with letters. One Suffragette wrote that an apology was due — yes, J. replied, due to him. A second lectured him on the offense given to her "dear friend, the Duchess," for to become a Suffragette is not to cease to be a snob, and warned him that the Duchess — who was the golden-haired lady and may have had the bluest blood of England in her veins, but looked more like one of the Gaiety Girls from whom the stock of the British nobility has been so largely replenished — and the Duke intended to consult their Solicitor if regret were not expressed. And the Landlord's Agent called, and the Landlord's Solicitor followed, and a Police Inspector was sent from Scotland Yard for facts, and he reprimanded J. for one mistake — not having locked the door on the inside when they were out; and the insurance people wanted to know about fire-balloons, and everybody with any possible excuse came down upon us, except the police officer with the warrant to arrest J. for assault and battery.

Well, it is all over now. If the Suffragettes still hatch their plots under our roof, they are denied the use of it for carrying them out. They leave us in peace for the moment, the quiet which is the charm of an old house like ours has returned to it, and outwardly the tenants cultivate the repose and dignity incumbent upon them as the descendants of Bacon and Pepys, and the inheritors of a great past.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

III THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CONFLICT

Friday, February 2, 1866

I THINK the President, though calm and reticent, exhibits indications of not being fully satisfied in some respects with the conduct and course of some in whom he confided, yet he carefully abstains from remarks respecting persons. There can be no doubt that Stanton has given some of the leading radicals to understand that his views correspond with theirs, but I do not know that the President is fully aware of that fact. Seward, while he says nothing very decisively, leaves no doubt that he coincides in the general policy of the President. Harlan made a singular speech to the Iowa radicals a week ago, but has written an explanatory letter which is no explanation. I have no doubt that Dennison is sincerely with the President and means to sustain his measures, yet he makes visible, without intending it, his apprehension that by this policy the Democrats may get a controlling influence. In this he is not singular, for many of the leading radicals, especially those of Whig antecedents, have similar apprehensions and are afraid to trust the people. Having power, they do not scruple as to the means to retain it.

The truth is, the radical leaders in Congress openly and secretly have labored to defeat the President, and their hostility has engendered a distrust in their own minds, and caused fairer men

like Dennison to have fears that the President might identify himself with the Democrats. This subject gives me no uneasiness whatever. I shall not be surprised if the extreme men become alienated, but their abandonment of the President will, under the working of our system of intelligent free thought and action, make room for the more reasonable and calculating of the opposition, if not with intelligent candor and determination. He will naturally feel kindly disposed towards those who sustain him and his measures, and will not be likely to give his confidence to those who oppose both.

Saturday, February 10, 1866.

Sumner made me his usual weekly visit this P. M. He is as earnest and confident as ever, probably not without reason. Says they are solidifying in Congress and will set aside the President's policy. I enquired if he really thought Massachusetts could govern Georgia better than Georgia could govern herself, — for that was the kernel of the question. Can the people govern themselves? He could not otherwise than say Massachusetts could do better for them than they had done for themselves. When I said that every state and people must form their own laws and government, that the whole social, industrial, political, and civil structure was to be reconstructed in

the slave states, that the elements there must work out their own condition, and that Massachusetts could not do this for them, he did not controvert [me] further than to say we can instruct them and ought to do it, that he had letters showing a dreadful state of things South, that the colored people were suffering beyond anything they had ever endured in the days of slavery. I told him I had little doubt of it; I had expected this as the first result of emancipation. Both whites and blacks in the slave states were to pass through a terrible ordeal, and it was most grievous and melancholy to me, to witness the spirit manifested towards the whites of the South who were thus afflicted. Left to themselves, they have great suffering and hardship, without having their troubles increased by any oppressive acts from abroad.

[About the close of the war had been organized, with President Lincoln's approval, the so-called Freedmen's Bureau which had "the supervision of all abandoned lands and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen." The great powers given to this Bureau were still further extended in a new bill which was passed by Congress, but which seemed to the President a two-edged sword that might be used as readily to coerce the white citizens of Southern states as to protect the civil rights of the Negro.]

Tuesday, February 13, 1866.

McCulloch asked me yesterday, in the President's room in the Capitol, if I had examined the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. I told him I had not, but that I had never been partial to the measure and had doubted its expediency even during the war. Still as Congress, the administration, and the country had adopted it, and as I had no connection with it, I had little inclination to inter-

est myself in the matter. To-day the President enquired of me my opinions, or rather said he thought there were some extraordinary features in the bill, and asked what I thought of them, and of the bill. My reply was similar to that I gave McCulloch yesterday. He expressed a wish that I would give the bill consideration, for he apprehended he should have difficulty in signing it. The bill has not yet reached him.

The unmistakable design of Thad Stevens and his associates was, the President said, to take the government into their own hands, and to get rid of him by declaring Tennessee¹ out of the Union. A sort of French Directory was to be established by these spirits in Congress, — the Constitution was to be remodeled by them, etc.

Wednesday, February 14, 1866.

Have examined the bill for the Freedmen's Bureau, which is a terrific engine and reads more like a decree emanating from despotic power than a legislative enactment by republican representatives. I do not see how the President can sign it, certainly I shall not advise it. Yet something is necessary for the wretched people who have been emancipated, and who have neither intelligence nor means to provide for themselves. [If] let alone, society will adapt itself in time and briefly "to circumstances, and make circumstances conform to existing necessities, but in the mean time there will be suffering, misery, wretchedness; nor will it be entirely confined to the blacks.

I am apprehensive that the efforts of our Northern philanthropists to govern the Southern States will be productive of evil, that they will generate hatred rather than love between the races. This Freedmen's Bureau scheme is a governmental enormity. There is a despotic tendency in the legislation of

¹ Tennessee was Andrew Johnson's own state.

this Congress, an evident disposition to promote these notions of freedom by despotic and tyrannical means.

Friday, February 16, 1866

After Cabinet meeting I had an interview and pretty free interchange of opinion with the President on the Freedmen's Bureau Bill and other subjects. I expressed myself without reserve, as did the President, who acquiesced fully in my views. This being the case, I conclude he will place upon it his veto. Indeed he intimated as much. Desired, he said, to have my ideas because they might add to his own, etc.

There is an apparent rupturing among the radicals, or a portion of them. They wish to make terms. Will admit the representation from Tennessee, if the President will yield. But the President cannot yield and sacrifice his honest convictions by way of compromise.

Monday, February 19, 1866

Attended special Cabinet meeting this morning, at ten, and remained in session until about one P. M. The President submitted a message which he had prepared returning the Freedmen's Bureau Bill to the Senate with his veto.

The message and positions were fully discussed.

Seward, McCulloch, and Dennison agreed with the President, as did I, and each so expressed himself. Stanton, Harlan, and Speed, while they did not absolutely dissent, evidently regretted that the President had not signed the bill. Stanton was disappointed. Speed was disturbed. Harlan was apprehensive. The President was emphatic and unequivocal in his remarks, earnest to eloquence in some portion of a speech of about twenty minutes, in which he reviewed the intrigues of certain radical leaders in Congress, without calling them by name — their council of fifteen which in secret prescribed legis-

lative action, and assumed to dictate the policy of the administration. The effect of this veto will probably be an open rupture between the President and a portion of the Republican Members of Congress. How many will go with him, and how many with the radical leaders, will soon be known. Until a vote is taken, the master spirits will have time to intrigue with the members and get them committed. They will be active as well as cunning.

Senator Trumbull, who is the father of this bill, has not been classed among the radicals and did not intend to be drawn in with them when he drew up this law. But he is freaky and opinionated, though able and generally sensible. I shall be sorry to have him enter into associations that will identify him with extremists, and yet it will not surprise me should such be the case. He will be the champion of his bill and, stimulated and courted by those with whom he does not sympathize, will strive to impair the effect of the impregnable arguments and reasoning of the message.

Tuesday, February 20, 1866.

The Cabinet was pleasant and harmonious on the matters before it to-day, though outside rumors make them divided. Much excitement exists in Congress, and out of it, on the subject of the veto. The dark, revolutionary, reckless intrigues of Stevens manifest themselves. In the House, the bigoted partisans are ready to follow him in his vindictive and passionate schemes for radical supremacy — radicalism having been prevalent during the war, they think it still popular.

On the vote which was taken to-day in the Senate, the veto was sustained and the bill defeated, there not being the requisite two-thirds in its favor. Morgan, Dixon, Doolittle, and four or five others with the Democrats, eighteen in all against thirty. Violent and

factionous speeches were made in the Senate, and also in the House. Stevens, as I expected he would, presented his schemes to oppress the South, and exclude the states from their constitutional right of representation. Such men would plunge the country into a more wicked rebellion — one more destructive of our system of government, a more dangerous condition than that from which we have emerged, could they prevail. As an exhibition of the enlightened legislation of the House, Stevens, the radical leader, chairman of the Reconstruction Committee, — the committee which shapes and directs the action of Congress, and assumes executive as well as legislative control, — announced that his committee, or directory it may be called, was about to report in favor of admitting the Tennessee members, but the President having put his veto on the Freedmen's bill, they would not now consent, and he introduced his resolution declaring, virtually, that the Union is divided, that the states which were in rebellion should not have their constitutional right of representation.

[The failure of Congress to pass the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the President's veto marks the first pitched battle in the war waged by the Republican majority in Congress against the administration, which culminated in the impeachment of the President. The statement in the President's veto that a "very grave objection" to the bill lay in the fact that from the Congress by which the bill was passed eleven states were excluded, implied the illegality of all legislation which had been or should be enacted before the admission of representatives from the Southern states, and may be said to epitomize the virtual question at issue. The same day this vote was taken, the House, under Stevens's leadership, adopted a resolution

that no senator or representative from any of the eleven Southern states should be admitted into Congress until Congress itself should have declared that state entitled to representation.]

Thursday, February 22, 1866.

To-day both branches of Congress have adjourned, and there are funeral solemnities at the Capitol in memoriam of the late Henry Winter Davis, a private citizen, who died in Baltimore two or three months since, but who had been a conspicuous actor among the radicals. He possessed genius, a graceful elocution and erratic ability of a certain kind, but was an uneasy spirit, an unsafe and undesirable man, without useful talents for his country or mankind. Having figured as a leader with Thad Stevens, Wade, and others, in their intrigues, extraordinary honors are now paid him. A programme, copied almost literally from that of the 12th in memory of Mr. Lincoln, is sent out. Orders to commemorate this distinguished "Plug Ugly" and "Dead Rabbit,"¹ are issued. President and Cabinet, Judges, Foreign Ministers, and other officials, have seats assigned them in the Hall of the Representatives for the occasion. The whole is a burlesque, which partakes of the ridiculous more than the solemn — intended to belittle the memory of Lincoln and his policy as much as to exalt Davis, who opposed it. I would not go — could not go, without a feeling of degradation. I yesterday suggested to the President my view of the whole proceedings — that they were in derogation of the late President and the Administration. The radicals wished Davis to be considered the equal or superior of Lincoln.

Saturday, February 24, 1866.

The extremists are angry and vio-

¹ The names of political clubs of Baltimore, to which Davis had belonged.

lent because the President follows his own convictions, and their operation through the press is prolific in manufacturing scandal against him. No harm will come of it, if he is prudent and firm.

The leaders had flattered themselves that they had more than two-thirds of each House, and would, therefore, carry all their measures over any veto. The President says there has been a design to attempt impeachment if he did not yield to them. I am inclined to believe this has been talked of among the leaders, but they could not press a majority of their own number into the movement.

Monday, February 26, 1866

In the Senate, Sherman has been speaking against the declaratory resolution, which passed the House under the lash of Stevens from the Directory Committee, asserting that eleven states are out of the Union and must not be represented until Congress shall permit them. This resolution is fulminated in spite, because the President put his veto on the Freedmen's bill. Such legislation is characteristic of Stevens and his co-laborers.

Friday, March 9, 1866.

Senator Grimes,¹ after an interview this A. M. on naval matters, got on to the subject of our public affairs, generally, and particularly the differences between the President and the party in Congress. He disdains Stevens and Sumner, and spoke of each in severe and denunciatory terms. The former as a pretty unscrupulous old fellow, unfit to lead any party. Sumner as a cold-blooded, selfish, dangerous man. When I spoke of him as honest, but yet I believe truthful, Grimes was disinclined to award him this trait, and I perceive

¹ Senator from Iowa, and a conservative member of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction.

has a strong prejudice, perhaps I should better define it by saying hate, of the Massachusetts Senator, who, though a student learned in books, Grimes asserts is not a statesman or wise legislator.

With very respectable talents, Grimes is of a suspicious and somewhat jealous nature, inclining to be misanthropic. He must be classed as of the radical school, but recognizes no radical leader, has no respect for them, abhors Stevens as a debauchee in morals and politics. He is intimate with Fessenden and has similar traits. The two hunt in couples. They were both former admirers of Seward, but now and for some time past they dislike him — think his influence on Johnson pernicious.

Saturday, March 10, 1866.

Thad Stevens has to-day made a blackguard and disreputable speech in the House. Beginning with the false assertion that the speech was prepared two months ago, and continuing with the equally false assurance that an interlude, or by-play, which was introduced was unpremeditated, this old man displayed more strongly than in his speech those bad traits of dissimulation, insincerity, falsehood, scandal-loving and defamation that have characterized his long life. The radical managers and leaders were cognizant of his speech, and had generally encouraged it, but I shall be disappointed if they do not wish the old man had been silent before many months.

Such disgraceful exhibitions can do the author and his associates no good, nor those whom he assails enduring harm. The people may not in the first excitement, and under the discipline of party, be enabled to judge of the conspirators correctly who are striving to divide the Union not by secession but by exclusion. It is clearly a conspiracy, though not avowed.

[The purpose of the Civil Rights Bill introduced by Senator Trumbull was to destroy all discrimination between the races, to give the Negro "the right to acquire property, to come and go at pleasure, to enforce rights in the courts, to make contracts, and to inherit and dispose of property." Johnson objected to the bill because it conferred citizenship on the Negro when eleven states were unrepresented in Congress, and because it attempted through a Federal law to enforce complete equality between the two races throughout the Union, and so constituted an invasion of state rights by Federal authority. Realizing that the consequences might be serious, the President vetoed this bill with reluctance.]

Friday, March 23, 1866.

Special notice from the President that there would be no Cabinet meeting. Called upon him this P. M. and gave him, generally, my views in regard to what is called the Civil Rights Bill, which, if approved by him, must lead to the overthrow of his administration as well as that of this mischievous Congress, which has passed it. The principles of that bill, if carried into effect, must destroy the government. It is consolidation solidified, breaks down all barriers to protect the rights of the states, concentrates power in the general government, which assumes to itself the enactment of municipal regulations between the states and citizens, and between citizens of the same state. No bill of so contradictory and consolidating a character has ever been enacted. The alien and sedition laws were not so objectionable. I did not enquire of the President what would be his course in regard to the bill, but we did not disagree in opinion on its merits, and he cannot give it his sanction, although it is unpleasant to him to have these differences with Congress.

He tells me that Senator Pomeroy disavows having stated that he saw the President drunk at the White House, but says he (Pomeroy) wrote Lincoln, the P[ost] M[aster] at Brooklyn, that he saw Robert, the President's son, in liquor, and he thought the same of his son-in-law, Senator Patterson.

Monday, March 26, 1866.

The President convened the Cabinet this A. M. at ten and read his message returning the Civil Rights Bill with his veto. Before reading it he desired the members to express their opinions. Seward said he had carefully studied the bill and thought it might be well to pass a law declaring Negroes were citizens, because there had been some questions raised on that point, though there never was a doubt in his own mind. The rest of the bill he considered unconstitutional in many respects, and its having the mischievous machinery of the Fugitive Slave-Law did not help commend it.

McCulloch waived remark, had not closely scrutinized the bill and would defer comment to Stanton, merely remarking that he should be gratified if the President could see his way clear to sign the bill.

Stanton made a long argument, showing that he had devoted much time to the bill. His principal point was to overcome the obnoxious features of the second section, which he thought should be construed favorably. He did not think judges and marshals, or sheriffs and local officers, should be fined and imprisoned — did not think it was intended to apply to officers but merely to persons. The bill was not such a one as he would have drawn or recommended, but he advised that under the circumstances it should be approved.

The President having previously been put in possession of my views, I simply remarked that my objections

were against the whole design, purpose, and scope of the bill, — that it was mischievous and wrong.

Mr. Dennison thought that, though there might be some objection to parts, he, on the whole, would advise that the bill should receive executive approval.

Mr. Harlan had not closely read the bill, but had met difficulties in the second section, and in one or two others, which had been measurably removed by Stanton's argument. He thought it very desirable that the President and Congress should act in concert if possible.

Speed was ill and not present.

The Senate to-day deprived Stockton of New Jersey of his seat. It was a high-handed partisan proceeding, in which Sumner, Fessenden, Morrill, and others exhibited a spirit and feeling wholly unworthy of their official position. While I have no special regard for Stockton and his party in New Jersey, I am compelled to believe they have in this instance certainly been improperly treated and for a factional purpose, and I apprehend that I can never think so well of some of the gentlemen who have been conspicuous in this proceeding. Had Stockton acted with Sumner and Fessenden against the veto, he never would have been ousted from his seat. Of this I have no doubt whatever, and I am ashamed to confess it, or say it. I am passing no judgment on his election, for I know not the exact facts, but the indecent, unfair, arbitrary conduct of the few master-spirits is most reprehensible.

Friday, April 6, 1866.

The Senate by a vote of 33 to 15 this evening over-rode the veto on the Civil Rights Bill. Wright of N. J. was in his seat, but Dixon was not. Morgan,¹

¹ Edwin D. Morgan of New York, an ally of Seward.

unexpectedly to me, and I think to most persons, voted with the majority. The vote of M[organ] was one of calculation, not of conviction. I shall be disappointed if he does not lose rather than gain by the step he has taken. Such is usually the righteous termination of calculations made by scheming and ambitious men who consent to do wrong. In this instance M[organ] may have had honest reasons. It is true he voted for the passage of the bill, but that was, as he has said to me, without much consideration given to the law, and in repeated interviews and conversations since, he had left the impression on my mind that he should sustain the veto.

General and Mrs. Grant gave their last reception for the season this evening. Being somewhat indisposed I did not propose to attend, but [my son] E[dgar] had not returned, and there was no one to accompany Mrs. Welles and her friend, and I was, consequently, under the necessity of going, though afflicted with a severe headache. The party was in some respects unlike any of the season, and there was present not only a numerous, but miscellaneous company of contradictions. There had been some preunderstanding on the part of the radicals, or a portion of them, to attend and to appropriate Gen. Grant, or at least his name and influence, to themselves. But most unexpectedly to them, as I confess it was to me, the President and his two daughters appeared early, and Montgomery Blair and some of his ladies were also on hand. There came also Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the late confederacy, so-called. When therefore, Thad Stevens, Trumbull, and others, not exactly homogeneous though now acting together, came in, they were evidently astonished and amazed.

Stevens, though a brave old stager,

was taken aback and showed himself discomfited. Trumbull betrayed surprise. I was not in a condition to circulate much in the crowd, but heard repeatedly, amid the exultations over the vote of the Senate, expressions of vexation that there was such a strange attendance here. Theodore Tilton, as full of fanatical, fantastical and boyish enthusiasm as of genius and talent, but with no sensible ideas of the principles on which our government is founded or accurate knowledge of our republican federal system, or of the merits involved in pending questions, was boisterous over the result in the Senate. It was sufficient for him that a victory had been achieved for an ideal and fanciful theory, regardless of consequences, and indifferent whether we had a union or an empire, so that he could do a little more for the black man than for the white man. When a little older, if his erratic genius does not spoil him, he will be a little wiser. For a time he fastened himself on me, but I was too indisposed to do more than listen. He gloated over Morgan's vote — said he could have thrown his hat to the ceiling when he heard it; not that he cared for Morgan.

Tuesday, April 10, 1866.

The Civil Rights Bill passed the House yesterday by a vote of nearly three to one. The party drill was very effective. Only Raymond of the radicals voted to sustain the veto. He has been general manager in the House but could not carry a single member with him if he tried. Either Seward could not help him, or he did not. All of Stanton's pets were active in opposing the veto.

Saturday, April 14, 1866.

This being the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln, the several departments were closed by order of the President.

Had an hour's talk with the Presi-

dent on several matters, but chiefly in relation to the policy of the administration, which was brought about by my referring to the interview which I had had with Senator Doolittle on Thursday evening, and his urgent request that I would communicate with the President on the subject-matter of our conversation. I remarked that there were certain suggestions, which delicacy forbade me to mention, unsolicited, but that there was an apprehension that the radicals were strengthening themselves by the non-action, or limited actions of the Executive, and by conceding to members of Congress almost all opportunities for [placing] their radical friends.

The President said it was exceedingly annoying and discouraging to witness so good a man as Doolittle desponding, and especially on the subject of removals and appointments, when Doolittle himself was not prepared to take or recommend action even in his own state. It was true that his Cabinet was not in all respects what he wished; but he had taken it as he found it. Harlan, to be sure, came in later, but it was understood he sought and desired the position, although he had since obtained an election to the Senate. He supposed Harlan was not in accord with the policy of the administration, and delicacy and propriety would seem to prompt him to resign. But he had, as yet, shown no disposition to give up his place.

[Attorney-General] Speed, he said, certainly added no strength to the administration, was manifestly in harmony with the radicals, advising with and encouraging them. Delicacy should cause him, feeling as he did, to retire, but he had made no advance in that direction, nor would he, probably, uninvited.

Stanton, he remarked, was claimed by the radicals to be in their interest,

and probably such was the fact, yet he had given him no intimation of that character, except in some general criticism on one or two measures in which he finally yielded and acquiesced. His department had been an absorbing one during the war and still was formidable. To have an open rupture with him in the present condition of affairs would be embarrassing certainly, yet Stanton held on. The delicacies and proprieties which should govern the relations supposed to exist between a President and his cabinet associates, his political family as it were, would indicate to men of proper sensibility the course which they should pursue, if they did not agree with the person whom they were expected to advise in the administration of affairs.

If these three men did not approve his general policy, the President said they had not, as [far as] he was aware, disapproved of it. Statements were made in some of the radical papers that the persons named were opposed to the administration of which they were a part. Rumors to that effect had come to him in such a way and from such sources that he was not at liberty to doubt it. "I do not, however, know the fact. What, then, can I do? Are these men to whom I give my confidence hypocrites, faithless, insincere, treacherous? The time has not arrived for a decisive stand. With mischievous radical leaders, who appear to have little regard for the country, it is not a proper time to take upon ourselves other quarrels nearer."

The President said he had borne, as well as he could, the malicious war which had been waged upon him for doing his duty — administering the government for the whole country, not for a faction. If the schemes of the radical managers to control the Executive had sometimes annoyed him, they had not caused him to deviate from what

he was satisfied was right and for the best interest of the country. But it did grieve and wound him to witness such men as Doolittle desponding and giving way. Cowan, an intelligent, sensible and good senator, he said, was also complaining, and it was hard to be under the necessity of holding these men up, when compelled to encounter the whole opposition. Their discouragement afflicted him more than all that the radicals had done or would do.

Only a day or two since, Cowan had, with others, pressed earnestly for some changes in Pennsylvania, which they said ought by all means to be made, and on their representations he had finally agreed to make some changes. "But just as they were being ordered, Cowan began to show doubt, asked a suspension, and finally backed down and would consent to but two of the changes he had urged. These men take on themselves no responsibility while goading me on to move, when I am breasting this storm." This he said he was ready to do. It was a duty and he could meet it, but it pained him to have good and true friends waver.

At the proper time he should be ready to act, but his friends must permit him to judge when to act. It would be pleasanter to him to have more cordiality, a more free intercourse of opinion, more unity and earnestness on the part of all his Cabinet, for there was obvious distrust among them — distrust of each other — and that on topics where the administration was most interested.

I have given the substance and, so far as I can recall, the words. There was much desultory conversation intermixed.

Wednesday, April 25, 1866.

Major-General Benjamin F. Butler is exercising a great and dangerous influence at the Treasury Department. He has been employed in some cases

and is using his opportunities to press others where he is employed as counsel. As he has talents but no principles, is avaricious and unscrupulous, I have given our friends McCulloch and Chandler at the Treasury an occasional admonition concerning him.

In 1863 the Grey Jacket, a steamer laden with cotton, was captured by the Kennebec on the way from Mobile to Cuba. The cargo and vessel were valued at about half a million of dollars, and were condemned on the showing of the captain and owners. An appeal was taken. But the case was so flagrant that there was no avoiding condemnation. The owners had employed various counsel, first Nott and others of New Orleans, then Seward and Blatchford of New York, but all have on hearing the facts abandoned the case. About the first of last December it was put in the hands of General Butler, who commenced a series of intrigues and manoeuvres, and from his persistence and unscrupulousness had evidently a large contingent fee. (I have heard it stated at \$125,000.) But he found no favor at the Navy Department. His last appeal with me was a half threat to go to Congress and make an appeal to their sympathies for a man who had lost his all by this capture and condemnation. I replied that my appeal for sympathy in behalf of the sailors who had nobly done their duty in sunshine and storm, in winter and summer, day and night, would probably be as effective as his. He then changed, proposed that the captors should take one-half and the claimant the other, surrendering by this arrangement the moiety which should go to the naval pension fund. I told him that was impossible. The Secre-

tary of the Navy could make no such arrangement; moreover he was the trustee of that fund and held it sacred.

One other futile attempt was made in company with the Attorney-General, whom he persuaded to come with him; but after a brief talk Speed appeared to think he had been imposed upon and abandoned the case.

Failing at these points, Butler commenced intriguing at the Treasury, where he was listened to by Chandler, and finally Caleb Cushing was employed at Chandler's suggestion to give a written opinion, General Butler being the prompter. Cushing was timid, hesitated to present his opinion unsustained, and Gen. Butler drew up a preamble and resolution which he procured Thad Stevens to present and procured to be passed under the previous question, without debate, to the effect that cases of this description should be suspended until the judgment of the Supreme Court should be obtained next winter. There are one or two clauses in certain acts which Chase procured to be inserted when he was striving to absorb the whole government in the Treasury Department, having the Presidency in view. These clauses Butler and Cushing made the foundation of their proceeding. Stevens's resolution was passed on the 9th and Cushing's opinion is dated on the 11th.

The whole thing is disgraceful even to a lobby agent, and discreditable to the Treasury Department, which has, so far as the Secretary is concerned, unwittingly lent itself to Butler — how far the Assistant Secretary is involved is uncertain. There are some dark intimations. Great derangement in order to get a great fee has been effected.

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE APPRECIATION OF LAFCADIO HEARN

BY YONE NOGUCHI

To my visionary eyes appear simultaneously the two half-nocturnal figures, Lafcadio Hearn and Akinari Uyeda (who died on the sixth of Bunkwa, that is, in 1810), shining sad, yet steadfast, like two silver stars, each in his own shrine of solitude. The former's allegiance to the latter was expressed by his translation of the two stories from Uyeda's *Ugetsu Monogatari*, "Kikka no Yaku," or "Of a Promise Kept," and "Muwo no Rigio," or "The Story of Kogi, the Priest," in *A Japanese Miscellany*.

The gray-colored region of solitude was a triumph for them, not a defeat, by any means; they found life in silence, and a ghost's virtue in shadow and whisper. They slowly walked following after a beckoning hand, half vision, half reality; they placed their single-minded confidence on the dream-breast of spirit. The world and people they wished and tried to elude, these were for them too physical altogether. However, Uyeda's hatred of the people and the world was not so sharp-tongued as Hearn's; it may be from the reason that a hundred years ago, in Japan as in other countries, the impression received from the times was not so vulgar and bold as to-day, and the interruptions which pass nowadays under the hypocritical name of sociableness did not flap in the air so wantonly.

Uyeda wrote a sort of *Zuihitsu* ("Following the Pen") of his own life, or confession called *Tandai Shoshin Roku*; and he remarked somewhere in it: "I

am keeping my life which I do not particularly value, by eating barley, and drinking hot water with parched rice steeped in it. I lived some twelve or thirteen years with money which I received from a publisher, now ten *ryos* and then fifteen *ryos*. But as I can do nothing now, I have only to wait for my own death, and in the meantime I drink boiled tea." Tea was his favorite, while *saké*, tobacco (though these two Hearn liked, tobacco in particular being his passion), literary men, and rich men, were the four things he bitterly despised. And he lived to the good old age of seventy-eight. I always think, for more than one reason, that Hearn would have been another Akinari Uyeda, if he had been born in Japan a century ago; the difference between them, it seems to me, is the difference of age and circumstances. It was a coincidence, however, that their lives were unhappy from childhood. Uyeda was left an orphan, being the son of a *geisha*, and like Hearn he was obliged to undergo the baptism of tears. It might be said to be due to the kindness of this age that Hearn was brought over the Pacific to seek his kingdom of beauty. Indeed, a Columbus has to sail west—is it east?—for his ideal as for the sun. It was fortunate for Japan that she had him when she needed such a one; and Hearn too reached Japan just at the right time. Poor Akinari had no west to sail to, and had to bury himself in his little tea-house, very often to curse the people, and sometimes to invite some angel or god to

sip tea with him and forget the world.

Hearn ended his "Hōrai" in the book of *Kwaidan* thus: —

"Evil winds from the west are blowing over Hōrai; and the magical atmosphere, alas! is shrinking away before them. It lingers now in patches only, and bands, — like those long bright bands of cloud that trail across the landscapes of Japanese painters. Under these shreds of the elfish vapor you still can find Hōrai — but not elsewhere. . . . Remember that Hōrai is also called Shinkirō, which signifies Mirage, — the Vision of the Intangible. And the Vision is fading, — never again to appear save in pictures and poems and dreams."

His Hōrai — where the shadows of splendor strange and old deepened under the sunlight sad like memory, and the milky vision hung like an immense spider-web, and shivered like a ghost, and the sadness and joy of the souls of thousands on thousands of years blended into an infinite waste of song — vanished at once when, in 1896, he left Old Japan in Izumo (the place of his love first and last), and even in Kumamoto, for Tokyo, which he hated to the utmost degree.

Suppose fate had not brought him to Tokyo? I have, however, a reason or two for saying that this city of horrid impression, too, did for him no small service; indeed, the greatest service, as I dare say, which marked his work distinctly, although he did not notice it, as it seemed, and even thought the reverse. Old Japan of the province shook his frail body terribly with the might of charm, and his extreme sensitiveness made him uneasy, and even doubtful of his qualification to see Japan with a Japanese mind, as he prayed. It is true that his foreign origin flickered as a broken smoke, at his desire to be changed into a Japanese. He was more restless, in fact, when he was

more impressed by Old Japan. But one day, coming to Tokyo, — where the old faith and beauty, which grew marvelously from the ground like a blossoming cherry-tree through the spring mist, had tottered and even fallen, and the people chose foreign things and thoughts ("Carpets — pianos — windows — curtains — brass bands — churches! How I hate them!! And white shirts! — and *yofuku*!" Hearn wrote to his friend), — he at once awoke to the recognition of his own worth, and began to believe himself more Japanese than any other Japanese. And it gave him a great confidence in himself which he could not dare claim before; and that confidence gave to his later work the deliberation strange and positive, and the translucence milky and soft. And it spoke in perfect accord with the sweet glamour of Old Japan, where the sea of reality and the sky of vision melted into one blue eternity, — the land of ghosts.

I, as a Japanese, have to oppose those who will rate first the enthusiasm and fire of his earlier work; it is true that it had them, but they were so scattered, and often too free. His spendthrift habit in thought and art went too far, frequently, even for us. And remember that we are rather spoiled children only too glad to be admired. I believe that in his later work shone his golden light which was old as a spring in Hōrai; its slowness was poetry, and its reticence was a blessing. However, he wrote to his friend from "Tokyo, this detestable Tokyo": "To think of art or time or eternity in the dead waste and muddle of this mass is difficult. The Holy Ghost of the poets is not in Tokyo. . . . In this horrid Tokyo I feel like a cicada: — I am caged, and can't sing. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall ever be able to sing any more, — except at night? — like a bell-insect which has only one note." Are we not glad

to have him singing his one real Japanese note of a bell-insect of night in his later work? He must have noticed himself, I am sure, after he had written such a letter, that he was wrong, and I believe that he must have been more pleased in not receiving any inspiration from without, because his own soul would find it easier to shine out from within, as a pearl of five colors or a firefly with a lyrical flash. He threw the world and people out, and shut himself in his own sanctum, as you have to close the *shojis* after you have burned incense to keep its odor. Indeed he had the most lovely incense of love with Old Japan which he had to protect from the evil winds; and he was afraid that the magical atmosphere of his vision might be disturbed. His only desire was to be left alone with the dreams of his *Hōrai*; and the dreams themselves were ghosts, under whose spell he wove the silvery threads of the Ideal, and wrote the books with a strange thrill which nobody else could ever feel.

He left some eight books that were written even after he settled in Tokyo; they were the utmost that could be expected of him, and perhaps he pressed himself too harshly to produce them. I know that writing for him was no light work; he wrote the books with life and blood, a monument builded by his own hands. He was like a cuckoo which is said to die spitting blood and song. Like incense before the Buddhist altar, which had to burn itself up, he passed away.

It was entirely proper for Hearn to break away from any social organization ("a proof of weakness — not a combination of force," to quote his words) where one's poor little time is foolishly wasted, and to build for himself a castle of solitude and silence where nobody should be admitted. Indeed, life was too short for him, as

"literature was a very serious and sacred thing, — not an amusement, not a thing to trifle and play with." I agree with him when he wrote to a friend: "My friends are much more dangerous than my enemies. These latter — with infinite subtlety — spin webs to keep me out of places where I hate to go . . . and they help me so much by their unconscious aid that I almost love them. They help me to maintain the isolation absolutely essential to thinking. . . . Blessed be my enemies, and forever honored all them that hate me!" And it will make the reason clear why he broke away from his friends of former days, and bolted his door right against their faces. Almost nobody was admitted in his home in his last days. It seems to me, however, to have been a piece of cruelty on Hearn's part that Masanobu Otani, one of his students of the Matsue days, and his literary secretary in later years, who helped in furnishing material for his books, could not also have been made an exception. And it is said that only upon their third call did Hearn admit the representatives of the literature classes of the university, who wanted his own opinion before they could properly appeal to the president to allow Hearn to stay with them in the university.

The university students uttered a deep lamentation when he was asked to resign. His distinguished personality, expressed through the emotional beauty of English literature, impressed their minds tenderly yet forcefully. It was their delight to see his somewhat bending body, under an old, large-rimmed soft hat like that of a Korean, carrying his heavy books wrapped in a purple *furoshiki*. He never entered the professors' room, but walked slowly and meditatively by the lake of the university garden, and often sat on a stone by the water, and smoked a Japanese *natamame* pipe. The students did not

dare to come nearer to him for fear lest they might disturb his solitude, but admired him from a distance as if he were some old china vase which might be broken even by a single touch. But it was almost amazing to hear his clear and unreserved voice in the classroom, which made the students at once feel quite at home. I believe that he was not an unsociable man originally, but he valued his work as more important. And it may be that the students did not disturb him much; or, perhaps, his foreign blood gave him a strong feeling of responsibility so that he tried not to look unhappy and selfish. He was eloquent, it is said, and he never used any note-book, as his beautiful language of appreciation was left to flow out from his heart upon an author whom he happened to speak of. Not long ago, I had a chance to see a note-book of Kaworu Osanai, one of his former students in the university, and to-day one of the younger poets, in which I read his verbal beauty. To show his art in the class-room, let me copy out his language of paraphrase for "Was never voice of ours could say," etc., of George Meredith's poem on the lark:—

"There never was a human poet in our world which could speak the innermost thoughts of the human heart in the most beautiful way possible — as that bird speaks all its heart in the sweetest possible manner. And even if there were such a human voice, it would not be able to speak to all hearts alike — as that bird can. For wisdom comes to us, poor human beings, only when we are getting old — when our blood is growing chill, and when we do not care to sing. On the other hand, in the time of our youth, when we want to sing — want to write beautiful poetry — then we are too impulsive, too passionate, too selfish, to sing a perfect song. We think too much about our-

selves; and that makes us insincere. But there is no insincerity in that bird. — Oh! if we could but utter the truth of our heart as he can! There is no selfishness in the song of that bird, nothing of individual desire: such a song is indeed like the song of a Seraph, the highest of angels — so pure is it, so untouched by the least personal quality. Only such an impersonal song is indeed suited to express the gratitude of all life to that great Giver of Life — the sun. And that is just what that song does express — one voice speaking for millions of creatures — and no one of all those millions feeling in the least envious of the singer, but all, on the contrary, loving him for uttering their joy of heart well."

He may not have been a Buddhist believer before he came to Japan, but certainly he was not of the Christian faith. Here, before me, I have his criticism on Mr. Otani's school composition called *The Book*, made when Hearn was a teacher at Matsue. In it he attempts to tell his non-Christian argument to his student. It may be due to his Greek blood that his passion for beauty accepted unconditionally a sort of pantheism which led him straight into the inner temple of Buddhism afterward in Japan, and made him glad to find a thousand beauties and symbols again which he had lost a long, long time ago, and of which ever since he had been dreaming, without any clear thought of their real existence. To call him primitive, as one might wish to say of him, does not mean that he was undeveloped, but on the contrary, his soul was a thousand years old. Primitiveness was strength in him; and the wonder about him was how he succeeded in remaining primitive under such an age's intrusion of knowledge. I am sure that his belief may have been shuffled sometimes by an evil wind ("Evil winds from the

West" in his "Hōrai"), but it was fortunate for him that Spencer brought him back to his original serenity. Not from only one reason can I say that he made the East and West meet and exchange their courtesies. He understood Buddhism through beauty's eye; the Buddha idol appeared to him to be a symbol of love and beauty; and for him, truth and faith came afterward. His being of an objective temperament made it easy for him to enter into the ideal of Buddhistic art of Mahayana (Greater Vehicle). But I am ready even to speculate that, if he could have lived longer, his mind would have turned to the subjective meditation of the Shodo Buddhism like that of Rinzai or Soto or Nichiren; and I am told that he was planning to study Buddhism more deeply under the guidance of Dr. Murakami, when he died. It is not necessary here to try to fathom his belief; it is beautiful to read his lyrical conception of the world and life which he sang in his own Buddhist temple. He is not the only one who has been glad to believe in the mystery of rebirth and ghosts, and it is quite natural to believe in them in Japan where, as he wrote to his friend, "is a domesticated Nature, which loves man, and makes itself beautiful for him in a quiet grey-and-blue way like the Japanese women, and the trees seem to know what people say about them, — seem to have little human souls." He laughed with the flowers and birds, and he cried with the dying trees.

To-day I turned to the book of my old diary, wherein I read my conversation with Mrs. Hearn which I had two or three days after Hearn's funeral. Let me copy out some part of it: —

"Mrs. Koizumi, your gardeners were moving away some of your garden trees. One of them told me that those trees were for his graveyard. Is it true?" I asked her.

"Oh! yes, Mr. Noguchi. He used to say that he could not live without trees. He had a strong passion for trees and flowers.

"I am trying to please him or his spirit, by moving some of them to his Zoshigaya cemetery, — some of his favorite trees. He loved the fir tree best, and also the bamboo. He was fond of the *Orana Genge* (a sort of violet). I am hoping to have a green moss cover the ground yard, since he was devoted to it. How he loved to touch the soft velvety moss. However, he was never pleased to break anything when it was complete. I thought at first he would not wish me to destroy the garden by taking off some trees, even for him. But it was my second thought that told me he would rather wish to have the trees and flowers familiar for many years than to have newly bought trees and flowers. So my gardeners have begun their work. You cannot imagine how he loved trees. There was one high cedar tree in the front garden of the Kobutera (his favorite temple). Some months ago the priests cut it down. 'What cruelty!' he cried. 'I feel as if my own arm were cut off. I shall never go there again'; and never again did he turn his steps toward his beloved temple."

It amuses me to read one of his earliest letters from Japan, that said: "Pretty to talk of my 'pen of fire.' I've lost it. Well, the fact is, it is no use here. There is n't any fire here. It is all soft, dreamy, quiet, pale, faint, gentle, hazy, vapory, visionary — a land where lotus is a common article of diet — and where there is scarcely any real summer. Even the seasons are feeble, ghostly things. Don't please imagine there are any tropics here. Ah! the tropics — they still pull at my heart-strings. Goodness! my real field was there — in the Latin countries, in the West Indies and Spanish America:

and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities, and steam up the Amazon and the Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find. And I could have done it, and made books that would sell for twenty years."

He must be pleased now, I think, since, after all, he could write the books which will sell as long as Japan lives. The particulars which disappointed him at first were nothing but Japan's points of beauty and distinction. Any artist will tell you that he would be a flat failure in Japan if he could not use the bluish-gray skillfully. To understand and appreciate this land of azure,—this land of shadow and whisper, where memory and ghosts live as a living soul,—would take some long years for anybody of foreign origin.

Hearn remarked in his "Azure Psychology" that the power of perceiving blue will not be acquired until after the power of distinguishing red and green and yellow has already been gained. I believe that he was not highly advanced in his æsthetic perception, when he found himself first in Japan. It may be the magic and power of chance that he got married to a Japanese woman whose "gray-and-blue bosom" was the first thing he had to understand; in its sweetness he discovered the golden key to open the secret of Old Japan with every thrill of the delight of azure. There is no greater appreciation of Japan than "Azure Psychology," in his *Exotics and Retrospectives*; when he found "something of all the aspirations of the ancient faiths, and the power of the vanished gods, and the passion and the beauty of all the prayer ever

uttered by lips of man" in the vision of luminous blue of Old Japan, I say, his heart thrilled with her real life of emotion and mystery.

We Japanese have been regenerated by his sudden magic, and baptized afresh under his transcendental rapture; in fact, the old romances which we had forgotten ages ago were brought again to quiver in the air, and the ancient beauty which we buried under the dust rose again with a strange yet new splendor. He made us shake the old robe of bias which we wore without knowing it, and gave us a sharp sensation of revival. However, what impressed us most was that he was a striking figure of protest. He wrote to Mr. Otani: "While this rage for wasting time in societies goes on there will be no new Japanese literature, no new drama, no new poetry—nothing good of any kind. Production will be made impossible, and only the commonplace translation of foreign ideas. The meaning of time, the meaning of work, the sacredness of literature, are unknown to this generation." He was, indeed, the living proof of the power of solitude with which he tried to master these problems, and with which he succeeded.

And I incline to predict that our future generation will be glad to remember him as the writer of the "Story of Miminashi-Hoichi," the "Dream of Akinosuke," and others; behind the waving gossamer of those little stories his personality appears and disappears as the shiver of a ghost. As Uyeda's *Ugetsu Monogatari* influenced the later writers like Bakin or others, so Hearn's books will come to be regarded in Japan as a sort of depth of inspiration.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

XI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

GORDON set off, moving by the left flank, with his own and Robert D. Johnston's North Carolina brigade, and, after making a *détour* through the woods, brought his men up as rapidly and noiselessly as possible on Shaler's flank. Pausing till Johnston should gain the rear of Shaler's brigade, and then, when all was ready, with a single volley, and the usual wild, screaming yells, he rushed right on to the surprised and bewildered lines, which broke convulsively, only to meet Johnston. Seymour's right is struck, panic sets in, and the men are fleeing down the lines to the left, and hundreds, if not thousands, back to the Flat Run and Germanna Roads. When those following the breastworks reach Neil's steadfast brigade, Colonel Smith of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania gives the command, "By the right flank, file right, double-quick, march!" This brings him right across the retreating masses, and he tells his men to stop the stampede as best they can; but the disorganized men sweep through them in the gathering darkness, the Confederates on their heels. But, meanwhile, Morris and Upton had come to Smith's aid, and between them they stopped Gordon; not, however, without losing a number of men and prisoners, among whom was F. L. Blair of Pittsburg, a member of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, to whom I am indebted for a vivid account of what happened. Shaler and

Seymour, trying to rally their men, were both taken prisoners.

As soon as the break occurred, Sedgwick threw himself among his veterans, crying, "Stand! stand, men! Remember you belong to the Sixth Corps!" On hearing his voice in the darkness, they rally. Meanwhile the panic is at its height, and several of his staff fly to Meade's headquarters, — Meade at that time was over at Grant's, — telling Humphreys that the right was turned, the Sixth Corps had been smashed to pieces, and that the enemy were coming up the road. Humphreys, with that promptness and cool-headedness which never deserted him, let the situation be as appalling as it might, at once made dispositions to meet this unexpected onslaught, calling on Hunt, the provost guard, and Warren, all of whom responded briskly. Lyman says in his notes, "About 7.30 p. m. ordered to take over a statement of the case to General Grant in the hollow hard by. He seemed more disturbed than Meade about it, and they afterwards consulted together. In truth, they [the enemy] had no idea of their success." Meade then returned to his headquarters, Grant going with him.

On hearing some of the panicky reports from Sedgwick's aides, Meade turned to one of them and asked fiercely, "Do you mean to tell me that the Sixth Corps is to do no more fighting this campaign?" "I am fearful not,

sir," quoth——. I think I can see and hear Meade, and I cannot help smiling, for it reminds me of a little interview I had with him myself a few days later, the first morning at Spottsylvania. I happened to be in the yard of the Hart house, gazing across the valley of the sleepy Po at a long Confederate wagon-train hastening southward amid a cloud of dust, when he rode up. I ventured to say to him that a battery would easily reach that train. He gave me a most deploring look and said, "Yes! and what good would you do? scare a few niggers and old mules!" That was the only suggestion I made to him for the management of his campaign. Well, Sedgwick, having thrown himself into the breach, rallied his men, and the danger was soon over; for Gordon's troops were in utter confusion, swallowed up by the Wilderness, as ours had been in every one of their attacks; and he was mighty glad, and so were his men, to get back to their lines.

Gordon's attack, brilliant as it was and thoroughly in keeping with his exploits on so many fields, fields whose sod I am sure cherishes his memory fondly, has never seemed to me to have had the importance that he, in his frank, trumpet-breathing reminiscences, attached to it. He contends that, if he had been allowed to make the attack earlier in the day, it would inevitably have brought complete victory. But how easy for him, how natural for us all, to be deceived by retrospection! for Chance sows her seed of Possibility in the upturned earth of every critical hour of our lives, the mist of years quickens them, and in due time their clamoring, blossoming vines are over the face of Failure, hiding its stony, inexorable stare. The past of every one, of armies and empires, as history tells us well, is dotted with patches of this blooming posy, and I

can readily see how Gordon's reverie-dreaming eye, floating over the sad fate of the Confederacy which he loved so well, should fall on that day in the Wilderness; and how at once Possibility reversed the failure beneath the lace-work of this apparently so real, so comforting and illusive bloom.

Yet, as a matter of fact, there was only one hour in the day of the 6th, as I view it, when his attack would have been determining. But that hour, fortunately for the country, never came: namely, when Longstreet should have overwhelmed Hancock, which, as I believe upon my soul, he would have done had not Fate intervened. In that case, Hancock's troops falling back routed among the huddled and agonized trains,—what a time they would have had trying to extricate themselves from the tangled woods! and Hancock would probably have met the end of Wadsworth, inasmuch as he never would have left that key of the battle without pledging his life over and over again,—I say, had Gordon struck at that hour, nothing, I think, could have saved the Army of the Potomac. But so long as we held the Brock Road, I doubt very much if it would have been attended with any results more serious than it was.

But let that be as it may, by half-past nine the tumult died down and the Wilderness resumed her large, deep silence. So great was the confusion, and so keen was the consciousness that a great disaster had just been escaped, that it was decided to establish a new line for Sedgwick; and accordingly the engineers proceeded in the darkness to lay one. Starting on the right of the Fifth Corps, they swung the new line back along the ridge south of Caton's Run, resting its right across the Germanna Road, thus giving up all north of Caton's Run, including the Flat Run Road. It was near midnight when

Sedgwick's men began to move into their new retrograde and obviously defensive position.

This acknowledged attitude of repulse, together with the dismaying experiences of Warren and Hancock, threw the shadow of impending disaster, which found expression far and wide that night in sullenly muttered predictions that the army would recross the Rapidan within the next twenty-four hours. And what should be more natural? For two days of conflict with the Army of Northern Virginia south of the Rapidan and Rappahannock had marked hitherto the limit of the Army of the Potomac's bloody stay. The two days were up, the losses very, very heavy, — between sixteen and seventeen thousand killed and wounded, — the fighting in some respects more desperate than ever, and as a climax, the right flank crushed, as in Hooker's case!

Was history to repeat itself? Three long years of it? When will this thing end? Must we go back defeated, and then try it over again? No, sorely and oft-tested veterans, you have crossed the Rapidan for the last time. At this hour to-morrow night you will be on the march toward Richmond; for, dark as it looks to you and to us all, the Rapidan will never hear your tread again till you are marching home from Appomattox. And I am sure the river will ask you, as you are on your way across it then, "What has become of Lee's bugles that we used to hear on still nights? and of the singers of the hymns, and the voices of those who prayed in such humility for peace, for their firesides, and their Confederacy, — it is almost a year since we have heard them. What has become of them all?" And I think I can hear you reply tenderly, "We overcame them at Appomattox, have given them the best terms we could, have shared our rations

and parted with them, hoping that God would comfort them and at last bless the Southland." And so He has. O Hate, where was thy victory? O Defeat, where was thy sting?

To revert to Gordon's attack: the rumor was started that night — my friend, "Charley" McConnell of the Fifth Artillery, heard it and reported it to Sheridan — that Meade was ready to take the back track. Later in the campaign, when the burdens were lying heavy on his shoulders, and everybody should have stood by him, for the awful slaughter of Cold Harbor had just occurred, unscrupulous staff officers and newspaper correspondents whom he had offended declared the rumor to be a fact. Meade's temper! How much it cost him, and how long it kept the story going! His one great trouble was that he always made ill-breeding, shrewdness, and presuming mediocrity, uncomfortable. If Fortune had hung a censer on his sword-hilt, and he could have swung the odor of sweet spices and fragrant gums under the nostrils of his fellow-men, including cabinet officers, — then, oh, then, his star would not be shining, as now, alone and so far below Sheridan's and Sherman's!

But as for his taking the back track, on the contrary he is reported to have exclaimed, "By God! the army is across now, and it has got to stay across." If the oath were uttered, heard and recorded, then when the book shall be opened and his name be called, "George Gordon Meade!" and he shall rise and, uncovering, answer in his richly modulated voice "Here!" I believe, as the old fellow stands there at the bar of judgment, bleak his heart but unfaltering his eye, he will look so like an honest gentleman in bearing, that the Judge, after gazing at his furrowed face awhile, will say with smothered emotion, "Blot out the oath and pass him

in." I really hope at the bottom of my heart, Reader, that he will include you and me, and the bulk of the old Army of the Potomac. And, to tell the honest truth, I shall be unhappy if we do not find the old Army of Northern Virginia there, too.

Well, the second day of Lee's and Grant's mighty struggle for mastery in the Wilderness is over; the losses of each have been appalling; and great majestic night has fallen again. From Maine to the far-away Missouri, for Sherman was moving also, there was not a neighborhood or a city where awe and anxiety were not deep. The newspapers have proclaimed the armies in motion, and the thousands of letters written just as camp was breaking to start on the campaign have reached home, and been read aloud to the assembled family; and I have no doubt that fathers' voices trembled as they read them, and that mothers with uplifted apron dried their tears, saying, "Perhaps our Tom will be spared; perhaps he will be." "Do not give way, mother; do not cry. Old Grant will win at last," exclaims the husband, as he puts the letter back into the envelope and passes a loving hand over his wife's bended brow. But let Hope and Affection be as consoling and confident as might be, they could not drown the memory of the long train of consuming and depressing vicissitudes of the Army of the Potomac, which, with the other armies in Virginia, up to this time had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, the awful aggregate of 143,925 men, the majority of them under twenty-two. What a pall for Affection and Hope to bleach!

Two days of awful suspense have gone by, and city is calling to city; in fact, all over the North breaks the inquiry, What news from Grant? The hour is midnight, and not a word from him; the lights have all gone out in

the scattered farmhouses, the deep hum of the streets has died away, and the night editors of the great dailies in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago are holding back their issues, hoping that the next click of the fast operating telegraph will bring tidings, glad tidings of victory from the old Army of the Potomac. Mr. Lincoln cannot sleep, and at midnight, unable to stand the uncertainty any longer, asks Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to go down and see Grant and find out how it is going.

At that very hour his staff and all about headquarters, save a newspaper man, were asleep, and Grant with the collar of his coat upturned was sitting alone, with clouded face, looking into a little dying-down camp-fire, nervously shifting his legs over each other. Of all the tides in the remarkable career of this modest, quiet man, that of this midnight hour in the Wilderness is easily the highest in dramatic interest. What was the outlook, and what were the natural reflections, as he sat there alone at that still, solemn hour?

Two days of deadly encounter; every man who can bear a musket has been put in; the left wing repulsed and now on the defensive behind breastworks, the cavalry drawn back, the trains seeking safety beyond the Rapidan; Sedgwick routed, thousands and thousands of killed and wounded, — he can almost hear the latter's cry, so hushed is the night, — and the army pervaded with a lurking feeling of being face to face with disaster. What is the matter with the Army of the Potomac? Is an evil, dooming spirit cradled with it, which no righteous zeal or courage can appease? And, if this thought entered his mind in his rapid turning-over of the day's fortunes, would it not account for his uneasiness of position?

Let there be no mistake: Grant had reached the verge of the steepest crisis

in his life; and I think under the circumstances he would not have been human if, as he looked down into its chasm, the past had not come back. From obscurity and shadow he had risen, had gained victory after victory which had lifted him to the chief command, and his countrymen had pinned their last hopes on his star. And now was he to follow in the steps of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Hooker, and Burnside, and land at last in his old home in Galena, a military failure? He had done his best, he was conscious of no harm in thought or deed to any of his fellow men in his upward flight. He had loved his country as boy and man. The tide of feeling was up. At last he leaves the slumbering camp-fire for his tent, and I am told by one to whom it was confided, one of his very close aides, that he threw himself on the cot-bed, and something like stifled, subdued sobs were heard. But before dawn broke, the cloud that had settled on him had risen, and, when his attached friend, General Wilson, who was a member of his military family while at Vicksburg, disturbed over rumors, rode to his headquarters at an early hour, Grant, sitting before the door of his tent, said calmly as Wilson, having dismounted some paces away, started towards him, with anxious face, "It's all right, Wilson; the Army of the Potomac will go forward to-night." And at 6.30 A. M. he sent the following order to Meade:—

GENERAL:— Make all preparations during the day for a night march, to take position at Spottsylvania Court House with one army corps; at Todd's Tavern with one; and another near the intersection of Piney Branch and Spottsylvania Railroad with the road from Alsop's to Old Court House. If this move should be made, the trains should be thrown forward early in the

morning to the Ny River. I think it would be advisable in making this change to leave Hancock where he is until Warren passes him. He could then follow and become the right of the new line. Burnside will move to Piney Branch Church. Sedgwick can move along the Pike to Chancellorsville, thence to Piney Branch Church, and on to his destination. Burnside will move on the Plank Road, then follow Sedgwick to his place of destination. All vehicles should be got off quietly. It is more than probable the enemy will concentrate for a heavy attack on Hancock this afternoon. In case they do, we must be prepared to resist them and follow up any success we may gain with our whole force. Such a result would necessarily modify these instructions. All the hospitals should be moved to-day to Chancellorsville.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

To take up the thread of my return with the despatches. Impressed by Mrs. Allen's story and ominous satisfaction, I left the escort with directions to come on at its own marching gait, and hastened to Germanna Ford, crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, and, having gained the bluff, gave my horse the bit. He bore me speedily along the densely wood-bordered road, spotted by cast-away blankets and deserted now, save where here and there lay prone a sick or completely exhausted Negro soldier of Ferrero's overmarched colored division. They were not ordinary stragglers, and I remember no more pleading objects. Most of them had lately been slaves, and across the years their hollow cheeks and plaintive sympathy-imploring eyes are still the lonesome roadside's bas-reliefs. The dewy morning air was steeped with the odor of burning woods, and the fire, although it had run its mad course, was

still smoking faintly from stumps and fallen trees. This side of Flat Run it had come out of the woods and laid a crisp black mantle on the shoulders of an old field.

Beyond the run (no one can cross it now without pausing, for, standing in gray clumps, its large, umbrella-topped water-birches will capture the eye with their ghostly vistas) suddenly and much to my surprise I came squarely against a freshly-spaded line of entrenchments with troops of the Sixth Corps behind it; and in less time than it takes to tell, I was in the presence of General Sedgwick and his staff. The rather stubby, kindly-faced general was dismounted, and with several of his aides was sitting on the pine-needle-strewn bank of the road. His left cheek-bone bore a long, black smudge which I suspect had been rubbed on during the night by coming in contact with a charred limb while he was rallying his men. From Beaumont or Kent of his staff, or possibly from "Charity" Andrews of Wilson's class (for I remember distinctly having a short talk with him either then or later on the way to Meade's headquarters), I got an account of what had happened.

In a few minutes I was approaching Grant's headquarters; the fog and smoke were so deep one could barely see the Lacy house. Meade was standing beside Seth Williams, the adjutant-general, when I handed the latter the despatches, saying that I had received his orders to return with them and that I had not been able to make telegraphic connection with Washington. Meade asked, "Where did you cross the Rapidan this morning?" I replied, "At Germanna Ford, on the pontoon bridge." "Is that bridge still down?" he demanded sharply. "Yes, at least it was when I crossed only a little while ago." Whereupon he turned and in a gritty, authoritative tone of command called out, "Duane!"

Duane was eight or ten feet away, talking with some one. I had noticed him particularly, for his back was literally plastered with fresh mud, his horse having reared and fallen backward with him. On his approaching, Meade, looking fiercer than an eagle, wanted to know why the bridge was still down, orders having been given at half-past eleven the night before for its immediate removal to Ely's Ford. I was mighty glad that I was not in Duane's shoes, for Meade did not spare him. I dare say that, in the confusion due to Gordon's attack, Duane's orders had miscarried.

Having returned the letters — they had filled my breast-pocket — to their respective writers, I got a little something to eat, then went to Edie's tent and was soon fast asleep.

From early dawn on this third day the armies were alert, each ready behind its strengthened entrenchments, with heavy skirmish lines in front, waiting for the other, both confident of their ability to repulse direct attack. But so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned, Grant's eventful order of 6.30 A. M. to Meade clearly indicated it was to be a day of pause. Lee's career, however, left no reason for neglectful indifference, and much less for a belief that he would retreat. The Army of the Potomac remembered well that he had waited defiantly a day after Antietam and a like time after Gettysburg, inviting assault. No, he was not given to abandoning fields, and the men knew it; so the army, crouching, confronted its dangerous adversary with vigilance unrelaxed, prepared to meet a lunge as a tiger which had felt another's teeth and claws.

Meanwhile the rear of both armies contrasted sharply with their fronts. Scattered over the dulled, impoverished fields, amid flooding sunshine, — for after the smoke and fog had broken

up and gone, it was a beautiful, serenely smiling day, — lay the Reserve Artillery and the multitudinous trains, animals, harnessed and hitched, dozing where they stood. Men and drivers lounged in groups near their guns and teams, some sound asleep, and here and there, by one of them, a bohemian dog that had been picked up and adopted, curled down, nose on paws and eyes half-closed, but out for what was going on. Yes, a battlefield has a wide compass, very human and interesting; but let us return to the military activities of the day.

That morning Sheridan had, on his own initiative, pushed Custer back along the Furnace Road to the Brock; and at noon, having gained the import of Grant's order to Meade, sent Gregg and Merritt to drive the enemy from Piney Branch Church and Todd's Tavern so as to clear the way for Warren and the trains. This was not accomplished till after sundown, and only by the hardest and most resolute kind of fighting. But at last he won the hotly contested field, Stuart leaving, among his dead, Collins, colonel of the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry.

Out of a tender memory of Collins's fate, — he had been our tall, light-haired, modest, pink-cheeked adjutant at West Point, — while my horses were crunching their dinner of corn on the ear, I walked over the ground last May where he fell. It had lately been raggedly ploughed; and catching sight of a couple of daisies in bloom, I went to them. And now if those to whom sentiment in prose is unpleasing — and there are many such in the world, and too often have I offended them already — will excuse me, I'll say that as I stood over the daisies, a gentle wind came along, waving them softly, and with a heart full of auld lang syne I said, "For the sake of my West Point fellow-cadet, wave and bloom on, Daisies!"

Could Sheridan have made his attack with all of his cavalry (Wilson had gone with a part of his division to look after Sedgwick's right), it might have put links of an entirely different character in the chain of events.

Burnside sent word to Grant at an early hour that his officers in command of pickets (it will be remembered that they joined Hancock's right) had reported that Lee's wagons and troops were moving briskly during the night, southward, as they thought. Whereupon Meade urged Hancock to push out his skirmishers and find where the enemy were and what they were about. Accordingly he sent Miles along the unfinished railway, and Birney up the Plank Road. Miles executed his orders with his usual vigor, and located Lee's right about five hundred yards south of the railway. I overheard Hancock say at Meade's headquarters sometime during the previous winter that the best man in his corps on the skirmish line was Miles. Birney found Field behind strong entrenchments this side of the Widow Tapp's field, practically on the spot where he went into bivouac after his unsuccessful assault the evening before. Both Miles and Birney, in pushing their lines hard up against the enemy, met with considerable losses.

As early as 7.40 A. M. Warren notified Humphreys that he had no doubt the enemy was moving a strong force along his line, and that if the whole army lay quiet and Lee concentrated on him he might be driven back, and in that case, on account of the fog and smoke, would be unable to re-form short of the ridge east of Wilderness Run. He suggested therefore the establishment of a provisional line at that point, and further proposed that in view of the enemy withdrawing from Hancock's front, Hancock make a determined attack, adding that Humphreys knew how much more important our right

flank was than our left. Here we have another instance of Warren's tendency to put his finger in the pie. In accordance with his suggestions Comstock, with artillery officers, was sent to select a line on the elevated ground east of the run; and Warren, to make sure of getting back to it if compelled to do so, set some of the engineer battalions and detachments of the Fifteenth New York Engineer Regiment to making bridges across the run. But from all we can learn, his anxiety was wholly unfounded, there is no evidence that Lee at any time during the day entertained a thought of attacking. The fact is, Lee had shot his bolt, and so had Grant. Nor is it at all likely that during the day Lee seriously considered making a strategic move; his disparity of numbers was too great for risking wide manœuvring. Moreover, he knew that in the nature of things Grant would have to choose within the next twenty-four hours between renewed assault, retreat, and advance, and hoping he might choose retreat, he left the door of the Rapidan wide open behind him. But, as illustrative of how the Army of the Potomac credited his fighting spirit, Wilson, before the sun was very high, was directed by Sheridan to send a brigade toward Sedgwick's right and find out if the enemy had made any movement in that direction. He went far enough with McIntosh's brigade to satisfy himself that the Germanna Ford Road was clear, and then, to be doubly sure, sent McIntosh to the ford itself.

Meade became restless on not getting word promptly from the cavalry, and at 8.45 A. M. said in a despatch to Sedgwick, "I cannot understand the non-receipt of intelligence from your cavalry. Single horsemen are constantly arriving from the ford signifying the Plank Road is open." I was doubt-

to. At 9.30 he informed Sheridan that the cavalry along the Germanna Ford Road reported no indications of the enemy within a mile of it, adding, "Still the gap from the Sixth Corps to the river is open and should be watched." At a quarter to one McIntosh in a despatch to Sedgwick from Germanna Ford reported, "The road is all open. One battalion of the Fifth New York Cavalry crossed the ford this morning at 7 A. M. They came from Rappahannock Station and left that station at 2.30 this morning." This, of course, was my escort.

And now, a strange thing happened. Just after McIntosh's despatch, announcing a clear road, was received, one came to hand from Colonel S. T. Crooks, of the Twenty-second New York, picketing between Flat Run and the ford, saying that the enemy's pickets were on the road, and that a short distance down the Rapidan large columns of dust could be seen, McIntosh meanwhile having moved to Ely's Ford. Thereupon Meade grew furious, and sent this message to poor Crooks: "You will consider yourself under arrest for having sent false information in relation to the enemy. You will turn your command over to the next in rank, directing that officer to report to Colonel Hammond commanding Fifth New York Cavalry for orders."

What were the facts? General A. L. Long, chief of artillery of Ewell's corps and late biographer of Lee, says, "I was directed by General Ewell to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Germanna Ford. Taking one brigade of infantry and two battalions of artillery, I advanced to the Germanna Road, striking it about a mile from the ford. Two or three regiments of cavalry were occupying the road at this point. They were soon driven away by a couple of well-directed shots.
the enemy had

almost entirely abandoned the ford and road. It was evident that they were leaving our front." I do not know what ever became of Colonel Crooks, but I hope he was righted at last.

Meanwhile orders had been issued for the wounded to be loaded in trains, and, under an escort of thirteen hundred cavalry, taken across the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and on to Rappahannock Station, there to meet cars that were to be sent out from Alexandria. The wounded were divided into three classes, those who could walk, those able to ride in the wagons, and, third, the most severely wounded, including those suffering from fractures, or from some recent amputation, and, most unfortunate of all, those whose wounds had penetrated the breast or abdominal cavities. The wagons, having assembled at the various hospitals (there were 325 of them and 488 ambulances), were thickly bedded with evergreen boughs on which shelter tents and blankets were spread. Dalton was put in charge of the train, Winne and other corps inspectors aiding at the respective hospitals in getting the necessary supplies together, and selecting and loading the wounded. It was approaching midnight before the train, with its seven thousand souls, either on foot or being carried, was ready to move; nearly a thousand had to be left on account of lack of transportation. No one can appreciate, unless he has been witness of such scenes, the strain upon the surgeons that night. I have often thought that they never received a full measure of recognition for their humane services.

Let us not follow the train in the darkness, for almost every wagon is a hive of moans, and we should hear horrible cries of agony breaking from the men as the wheels grind on boulders or jounce across roots, the piercing shrieks mingling with the shouts of drivers

and clanking of trace-chains. Before Dalton got to the ford, orders came to counter-march and proceed to Fredericksburg with the poor fellows. Whenever an unrighteous war shall be urged upon our country by the unscrupulously ambitious or thoughtless, I wish that the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor would lay bare all that they remember.

In this connection here is what Keifer says: "On my arrival at hospital about 2 P. M. I was carried through an entrance to a large tent, on each side of which lay human legs and arms, resembling piles of stove wood, the blood only excepted. All around were dead and wounded men, many of the latter dying. The surgeons, with gleaming, sometimes bloody, knives and instruments, were busy at their work. I soon was laid on the rough-board operating-table and chloroformed."

Notwithstanding this frightful record, I think I can hear the Wilderness, proud in being the field on which Heaven had joined great issues, exclaim with holy exultation, "Deep as the horrors were, the battles that were fought in my heart were made glorious by the principles at stake: I cherish every drop of the gallant blood, and I am glad it is my trees which breathe a requiem."

I do not recall seeing Grant during the day, but he is reported by one who was near him to have been deeply absorbed, and to have visited the line between Burnside and Warren, his eyes resting on the Chewning farm on the Parker's Store road. As to his antagonist, Lee, Gordon says he invited him early in the forenoon to ride with him over the ground of his movement of the night before. While on the ride, Lee expressed his conviction that if he could check Grant, such a crisis in public affairs in the North would arise as might lead to an armistice; and I am

almost sure he was right. Gordon says he referred to the rumors that Grant was retreating, and that Lee gave them no credit, predicting on the contrary that he would move toward Spottsylvania. In harmony with this view were his orders to Stuart and to Pendleton, his chief of artillery. The former was thoroughly to acquaint himself with the roads on the right, which the army would have to follow should Grant undertake to move, as he thought he might, toward Spottsylvania; and the latter, to cut a path through the woods to facilitate the infantry's march in reaching the Catharpin Road. The filing of the ammunition and headquarter trains past the Wilderness Tavern in the forenoon, preliminary to clearing the way for Warren and the general movement, and visible from Lee's lines, made the source of these precautions plain. Lee established his headquarters for the night at Parker's Store, and between sundown and dark directed Anderson, whom he had assigned to Longstreet's command, to go to Spottsylvania either by Todd's Tavern or Shady Grove Church, and Ewell to conform his movements to those of the troops on his right; and if at daylight he found no large force in his front, to follow Anderson toward Spottsylvania. It is obvious from these orders that Lee was not fully informed of the situation, for at that very hour Sheridan was in full possession of Todd's Tavern, and "Charley" McConnell of Pittsburg was probably burying Collins, the friend of his youth. It may interest some readers to know that he cut off a lock of Collins's hair before he laid him in his narrow bed, and that that lock at last reached loving hands and is preserved.

Meade's orders for the movement were issued at 3 p. m., and like all those written by Humphreys, are models of

at 8.30 by way of the Pike and Chancellorsville and thence to Piney Branch Church; Warren was to set off for Spottsylvania by way of the Brock Road. Their pickets were to be withdrawn at 1 a. m. Burnside was to follow Sedgwick, and Hancock was to stand fast. The sun was just above the treetops when Warren with his staff left the Lacy House. For some reason that I do not know, instead of following the Germanna Road to the Brock, he took the Pike, and just as we gained the brow of the hill at the old Wilderness Tavern there was borne from the enemy's lines on the still evening air the sound of distant cheering. I halted and turned my horse's head in their direction, that is, to the right and up the run; the sun was then halfway lodged in the treetops, and looked like a great, red copper ball. I think I can hear that Confederate line cheering yet. At the time I supposed that, seeing us on the move, they thought that we had had enough of it, and were seeking safety at Fredericksburg. It seems, however, to have been unpremeditated and to have been started by some North Carolina regiment in the right of their line cheering Lee who happened to go by them. Assuming that it was a cry of defiance, the adjacent brigade took it up, and, like a wave on the beach, it broke continuously along their entire line. And after dying away, from their right beyond the unfinished railway to their extreme left resting on Flat Run, it was followed by two more like surges.

Cheers never broke on a stiller evening. There is not a breath of air, the flushing west is fading fast, the world is on the verge of twilight, and trees, roads, fields, and distances are dimming as they clothe themselves in its pensive mystery. Where now are the scenes and the sounds of only three evenings ago? Where are all the men who were

singing in their bivouacs along Wilderness Run? Where are Wadsworth, Hays, Jenkins, Jones, Stafford, McElwain, Campbell Brown, Griswold, and "Little" Abbott? And where are the hopes and plans of Grant and Lee when the sun went down on the 4th? Well! well! and all will be well! The Pike to Chancellorsville is packed with moving trains. The resolute batteries that stood on the slope, where the little chapel stands now, have pulled out, crossed the run, and their heavy wheels are rolling over and muttering their rumbling jars; they will hear no bugle-calls for taps to-night, nor will three thousand dead. The sunset flush has ebbed from the west, the lone, still trees are growing dark, and the overhead dome vaulting the old fields of the Lacy plantation is filling with a wan, hushed light. Wilderness Run now utters its first soft gurgling for the night, and weary day is closing her eyes. Grant's and Meade's headquarters tents are struck, the orderlies have their horses ready, the men are waiting behind the entrenchments in the already dark woods for the word silently to withdraw. A few minutes more and the Lacy farm will be hidden. Now it is gone; and here comes the head of Warren's corps with banners afloat. What calm serenity, what unquenchable spirit, are in the battle-flags! On they go. Good-by, old fields, deep woods, and lonesome roads. And mur-

muring runs, Wilderness, and Caton's, you too farewell.

The head of Warren's column has reached the Brock Road, and is turning south. At once the men catch what it means. The Old Army of the Potomac is not retreating, and in the dusky light as Grant and Meade pass by, they give them a high, ringing cheer. And now we are passing Hancock's lines, and never, never shall I forget the scene. Dimly visible but almost within reach from our horses, the gallant men of the Second Corps are resting against the bitterly defended breastworks from which they hurled Field. Here and there is a weird little fire, groups of mounted officers stand undistinguishable in the darkness, and up in the towering treetops of the thick woods beyond the entrenchments tongues of yellow flames are pulsing from dead limbs lapping the black face of night. All is deathly still. We pass on, cross the unfinished railway, then Poplar Run, and then up a shouldered hill. Our horses are walking slowly. We are in dismal pine woods, the habitation of thousands of whip-poor-wills uttering their desolate notes unceasingly. Close behind us the men are toiling on.

It is midnight. Todd's Tavern is two or three miles away. Deep, deep is the silence. Jehovah reigns; Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor are waiting for us; and here we end.

(The End.)

THE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS

BY BEULAH B AMRAM

There be myriad hopes for all the myriad minds
— EURIPIDES' *Bacchantes*

A FLAMING shaft of light fell through the west window on the starry flowers and opening buds of masses of field-aster; fell, flushing the quiet corner where the Diadumenus of Polycletus stood, calm in repose after toil, among the works of poets, artists, sages that, living, saw him bind upon his head the diadem of victory. It touched the open book over which an aged figure bent in scholarly absorption. He raised his eyes, surprised to see warm color where only sombre gray had been, and went slowly to the window. The sun was setting behind angry clouds heaped against the horizon, and through a rift shone infinite depths of lucid color, hue over hue. Over everything lay a tint of rose, rose in the very shadows on the grass, rose in the little pools that the over-fed earth could not drink in, rose on the dying heads of bloom that clung to the bushes of hydrangea, rose on the faces of the children who romped in the brimming lane. As he looked, his pallid face flushed too with rose. But a moment, and it died away from cloud and tree and open sky, and it was autumn, — by the fallen leaves that already lay thick upon the grass, by the keen touch in the clear air, by the purple mist that was rolling up from the distant valley. Kore, gathering flowers in a meadow of soft grass, roses, and crocus and fair violets and flags and hyacinths, the golden-haired goddess of summer has become Persephone, the sombre-hooded goddess of

death. And it was autumn in his heart, it was not with him as with those merry shrill-voiced children, careless alike of glow and of eclipse.

"Grant them with feet so light to pass through life!" he murmured, and turned slowly back to his text. A sudden wave of weariness came over him. The quiet room, that had been filled with calm as of a cloistered court through whose pillared archways the clamor of the street comes softened, seemed to him now a place of deadening quiet cut off from living issues. On the narrow pathways of the ancient world he had found peace — peace that gives riches. But was not the tranquillity of his scholarly habit the selfish detachment of the shirker? Should not his strength have gone to help rear the temple of the world's growing righteousness? And around him, as with tangible presences, pressed the struggling figures of a groaning world, banishing the images of that serene antiquity.

In the fast-waning light, his glance fell where, above the beloved books, Apollo gazed in godlike calm on his neighbor, the Hebrew prophet, bowed under the fierce anger of the Lord. And a fancy seized him that he strove to make clear to himself, those two ideal figures coming to typify for him two permanent human types. Apollo whose cithera sounds sweetly beneath the golden quill as he goes, wrapped round in golden haze, amid the glitter of dancing feet, and the pleasant sound of pipes — eternally a youth, what shall

his joyous perfection know of brooding sorrow? And that other on whom Apollo looks so uncomprehendingly — his eyes are a fountain of tears because his people "have forsaken the fountain of living waters and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water," and his soul, filled with the beauty of righteousness, turns from the beauty of perfected human powers.

He smiled to think that so fantastic a mood could come to him because a starry-eyed youth had sat with him an hour, a young man whose childhood he had watched among flowers and animals and all care-free things. Now he too had seen the face of the World-Sorrow where "she waits for all men born," and had gone with joy to meet that pensive figure, with the faith of youth, that the lever of his boundless sympathy should lift her burden. — Ah, those divine far-off days of his own youth when he had walked bare-headed on fair spring evenings beneath the flowering maples, dreaming of a world made better for his presence. He remembered the scene in *Paradise Lost*, when, to God's plea for a ransom for man's fate, the answer came: "On me let thine anger fall. . . . On me let Death wreak all his rage."

With a thrill he reflected that every lofty-souled youth is a savior of the world, and would take unto his breast with joy the darts of hate and suffering if so he might do service in his death. And the tragedy of man became to him infinitely greater than that of the Miltonic figure who died with the foreknowledge of the efficacy of his sacrifice, that

No cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

The great tragedy is to see the glorious vision fade, to wear out body and mind and soul to serve a mankind that

does not want one's service, to see new heights open beyond one's reach, heights unscalable because one's aspiration has found bounds and there will be "never glad confident morning again."

In his room at college there had hung over his table, as a motto, "Justice is like the Kingdom of God — it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning." In those days of great yearning for the Kingdom of God, he had felt that the service of all great souls together forever should establish it at last as a fact without us; that though it were not upon any to finish the work, yet none was free to withdraw his hand. Now he knew that the work could never be finished, but that it was the eternal mission of youth never to let that yearning die.

He remembered now with a smile of tolerance, both for her and for himself, his contempt for the doctrine preached and followed by the most inspiring figure he had ever known — a woman who believed in the uplifting of the world and the accomplishment of its destiny through the conscious perfection of each individual; who believed that, besides the world of doing, there is also a world of being, of becoming perfectly whatever thing Nature had intended each to be. In those days he had seen only the selfish side of such a doctrine, had thought that the bearing of each others' burdens, the lessening of material suffering, the sowing wide-cast of the seeds of sympathy and love, was the only object of human existence. When he had read in the *Memoabilia*, "The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he is perfecting himself," he had felt that if that apotheosis of selfishness was the highest point that could be reached by the greatest sage of the Hellenic world, he would have none of it. The great-

ness of our modern world seemed to him to lie in this, that economic science was fixing and making practicable those maxims of mutual help that are the basis of every system of moral philosophy. He could have no patience with the sentiment, "*C'est le bonheur des hommes quand ils pensent juste.*" Who could find happiness in the beauty of right thinking with the cry of the children in his ears?

In the ceiling of the little room where he had spent his boyhood, amid the scrolls and arabesques of the fashion then in vogue, there was moulded in relief a head. The winter sun used to creep in upon him as he sat thrilling at Diomedes, when before him the helmeted Trojans fell, and darkness veiled their eyes, and their arms resounded upon them; weeping with Andromache when the noble soul of crest-tossing Hector left his limbs, bewailing its destiny, relinquishing vigor and youth. The glory that was Greece brooded over him in that quiet room, and the Gnidian Venus was not more lovely to her creator than that plaster head to his eager soul. From the straight brow and placid mouth the beauty of Minerva shone upon him, — the divinity of wisdom. Later at school his reading of the Homeric lines had brought the crashing tumult of battle into the droning class, heavy with syntax, and the kindly tutor had quietly said, "Once in a lifetime there comes a boy who feels Greek like that." He was one of those on whom detail and incident flashed sharply, and so his interpretations had all the vigor of a creative impulse, for did he not give back life again to those long dead? Yet he had fought as a temptation these things that were taking him from the useful things, the practical things, the things that should make men happier and better. He had denied the need to know what Zeno

one's self in scholastic speculation about that which is, and that which is not. With the over-emphatic dogmatism of insistent youth he had put away — from a world that needed action, not thinking — those serene lovers of ideas, those thinkers to whom ideas were as palpable objects to be handled like the demonstrable symbols of mathematics. Not theories of æsthetics with the philosophers, that men may think beautifully, but theories of prosperity with the economists, that men may act justly.

One day he had paused to weigh the words of Sir Thomas Browne, the wise, the genial: "There are infirmities not only of body but of soul, and fortunes which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than to apparel the nakedness of his soul. . . . To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasury, of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves." By an inexplicable association there had flashed to him — to abide with him ever after — the significance of the scene in Socrates' school-room, where the slave of Meno, though ignorant of geometry, proves by constructing a square that what we call learning is in fact reminiscence; that innate opinions, stirred up by a process of questioning, develop the order of conscious reasoning. Truly, he had thought, we take out of life and its expression in literature exactly what we bring. In this very real sense we learn nothing, but merely recover out of ourselves, through our own gradual conquering of new heights, with ever-opening broader vistas, what is in us to apprehend. What then could be the best service except to bring to its per-
hidden in the mind

and heart? The world needs many kinds of service, and there is also a niche for such as he, with his wistful humanist consciousness of so much to know. Each gift is its own justification — its denial, the unpardonable sin. Happiness, then, would be the beneficent use of consciously developed powers. Everything can be brought from without, — all things that feed and clothe and warm, — but Thought, "*sophia*," Wisdom, — that is a thing that must grow up in her own temple, guarded and untouched. Sore need there is to-day of priests that shall keep pure and bright the fires of her altars.

He was often told by Apostles of the Useful, whose sons should know no dead languages, no dead philosophies, that it was commonly known that the middle classes to-day "lived" better than did the nobles of Elizabeth's time. Undoubtedly, more people had reached the point of doing nothing more hours of the day. But was it *otium cum dignitate*? Was it not rather leisure with great weariness, with greater and greater leaning on the pleasure that comes from without, with ever-weakening reliance on the infinite pleasures of right thinking? In a moment of weariness at the end of a long life a sage had found true wisdom in keeping the heart and soul aloof from over-subtle wits, but there was little danger that the practical modern world would court unwisdom by excessive cultivation of the powers of speculation.

He had long since ceased questioning the practical value of his work, but now he drew out and reread a letter from a man come to great honor in a distant land.

"Whatever I have been able to do has been to satisfy your hope of me. To all who came to you, you gave one serene standpoint, that by reducing to intelligible form the infinite number of impressions that crowd in upon us from

the world of thought and feeling, we might reach Cosmos in the old sense, beautiful order — order that is the mother of effective work. So that, diverse as be our fields in the world's work, I am only following the light you gave me, without losing myself on the bypaths of useless and self-conscious questioning."

A crackle of flames, a glow on wall and ceiling from the lighted fire. The imprisoned sweetness of the logs gave its pungent perfume to increase the joy of his mood. His hand sought one of the old favorites. All the peace of the myriads that had found happiness in those pages came over him.

"So I, and Eucritus, and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines, strewed on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us; in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and of the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum-trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit. The wax, four years old, was loosed from the heads of the wine-jars. O nymphs of Castalia, who dwell on the steep of Parnassus, tell me, I pray, was it a draught like this that the aged Chiron placed before Hercules, in the stony cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that made the mighty shep-

herd on Anapus's shore, Polyphemus, who flung rocks upon Ulysses' ships, dance among his sheepfolds? Such a cup ye poured out on the altar of Demeter, who presides over the threshing-floor. May it be mine, once more, to

dig my big winnowing-fan through her heaps of corn; and may I see her smile upon me, holding poppies and handfuls of corn in her two hands!"

So many with such joy had trod that path. What should he do but follow?

THE WAY OF A WOOD-CHOPPER

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

"COUNTRY life," said the Wood-chopper, "is happier now than ever it used to be."

"In what way?" asked Civilia.

"Oh, in every way," returned the Wood-chopper. "It has grown up to itself; it has developed a cult; a cult consciously Greek."

Civilia, picking out a stump to perch upon, bent and counted the mysterious inner rings. "This tree," she announced, "was seventy-five years old. What fun to know! Go on talking, Wood-chopper."

The Wood-chopper, leaning on his buck-saw, his pipe in his mouth, stared at her.

"That little square piece of lace in the neck of your gown — it is like a drink to a thirsty man; you look like the women of Bernardino Luini, or the Raibolini 'Francia'; your hair with the sun on it has the most curious dappled look."

Civilia, for answer, stuck out a slippered toe; she kicked viciously at a chip. "I must be going in the house," she remarked meaningly. "The Troubadour's wife is waiting to walk with me."

forget, you know, — especially in the country. I was saying," the Wood-chopper's hazel eyes looked daring — "Now just what *was* I saying?"

"That thing about country life," prompted Civilia briskly. "And please work while you talk; I came out here to see you work; it was that," with emphasis, "that interested me."

"Ah? — Oh, yes." The Wood-chopper ran his hand along the flat bands of the saw. "Country life. I mean that it's grown a new side; that, to my thinking, is the result, the only good result, of this extravagant age. In the old days they had a golden period, when every one had time and money to indulge in æsthetic tastes. Well, the country life demonstrates our 'Golden Age.' The new farmer has, you might say, learned the symbolism of his surroundings."

"How?"

"Well, for example." The Wood-chopper picked up a huge knotty log, set it on the saw-buck, and braced it with his knee; he then threw Civilia a humorous look, announcing, "The Kitchen-Fire Sonata. First movement — *adagio—cantabile, legato.*"

"You funny thing!"

The Wood-chopper began to saw. His long, firm hands, grasping the uncouth implement, flashed back and forth in even rhythm. Civilia, sitting by, dreamily watched the sawdust fall. She stole glance after glance at the resolute line of the Wood-chopper's lips, her eyes rested on his shoulders, rising, falling. Could this indeed be the same man who a year ago in the city had come to her, bitter, broken, ruined, to say good-by and ask her to forget him?

"I am so glad I could not forget him," Civilia's heart whispered. "Oh, how can I ever thank the Troubadour and his wife for bringing me here!" Then, remembering, she bit her lip. "Mercy," she reminded herself, "mercy, a Wood-chopper—?"

The end of the log dropped off. The Wood-chopper, smiling, turned to Civilia and bowed. He limbered his saw; he took up a bit of bacon-rind and greased the broad band. His eyebrows were quizzically raised.

"It is customary, at the end of the first movement, to applaud."

Civilia blushed. "I beg your pardon, I forgot. I was thinking, thinking of what you said, — that Greek country-consciousness? — Explain, won't you?"

"With pleasure."

The Wood-chopper made as if to come and sit down beside her.

She shook her head, frowning.

"No — of course if you can't work and talk too —" she said severely.

He considered. "I can work and talk too," he answered gravely. "Only, if I come over and chop off one of your little hands, at which I cannot help looking, don't blame me. I can talk as I work. I practiced it all winter."

"To whom did you talk?" suspiciously.

"To a fox, and my dog, Larry, and — myself, dear lady." The Wood-chopper let her see the lonely look in his

eyes. He drew the rest of the log into position and bowed again, saying, "Before I attack this exceedingly difficult *andante*, before I explain that remark of mine about country symbolism, let me ask you a question, — several questions. To begin with, how did the sun look to you to-day at mid-day?"

"What an odd question!" Civilia stooped to pick up some tiny white chips. "It was wonderful — a great golden hub in the centre of an azure wheel of sky."

"I saw you when you were looking up and thinking that," nodded the Wood-chopper. "I was coming out of the barn. I was carrying a sack of potatoes, one of seventy sacks that I planted myself, dug myself, harvested myself. You were coming down out of the hill orchard, singing. You called out to me that you had named the orchard 'The Court of Winged Blossoms'; you said that you had spent the morning on Japanese Fan Scenery, eating cloud-lotus and taking leaf dancing lessons. You wanted to know if I knew that the pasture brook played Paderewski's 'Minuet.' You said that the apple-blossoms looked like — and then you bit your lip and were silent. Do you know that you had absolutely no right to look as you looked then?"

"How absurd of you! I had just found three white violets, and of course I was —"

"Ah?" The Wood-chopper returned his tobacco-pouch to his corduroy pocket. "That explains it. That was your finding-white-violets look. Next year I shall sow the whole south pasture with white violets."

Civilia had collected quite a pile of little chips. Now she set one upon the other until they made a tower in her slender hand. She looked displeased.

"You have not cultivated politeness, have you? You asked me a ques-

tion. I answered it. But you refuse to explain that 'Greek-consciousness' idea, which really interested me."

The Wood-chopper, however, was still evasive.

"What did you think, last night, when you went to bed and knew you were shut away from the world by those great mountains, and felt how little you were and heard the Silence?"

He studied her curiously.

"Oh," she cried eagerly, "was n't it wonderful? Of course, you are used to it; but I — it was the first time. It's deeper than the middle of the ocean, is n't it? Besides, there, you have always the noise of the screw and the cro'nest man calling out, 'ALL'S WELL.' Here," her voice was wistful, "no one calls 'All's well,' and you have to lie awake and look yourself in the face and wonder if all is well."

The Wood-chopper stared. "Lie awake and look yourself in the face," he repeated. "You — pansy, you; how do you know about things like that?"

Civilia, absorbed in what she was saying, did not notice his question.

"After the rats and ghosts and things had all quieted down; after the great gloomy Chord of Midnight was struck, I began to feel the hush, swelling in like a tide. It beat on my ears. I hid my head under the covers, ashamed because I could not bear it. I wanted to cry out and beg it to let me understand it. I got up and went to the window and looked out, and do you know what I thought?"

The Wood-chopper could not have known, he waited so anxiously to hear. He stood, head down, his hands in his pockets, kicking at chips and listening.

"It seemed to me," Civilia spoke softly, "that the night was Omniscience. That was what made it so deathly quiet. The black sky was a silent bell studded with stars, and the moon hung in it like a moveless golden

clapper — Oh, dear, — now you're not doing a stitch of work, — I told you you would n't."

But the Wood-chopper had become strangely eager. "Wait a minute," he said. "Listen. It's these very things you've been telling that illustrate what, a few minutes ago, I was trying to say. You'd never have thought them, dreamer though you are, unless you had had sophistication and the treasures of art and literature to play with. Little Greek, little Greek, don't you see what the trained mind and the cultivated imagination are bringing to lonely roads and bare fields and black nights? The Old World symbols — they are coming into a New World's life."

"You mean?" Civilia hesitated.

"I mean," returned the Wood-chopper quickly, "that the anæmic, hysterical intensity of metropolitan existence is, by a sort of miracle, pouring forth a new and curious country vitality; the full-blooded, sensuous appreciation of sky and space and the manifestations of Nature. We Americans are not old enough yet, not deep enough, perhaps because our blood is not fused with the blood of some needed complementary race, to be able to draw our inspiration from the raw forms of commercialism, the crude, everyday urban surroundings. What culture we possess is, strangely enough, antipathetic to what things we produce. It was drawn from sources old, serene, contemplative. It cannot be nourished on modern outlines, modern decorations, the Heterogeneous, the Mass, the blot and blank and bump of the New."

"Ah," breathed Civilia. "Ah, but you do know how to say things!"

The Wood-chopper looked his gratitude.

"I had to come way off here and be sat upon by a mountain or two before I understood it myself," he explained.

"Then I, who had always scorned the 'Nature School,' understood. The terrible passions of rapid transit, the increasing risk in adventure, the cold-blooded advance of speculation and science, and the worship of money, must some day be absorbed into a new beauty cult; but not for us. We of to-day have our roots in a more exquisite soil; we, without being aware of it, have drunk of classicism. Beauty for us has grown to be the breath of life, health its expression, freedom its religion, and the country its Temple."

Civilia looked thoughtfully at him. "How oddly you have changed," — she spoke timidly; "this is so different from last winter, when you were such a —"

"Well, say — sickly jackass," suggested the Wood-chopper.

"No," she answered him, shaking her head, "only lazy, purposeless; playing and drinking until that awful day—" She shuddered, frowning at her handful of chips.

"We will say fool jackass," insisted the Wood-chopper. "But, little Civilia, I got a heap out of it, that failure of mine. Here I am, in the country, up against it, as they say, hustling to get my share of the fruits of the earth; yet no matter what menial work I do, I am worshiping in my chosen temple; I'm Apollo, I'm Bacchus, and Mercury, and all the rest of them."

For a moment Civilia regarded him delightedly, as he stood there, one foot planted on the chopping-block, smiling at her. Then her face changed; she stamped her foot.

"You," she exclaimed vindictively, "you — get to work." Civilia gave what she thought a very good imitation of a man-driving shrew.

"Oh!" muttered the Wood-chopper, "oh! if you only — if only you were —"

He seized the axe, fixed a knotty

segment in correct position, and struck an attitude.

"*Andante maestoso*. Sorry to give you two slow movements in succession; I don't do the *molto perpetuo* and the *tremolo vivace* until I come to the kindlings and my little hatchet."

Down came the strong, steady cleave; the blade smote the anguished wood through its clean heart. At the same moment Civilia jumped with a little cry of dismay. She sat up, rubbing her cheek. "It's nothing," she said.

"Nothing?" returned the Wood-chopper roughly. "A chip struck you."

For a moment he stood dismayed at the idea of the pretty wounded cheek. With a movement as uncontrollable as tender, he was kneeling on the ground by her side, saying things no wood-chopper in his right senses ever says.

"You are spoiling what might have been a very pleasant afternoon," said Civilia coldly.

"There is a chip on your shoulder," he observed, searching her face for possible splinters.

"Take it off," with a shrug.

"I meant," with slow mischief, "on your — lips."

"*Really!*" Civilia's emphasis was angry. She sat up, bright-eyed and flushed; and the Wood-chopper, in the somewhat oppressive silence, meekly rose and backed away.

He took up the hatchet and split kindlings quite steadily. The wood fell in white criss-cross patterns; and a soft perfume, the exhalations of a tree's pure dying flesh, filled the late afternoon air.

"I wish," remarked the Wood-chopper, at last, "I do wish you could find it in your heart to tell me how those apple-blossoms looked; it would help me to decide — something."

Receiving no answer, he bent to his splitting, a smile playing around his mouth. After a time he again looked up.

"Soon," he remarked carelessly, "soon, I must go look for the cows. They wait for me at twilight, in a place all maiden-hair fern, and purple rocks arabesqued in lichens. You will come too?"

The little figure on the stump did not reply.

"After that," continued the Wood-chopper genially, "I shall feed the pigs. Peradventure you would behold that spectacle?"

Still silence.

"After that I shall bed the horses, and, yes, feed Larry and the cats, — even unto the striped tiger cat whom you dislike, but who is a kind of suffragette cat and catches rats and must be encouraged. — You will help me?"

No answer.

"Not," the Wood-chopper explained kindly, "not that you like to be with me, but that you think it is good for me to be with you."

"There! — Oh, dear, now I have dropped all my cunning little chips!"

She bent to search for them.

The Wood-chopper, vaulting the chopping-block, came to help. They groped in the gathering dusk. Suddenly, unexplainedly, their hands touched and their eyes met. The Wood-chopper caught his breath.

"Have you noticed," he asked unsteadily, "that when the twilight comes here, it comes bloomy, purple-dusted, like the background of a Chavannes mural?"

"Yes," murmured Civilia, busily counting the regained chips.

"Have you noticed," he said, and she wondered why his voice trembled, "that when the dawn comes over the hills, it comes white, pure, like the angel with the flaming sword, and it makes you turn your face and look it in the eyes while it decides if you are fit to live?"

"Yes," came the unwilling whisper,

—"seventeen—eighteen—I thought I had twenty."

"Have you noticed," pleaded the Wood-chopper, coming close to her, and speaking as gently as he might for the heart dragging at its anchor in his breast, "have you noticed that all great pictures and music and books seem true only here, in the country? And that Work, that strange prophetess who seems to have gone crazy in the cities, is still calm and sane and true mother-Sibyl here?"

"Yes."

Civilia dropped her eyes confusedly. The chips were all counted now; there was nothing to do but try to meet his eyes, and that — that was —

"Well then?" he said slowly. He took her hand and held it tight. There was on his face a look new to her. "Well, then — Civilia —?"

It was twilight. The chopping-block and the saw-buck, like strange symbols thrown on a prophetic background, seemed to dissolve and fade away. Bells on the necks of cropping cows rang silver dissonance in the pale green lanes. The trees took mysterious shapes of hooded monks, jesters in cap-and-bells, Mercury with the thyrsus, and Satyrs with winking eyes, — and here was this Wood-chopper, with the cows to be got home and the pigs and cats to be fed, hanging on to a little human hand and talking.

"To-night," he was saying dreamily, "to-night, the Flatiron is wavering on that background of purply-gray-yellow that the city has for sky. The Times Building has its night helmet on. All the rosy city windows blink and grin; all the serpent and swan and bug-looking things are crawling. From the witch trellises of Broadway the white grapes of the city vineyard hang lobate, pallid, tempting for the night's press of what bitter, bitter wine!"

He paused.

"The mystery of the city," murmured Civilia.

"The mystery," the Wood-chopper repeated it after her — "it spins webs dotted with balls of light. It rushes with the moles of underground travel. Its rose and green and violet burnings stain the black mocking of the harbor waters. Its glamour is on the loose black masses of shipping that are forever sliding past weary eyes, combining and recombining in fateful, shifting, prophetic drift."

"I have seen it so," she said softly. "I have wondered."

"But not as I have," he brooded sadly. "Not with disillusioned eyes. Not so that it seemed to hang like a masking veil over starved natures; not so that it turned men into carrion and vultures; not so that it made the bubbling faces and fluttering forms of the street so many ragged phantoms of Gain and Loss — phantoms that swarmed and tangled and loosened, to swarm again, hiding their unutterable secrets; not on dead faces, broken hearts —"

"Ah, don't, don't!" she pleaded. She clung to him. He flung his arm around her suddenly. "I had hoped that in this new life you had forgotten."

"Forgotten?" he said bitterly. "I loved it too well ever to forget. It was because I loved it so well, that I came here, to find — better things."

The Wood-chopper stopped abruptly. For a moment the desperate story of treacherous friends and lost fortunes was in his eyes. Then his arm tightened; he remembered another story.

"I must be going in — now," Civilia said faintly. "The Troubadour's wife just came to the window and went away again. I don't know what she'll think."

The Wood-chopper took her face within his two hands and turned it, pale in the dusk, to his.

"Would it," he asked very gently, "would it be too bleak and lonely here — with me?"

She could not answer.

"Listen," he said. "Look! Over that ridge in the west where the great green trees go sailing, ships would seem to come to you. In the pastures where silver bells ring and the cows crop sweet flowers and juicy herbs we could live the rare old English ballads. In my hives the honey-bees would build you golden palaces of sweet. Think of it, darling: roadways hung with purple of wild grapes; fields massed with waving color; trees full of fruit and nuts; spotted fish in the shadowed brook; warm white eggs in the hay; the four priests, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and we two Greeks worshiping in the Temple of the Country. Why," he pleaded passionately, "do you not answer? Why," trying to see her face, "do you make me ashamed of — all I have to give?"

She wondered why a Wood-chopper could not understand things without being told, — a Wood-chopper, of all men!

"Little Greek, little Greek?" he asked wistfully.

They stood close in the twilight with the silver bells ringing. Now and then, at the house, the shadow of the Troubadour's wife fell on the drawn shades. But no door opened, no voice called.

Then a thought struck the Wood-chopper. "Those apple-blossoms, now," he said reminiscently, "they looked like cupids, didn't they? Little white faces and dewy delicate wings?"

"Partly," acknowledged Civilia. "Partly," she whispered.

CITY HOUSING

II. THE PROBLEM AT HOME

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

IN the war-office of the modern city, headquarters of the fight for health, for housing, and for like reform, hang campaign maps, whose tints expose the strongholds of the foe. Study one of them for a space. On streets beneath that bar of crimson rages a fell disease. There, below that spot of blue, another holds its sway. That smear of yellow covers a district where the victims of a third are dying by the score. There is but little color in the suburbs. There the white background of the map shows many a district clear. Look toward the centre of the city. As your eye runs inward, note how the stains group closer and closer together. They are deep upon the slum.

The close connection between the slum and disease is too patent for question. Some of the tuberculosis exhibits show an intermittent incandescent light burning on the wall. Twice every minute it flames and fades. Above it a placard reads: "A human being dies from tuberculosis each time this light goes out." Yet tuberculosis is but one of the diseases that flourish rankly in the slum. Twenty years ago Dr. Russell of Glasgow presented figures on the relation between the death-rate and overcrowding, with a brevity and clarity which have scarcely been surpassed since. He divided the families of the whole city of Glasgow into three classes. In families occupying one- and two-room houses, 27.74 died

out of every thousand. In families occupying three- and four-room houses, 19.45 died out of every thousand. In families living in houses of five rooms or more, 11.23 died out of every thousand. Broadly speaking, these figures mean this: that for every two mortals who died in Glasgow houses open to sun and air, and in which overcrowding did not exist, five died in the slums. Life is hard for the slum-dwellers, but our modern cities make it easy for them to die.

Conditions are hard for the adult. They are much harder for the child. St. Mary's, in Birmingham, is less than four miles from the model village of Bourneville. 331 infants die out of every thousand born in the crowded city ward. 65 die out of every thousand born in Bourneville. In that favored village, every child who comes into the world has more than five times the chance of life that the wretched scraps of humanity of crowded St. Mary's possess.

We have spoken of the slum as a culture-medium for disease. To how slight an extent that is a figure of speech the records given above may show in part. Take the crusade against tuberculosis, for example. No campaign was ever fought more bitterly, and yet authorities tell us that this disease can never be stamped out until we disintegrate the crowded masses of the city. The prison of the state and the prison of the slum are our two most overcrowd-

ed centres to-day. According to Dr. Knopf, mortality from tuberculosis among prisoners is three times as high as it is among the general population. Next to the prisons in providing fertile soil for the growth of this disease comes the chief home of the American workman, the tenement house.

The old crone in the doorway, peering through the watching group, exclaimed, "Seventeen," as the coffin came down the steps into brighter sunlight than its occupant had ever known in his dark, unclean, ill-ventilated home. "Eight families, and this the seventeenth brought out from that door. God be good to us, but it's a haunted house!" She crossed herself as I passed on, noting the number and street. The woman spoke the truth.

The reason why houses are haunted by the dread plague of tuberculosis lies open to all who know the lack of space, air, and light in the slum. Poor is the air of those streets. Poor as it is, the windows are stuffed with rags and paper to keep it out through all the winter months. Slight is the amount of sun which reaches over the high roofs of the tenement houses and falls upon the cloudy panes. Slight as that is, there are many rooms where sunlight never penetrates. New York alone has more than one hundred thousand living-rooms which are absolutely without windows, and nearly three hundred thousand without sufficient light or sunshine; while more than twenty-five thousand New York families live in cellars. These facts are so horrible that comment becomes superfluous.

Our foreign critics have a habit of referring to us as a nation whose hearts can best be reached through the pocket-book. Whether that charge is true or not, there is no question that he who can show a saving to the taxpayer offers one of the strongest arguments that can be advanced in favor of any

reform. The Committee on Congestion of Population in New York, in the course of its investigations, has been taking up an analysis of the budget of the city in an attempt definitely to ascertain the economic cost to taxpayer and rent-payer of such congestion as now exists, and of the lack of a city plan. The committee divides its research into ten parts. Some of its conclusions follow.

Preventable disease has cost New York from thirty-seven to forty-one millions of dollars a year for the last four years; \$166,248,408.24 is the total estimate of the wealth poured out in these four years for wasteful pain and suffering. For millions of that great total the tenement house is directly responsible. If we could only have that money for playgrounds, for the renewing of the city! Remember that those millions represent a steady drain on the community as a whole, that your prosperity depends on the prosperity of your own city and of other cities, and that such constant leakage must affect you individually; and you will read the pages which follow with a new intensity of interest.

The golden dreams of the immigrant turning for freedom and help to our shore, to that great "Melting Pot" of which Mr. Zangwill has written, are doomed to some disappointment. Too often, disappointment is a tragic certainty. Suppose a little band of immigrants from some continental village start on the ever new discovery of the west. The entrance to this country must raise their hopes. If they come on one of the newer steamers, thanks to federal law, more space, light, and air, more healthful surroundings, are granted to the incomer on shipboard than the municipality will assure him when he reaches land. The incoming human wave which breaks upon our shores sends its scattered spray to many

cities. Too little reaches the country. Too much stays in the city slum. It is entirely natural that this should be the case, and that the entering foreigner should seek a dwelling in some locality where his own tongue sounds kindly to his ears. So the Italian, at whatever port he lands, hastens to Little Italy, the Russian seeks Little Russia, and the Hungarian finds lodging in Little Hungary. Division of this sort makes housing problems in the United States more complex than those with which many European cities have to deal. Model tenements here cannot receive tenants chosen at random in the same fashion as Berlin or London. Difference of race and type, even difference of locality, forbids; for the Italian of the North must have his quarters separate from the Italian of the South, and one tribe from that strange mixture of races called the Russian nation may be the ancient enemy of another.

Evidently our attack on this problem must include some selective processes. Before we can consider general or special methods, however, we must know something of the conditions which surround us. Laying aside for a time those vexing questions raised by such a conglomeration of types as inhabit our slums, let us see what quarters the little band of immigrants is apt to find if, as might well happen, each unit of the group is bound to some one of our great cities. Tracing the steps of each wandering family, we find that one stops at the gateway, in New York, two turn north, to Hartford and Boston, three others south, to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, while the rest push onward to the West, to Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis.

The family which stops in New York City stands the least chance of a happy and healthy life. In 1905, the state census reported one hundred and twenty-two blocks of that city with a dens-

ity of seven hundred and fifty or more per acre, and thirty blocks with a density of one thousand or more, spread over the whole of Manhattan Island. Since 1905, hundreds of those houses have been made higher by from one to four stories, and the total number per acre has risen in some cases to sixteen or seventeen hundred. The somewhat uncommon density of one thousand to the acre, of 1905, has become a common occurrence.

What does a density of one thousand per acre mean to you, reading this article in your own home? Assume that you are in a suburban house with a lot sixty by seventy-two feet. That means ten houses to the acre. Think of the ten houses immediately around you and see whether they will average more than six persons to each house. If not, there is a density of sixty to an acre. If you are reading this in a four-story apartment house standing on a lot whose total area is three thousand feet, and in which every apartment contains an average of five persons, you are taking your part in producing a density of population of about two hundred and ninety to the acre. In both these cases density is figured exclusive of streets and open spaces. When these are included, conditions become worse. Even the conditions cited are too crowded. What is the result when you place a thousand or fifteen hundred people where there is scarcely room for three hundred? To-day in New York there is acre after acre on which thirteen hundred persons live their crowded lives; where there are ten persons to every seven rooms; where, instead of the minimum of from eight hundred to a thousand cubic feet, there are but four hundred feet of air for each adult, and but two hundred for a child; where only one room out of four receives direct sunlight. Under such conditions the immi-

grant who stops in New York stands but little chance of length of days.

In its crowded districts New York presents one more example of that unfortunate state of affairs where the poor man, living on land which is far too expensive for dwellings, is forced into narrow quarters from the compelling exigency of a narrow purse. Over and over again one truism appears. House your laborer on expensive land and you will have overcrowding, because his wage will pay for but a little space. House him on cheap land and the money which bought four walls before will buy a home. The dumb-bell tenement (sometimes called the double-decker), into whose darkened doorway our immigrant is likely to pass, is unsurpassed for wretchedness in any great city of the world. Strange to say, it is an example of ill-directed reform.

In December, 1878, after a spasm of housing interest in New York, prizes were offered for plans of the best model tenement house that could be secured. To the horror of thousands at that time, and of hundreds of thousands since, the dumb-bell tenement was awarded the first prize. From 1879 to 1901 city block after city block was filled solidly with these buildings. Mistakenly advised as a model plan to builders who knew no better, fulfilling every purpose of the man who was ready to exploit human lives for money, the dumb-bell tenement is responsible for an appalling roll of deaths, and for an extraordinary waste of efficiency. Its name is derived from the fact that it narrows in the centre and expands at the ends, like a huge dumb-bell, and its expansion fills the street both front and rear. Its narrowed centre gives room for that misnamed feature, the air-shaft. That shaft has been variously called a garbage-hole, a dirt-trap, an ash-bin, and a destroyer of privacy. It has never proved its right to the

name of air-shaft. Without an intake at the bottom, how long would any chimney draw? The air-shaft is like a chimney without an intake. It is but one of the evils of the dumb-bell. Seven stories high, with four rooms in the front apartment; with three rooms in the back; with one room of the front apartment open to the street, and one room of the rear apartment opening on twenty feet or so of back yard; with inside rooms facing on an air-shaft whose wall is less than five feet away from the windows of the next house: these are some of the characteristics of the habitations which house a large portion of the citizens of the greatest city of the Western Hemisphere.

The building of the dumb-bell tenement was stopped in 1901, and regulations providing for the erection of new-law tenements, with large courts designed to provide natural light and ventilation for every room in the house, were made. No window was to open within twelve feet of any other window. The practical results of this law have hardly equaled its theoretical possibilities. In October, 1908, the Committee of One Hundred held a Citizens' Exhibit showing conditions in New York under Tammany. One of the placards on the wall read as follows:—

THERE ARE IN NEW YORK APPROXIMATELY 300,000 LIVING-ROOMS WITHOUT ADEQUATE LIGHT AND VENTILATION. ONLY ONE IN FOUR OF THE ROOMS IN THE NEW-LAW TENEMENTS HAS ADEQUATE SUNSHINE. ON MAY 1, 1909, THERE WERE 16,006 OLD BUILDING VIOLATIONS SLEEPING IN THE CORPORATION COUNSEL'S OFFICE. 1563 CASES WERE OVER 4 YEARS OLD. 2283 CASES HAD BEEN NEGLECTED ONE YEAR. 4578 CASES HAD BEEN NEGLECTED OVER 6 MONTHS. THERE WERE 35,000 VIOLATIONS OF THE TENEMENT-HOUSE LAW ON THE BOOKS OF THE TENEMENT-

HOUSE DEPARTMENT. BLAME TAMMANY FOR THESE CONDITIONS. AND FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE —

VOTE TAMMANY OUT!

No part of our group of immigrants is likely to suffer so greatly as the family that stopped at New York. The newcomers who came to Boston have a wider choice if they seek the suburbs, but they may find lodging in certain quarters of the city where conditions are fully as bad as any in the greater community. Those who live in the centre of the city must crowd into houses with but little more light and air than they would get in the dumb-bells of New York. The bovine street superintendents who are said to have first laid out Boston's thoroughfares did a poor enough piece of work in the business quarters of the city. They did their worst in the old North End, where once the finest residences of the city overlooked the bay. Overcrowding is no better in the lower houses of Boston than in the higher ones of New York. There are 1672 persons on an acre in five- and six-story houses in New York. There are 1143 persons on an acre in three- and four-story houses in the North End of Boston.

If one could imagine the head of a family which goes West studying the figures which tell of congestion of population, Chicago, with its average density of only 21.09 to the acre, would seem a free and open city for him to choose. Those figures, however, are most misleading. The city of Chicago contains 122,011 acres within its limits. Thousands of these acres are but sparsely settled. Tens, almost hundreds, of them in the centre of population are either overcrowded or on the edge of overcrowding. Congestion in Chicago is developing with amazing rapidity. In an investigation of six selected blocks, one-half had three

persons to every room, one-fourth had two persons to every room. That means that if two rooms are occupied by four people, all four are commonly in the bedroom at night. Such overcrowding is not all. Add to it the tendency to cover eighty or ninety per cent of the whole lot with dwellings, and the chance of air and light grows small indeed.

St. Louis gives no great promise to the newcomer. In an investigation recently carried on by the Civic League of that city, one-half the houses in the Negro quarter were declared unfit for human habitation. The Polish quarter had an average of thirteen persons to four rooms, and a number of lots were found which were wholly covered by buildings. Cleveland reports that one-third of all the buildings in one of its slum districts should not be permitted to exist. Philadelphia, the vaunted "City of Homes," specializes in one-room "housekeeping apartments," where whole families, often containing from four to seven members, eat, sleep, cook, and live, in a single room. Buffalo presents a Polish quarter, whose buildings are chiefly small, individual, wooden houses, seldom more than two and a half stories high. This city offers an interesting proof of the fact that overcrowding is not synonymous with high brick tenements. In its frame houses live thousands of Poles who crowd together like bees in a hive. Two, three, four, five, even six and seven families gather under the same roof in small houses whose space is no more than sufficient for a single family. Such buildings, however, have one great advantage over the ordinary tenement: they are open to the air.

In both Baltimore and Washington the alley problem is the most pressing evil. Alley-house and rear tenement alike offer one great barrier to correction: they are out of the public eye.

Sanitary reform is difficult behind a sheltering screen, and it has no more active agent than publicity.

Much of the necessary body of building regulation has been outlined by American and foreign experiment. It seems an absurdly evident proposition that the area of air-shafts and courts should increase in proportion to the height of the building. Even a child, building a playhouse in a pasture, will enlarge its area as the rock wall goes higher. Even a child has wisdom enough to see that the higher wall will cut off sunshine from the ground within, if the space be narrow, and that his room will be damp and cold in consequence. The child, in carrying out his building operations, shows more intelligence than the combined wisdom of many municipal departments displays. They have not yet awakened to the fact that every additional story of a building, rising into air, necessitates larger open spaces on the ground. Back-to-back tenements, which quite forbid "through" ventilation, may still be built in many cities. Lots may be wholly covered with buildings. Rear tenements may be placed behind front tenements; and when, as in the case of New York, houses are built originally at the back of a lot with a front garden, the march of building movement may fill such garden spaces with brick and mortar.

General sanitary regulations for general needs may be made which can cover any city; yet local conditions, topographical and sociological, must determine local laws. The twenty-five foot lot binds New York to a definite procedure. The desire of tenants in many quarters to have one room open on the street makes impracticable in this country some of the inner courtyard plans which have been successful abroad. The longing for street windows is probably due to the fascinations of the un-failing picture-show of the city street,

which seems never to weary the observers who, with elbows crossed upon the sills, crowd their casements for hours. Give them far greater measure of convenience in other ways, give them double window-space, opening on a courtyard, and they will still long for the sights and sounds of the street. Moreover, the intangible chains of social procedure are powerful in the tenements. In many districts the occupant of a rear tenement with no outlook on the street is considered the social inferior of the occupant of a precisely similar apartment with street frontage, though situated on the same floor.

Among the more general housing regulations, there are two for which the city is especially responsible, the municipal water-service, and protection against fire. That such primary necessities of existence as water-closets should be used in common by whole tenement houses is one of the burning shames of our community life. There are numerous tenement houses to-day in which water has never been put above the first floor. Imagine shopping without an elevator, and then think of the weariness of those long flights to tired women and little children. Even where water is carried to every floor, a common water-closet and a common sink often supply the needs of four apartments, which may house from eight to twelve whole families, to say nothing of lodgers. In the slums, as too often in apartment houses far from the slums, the water-closet ventilates on an air-shaft used also to ventilate bedrooms. In still other cases the water-closet is placed directly in the bedroom. Manchester, England, requires that every room used for such purposes must have a window opening on the outside air, with an area of at least one foot by two. Detroit requires that the water-closet compartment be open to the outer air, or be ventilated by a shaft

which is not used for ventilating any inhabited room. Several cities demand that no water-closet shall be placed in yard or cellar. Some of the most enlightened have reached the point of requiring one for each family or each separate apartment. In general the infamous "school sinks" and other cheap substitutes for modern plumbing are forbidden. Violations of these ordinances, however, like those of many other laws made for the protection of the city's health, are far too common.

That cleanliness is not a necessity of existence has been proved by the slums for many years. It is a forbidden luxury to most of them. That it is necessary for healthful life few will deny. The way to provide opportunities for cleanliness to the houses of the poor is by no means settled, but the great mass of opinion is on the side of the individual set-tub. Nor need the tubs be confined to the washing of clothes. A movable partition and stout supports improvise a bath-tub which, although scarcely as convenient as a porcelain one, is by no means to be despised when space and cost must be considered. If clothes are to be washed, it is practically a choice between the coöperative laundry, to be used in common by all tenants, and the individual set-tub, and the coöperative method has shown one interesting example of failure which hardly encourages its adoption.

The coöperative laundry built by the London County Council for their Boundary Street Buildings, at an expense of over fifty thousand dollars, has never, from the first, proved a success. The tenants will not wash in public where their neighbors can see and criticise the quantity, quality, and appearance of their clothes. There appears to be no objection to hanging out the clothes to dry in a common space after they are washed, but the preliminaries must be attended to in private.

I have seen one tenement-house fire. I hope I may never see another. It was an object-lesson which makes the heading, "Another Tenement-House Fire. Two Lives Lost," a real and vital thing which overshadows even politics and the financial page. And it is such a common heading! How common was shown vividly by the investigation of Hugh Bonner and Lawrence Veiller, a few years ago, on the relation between tenement houses and fire. All the records of fires which occurred throughout the city during a period of two years and a half were examined, to determine the type of buildings in which most of the fires occurred. Sixty thousand records were searched, to determine the general method of the spread of fires in tenement houses. Nearly one-half of the total fires, during the period chosen, occurred in tenement houses, although this type of house comprised but thirty-seven per cent of the total buildings of the city. Forty-two per cent of all the buildings of the city at that time were dwellings holding not more than two families, yet such dwellings furnished only fourteen per cent of the total. The way in which the flames spread in the cases of serious tenement-house fires shows how much destruction and loss of life is due to construction. Twenty-six per cent of all such fires spread through the air-shaft; five per cent through the air-shaft combined with the halls and stairs; twenty-four per cent through flooring or partitions; twenty per cent through halls and stairs. One-fourth of all the fires started in the cellar. From these figures we may obtain an indication of the lines which should be followed in setting the tenements free from this scourge.

Fireproofing throughout is, of course, the ideal solution of the fire problem. But it is very doubtful if it is practical in the tenements. Construction of this

sort is so expensive that its general application would mean a rise in rents and a consequent diminishing of other necessities, which would make conditions worse than they have been. The analysis of Bonner and Veiller just cited shows three points which need especial protection — the stairs, the hallways, and the shafts.

Even if those points have been guarded, however, enough has not been done. Interior egress is not sufficient. Exterior egress also should be provided. In only too many cities, the laws which require adequate fire-escapes have been systematically ignored. Only too often, when escapes have been raised, they have been wholly inadequate for their purpose. At the time of the investigation just cited, there were approximately two thousand persons in one New York ward living in tenement houses wholly without fire-escapes. In the same district were many fire-escape balconies constructed of wood, which would burn out at the first blast of flame. Household goods and flower-pots blocked sudden egress in case of sudden fire. Many of the escapes were vertical ladders. A vertical ladder is safe enough for an active, powerful man; but the great majority of the inhabitants of a given tenement house is never composed of such men. How much chance do women and children have of gaining the ground whole and in safety by such means? Talk with the firemen, and they will tell you that a vertical-ladder fire-escape generally means that they must carry the women and children to the ground, while the conquest of the fire must be delayed. Sometimes the battle is lost because of that delay. Fire-escapes made wholly of metal, with stairs bordered by hand-railings, provide the only safe method of escape from the crowded dwellings of the slums.

The initiative in the movement for re-

form may come from single or collective forces. Private citizens can do much to aid. The wonderful work of the tuberculosis exhibits can be duplicated by good housing exhibitions prepared by societies interested in civic reform. Coöperative societies have fully as great a chance to build model houses here as in England, where so much has been accomplished. Capitalists, who desire to aid the poor by methods of self-help, may find work ready for their hands. Labor unions, which have done no small part of the whole work so far, can do much more. The greatest necessity of all is for a constant, persistent campaign of education.

After all the general work has been done, however, each individual city must find the values of the many unknown x 's of the housing problem, by the use of the known factors, the a 's and b 's, of its personal equation. It is entirely probable that the best way for municipalities or associations to take up this question is by means of a temporary committee or commission, whose membership should be made up in the way shown by the best foreign examples. Some of the governments abroad have obtained the services of experts in the six lines of work most closely connected with the housing problem. Their commissions include a doctor, an engineer, an architect, a real-estate expert, a builder, and a social worker. There are too many problems of disease, too many of construction and finance, and too many personal problems, for any one of those experts to be safely omitted.

Such a board would proceed immediately after its appointment to obtain the necessary facts and figures for its labors. A house-to-house canvass should be immediately begun, not only for the purpose of determining to what extent evil conditions exist, but also to find out what deficiency of housing ex-

ists in the city. While this canvass proceeds, a general investigation of the land in the slums and around the city should be undertaken, to determine what localities exist where inexpensive and easy means of transit makes access to work comparatively simple, and where land can be bought cheaply. The collection of data from American and foreign states, cities, and private enterprises, is important. Its arrangement and cataloguing in such shape as to make access easy is quite as necessary. Each of the specialists on the commission should report individually on his own line of work, and bear his part in the general statement to be issued by the whole commission. Experts should add to this such a digest of existing law as to make it evident, at the close of the house-to-house canvass, just what the law is and just how completely it has been enforced.

The assessors' books provide a starting-point for housing investigations, since they are the register of house-property of every kind situated within the city limits. From these books may be learned what land is too costly for dwellings and what land is cheap enough to be used for this purpose. That point can scarcely receive too great an emphasis. If houses are to be available for the poor, rents must be so regulated as to meet the lowest average wage. To know the practicable rents for any city, the wage-statistics of that individual city, not the general statistics of a country, must be obtained. In no civic problem does the personal equation of a city affect the result more.

A second point follows naturally here. The regulations imposed on persons desiring to build must not be too costly. They must always seek to give the maximum protection to health at the minimum cost. The desire for harmonious artistic development is most laud-

able. If it can be secured without hygienic loss, well and good; but when the beautiful and the healthful conflict, it is the æsthetic side which should suffer. There is no finer ornament to a city than healthy boys and girls.

One must hesitate a long time, however, before advocating the policies of Germany and Great Britain *in toto* in the United States. Municipal ownership of dwellings, which may be most successful under the autocratic rule of the first nation or the parliamentary control of the second, may be of dubious value here. The average municipal officer might be too hesitant in applying sufficiently rigorous methods of control to a tenant of city property who had helped in his election. The possibility of colonization in municipally owned dwellings would be too great. The danger that a man's home would be used as a club to control his vote would not be small. The absence in America of distinctive social differences, such as make possible abroad houses intended exclusively for the poor, renders houses intended for any "class" of doubtful value here. However contented with his former lot the immigrant may have been, the air of this country soon leads him to hope and dream of advancement for his children, if not for himself.

Municipal housing considers but one phase of the question at best. There are many other ways in which municipalities can do much to encourage the building of good and inexpensive dwellings by individual citizens, coöperative societies, or associations.

The common practice of remitting taxes to manufacturers who are willing to increase the prosperity of a town by bringing new business within its limits, is a precedent for similar concessions to builders willing to put up model houses at low rents. The heavy cost of betterments, of sewer-opening, and

of street-making, might be waived in the case of contractors willing to supply housing deficiencies under strict regulations. Such remissions should be charged to the builder, and waived only during his performance of the necessary conditions. On violation of the regulations or on the raising of rents above the stipulated sums, such charges should become automatically due. In the present competition of town with town, boards of trade are sending advertising matter all over the country in their effort to attract citizens and manufacturers. Could a board of trade offer a better drawing-card than a good town-plan? Could it furnish many greater incentives to a manufacturer than would be provided by well-planned houses for employees, houses that would make employers' trouble from the constant change of help a negligible quantity? No organization in the city could better constitute such a commission, as has been previously suggested, than a board of trade. None could work more effectively in obtaining the backing of public-spirited citizens ready to further housing schemes.

The problem before us is immediately concerned with the provision of increased facilities of rapid transit. The London County Council in its Millbank buildings provides transportation, with a seat for every workman, at a rate of two cents per trip. Contrast that with the average condition here. The waste of opportunity in our granting of franchises has been great in many directions. In none is it more apparent than in the neglect of American cities to impose such conditions upon petitioning corporations as shall provide opportunities for workmen's dwellings in the suburbs. Railroads and trolley lines should be required by charter restrictions to run workingmen's trains and cars at reduced prices at convenient times. Projected lines should insure

that possibilities of housing be not neglected. This second requirement can be fairly imposed only by such an expert commission as that mentioned, which can examine proposed routes with relation to their housing possibilities.

Surveys of general conditions and recommendations of definite laws may do much; but to make such work lasting some body must be provided which shall deal with housing as a permanent city department. The construction of such a department, and the regulations under which it should act, should depend upon the information obtained by the preliminary body. A single department having in charge this one branch of civic life should be instituted in large cities where a bureau of this type does not exist. Such government as the slum has so far received has shown the disadvantages of a multiplicity of controllers, all too engrossed in their immediate affairs to pay much attention to this side-issue. The police, the fire department, and the department of health, have each had a share of authority; and between them all, little has been done. The Tenement-House Bureau of New York, ineffective as it has been under Tammany, is yet far better than the older methods which divided responsibility. But a housing department, if it is to have any value, must be backed by sufficient appropriations. The spirit of the people must be behind the movement. New York's experience, as evidenced by the placard cited near the beginning of this article, has shown how useless legislation can prove when these things are wanting. The city must guard against nullifying such reform by legal intricacies or verbosity. The first necessity of the laws or ordinances under which such a department is to work is simplicity. The wording should be intelligible, not only to architect and builder, but also to any intelligent layman. Owner and tenant

alike should be able to understand each and every paragraph. Nor is it certain that, in cities below the first class, this department should be a separate one. Place it under the control of an efficient board of health, and you are likely to get good results. Fortunately, moreover, if we grant the postulate of a rightly constituted department with sufficient appropriations, we shall find ample possibility of enforcement in the city's hands.

If the housing authorities refuse to allow tenants to occupy a new house until all the necessary regulations have been met, builders become extremely anxious to meet requirements. The closing of a few houses which are unfit for human habitation, and the refusal of permits to occupy them until they have been properly renovated, bring about rapid repairs. Opposition to public control of private property is inevitable; yet the swiftness with which so great a movement for the city's health has prevailed seems sometimes incredible. Every attempt which has been made to secure protection for tenants has been opposed by two classes of hostile building interests — the honest builder and the reckless speculator. The second of these groups should receive no consideration. The speculator who throws up a jerry-built house for the sole purpose of unloading it on some confiding investor at the first possible moment needs no protection. The community needs protection against him as against any other sharper.

To the honest landlord who objects to the apparently arbitrary control of his property there is but one reply. He must endure that control for the good of the community. No landlord can hold property without assuming liabil-

ity for such assessments for betterment as the city may think it wise to make. His possession of property implies his assumption of liability to protective governmental measures. Fortunately the final tribunal of this country, the Supreme Court of the United States, has already determined the right of a state to say to its citizens, "You shall build in accordance with our laws and in no other way." When the Massachusetts Legislature divided Boston into certain divisions and limited the height of the buildings in those sections, buildings in the residential quarter were required to be less in height than those in the business district. A citizen desiring to erect a building of a height above that allowed for a certain section of the city decided to test his rights and appealed his cause from court to court. He lost it. This affirmation of the right of a city to protect its citizens by its control of the building of their habitations makes this a decision of the greatest importance.

The great books whereon are blazoned the achievements of our American cities are still in the making. Turning the pages slowly, one finds many an illumined scroll, many a fair, full line. But side by side with those noble records stand blotted paragraphs where shame has ruthlessly despoiled the workman's careful task. Here and there a sentence well begun has trailed off into vague tracteries which carry no message to the eager searcher. Turn to the page on which the American city's contribution to this great world-problem of housing should be entered, and you will find it scarce begun. The filling of that page will be forced upon us, upon you and me, in the coming years.

THE WOMAN'S WAR

BY MARY JOHNSTON

I

I WAS, the other day, at a meeting here in Richmond of an Equal Suffrage League — the first considerable association of the kind ever formed in Virginia, and now only a few months old. Virginia, if the dearest of states, is also the most conservative. Her men are chivalric, her women domestic; since the eighteenth century no heavy wave of immigration has touched her shores. She has no large cities, she has a lovely country, wood and field and flood, she has great memories. She makes progress, too, but her eyes are apt to turn to the past. More “advanced” communities will hardly understand the shock of surprise, of more or less indignant incredulity, with which Richmond received the intimation that within her walls were women who wished votes — that is, voices — for women! In the three months since the birth of the infant society the town has grown decidedly interested, but it does *not* invade the nursery, and I am sure it thinks the baby born for no good end. Probably the child will be hanged before it attains majority.

The meeting of which I speak, and which is in my mind because it was only yesterday, and because, too, I think it typical of what is occurring in a hundred quiet places removed from the central current of ideas, this meeting was held in a small, old-time parlor rented by the League for the nursery of their Idea. Over the chimney-piece and the open fire hangs a time-yellow-

ed engraving of Pocohontas wedding John Rolfe. On the opposite wall is Columbus Demonstrating the Theory of the New World. There are the old gilt candelabra, with swinging prisms, that most of us have in our parlors, and there are some pieces of china from Monticello. The author of the Declaration of Independence helped himself to sugar out of that sugar-bowl. Outside the window is the street up and down which once marched the armies of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson, up which once marched the army of Grant.

There were present perhaps twenty-five women. The League is larger than that, but for one reason or another many could not attend. It was late in the afternoon, and the room not brightly lit. In one place there would be a glow from the fire, in another, shadow. A few of the women were young, one or two were elderly, but the most were in the middle of life, moving with the moving hours across that high plateau of sun and shade. All sat in a circle around the room, in the firelight and the shadow. There were reports — a hundred and odd dollars in the treasury, so many pamphlets distributed, so many new members; then, business over, here and there, out of the red-brown shadow, a woman spoke, diffidently, keeping her seat, somewhat confused, for in the South we are not used to woman's speaking — not, certainly, on the present subject.

For all the Indian maiden over the mantel-shelf, and the Genoese admiral on the wall, and the china that had

been Jefferson's, the scene, in that twilight hour, looked like an interior by Rembrandt. It had, that small gathering in the old-fashioned parlor, a simplicity, a homeliness, a pathos, a touching and spiritual and, yes, a rugged beauty! It was like a Rembrandt, and it was like a Millet. It was a lovingly touched, a shadowed picture of the beginning of things. There was music, too, — Beethoven, perhaps, — and under all there was a sense of the quiet Earth.

This small Richmond meeting is mentioned only because it is typical of many. In this tenth year of the twentieth century, throughout the length and breadth of the land, assemblies such as this are frequent. What is their innermost meaning, what is the soul of them? How is to be defined the general movement of which each is but a tiny facet? What will a hundred years from now have to say of it? What will a thousand years? This morning's paper states that to most men it but discovers "a vague, feminist discontent." Other men, and some women also, have been found to christen the Idea — there is an Idea embodied in the movement — to christen the Idea "trivial, — harmful, — absurd and ridiculous." I wonder — I wonder! Will a hundred years hence, will a thousand years, echo those epithets?

And no golden thing was ever brought to the King's storehouse but men said, "It is worthless." But the King accepted it.

It is cheerfully granted that here and there, through the length and breadth of the Idea, things occur to touch the sense of humor. It is good to laugh.

Now and then is heard an exquisite absurdity, but even that absurdity usually bubbles forth from a clear well of feeling — *right* feeling. And often enough it has for neighbor a master-stroke of pathos, a cry from the heart,

startlingly sincere. Sometimes — not often — an ugly thing is seen or heard. Women are not angels. But, believe me, more frequently than that jarring note, comes an echo from the future of a divinely lovely chord. Purity — fortitude — altruistic love. The individual, the group, the society, the nation, the race, that strikes, and holds, that chord, has found the dominant. By them will be built the vast symphony of the future.

Trivial? Only they find it so who, did they think upon such subjects at all, would find trivial, tedious, and degrading, all physical, all evolutionary processes — Hunger, Love, Nutrition, Reproduction, the first vague flowing together of two unicellular organisms into one, the immortal chain of the germ-plasm, the warp and woof of male and female elements, the flying shuttle of organic law, the alternation and rhythm of the universe, and that tremendous upward spiral that, as slowly and as surely as the coral insects, we do spend our days in building!

Retrograde and sinister? They who find it so are without the historic sense, and in the world of ideas are constitutionally myopic. They are not aware of the stream of tendency. They themselves would walk like the crab, backward; and force the same regression upon the whole wide, onward-spinning earth. Or, say they, "We would stand still" — and do not know that nothing ever stands still. There is progression and there is regression, but there is never immobility. They say, "We will stay where we are, in these still waters," and do not see that it is a land-locked pool from which the billows have fled!

A piece of foolishness to be dismissed by a caricature? There were no humorous journals at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. They were all in the Inquisition. But had there been, then

to-day some American collector might have among his treasures a colored print of a foolish Genoese sailor trying to prove to his betters that there were two roads to the Indies. Or, had such publications flourished under Catherine de Medici, there might survive, in the collector's portfolio, some bright young man's idea of that lunatic of a potter who burned his household furniture to feed the dying fire of his furnace. Had they always flourished he might have no end of treasures!

Turn a leaf. How easy to caricature was that young monk nailing his thesis to a church door in Wittenberg! Turn another. A shepherd girl dreaming on the hills above Domrémy. How bewitchingly Dutch the artist has made it — with cabbages for lilies! And so on through the portfolio, which must be a large one if it is to hold every caricature of a noble man, a noble woman, or a noble cause, — from the caricature of the Crucifixion on the wall of the Pædagogium in Rome to the latest page of the latest American Journal of Humor! Do you not know that the higher the Idea the more certain the pillory or the stocks? Ridicule is a weapon that any fool can pick up. Indeed it is the only weapon that can be at once rotten and effective.

Yes; very "funny" things happen, — things to make one die of healthful laughter, — but the movement of which they are the refreshing concomitants, the Woman Movement, is not "funny." In all the darting motion of this dynamic age it is most significant, most vital, most important. It is in the van. Were its units all but indifferent, yet go forward it must, for behind it is the life-force, the stream of tendency, the evolutionary will. Before that cosmic tide, man or woman is as stubble and as straw. On we go because we must. But the units in the van are not indifferent. Each, to the

extent of its puny might, *wills* to go with the tide, and, just to that extent, is a clearer-eyed unit than its brother or its sister somewhere in the rear, who is *buffeting* the tide. For they in the very van, like Columbus on the poop of the Santa Maria, know that the waste of seas is not forever.

II

The Woman Movement did not begin to-day, or last night, or yesterday, or the day before yesterday. It began an uncertain number of millions of years ago. It began when first a primitive, asexual organism slipped almost unawares into a sexual method of reproduction. It began when the union of two cells, hitherto undifferentiated, gave way to the union of two cells gradually, very, very gradually, differentiated. It began when the Masculine Movement began. They began together. Which was the more important cell? God knows! It is true that the female cell retained more of the nutritive, constructive, developing, and staying power of the asexual parent. The biologist will tell you that under certain circumstances, on certain planes of the great stairway of animal life, the ovum can, and does, develop by its own internal powers. It can continue its growth, bringing forth itself in a daughter form, and that without male coöperation. Very rarely the sperm undertakes a like development, but it never comes to anything. As organic life mounts the stairway, that power goes to sleep. The vertebrate must have a father as well as a mother. But the mother remains the more "natural," the more nutritive, the more constructive, the nearer to the womb of all things. The father apparently — for the contention is not proved — is the larger carrier of the factors that make for variability. He is

the more disruptive, destructive, energetic. The male inclines to the dynamic, the female to the static aspect, and dynamics and statics are but opposite balances of the evolutionary scales.

The male element — the female element! In the world of protoplasm, in the world behind protoplasm, how absurd to say, "This is inferior — This is superior." These are equal. Not like, but equivalent. Two branches sprung from one root, unfathomably deep. Each, in that reproduction which is but discontinuous growth, hands on an inheritance woven of two. There are present, in the mysterious nuclei, in the undying germ-plasm, both lines of descent. Everyman has in him Everywoman, and Everywoman Everyman. On the biological plane the Feminine Movement and the Masculine Movement have the same weight, no more and no less. They are co-partners, co-heirs, yoked bearers of life. On that plane the woman has no need to say, "You wrong me"; no need to ask, "Is this justice?" no need to assert, "I am your equal." Here all Nature is her advocate. *Omne vivum ex ovo.*

What of the two Movements upon the plane of human history? Woman is, to-day, crying for recognition of equality with Man. Her cry implies one of two things — her actual inequality, or Man's denial of her equality. Let us, once for all, *mean equality — equivalence — equal value, and not similarity — identity — the same thing.* Man and Woman are not identical; were they so, the words "sexual dimorphism," "gender," "sex," would not occur in the dictionaries. The etymology of the word "sex" is uncertain, but it is thought to come from the verb *secare*, to cut. A trace of it is apparent in "distinct, distinction."

What are then the more salient distinctions between the two branches of humanity? Woman bears the human

race. Let women, let biologists, physicians, and educators, testify as to what that means. Man, without that function to perform, uses in other ways the energy saved. Where the woman builds, brings forth, and nourishes a human creature, he builds a bridge, a fortress, a cathedral. She bears a poet: he writes the poetry; a musician: he composes the opera; a conqueror: he goes forth to conquer; a daughter: she in her turn will build, bring forth, nourish, rear through childhood a human creature. If she never mates, then, obedient to the spirit of the hive, she will, like the worker-bee, *help* — in how many ways, God who watches only knows! So much for the functional difference.

What of the morphological — the difference in structure? We need no dissertation here. Physical man is stronger than physical woman. His limbs are better sustaining columns; owing to the position and nature of the organs contained within the pelvis of the woman, erect stature is easier to him; his foot is of stronger make, he has the advantage in lung capacity, there are more red corpuscles in his blood, he has a longer reach of arm and a wider grasp of hand, very much greater muscular force, and all the advantages on the physical and individual side to be gained by the absence of the characteristic functions of the woman. He is, in short, the stronger animal. Man is aware of it, and so is Woman.

What of the brain? In the larger frame, its mass is something greater than in the smaller. Relatively to body-weight, the brain of woman is a little larger than the brain of man. It is as rich in convolutions as is the man's. Why should it not be? Her mother gave one half, her father gave the other half. Behind those two stand two men and two women; behind those four, four men and four women; behind that eight, eight men and eight women;

behind that sixteen, sixteen men and sixteen women; behind that thirty-two — no use to go on with the wondrous House that Jack (and Jill) Built! Is she deficient in mental power? Then her forbears, men and women, were so. Did she inherit only from the women? Then we are again eighteenth-century Ovists, claiming almost the entire credit for the distaff side, and that despite the fact that often a daughter has her father's eyes!

No: we are not Ovists, though verily there are many who yet linger in the opposite school of the Animalculists! No: the male and female cells, the mother and the father, the man and the woman, two halves of one whole, differentiated elements of one stock, come together; and again, for a moment of time, there is unity. And from that unity again springs differentiation — differentiation of function, and therefore the containing walls of that function; differentiation of bodily structure, and therefore emotional differentiation; and therefore, to some extent, intellectual differentiation. Differentiation is unity multiplied by division, to the end that unity's work may be better done. The sexes are two halves of one whole, and the material is homogeneous. Nor is the whole like a wedding-cake — where the batter is the same, truly, but only one side has the golden ring and the lucky sixpence. Nature abhors violent and unrelated contrasts. Unrelation, indeed, does not exist in her province — nor in any other. Suppose, on the whole, we agree with the very many great men who, from the dawn of Aryan civilization to the present day, have poured oblation to the *mind* of the mother of the Aryan race.

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command:

And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

There are more of such men than you would think until you look into the matter. Suppose we agree with a few ancient and many modern thinkers, that much of the man is due to his mother. Suppose we agree that women *are* mentally capable. And suppose we stop what the Negroes call "miration" — this wonderful "miration" — over the fact that there has been no woman Homer, no woman Dante, no woman Shakespeare, Molière, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Beethoven, Wagner, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Aristotle, Bacon, Kant, and so on. Very frankly there has not.

We have our own honor roll, but it is nothing like so imposing. True, every one of those men had a mother, without whose care he would not have written, painted, made music, or speculated on the universe. True, motherhood in itself is something of a poem, something of a picture, something of a musical composition, and of quite quintessential importance in the scheme of life. True, women have had at best a most scattering education; often, none at all; oftener, one that is quite worthless. True, with a better showing we might have done better. True, ignorance, superstition, ecclesiasticism, militarism, Mrs. Grundy, and Saint Paul, have combined somewhat to blight feminine ambition. True, with freedom and education we may yet out-Sappho Sappho. Caroline Herschel was a fair astronomer. In France there lives to-day the woman who, co-worker with her husband, proved the divisibility of the atom. A Nobel prize went this year to a woman. True, all this, and more; and yet we agree that probably men will continue to write the best poems, paint the best pictures, make the best music, accomplish the most in science and invention, lead in philosophy.

Their ability along these lines is greater, and the reason is as deep as are the foundations of life. The kinetic side of woman is subordinated in the individual, that it may reappear in the species. The reproductive sacrifice is hers, not the man's.

The energy of the male, not sluiced away as is hers, overflows in art, in music, in poem and drama, in architecture, in scientific thought, in philosophical speculation. The trouble is that it does not often enough overflow in those ways. Violence, unscrupulous scheming, rough-shod climbing after power, lust, intemperance, crime, economic free-bootery — masculine energy unweighted by morals! No. Man will remain the more dynamic, woman the more static. He will discover, invent, adorn, draw aside inch by inch the veil from the face of knowledge, build the ship, build the sea-wall, the lighthouse, the museum, and the temple. As with the birds, he has the richer song, the more brilliant plumage. She will conserve the species; she will instruct the youth of both sexes, and to a large extent the reins of administration will fall into her hands. One generation of practical training, and as administrator she will be the equal of man; two generations, and she will be his superior.

Women make able sovereigns. The wisdom of Pericles was largely the wisdom of Aspasia. Elizabeth of England will balance Charles the Fifth, Catherine the Second balance Frederick the Great, Victoria equal Franz Joseph. The list of great sovereigns is long. The list of women who have been the power behind the throne is long; the list of able consorts and regents is long, and the list of women who have influenced the king's ministers is long. Here is native ability, innate power; and, like murder, it will out. There is really no reason to suppose that in a democracy a woman would not do well

as a town-councilor, as a member of the board of health, or even, at a pinch, as a mayor. Maternal instinct is a curious thing. It is rather like nature in that it can care, with a whole-souled intensity, for one little honey-bee winging its way toward a clover blossom; and also, by a simple act of expansion, for all the bees in the hive, and all the clover in the field.

What of the moral distinction? What of it, father, husband, son, brother, lover, friend, neighbor, fellow citizen? What is the distinction, and is the feminine still the weaker side? What of the village women? What of the women in the farmhouses? What of the mass of women in the cities? What of the comfortable mothers of the American people, the happy wives, the fortunate daughters? What of the congregations in the churches? What of the charitable associations? What of the associations of nurses, the settlement-workers, the Red Cross? What of the workers over all the land for social reform? What of the teachers, three hundred and odd thousand in the United States? What of the workers in libraries? What of the writers, an army of them? What of the two thousand journalists, the seventy-four thousand bookkeepers, the eighty-five thousand office-clerks, the eighty-six thousand stenographers? And what of other legions of working women? What of the girls in service? What of the telegraph and telephone girls, the women in printing establishments, in shops, in restaurants, in theatres, at the pit-brow, in mills, in factories, and in sweat-shops? Without strength of arm, without a voice that is counted, underpaid, underfed, exploited at every turn, tempted upon every side, disfranchised, held in ignorance — what of the mass of working women?

There are perhaps twenty-five million women in the United States —

over five million of them wage-earning. There are more wage-earning women in this country to-day than there were men, women, and children in the day of the Declaration of Independence. What does it mean to say that, of the adult population of a country, one moiety furnishes to the prisons ninety-four and one-half per cent of the inmates, and the other moiety five and one-half per cent? What is the meaning of the enormous discrepancy shown by the drink statistics? The prostitutes? Yes; but to the making of one harlot there go, as a minimum, two rakehells. The silly, the common, the frivolous, the selfish, the dishonest, the unscrupulous, the adventuress? All exist, and in large numbers. We hope to reduce them. But we think that even there, were statistics available, the feminine hemisphere might be found less heavily shaded than the masculine. We think that that is, fairly, the opinion of the world.

It would seem that there is an inference to be drawn from two simple facts. First: the militarist, the employer of cheap and of child labor, the bribed politician, the contemner of education, the liquor interest, the brothel interest, every interest that sets its face against reform, from reform of the milk-supply to disarmament of nations, is opposed to the political liberty of woman. Second: the biologist, the political economist, the statesman, the sociologist, the eugenist, the physician, the educator, the student, and the moralist, are to be found, in ever-increasing number, advocates of her enfranchisement.

Distinctions of sex exist — naturally. They play an enormous part in life. But the sexes are but the two arms of Life, and Life is ambidextrous. And unless the hands work together, the potter will have an ill-shaped vessel. He will break Human Life into shards, and turn to work with other clay. *Es-*

sential inequality! That is a Mumbo Jumbo mask, which, when held by a masculine hand, is used to hide the face of a very human reluctance to share power. When a woman's hand raises the fetish thing, — *she knows not what she does.*

Once, long ago, I stood with an old friend before a window open to the summer night. "What a beautiful moon!" I said. "Oh, my dear," she answered, "if you could have seen the moon before the war!"

It is, apparently, the same moon: as large, as round, as silver, now as then. The difference lies in what it shines upon. The moon shone then upon a country yet heavily wooded; upon a country very largely agricultural, upon a people very fairly simple. She shone upon thirty millions of people; to-night she shines upon ninety millions; a few years, and her beams will fall upon double that number; a few more, and she will gaze upon a crowded continent, to her a seething plain like India or like China. Before the war she looked upon farmhouse and village, and throughout the length and breadth of the land upon but one city as large as is Baltimore to-day. To-night upon how many abandoned farms does she look, upon how many deserted villages, upon how many great cities, Babylons and Ninevehs of the Occident! Upon how many mill towns, mining towns, railroad towns!

Where is the old-time village, the sanest and sweetest of political units? The houses are there, the river is there, the everlasting hills are there, there are people there, more people than of old. And yet it is gone, the self-contained village of our memory — there is hardly a trace upon the air of the syringa fragrance. The trains thunder through, the telegraph ticks and ticks, the city papers are distributed, the saloon invites, the cheap news-stall outspreads its poisonous wares, there are glances

toward a certain street, narrow, indefinitely sinister, the bent laborer goes by, the housewife comes to her door and stands, looking out.

"Is not John coming home, and *how* is he coming home? Where is young John? Tempted or tempter, where is he? And where"—oh, much, much to the point!—"where is Mary? It is dark. Why does she not come home?"

In the old days there was small harm in the moonlit village streets. It was pleasant to hear the young folks' voices, coming home from church, from reading-society, from spelling-bee, from tableaux, from parties where nothing stronger than lemonade was handed, and where they only played at Beggarmy-Neighbor. It is different now. The streets are gas-lit, and other amusements are provided. And in that doorway the woman stands and stands—a woman? say rather there is one great heartache standing there! They for whom she waits are the younger girl and boy. What of the elder children? *They have gone to the city.*

"Oh!" says some one, "here is exaggeration. There is so much pleasant and wholesome life, sweet and sane, and bright with promise!" Oh, we hasten to agree, there is! That segment is the rainbow cast across a darkened heaven. It is, we trust in God, a sample cut from the whole great web of the future! But how large, after all, is the sample we have in hand? and is it not time that we wove more rapidly the web that shall match it? How many, after all, among us are quite safe, fortunate, happy, content that the world and that the less wise, less happy, shall remain as they are? How many among us are endangered, oppressed, exploited, ruined, lost through ignorance in the maze; tied by greed to a million whirling wheels; bound by a vitiated inheritance to that utter gargoyle, that nightmare monster, *decadence*; chained

by their own wrongdoing to all the hateful fruit of evil; unfortunate, unhappy, and most miserably unwise? Are they in this latter category vastly in the minority? Are they? Are they?

No. The moon shines to-night upon conditions, possibilities, dangers, hopes, struggles, and warfare gigantically greater than ever before. Moreover the contest grows. To the clash of bodies succeeds the clash of intellects; to the war of the cranes and pygmies, the war of the Titans. Heretofore, arithmetical progression; now and hereafter, geometrical progression.

We have eaten of the Tree of Knowledge. Instinctive growth has become conscious growth. Conscious growth is in slow process of becoming rational growth. Above, below, around the crystal sphere of the rational, immeasurably streams the spiritual. Not even these concentric rings, these spheres within spheres, are detached and unrelated. As there are protoplasmic bridges between the living cells, so there are passages from one of these to another. Near descendants of *pithecanthrope erectus* are among us; the cave-man is here, narrow-skulled, the savage, the barbarian, the semi-civilized, the man and woman, goblin-haunted, of the Middle Ages. Nor, from earliest times, have there lacked traversers of the gossamer bridges from the sphere above to the sphere below. Retrospective thought names them "men in advance of their day." They are the great, dramatic figures, they are the cosmic adventurers. Usually they are stoned, or burned, or crucified. Enslaved or done to death upon that lower sphere, when this at last rises, melts, into the next higher, they are tolerated. Another lift and coalescence and they are deified; another, to the sphere from which they came, and they are recognized. To-day happy are we that we recognized many who, long ago, came over the

hair-like bridges from the higher to the lower. We recognize many, but not all. There are a number to whose estate we have not come. We are happy too, that if we have a growing pity we have also a growing distaste for the ape and satyr; the savage, lustful and greedy, the barbarian with his war-cries and his idols; the semi-civilized with his insistence upon remaining semi-civilized; and the mediæval mind, fine at times but narrower than the needle-eye. They trouble us; if the tragedy of it all were not too deep for such a word as tedium, we might say that they bore us. A good dog, — most dogs are good, — a sensible horse, are both pleasanter and more improving company.

What of the travelers among us to-day from the land of to-morrow? For just so surely as the spirit of the past is in presence, so surely is also the spirit of the future. The near past is represented, and the near future; the far past, and the far future. The far, far past comes not; it would terrify us if it did. And the far, far future comes not yet; it would blind us with its glory, too utterly confound and humble us with its holy might. Nor could it breathe in this mephitic air. Slowly, slowly, as the great body of evil is reduced to carbon dioxid, — as the brute past sinks, as Humanity, now in the darkness with the roots of things, pushes above the soil, blades like the wheat, like the hyacinth, springs like the oak, like the palm, — matters will improve. Then, ah, then will the visitants come, the seraphs from afar!

III

What has this to do with woman? Much, oh, much! What has woman to do with this? More than you think, my friend, more than you think! For woman is half of humanity, and, broadly speaking, the altruistic half.

I am a woman, and I have faith in women. I know their weaknesses. We are hearing a good deal about these just now; we are likely to hear more. I know that they are inaccurate — but not often so as bookkeepers. I know that they are credulous — many of them. On the other hand, there are among them few false prophets. And credulity is the very thing in which they are improving. They are not half so credulous as they were; indeed, it is not too much to say that a fair proportion of them are growing critical. Inconsequent? Well, perhaps a certain number, and along certain lines. I have never seen much inconsequence when they were in earnest. It is a word that cannot possibly be applied to womanhood in the round. I know that many of them wear murdered birds in their hats, and I wish they did n't. I doubt if they do so much longer. I know that they play bridge — some of them. But there is little gambling, I should say, and an enormous number of women scarcely know one card from another. I don't think they gossip as much as they did; there are more interesting things to talk about.

I have heard the amazing accusation that they are lawless. (The lawlessness of women! Just heavens! Where are the statistics? What of her extraordinary respect for her policeman — *any* policeman — her pastor, and her lawyer?) I know they have, many of them, a sinuous, an indirect way of approaching and of obtaining the object or the end which they desire. It is a grave fault — perhaps their gravest. But, in the name of God, who is responsible for it? To-day, from half the pulpits of the land, by the press, by whom not, woman is told, "Continue as you are! Pursue the methods you were forced to use when you were the cowering mate of a savage half as strong again as you! Do as you did when you were Elizabeth

of Hungary, and your lord demanded what you carried gathered in your apron. Say as you said then, 'Roses,' although, in fact, it is bread for the poor! Do as you did when you were Godiva of Coventry. Petition; and however degrading a price your lord exacts for the lifted tax, *pay it!* Beg, and if refused, *manœuvre!*" It is not improbable that the phrase which, in the next few years, will become most distasteful to a naturally self-respecting and straightforward woman — and there are hundreds of thousands of such — will be the phrase "indirect influence." She is in train to hear it from many lips. It means, *Make me comfortable, and I will see what I can do about it.*

Immorality? There are prostitutes, there are immoral women. There will come some rain-washed, star-spangled night when there will be vastly fewer of these. The great mass of woman-kind is pure. Divorce? After all, not many women are divorced, and of those who are, a great number may be held quite guiltless of wrong-doing. The remedy for divorce lies in education and in more careful marriage laws. Just so long as in the training of the child we blink every basic fact of life; just so long as we split temperance, chastity, right-living, into two standards, attempting with brute blindness to divide the indivisible and to make of Eternal Law a double-faced Janus, one aspect toward the man, another toward the woman; just so long as hordes of the Unfit hurl themselves, *en masse*, into marriage; just so long as these things obtain will there be needed a wide exit from that estate. It should be a high and sacred Temple of Life, entered only by true, warm, and mutual love, by reverent regard for the human life that the man is to kindle and the woman is to bear. To the ignorant, to the rash and weak, to

the most miserable, to the Unfit, it has become the Pit of the Inquisition. Discourage, with all the wisdom of which we are capable, the mating of the Unfit; encourage far, far more than we do now encourage, the mating of the Fit! So will we bring aid to the anxious millions of the future — to the children of the vast, blue hall in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, the Unborn Children. They wait in the unearthly light, the Unborn Children, each attending his summons, each with some symbol of what he is to do or to become in that Life toward which he is voyaging. Time opens the door. "You — and you — and you!" — "Wait, Father Time, wait until I get my father's birthday gift — the disease I am to carry with me always! But when he sees the grandchildren I shall give him —" "Wait, wait, Father Time, until I find the jug marked Old Bourbon!" — "I can't come any quicker, sir. I'm lame. Mother worked overtime — ten hours and a half, and nine looms to mind." And out they troop, the Condemned.

Verily, womanhood is not without blemish; nor is manhood. Imperfect, frail, and tarnished, are they both. But as surely as I sit here in this sunny window, writing these words, Woman has on her side the Future. She is willing to rest her case with the Unborn, in the vast, blue hall, undulating with light, sapphire as the sea or as the Madonna's robe. "I was weak, my children — weak and ignorant. I was a stupid mother. I did not know just how to go about things — it was all so new. But was I not right to make the fight? It was for the right kind of a home for you — and that you should have strong bodies and clear eyes and a right spirit. O my daughters, was I not right to develop myself, to make them give me education, to make them give me liberty? How could I use my powers until I had

trained them? How could I even find that I had them until I tried? Where could I try but in the place of trial? Where could I get my training but in the arena of life? There is none other provided. *Yea, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus.* I fought that you might be fair and chaste and strong and free and wise, and I conquered! — O my sons! it was for you, too, that I fought. They say that in the long, long past, I brought you in my arms, a sacrifice to Moloch; that upon the Ganges I gave you to the river, a sacrifice to the crocodile. I know not; my life has been very long; I have done wild things. But oh, a million times more often have I been the sacrifice! I have been the scapegoat of the world. But when I fought at last, it was for you, too, that I fought. I fought that you might be fair and chaste and strong and free and wise, and I conquered! For I would be the mother, not of Death, but of Life; not of slaves, but of heroes."

Will she not have recognition in the vast, blue halls? Yea, verily, she will! And not she alone, the Mother, — the vital point of this matter, the central figure among women, the one almost solely important to Nature, however it may be with the End whom Nature serves, — but those others will be welcomed, the women who have never married, who have only helped other people's children, who have only served. They, too, reproduce in their own way, but their children are ideas, — brain children. Brain children are of great consequence in the future, but they do not fill the human arms. Thus it is the unmarried women are good soldiers in the Woman's War. They are stanch legionaries; they make a strong color-guard. But the bearer of the colors is Nature's masterpiece, and the colors are — One says they are one thing, and one says they are another. To this man the banner seems blood-red, to an-

other it is a washed-out white, a third sees a mere flag of revolt, a fourth, somewhat wiser, the eagles of human progress. One cries, "An uprising of the Helots!" Another smiles, "Psha! A sleazy piece of cambric! Vague feminist discontent." A spirit, in act to cross from a higher sphere, might pause to mark the approaching army; might say, "I see the ensign — and it is a babe in arms."

The future — the future! What will be the religion of the future? It will be — the Future. Why, how mad are we with our Shintoism, with our ancestor-worship! binding our feet because our great-grandmothers bound theirs; pouring our minds into the mediæval mould, into the eighteenth-century mould, long after candle-moulds have been discarded in favor of electric light!

What is ancestor-worship? It is worship of what we were, — we — we — we who tread the earth to-day! What is worship of posterity? It is worship of what we may become — worship of the many-whorled flower potential in the daisy of the field; of the deep and glowing rose potential in the stem; of the rustless wheat, of the finer form, of the nobler mind, of the woman wonderful as the Venus of Melos; of the man a demi-god, a Prometheus Unbound; of the child — ah, what birthday gifts may we not bring the child in that future in which we — we — we shall still tread this Earth! Beyond that fair estate of the future, what far and fair futures yet; what vistas, what grandeurs, what harmonies, what growth!

Religion! What is religion? Faith, — the theologian will tell you, — and Works. Neither has much to do with the past. You can believe that a thing happened in the past, but you can hardly exercise faith toward the past. Faith is the worker at the loom of the moment, the weaver of the future into

the present. We live by faith, backed with memory. Faith is the substance of things hoped for. Faith without Works is dead. And Works? How is it possible to work for the past? And Hope? How is it possible to hope for the past? And Love? It is possible to love the past. There was much in it that was lovable. But it is more helpful to love the future! We are sweeping out of the realm of brute force into the realm of intellectual force; out of the arid and dead lands of Egoism into the fair country of Altruism. One day, one great Sunday of the World, to the sound of deeper, richer, more golden-tongued bells than ever we heard in our loveliest dream, Altruism will wake to conscious unity with the Absolute — which is God.

Between us and that day lie many battlefields — ages of battlefields. There will be defeats and victories. The defeats lie nearer to us; beyond them is the zone of victory. Even to-day in

the fight for the Unborn Babe the allied forces are large. Men are fighting, boldly and well. Women are fighting; more and more and yet more of women. But their arms are antiquated. If they had even an old smooth-bore musket or a Revolutionary flint-lock! but they have n't any weapon at all — not what a man would call a weapon. They have a thing called "indirect influence," the indirection of which is extreme indeed. It has been claimed that they are furnished with an ancient arquebuse called "Virtual representation." *Virtual* representation? There is no such thing in the field of law, nor, I should imagine, in any other field. The elector is *directly* represented by the man he sends to the legislature. An army corps "virtually represented" on the battlefield, sounds somehow like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. The arm the women want is the standard one of tested efficiency. It is called the Ballot.

"AUTRE FOIS"

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

'T is not this April day one sees,
Beguiled the way of orchard trees
'Neath snows of bloom and starting
green —

Oh, not alone this spring I ween!
Nor this spring's bird the Lover
hears —
But all the birds of other years.

Dimly the senses apprehend
The amber sunset's fragrant blend

Of buried loves and dear unrest —
That linger in the blossomed West,
As ecstasies of Mays long flown
To lyric heavens of their own.

Yet, heart of Nature's mystery!
Within each budding prophecy,
Each songful miracle of dawn —
Faint Springs forever passed and gone,
Look back at us with April eyes
From memory's lost paradise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HANGING ON AND LETTING GO

THE black rainy day ended at last, and yet I had not answered the hard question clamoring through its solitude: "Will you let go, or hold on? You have passed seventy. For fifty years and more you have written for publication, thankful for earning a livelihood if not fame. Has not the time come, perhaps passed by, when you should take your place with old-time writers who have shown that they are not lacking in what has been called the art of retiring, — the saving grace of knowing how to make an exit, — of vanishing at the timely moment?"

Perhaps Charles Wagner did not have writers solely in mind when he wrote of those who, when their work was finished, could not resign themselves to picking up their tools and being off, but cheapened what they had once done by trying to equal if not surpass it. The aged Simeon was brought forward as an example. He had not waited to be told when he must go; he had said that *now* was the time, and presumably he had not lingered until forcibly ejected, — like some poets for instance (and not only poets), who will hang on for another round of applause.

Must one have lived seventy years to learn that letting go demands more heroism than hanging on? Hang on! was the clarion cry we heard in our childhood, only another version of the "Sail on!" of Christopher Columbus. And Casabianca? — but then Casabianca is called "a silly" by the children of to-day, because "he did n't cut and run," as they would have done when they saw the absurdity of holding on.

"This art of retiring," says Wagner,

"is a long one, the secret of gaining success in it lies in the thorough training of yourself in never lingering over anything — nor anywhere." Havlock Ellis says that all the art of living lies in the fine mingling of letting go and holding on. Here is a suggestion to keep one busy through the longest of black rainy days. Was So-and-So, who helped to make history, a letter-go, a hanger-on — or, what perhaps made a hero of him, a half-and-half? Was I going to hang on, when common sense dictated that I should let go?

And floundering in a quandary, I took up my December *Atlantic*, — not the first time it has served me in making a decision, just as my father used to make his Bible help him in a doubt. Scanning the Table of Contents (like Aladdin rubbing his lamp), I fixed upon "A Gift from his Youth" as what I needed; nor was I disappointed. Hear this: "There's no such thing as old age so long as you want to go on. . . . If you've got the instinct to go on, the strength will come. . . . Old age has nothing to do with the spirit. . . . Some people are [as] old at twenty [as at seventy] because they have given up wanting to go on." (And oh, how I wanted to go on!) And then decision wavered — wobbled — I hung on with one hand, and let go with the other, thinking that the writer of that ideal story could not be an old woman; if she were young, or comfortably middle-aged, as the great majority of writers about the experiences of the aged are pretty sure to be, was her wisdom to be relied upon? But granting that the writer wrote from imagination, or close observation, in describing the experiences of the aged as she did — their

spurts of physical exertion evaporating suddenly into depressing indecision; their throbbing sense of desolation "blighting every impulse"; their hopeless rebellion against old age; their causeless panics, defeating effort; their deadly conviction, that will not be downed, that they are no longer growing old, but are old, — could a centenarian have portrayed it all more perfectly? But then the inspiration that came to the old beau to go on, to hold on, the inspiration that came from the old sweetheart of the story, — that touch was by a youngling, I was sure.

So the next day saw me hammering away to finish a sonnet, that, if ever finished, and accepted for publication, will be one of the results of that charming story. And because of what it did for me, I am expecting a general revival in our magazines of writers who have been letting go, — poets, storytellers, essayists, those "antiques" who have been advised to "retire to the background that their shadow may not retard the growth of the sprouting grain." "Renounce," says Wagner to these, "in time; don't try to *be*, and to *have been* together." Not such bad advice, after all, I find myself saying now as I copy his words. To let go, when one wants to hold on, — to go on, — is n't that really a greater and braver thing to do than to hold on when one wants to let go? Selah.

TASTES

"My latest fad," said Harrington, "is this little library of the greatest names in literature. It is by no means complete, but the nucleus is there."

When Harrington speaks of his fads he does himself injustice. The world might think them fads, or worse. But I, who know the man, know that his fondness for things out of the way, insignificant, or neglected, is something

more than eccentricity, something more than a collector's appetite run amuck. In reality, Harrington's soul goes out to the worthless objects he frequently brings together into odd little museums. He loves them precisely because they are insignificant. His whole life has been a silent protest against the arrogance of success, of high merit, of rare value. His heart is always on the side of the *Untermensch*, a name given by the Germans, a learned people, to what we call the under-dog.

"My collection," said Harrington, "is as yet confined almost entirely to authors in the English language. Here is my Shakespeare, a first edition, I believe, though undated. The year, I presume, was about 1875. The title, you see, is comprehensive: *The Nature of Evaporating Inflammations in Arteries after Ligature, Accupressure, and Torsion*. Edward O. Shakespeare, who wrote the book, is not a debated personality. His authorship of the book is unquestioned, and I assure you it is a comfort to handle a text which you know left its author's mind exactly as it now confronts you in the page.

"Next to the Shakespeare you find my Dickens volumes, two in number. Albert Dickens published, in 1904, his *Tests of Forest Trees*. It has been praised in authoritative quarters as an excellent work of its kind. An older book is *Dickens's Continental A. B. C.*, a railway guide which I am fond of thinking of as the probable instrument of a vast amount of human happiness. Imagine the fond meetings and reunions which this chubby little book has made possible — husbands and wives, fathers and children, lovers, who from the most distant corners of the earth have sought and found each other by means of the Dickens railway time-tables. To how many beds of illness has it brought a comforter, to how many habitations of despair — but I must not preach. I

call your attention to the next volume, Byron. From the title, *A Handbook of Lake Minnetonka*, you will perceive that it is in the same class as my Dickens."

Harrington drew his handkerchief to wipe the dust from a thin octavo in sheepskin. "This Emerson," he said, "is the earliest in date of my Americana. William Emerson's *A Sermon on the Decease of the Rev. Peter Thacher* appeared in 1802, at a time when people still thought it worth while to utilize the death of a good man by putting him into a book for the edification of the living. The adjoining two volumes are by Spencer. Charles E. Spencer's *Rue, Thyme, and Myrtle* is a sheaf of dainty poetry which was very popular in Philadelphia during the second decade after the Civil War. Do we still write poetry as single-heartedly as people did? It may be. Perhaps we might find out by comparing this other volume by Edwin Spencer, *Cakes and Ale*, published in 1897, with the Philadelphia Spencer of forty years ago.

"I must hurry you through the rest of my books," said Harrington. "Thomas James Thackeray's *The Soldier's Manual of Rifle-Firing* appeared in 1858, and undoubtedly had its day of usefulness. Thomas Kipling was professor of divinity at Cambridge University toward the end of the eighteenth century. In 1793 he edited the volume I now hold in my hand, *Codex Bezae*, one of the most precious of our extant MSS. of the New Testament. I like to think of that fine old Cambridge professor's name as bound up with patient, self-effacing scholarship and a highly developed spirituality. But I digress. Cast your eye over this little group of foreign writers. Here is Dumas, — Jean Baptiste Dumas, — whose *Leçons sur la philosophie chimique*, delivered in 1835, were considered worthy of being published thirty years later. The quaint volume that comes next is by Du Mau-

rier, who was French ambassador to the Hague about 1620. The title, in the Dutch, is *Propositie gedan door den Heere van Maurier*, etc. — *Propositions advanced by the Sieur du Maurier*, one of the Regent's able and merry-hearted diplomats, I take it. And here is Goethe; he would repay your reading. Rudolf Goethe's *Mitteilungen ueber Obst- und Gartenbau* is one of the best books of the present day in its field.

"And finally," said Harrington with a flash of pride quite unusual in him, "the treasure of my little library — Homer; again a first edition."

"Homer!" I cried. "*An editio princeps!*"

"Nearly one hundred and fifty years old," he said. "The Rev. Henry Homer deserved well of his British countrymen when he gave to the world — it was in 1767 — his *Inquiry into the Measures of Preserving and Improving the Publick Roads of this Kingdom*."

Harrington sat down and eyed me doubtfully as if awaiting an unfavorable opinion. His face quite lit up when I hastened to assure him that his library was one of the most impressive collections it had ever been my good fortune to come across.

"Very few collections," I told him, "bear the impress of a personality. As a rule they are shopfuls of costly masterpieces such as any multi-millionaire may have if he does n't prefer horses or monkey dinners. But how often does one find a treasure-house like yours, Harrington, revealing an exquisitely discriminating taste in co-operation with the bold originality of the true amateur?"

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SUPERSTITION

Our family confesses itself to be one of those in which superstition is not quite extinct. The male members were

long since emancipated, but on the dis-taff side there is a hyperæsthesia in regard to Fridays. Attempts to explode Friday's bad luck have not succeeded very well among us. The last was made but two years ago, and at a most imprudent time; for it was but a few weeks before a wedding of great family importance that two of us so far forgot ourselves as to go away to pay a visit on a Friday. The visit began pleasantly. It was with old and hospitable friends. A cosy and confidential cup of tea was followed by a very cheerful dinner and an absorbing game of whist. Not until morning did consequences appear in the voice of one of us calling, "I think I've got the mumps."

Reader, I recovered in time, but it was as a brand snatched from the burning. Friday appears to me a sort of hiatus in the week. To save a life I would cut out a garment on that day, but not to oblige a friend. The time may come when our entire kindred will cast off the shackles of Friday, as we once did of thirteen at table. We have been seen to wear an opal brooch or ring, though none of us were born in July. We pass on stairways, and cut street corners. In fact, one reason for sticking to Friday is that we think it only consistent to preserve one superstition of bad luck, when we cherish so many on the *sunny side*.

That there is anything genial, cheering, or therapeutically valuable about superstition may seem a tall statement. The adjective generally associated with it is "dark." On the contrary, there is something very brightening about a four-leaved clover. Who is not a little more of an optimist for picking up a horse-shoe? What lonely farmer's wife, storm-bound on a winter afternoon, with unwelcome leisure on her hands, but feels a little quickening of the pulse as she drops her scissors and beholds them sticking up in the carpet? — or

discovers that she has laid an extra place at the table? Company-signs are the commonest and welcomest of all superstitions. The scissors — the needle — the dishcloth — the fork — the Saturday sneeze, all inculcate hospitality, and reward it, by an unexpected visitor. If the needle slants as it stands up in the crack of the floor, it foretells a gentleman! Run, young daughters of the house, and put a blue bow in your hair.

To show that superstitions have a friendly bias toward good luck, witness the couplets on sneezing and on birthdays. Here the good or harmless omen exceeds the bad in the ratio of *five to two*.

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,
on Wednesday, get a letter,
on Thursday, something better;
on Friday, sneeze to your sorrow,
on Saturday, company (or, as some say,
joy) to-morrow

Birthdays are rated as follows:—

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's, full of grace;
Wednesday's, merry and glad;
Thursday's, sour and sad,
Friday's, loving and giving;
Saturday's, works for a living

And even in picking up pins, the threat is but vague and mild compared with the reward for befriending the homeless pin. In the latter case, —

All the day you'll have good luck, —
whereas in the former, you will only —
wish you had n't passed it by.

If you pick it up sidewise, you are promised "a ride."

The "rain before seven," the apron wrong-side-out, the black cat coming to your house (which to the uninstructed might look sinister), the two spoons in a dish, the load of hay and cream-colored horse on which your wishes come true, the grain-of-the-table, the consoling "unlucky at cards, lucky in love"; the wishbone, the rice, the old shoe, the moon-over-the-right-shoulder

der, the double handshake, the cricket on the hearth, the bubbles in the tea, — all are friends and well-wishers for us. There is a difference of opinion as to the bird flying in at one's window. The majority pronounce it a bad omen; but certain old New Englanders maintain otherwise, and in my own experience it is the luckiest of signs. There was once a time when the last slice of bread on the plate was believed to force celibacy on the rash and hungry one who seized it; but of late it seems universally known as "the handsome husband," or "five thousand a year."

A belief in dreams is naturally one of the last strongholds of superstition, as it lies close to the respectable borders of the Psychical Research Society. Experience, however, too often upsets our theories, and takes away the fascinating bugbear we have cherished. I am in a position to prove that there is no harm in dreaming of a rat, or a wedding; or in repeating dreams before breakfast (except that no one will ever listen). On the other hand, to dream of snow, or of being aboard a ship, are private "good-luck signs" of my own. I do not by any means claim them exclusively, but I am left in an unwilling monopoly of them. Readers are more than welcome to them. I have tested them a dozen times, and never known them to fail.

Last year, however, marked a crisis in my traffic with dreams. Up to that period I had indulged a too-ready faith in the dictum that "Dreams are a mirror, in which we see our true selves." This seemed less a superstition than a plausible hypothesis. Its claims were, I thought, more than supported by a dream in which I saw with painful vividness my contemptible physical cowardice. I was stranded on top of a tower in a lake. I was aware that I was dreaming; and in a sort of inspiration I said to myself, —

"Now is a good chance to see if I have any courage at all. I am only dreaming. Let us see if, in a mere dream, I can't jump down into that lake, which is only an imaginary lake. Push me off the tower!"

Thus I commanded myself, but that obstinate coward refused, and I woke up, so to speak, on top of the tower.

This experience fixed my faith in the postulate that dreams are a true index to our characters; and for months after it I was proud of creditable dreams, and laid a flattering unction, and so forth; whereas dreams in which I behaved badly cast a long shadow of remorse. I was a slave to this superstition (as I now think it) up to six months ago. But a dream which I had then, represented me as a person of so little principle, such flagrant bad faith, and such perverted instincts, that I turned on the mirror theory and threw it forever out of doors.

As a last witness to the contention that superstition has an indulgent, friendly, sunny side, consider the dozen ways provided of changing one's luck at cards. If "picking geese" is thought vulgar (though I know a lady of the first water who does it) one can walk, or better, run, round one's chair; or if too stout, too crowded, or too comfortable to do so, one can "blow the luck" into the cards, when one's next deal comes round. Or by a risky declaration of trumps, or a harebrained lead of them, one can tempt that April goddess who favors the brave. This last is the most gallant and admirable of all superstitions. Older than "touching wood," it is more fearless than science itself. It resembles in miniature the great leap that Perseus took at the bidding of the wise goddess. Like other theories originating at cards, it is greatly applicable to life itself. It is that wisdom and valor of the heart which, in Froude's fine saying, "correct the follies of the head."

A PLEA FOR THE HALF-TRUTH

"THE average man lives, and must live, so wholly in convention that gunpowder charges of the truth are more apt to discompose than to invigorate his creed." So Stephenson wrote in a little essay on "Books which have Influenced Me," one of the most illuminating and helpful of all his delightful writings. But why the average man, only? We are all creatures of a very limited content. Even the wisest cannot assimilate much truth at once, and by most of us truth needs to be taken only in homœopathic doses. As the baby requires small portions of food taken regularly to keep it in good condition, and too much food is far worse for it (and causes more sickness) than too little, so the mind and soul of man need little bits of truth to feed upon, to furnish necessary strength and stimulus for growth and useful work; and these little bits need to be half-truths, not whole ones. Half-truths, you say: why not little whole truths, small, but each one perfect?

Truth is like a circle-symbol of the infinite, and returns upon itself. To surround and grasp a whole truth, mentally, is to secure inspiration for work in many different and apparently contrary directions. What we need is the half-truth, perhaps the quarter-truth; not the whole, but only so much of truth as furnishes us dynamic force for progress in a given direction. A great whole truth touched off within our minds all at once would be indeed a gunpowder charge, destroying, not invigorating, our powers. What both the individual and society need is the generation of just enough power to drive them around the circle—really an ascending spiral—gradually.

New half-truths, a few at a time, are necessary to supplement the old half-truths. When one round of life's spiral

is completed, we can look back upon the course traversed, and see the part-truths, that seemed once so mutually destructive that half of them must be false, harmonized and fitting perfectly into the completed, perfect truth. This is what upward progress means, and what human nature necessitates. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." When all is finished we behold at last the many segments, the many shining facets of truth, and know our old opponents—teachers of most dangerous errors as we used to think—possessed of that knowledge of the other side of truth necessary to complete and harmonize our own. So the conservative and the radical fight mightily for their half-truths, because the half-truth possesses and inspires them fully. Possessed of both halves, progress would seem hopeless. The forces urging in one direction would be negated by the forces urging in a contrary direction, and nothing would be accomplished. As men are constituted, upward progress to higher truth results from the over-emphasis of half-truths,—first radicals, then conservatives contributing their share,—until, the errors mixed in with each half-truth to make a complete working programme being burned out in the fires of conflict, the complete, symmetrical whole truth emerges, fused out of its seeming broken and opposing parts.

"T is a half-time" always in this world, when studying the present and its needs, "but time shall make it whole," when we look back from the higher level over the historic pathway trod.

Fortunately, men's minds are so constructed that they cannot, if they would, take in whole truths all at once. This is our salvation. The half-truth is our present strength and dynamic inspiration; the whole truth is our complete reward, when the work is done.

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THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE

BY CHARLES TERRY DELANEY

I

To describe a voyage across the North Atlantic, its dangers, and what it means in flesh and blood to the man on the bridge, will necessitate going into details which it is impossible for the general traveling public to know about unless told by one behind the scenes.

Let us take an ordinary summer voyage, say in the month of June or July, from Liverpool or Southampton. Let the ship be one of the flyers or one of the fast intermediate boats, conditions being about the same in both. After leaving port, the vessel's course takes her close to the land and its outlying dangers, through waters crowded with shipping. The master is not required to be on the bridge after his vessel is clear of harbor, therefore she is handed over to the officer of the watch. Except when rounding headlands, approaching harbor, or during fog, the master rarely mounts the bridge at all; everything is left in charge of the officer of the watch. There is no risk in this if the officer has had a sufficient amount of sleep. But does the officer in charge always get sufficient sleep to act quickly for the benefit and safety of those whose lives are in his keeping?

I answer, emphatically, "No." At

times he is no more fit to be left in charge than is a lunatic; and a moment's delay, a wrong order, or the slightest let-up in his vigilance, is often all that is required to send both the liner and its freight of between three and four thousand souls to the bottom.

Take, for example, a liner leaving Liverpool for New York. Before the saloon passengers embark, the vessel must be brought from dock to the embarking-stage. The usual time for arriving at the stage is between 2.30 and 3 P. M. Now, during the periods of high water, because of the tidal docks, it is impossible for a ship to leave dock at high tide and arrive at the stage at her appointed time. Our vessel, if her appointed time coincides with high tide, must therefore leave dock on the previous morning tide, say between 2 and 3 A. M. Here is where the hardship comes in. On the day of leaving dock, officers must be aboard their ship to receive mails, baggage, and specie, and also to get her ready for sea. They will probably leave for home about 5 P. M., but they must be aboard again the same night somewhere about 11 P. M., to bring the ship from her dock through the tidal basin to her anchorage in the river. Anchor-watches will then have to be kept. At 7 o'clock the

crew 'join up,' and from then until it is time to embark steerage passengers by tender, the officers will be busy attending to their various duties. About 2 P. M. the anchor will be hove up and the liner brought alongside the embarking-stage. At the stage the officers must stand at the gangways until all passengers are aboard and the gangways landed.

The sailing-hour may be 5, 6, or 7 P. M., but whatever the time, the officers must remain on stations until the ship has left the Bar Light Vessel astern. Should the ship leave at 5 P. M. it will be at least 6.30 P. M. before she is clear of the river and channel. The watches are set. The man who has the misfortune to be second officer, and the one who is his watch-mate, are in for more of it yet. The pair will barely have time to get their dinner, don night clothes, and square up their necessary writing. At 8 P. M. they must mount the bridge and take charge of a vessel valued at perhaps seven million dollars; cargo, mail, specie, and baggage worth another million at least; with about thirty-five hundred souls aboard.

The second officer, when he goes on the bridge, has been on his feet and without sleep for at least thirty-nine hours. To stand this his early training in sail has equipped him with the necessary vitality. But his case may be even worse; for should the weather be at all hazy he will have to remain on deck as stand-by officer until 2 A. M., to take soundings if required. In nothing are my statements exaggerated. I have experienced all that I have described, many times. I have been left in charge of a liner carrying a crew of five hundred, twenty-two hundred steerage passengers, three hundred second class and about three hundred first, in all about thirty-three hundred souls. These, in addition to the valu-

able ship and freight, have been under my charge at a time when I have been from thirty to forty hours on my feet, and without sleep or rest. The safety of all has depended on my vigilance at a time when soul, mind, and body have long been worn out. To keep awake at such times is torture; one must walk, walk, walk, and get through somehow; and all this in waters crowded with shipping and where vessels are subjected to the whims of tides! At no other time in their lives, perhaps, are passengers in such jeopardy. Just when an officer should be at his best and have all his wits about him, he is as heavy as lead and worse than useless.

The seamen who are to make the voyage in the ship 'join up' at 7 A. M. on the day of sailing. The vessel leaves the dock, assisted by men who were once sailors afloat, but who now elect to stay ashore doing dock-work. The seamen have no responsibility. If they can join on sailing-day, why not the officers? Would any company not be better served by employing a staff of relief officers for such times as come round to all vessels during the course of a year?

Some years ago elaborate plans were drawn up for the safety of liners when clear of the land. I refer to the tracks agreed upon by the leading steamship companies. These tracks no doubt are a good thing and do minimize the risks of an ocean passage; but the gravest and most unwarrantable risks are taken in the very worst places in the world — the English channels — and under the worst possible conditions. Sailors on leaving port, often muddled through drink, are of no assistance to the officer in keeping a lookout. The officers, though not through drink, are worse than muddled. Their faculties are impaired, their eyes are almost closed, their bodies are worn out; all this through false economy, or ignorance

and bad management, on somebody's part. Until some fine vessel with her precious cargo is sent to the bottom through collision, these things, I believe, will not be rectified. It is only by good luck that this has not happened already. But luck will change some day. Who will pay the piper then? Not the worn-out man on the bridge, I hope.

II

And who is the man on the bridge?

I have often been asked by passengers, 'Who is that boy on the bridge? Where is the captain?' And I have answered with as good a grace as possible under the circumstances. One cannot expect these land-lubbers to know much concerning ships' 'boys'; but being one of them, I should like to explain who the 'boys' are, what their training and responsibilities. I may as well say at the outset that often they are the executive officers of the ship. Upon their skill, knowledge, and judgment, depends the safety of the liner and all aboard.

The majority of British boys destined for a sea-career start upon it at the early age of thirteen or fourteen. Boys choosing the navy or the coastal trade begin even earlier, but it is in the future officer of the mail-boat that our inquisitive passenger is interested. A natural conclusion is that the officers of mail and passenger-steamers must be of good parentage. This is so in nine cases out of ten. Although it is still possible, in the language of the sea, to come in through the hawse-pipe and go out by the poop, — in other words, to rise from an ordinary sailor to captain, — yet this possibility has practically died, in so far as it concerns liners. Therefore, parents who wish their boys to reach the top in the best class of vessel, spare no expense on their early training, and in the

majority of cases hand their sons over to the tender (?) mercies of a cadet-ship. But no matter how long a time a boy elects to stay aboard the cadet-ship, there is very little allowance made for it by the British Board of Trade. He must go through his deep-water training of three or four years before he is eligible to be examined for a second mate's certificate. The usual procedure after leaving the training-ship is for a boy to become a premium-bound apprentice to a firm owning sailing-ships. Indentures are signed for a four years' term. The boy's parents are required to pay from thirty to one hundred pounds, the amount depending upon the standing of the firm or the class of ship. After indentures are signed the real sea-work begins. Within a week the boy will be shunted off to join his ship.

The time is a critical one for the apprentice. He is entirely 'on his own.' After a very few days he is expected to find his way aloft and carry out any little odd jobs which do not call for much experience. Light men, light sails, is the code aboard a sailing-ship. The ship may be rolling, rails under, but this raises no pity for the boy: he must do his share along with the men. Boys as a rule, after very little experience, and after the softness has been knocked out of them, really enjoy this battling with the elements. They feel that they are doing a grown man's work, which after all is the only compensation a sea-life offers.

One can see logic in this toughening process in so far as it concerns the nerves, but when it comes to expecting a boy to do a man's work on a meagre and disgusting diet, the logic is less convincing. One would naturally suppose that the food given to growing boys would be of good quality and quantity; but this is not so, as the writer knows through bitter experience. Loss

of sleep owing to the four-hours-on-deck and four-hours-below system, with an all-night job on the yards thrown in occasionally; exposure in all weathers, and other hardships incidental to a life at sea, sink into insignificance if one is fed properly.

By the time the boy's four years are up, he is able to stand loss of sleep and exposure in all weathers, and is a good sailor in such matters as steering, knotting and splicing, or making and furling sail. While he has been learning the practical work, his studies also have received attention. To enable him successfully to pass his examination for second mate, he must prove to the examiners that he is capable of navigating a ship to any part of the world by means of sun and sextant. He must also produce his 'ambulance,' or first-aid certificate. If this is in order he will be handed his certificate for second mate. Officially he is recognized as a man capable of carrying out a second officer's duties on any class of vessel, be it schooner or liner. This at the age of eighteen or thereabout.

Armed with his certificate, he finds no difficulty in securing a berth as second mate in sail. His new duties call for tact, nerve, self-confidence, and a capacity for handling the toughest men in the world. On many a wild night he will be left in entire charge of a ship under canvas.

The British Board of Trade demands that a candidate for a first mate's certificate must have served as second mate for one year in sail, or at least eighteen months as third mate in charge of a watch in steam. He must satisfy the authorities that he is competent to navigate a vessel anywhere by means of sun and stars, that he has a sound practical knowledge of chart-work, and can also find the error of compasses by star or sun azimuths. His examination in seamanship is more thorough

than that for second mate, and includes the stowing and care of cargoes.

Granted his certificate, and having secured a berth as first mate, his duties are about the same as those of second mate, with this difference: he is the working man of the ship. He must plan and carry out the work as he thinks best for the safety of his ship in all weathers. Naturally the captain will keep a watchful eye on him for a time, but will not interfere with his work if it is going along satisfactorily. After twelve months in sail as first mate he is qualified to sit for his master's examination.

The word master is synonymous with captain. According to the British authorities, one is not entitled to be called captain unless one holds the King's commission; therefore the word captain when applied to the man in command of any vessel other than a man-o'-war is a misnomer, though men were called captain when in command of merchant ships long before such a thing as a navy existed.

To pass the master's examination successfully a mate must show that he can navigate a vessel by means of the sun, moon, and stars; that he can compensate the error of a compass by means of magnets. In seamanship he must give satisfaction in every detail. In addition to navigation and seamanship he is expected to know all about charter-parties and bills of lading, or any other business connected with maritime law. Signaling by Morse and semaphore, which is included in the mate's examination, also finds a place in the master's.

By the time our friend the boy is the possessor of a master's certificate, he is far ahead in what can be considered a man's work of the boy who stays ashore. The minimum age-limit for the holding of a master's certificate is twenty-one years, and the majority of

apprentices reach this goal at about that age.

There is still one more examination, and that is for extra master. This examination is honorary, and few go in for it. It treats of the theory of navigation, trigonometry, stability, naval construction, specific gravity, magnetism, metacentric heights, momentum, chart-making, and a host of other scientific subjects. Those aspiring to an officer's position on a liner must take this examination. The writer obtained this certificate at the age of twenty-two, and this is nothing out of the ordinary. But as the minimum age-limit for seventh officer on a liner is twenty-three years, the young man has still two or three years to wait before he is eligible for an officer's position.

The 'boys,' therefore, who officer passenger-steamers are boys in appearance and age only. In experience they are men in every sense of the word. The 'boy' on the bridge often has higher qualifications than the master. No matter what might happen to the master or the majority of the officers of a liner, if there were one certificated officer left, the passengers need have no fear of her not coming into port.

III

Now let us skip a couple of the most uneventful days of an ordinary voyage and place our ship somewhere in the vicinity of the fog regions, the Banks of Newfoundland. As most intelligent persons know, the Banks of Newfoundland in the summer months are crowded with fishermen. Icebergs also, in the months of June and July, make their appearance in great numbers. Now, a sailor above all men likes to see where he is going, and what is awaiting him on the line of his course. This is just what he cannot do in the summer months when crossing the ice-track and

the Banks of Newfoundland. Fog usually envelops his ship, often making it impossible for him to see the stern-head. The British authorities demand that a master be on the bridge of his vessel at all times during fog. And since fog very often extends from the Banks right into New York, it frequently falls to the master's lot to remain on the bridge sixty or seventy hours, this of course depending upon a vessel's speed. The officers in such cases maintain their ordinary sea-watches, and in comparison to the master come off lightly. The master's, in such cases, is supposed to be the guiding hand.

I have seen a master sixty years of age or thereabout stand on a bridge for over seventy hours, with eyes that were useless through strain, and hearing impaired by the constant shrieking of the fog-whistle. Is it right to expect such a man to command in case of emergency? In justice to the master and the passengers alike, should not the command be handed over to the chief officer? He is quite as capable a man as the master, and is not played out in mind and body, and may be expected to do the right thing at the right moment for the benefit of all concerned. I have often noticed passengers looking up at the bridge to see if the master is there. If they catch a glimpse of him they go away thinking that all is well. A fallacy! Certainly during the early stages of a fog he is the right man in the right place, if assisted by good officers; but after his limit is reached, he is in the way, and the law ought to demand that he give place to better men. I mean nothing derogatory to any master in what I have said. They know, and I know, that whatever action they take in an emergency will be taken mechanically and without thought.

Passengers also add to the difficulties during fog. For some unaccountable reason they all seem bent on playing

shuffleboard right under the bridge. Their shouts, laughter, and the noise of the boards, all add to the discomforts of the man on the bridge. His attention is diverted from the business in hand; picking up another vessel's fog-horn is made much more difficult by these irrelevant noises. I hope that this prod in a much-needed direction will prove fruitful. It is given with good intention.

But a thick fog is not our worst enemy. When the fog crowds in, an officer shows no hesitation in calling the master and sounding the whistle. But in hazy weather — sailor language, 'one part clear to two parts thick' — many officers hang on without doing either, especially if the master has just been on the bridge for a stretch. It is a risky business. Eyes and ears are both called on, whereas in a thick fog hearing is the only sense that can be used.

A narrow escape happened to me about six years ago when in charge of a ship carrying a full passenger-list. The night being hazy and the ship in the ice-track, I kept hanging on, until finally, after giving up hope of the weather's clearing, I did decide to call the master and start the whistle. The responsibility was his, not mine. But before this could be done, almost alongside the ship was an iceberg towering up about three hundred feet. The ship passed within twenty feet of it, going at the rate of twenty-one knots; had there been a submerged trailer attached to the berg the ship's bottom would have been ripped open. Cold as I was at the time, I went colder still and vowed that I would never again take such risks. Had the whistle been sounded it is possible that warning of the berg's approach would have been given me by the echo. Needless to say, I called the master after the danger had passed, and kept mum over the affair, too.

But sailors are forgetful creatures:

a wise Providence makes them so; if we stopped to think over our hardships and dangers, the majority of us would throw up the dog's life in disgust. The very next voyage, we were going along at the rate of about twenty knots an hour, in hazy weather, just where the tracks cross. With hardly a moment's warning the lights of another vessel — the *Deutschland*, twenty-three knots — hove in sight about an eighth of a mile away, dead ahead. There was just time for us both to hard-a-port, swing clear, and pass within a hundred feet of each other. Fright number two completely cured me of any disposition to hang on in the future. The German was going a full twenty-three knots and we a good twenty, the sea being smooth at the time. Again luck was in my way, for nobody was about except the few sailors washing the decks, the time being the middle watch, midnight to 4 A. M.

While on the subject of fogs, let us consider the question of speed and see how we stand on that score. I have often been asked by friends what speed we maintain during fog; but not being in a position at the time to answer truthfully, I have hedged. I know that our honest friends the fishermen look upon passenger-steamers as monsters of destruction, and their officers as little short of murderers. They accuse us of going full speed ahead in fog without sounding our whistles, and their accusations, I admit, are in the main just. We often go full speed ahead in fog, but we do sound our whistles. After all, does it fall so hard on them? I doubt it.

So long as leviathans plough the ocean, the dangers for the fishermen will exist. Let us allow a very liberal margin, and estimate the average tonnage of fishing-schooners at five hundred tons, this figure far exceeding the actual tonnage. On the other hand,

let us take an average liner, not of the Mauretania class but rather of the Cedric class. Estimate her tonnage at about eighteen thousand to twenty thousand tons. Let her go ahead at her very slowest speed, and find herself in collision with a fishing-boat. If possible, reduce the Cedric's speed to two knots even, — what would happen? Well, there would be no schooner left. Now if collision is unavoidable, what difference does it make to the fishermen whether they are drowned by a vessel going twenty-five knots or by one going only two? Their chances of coming out on top are *nil* in both cases. At both speeds a liner would crush the fishing-schooner as if it were an eggshell, without feeling the least shock. And the liner going full speed stands a better chance of avoiding collision than she does on reduced speed. It must be recognized that these monsters require speed, to be thoroughly under control. While speed is maintained they will answer their helms quickly, and by the use of the propellers spin round like tops nearly within their own length. On reduced speed they are slow and difficult to handle; therefore I affirm that it is to the best interests of all concerned that full speed in fog be maintained when on the broad ocean.

But let me hasten to add that I do not advocate full speed in fog in narrow waters, nor approaching land, nor across the ice-track. Crossing the Atlantic from east to west, or vice versa, the majority of vessels met with are steering in the same direction as the liner, or in opposite directions. Only when approaching land are vessels seen to be steering courses at right angles. Here is where the real danger for the liner comes in, in foggy weather. In an end-on collision between a liner and a smaller vessel, the chances are that the liner will come off with only a few bow-plates damaged, while in all probability

the other vessel will go to the bottom. In a right-angle collision it is possible for the smallest of vessels to do a liner serious harm. Many will remember the incident of La Bourgogne. This vessel attempted to cross the bows of a sailing-ship — the Cromartyshire. The officer on watch underestimated the latter's speed, and the result was a right-angle collision and the loss of the liner and many hundred lives. The Craigie and Elbe collision offers another striking illustration of the seriousness of a right-angle collision. The latter vessel, a large German liner, was sunk by the former, a small coasting-steamer. Understanding, then, what danger there is, in approaching the tracks of crossing vessels masters and officers of liners do not go full speed ahead in foggy weather. The ordeal would call for too great a strain.

But no matter at what speed a liner may be going in fog, she is always open to criticism. Article 16 of the *Rules of the Road*, to be observed by all vessels on the sea, irrespective of nationality, says: 'In fog, mist, or falling snow, or heavy rainstorms by day or night, all vessels shall go at moderate speed,' etc. Note that the article says, 'moderate speed.' No definite speed is stated, therefore the article itself is open to criticism. Take the case of two vessels, one of twenty and one of eight knots' speed. In fog each slows down to what is apparently a moderate speed for her. The twenty-knot vessel, at slow, will probably go about ten knots, while the slower vessel will move through the water at about four. Both are going at moderate speed, yet the twenty-knot vessel's 'moderate' exceeds the slower vessel's full speed. Both are reduced to the slowest speed compatible with safety, but should the two vessels collide, the officers of the faster vessel would not have a leg to stand on at any court of inquiry. No

allowance would be made for the speed it is necessary to maintain in the first vessel's case for the quick handling of her. Size demands speed for safety, and until the law is altered and a graduated scale of speeds is allowed according to tonnage, the law is a gross injustice to the officers of fast-moving vessels; their certificates and professional reputations are at stake all the time.

But full-ahead across the ice-track is a different 'proposition.' Under no circumstances is full speed justifiable there. Collision with an iceberg is quite a different matter from collision with a fisherman. Though it is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the weight of a berg, yet when one remembers that according to the laws of specific gravity only one-ninth of the weight—not height—is above water, the results of a collision would be greatly in its favor. I once heard a woman passenger ask the master what would happen if our ship struck the iceberg then in view. 'Madam,' he replied, 'the berg would go sailing on as if nothing had happened.'

All the harm any liner could do to an iceberg would be to displace a few tons of ice. Though no one can say with certainty how such fine vessels as the *Naronic* (White Star Line) and the *Huron* (Allan Line) went a-missing, yet in nautical circles it is taken for granted that both vessels foundered after collision with icebergs. Both were bound to the United States during the ice-season, and their courses necessitated their cutting across the ice-track. I can conscientiously say that in all the time I have followed the sea in liners, I have never been with a master who did not slow down in fog when crossing the ice-regions.

In approaching land under normal conditions of weather, navigating a liner is a simple matter. In fog the ap-

proach is full of danger. Here is another case where it is absolutely necessary to slow down. But even in this case,—leaving out the danger of crossing vessels,—if one could only be certain of one's position, the best policy would be to go full speed ahead. Near land—especially the New England coast—there are currents and streams whose strength and the direction of whose flow cannot be estimated unless one has been on the spot very recently. They are not tidal streams in the true sense, but depend in a great measure for their strength and the direction of their flow on the winds that have been blowing. A ship moving slowly through the water is at the mercy of these currents for a longer time than a vessel moving along at top speed, and it naturally follows that she is likely to be set off her course to a greater degree than the fast-moving vessel.

Again, the fact that navigation, owing to the uncertainty of the elements, is not an exact science, adds greatly to one's anxiety. For example: on British Chart No. 2480, Fire Island Lightship and Sandy Hook Lightship are given as being in the same latitude. All British books of instruction, coast-pilots, 'lights of the world,' etc., give both the same latitude, namely, 40° 28' North. Now, the latest American surveys place Fire Island Lightship in 40° 28' 40" North, and Sandy Hook Lightship in 40° 28' 2" North, a difference of nearly three-quarters of a mile. This is a very important matter, as it means steering a course a degree and a half more to the southward from Fire Island Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship. The three-quarters of a mile of difference between the two surveys is quite enough to pile any ship up high and dry.

Arrived in port, it is only natural to suppose that liner officers will make the best use of their time, which, after

all, may only be three days, or at most a week, to enjoy a well-earned rest. But certain of them — the juniors — are not allowed this privilege. After passengers have left, these officers must do gangway duty on an evil-smelling wharf, rubbing shoulders with coal-heavers and longshoremen. Instead of being allowed a whole night's rest without a break, their sleep is broken on account of having to keep watch and watch at the gangways. They do not have the responsibilities which fall to the lot of the senior officers, but their systems demand a rest, which is denied them, and which to a great extent passengers have a right to demand for them.

The homeward run needs no description, as it is about the same as the outward. But let us see what relaxation Liverpool offers after a voyage is completed. At the time of writing I have before me a letter from a friend of mine who is an officer on the *Lusitania*. The letter states that, owing to the ship's having to tie up to the Company's buoy in the river (on account of the low tides prevailing she was unable to dock), only two officers were allowed to go home, and only for twenty-four hours at a time. Just fancy! These officers, after cutting across the Atlantic at the rate of twenty-five knots an hour, were only allowed twenty-four hours to visit their homes; and, instead of being allowed a full night's rest, had to keep anchor-watches until their sailing-day came round. This, I admit, is an extreme case, but it is liable to occur more often in the future.

IV

So far, I have treated only of an ordinary summer voyage. Passengers look upon a winter passage as something to be dreaded and avoided, whereas really, so far as life and limb are concerned,

winter passages offer less risk. During the winter months, fog on the Banks of Newfoundland, or across the ice-track, is conspicuous by its absence. Icebergs have been carried south by the Arctic stream. Bank-fishermen have finished their catches and sailed for home. All that is left for passengers to fear is seasickness and a tossing about during heavy weather, which after all is good for one's liver. The man on the bridge welcomes winter with all its gales and high seas. The laugh is all on his side now. It is nothing to him to see hundreds of passengers laid low with seasickness. He can see where he is going and what is ahead of him.

But although winter presents fewer dangers, it brings greater privations. Having ploughed across all oceans and on all seas, I have no hesitation in declaring that the North Atlantic during the winter months is the worst place in the world for continuous bad weather. Cape Horn is completely outclassed. I have beaten around it a dozen times, yet I prefer it to the North Atlantic during the winter months. Of the hardships of a winter passage, I think that the cold weather experienced on approaching American shores is the greatest. The intense cold, which is never felt ashore in anything like the same degree, is intensified by the wind and by the speed of a fast-moving vessel. Ashore, the force of the wind is broken by mountains, hills, and buildings, but afloat it has a clear course, with only ships to oppose it.

In many vessels there are shelters built on the bridge; but for some unaccountable reason British officers prefer to stand out in the weather. They somehow cannot convince themselves that a proper lookout can be kept when looking through glass. Personally I prefer to be out in the weather when on watch on the bridge of a liner. I may be suffering unnecessary exposure, but

my mind is easier than it would be sheltered behind glass, and that after all is the chief consideration.

Keeping a good lookout when driving into a hard northwest squall, with hail, is a physical impossibility. Times without number I have seen the hopelessness of it, and have worried considerably while the squall lasted. My faith has been pinned on the man bound east. His vessel running before the gale enables him to keep a good lookout, and to clear out of the way of a vessel battling against it. This code is thoroughly understood by the men of the Atlantic.

The suffering which a winter voyage on the Atlantic entails upon the man on the bridge of a liner is considerable. No matter how much clothing one may have on, the icy wind will penetrate it and chill one to the bone. Walking up and down is often impossible because the bridge-deck is covered with ice and snow. For four hours almost in the one position this small hell must be endured.

I have often been told by officers in freighters that officers in liners do not know what bad weather is. Should one of my freighter brethren chance to read these pages, let me say to him that freighters, in comparison with liners, do not know what bad weather is. During heavy westerly gales the liner drives through with seldom a slow-down, while freighters with their low power simply bob up and down and make holes in the water. It is the cutting through a gale at high speed which makes the weather and sends the sprays and seas flying about. On certain vessels from land to land I have had oilskins and sea-boots on all the time when on duty, have been knocked flying off the bridge to the lower deck, and have seen part of the bridge with its three officers on it partly demolished, and the officers sent flying in all directions.

Then again the freighter men are not haunted by the fear of passengers, ignorant of the sea and its power, finding their way on deck. This fear has to be reckoned with by men on liners' bridges at all times during bad weather. The officer of the watch must use his discretion and knowledge in allowing passengers on deck. Many times his judgment will be questioned by passengers pitting their knowledge against his. Four years ago I was officer of the watch in a vessel going about nineteen knots into a moderately rough head sea. I had ordered the steerage passengers below off the fore-deck. A great deal of persuasion was necessary to convince the most stubborn and wooden-headed of them that it was for their benefit they were ordered below. Having cleared the decks and left a scuttle-hatch open for ventilation, my mind was at ease. But not for long. Two mutton-headed Swedes, more daring or ignorant than the rest, ventured on deck just as the vessel dipped and took a heavy sea over the bows. And that sea simply picked up those men and flung them about everywhere before I had time to stop the ship. One received a serious spinal injury in addition to a fractured thigh, and the other had both arms and a leg broken. For this I as officer of the watch was held solely to blame, and I suffered accordingly in the way of promotion. In matters of this kind the freighter officer has no worry, as all men aboard his ship are used to the sea and know its ways.

v

This paper would lose half its interest if no reference were made to record passages across the Atlantic. It is a well-known fact that there are tricks in all trades. The means resorted to, which I am about to describe, are practiced by nearly all navigators crossing

the Atlantic. Mention has been made of the tracks which were planned out and which all vessels must follow. These tracks, though they conduce to safety, do not represent the shortest distance across the Atlantic, say from the Fastnet to New York. Leaving New York, say in the month of June, a liner's course from Sandy Hook Lightship would be about S 84° E for one hundred and seventy-five miles. The course would then be altered to steer a little more northerly — N 87° E — for another ten hundred and fifty miles. This point when reached takes a vessel well to the eastward of the ice-track and is commonly called the 'corner.' Here the alteration of the course would be great, for the vessel, which up to the present has been steering almost due east, would have to follow the great circle track drawn from the corner to Fastnet Rock. Let this course from Sandy Hook Lightship to the corner represent one side of a triangle, and the great circle track from the corner to Fastnet Rock another side. At that point where the course suddenly alters to the northward an obtuse angle is formed. So far we have only two sides to our triangle, nor can we give it the remaining side.

As I cannot illustrate my argument by diagram, I will try to express what I mean in another form. From Sandy Hook Lightship to what is called 'the corner' is twelve hundred and twenty-five miles on the southern track on a straight course. Now suppose that for the sake of making a record passage a navigator chooses to leave the straight line at about eight hundred miles from New York and to strike up north on a great circle track of his own, different from the one he is supposed to follow: he may save about a hundred miles. Should he make a long cut and go only about five hundred miles, instead of the of-

ficial twelve hundred and twenty-five miles, on his straight-line course from New York before striking north, his distance by the time he reaches the Fastnet will be much less than the official distance. This reduced distance saves time; but the time on passage is divided into the official, or greater, distance to arrive at the average speed. Thus the time on passage will be correct, but the average speed based on the calculation that the whole official distance was traveled will be 'faked.' It is possible when vessels are on the southern track to make a big cut, because the angle in the rhumb or straight-line course is so acute. For the sake of a smart passage, it is best to keep as far north as possible. The farther north one keeps, the less the distance in traveling between two points lying east and west.

It is noticeable that the smartest passages are made on the westward run on the southern or summer track. This cannot be altogether attributed to the fact that a vessel makes time when steering west, but rather to the fact that the outward-bound vessels can keep well to the northward of their track without the fear of being seen and reported by homeward-bound vessels. However, if a homeward-bounder could only be certain that there were no outward-bound ships in his vicinity to the northward to pick him up, the passages and average speeds would equal those of these westward runs. Although the northern track is much shorter than the southern, yet by the time vessels take it, winter with its head seas is fast approaching, and the weather conditions are entirely opposed to record-breaking.

Knowing what goes on behind the scenes, I have no hesitation in declaring that the *Mauretania's* latest record, 26.08 knot's, was 'faked.' I do not believe for a moment, nor do the officers

aboard her, that she made that average covering the official distance. The *Mauretania's* time on passage only would be correct, and the average speed and distance made would be cooked. The reader may take it from me, that except by a miraculous fluke, all record passages are made on the westward run of a vessel supposed to be on the southern track. In the cutting, blame cannot be attached to any particular liner or to any particular ship. All are more or less guilty of the practice. Certainly there are a few conscientious men who do cover the whole official distance, but they are in a very small minority.

VI

Having discussed some of the responsibilities of a liner officer when on the bridge, let us turn to other of his duties. When it is remembered that the average crew of a liner borders on five hundred men, it goes without saying that there is work in plenty to maintain a strict discipline. This is, I believe, the hardest work that falls to our lot. Seamen, firemen, and stewards must be kept in their places and be made to perform their duties in a quiet, orderly manner. The last-named, owing to their being pampered and spoiled by passengers, are the worst to handle. The liberal tipping gives to servants aboard a ship too much money.

Any vessel, no matter what her class, should be ready for an emergency. All appliances aboard for the saving of life must be kept in order, ready for instant use. In passenger-steamers this work is increased owing to the fact that greater precautions must be taken because the great number of people aboard are ignorant of ships and their ways. Boat- and fire-drill must be carried out, and the crew allotted to their various stations. This is work enough in itself for any seven men, without their having

to perform bridge-duties. And for all these responsibilities, anxieties, exposures, and worries, not to speak of their expensive training and examination fees, what remuneration do liner officers receive as salary?

It is difficult to arrive at a definite scale of wages, as the leading companies pay slightly different wages and have different systems of payment. I shall not be far out, however, when I state that the salaries of the masters of the largest vessels range between three thousand and four thousand dollars a year. This is a rather liberal estimate. From chief officer downward the scale ranges from about fourteen hundred to four hundred dollars a year. Fourteen hundred dollars is a top figure, and is reached only after ten or fifteen years' service. An officer joining a liner as seventh officer will receive the magnificent salary of thirty-five dollars a month in return for his service, expensive training, and qualifications. In ten years he may reach fourteen hundred dollars. Out of this handsome income he will be obliged to keep himself in expensive uniforms, in addition to maintaining the outward appearance of a gentleman when ashore.

Such lavish generosity is the return the big steamship companies make to their officers who are in charge of ships valued at millions of dollars, not to speak of priceless cargoes, mail, and specie. Add to these the passengers, thousands of them, owing their lives to the skill of the man on the bridge, whose salary a decent clerk in America would scorn to accept.

There is this also about it. Size and speed have increased, while masters' salaries have considerably decreased. More voyages a year are made now than in former years. There is less home-life, on account of the shorter stays in port. Where in the old days

ships were ten days in port, they are now only three. Vacations are never granted; the only privilege in this direction is that once a year an officer may go home for all the time — usually three days — his ship is in port. Should an officer be foolish enough to fall sick through overwork, he soon finds himself on half-pay. Higher qualifications are demanded, and, above all, the demand made on the flesh and blood of the man on the bridge has increased fourfold. In every sense, a liner officer's life is a dog's life.

It is difficult to understand why it is followed by so many capable and well-educated men. The only reason the

writer can give is that the men on the bridge belong to that class of men who have the curse of the gypsy blood in their veins: the blood of wanderers, practically untamed men who cannot brook a quiet life. The same type of men is to be found in America, among cowboys, woodsmen, and miners. The breed is the same the world over.

In conclusion, I should like to say that what has been set down here cannot be applied in particular to any line, ship, master, or officer. The methods and practices are practically the same in all mail-lines, and differ only in details which do not affect to any marked degree what has been said.

THROUGH THE EYES OF THE GEOLOGIST

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

DURING the past few years I have had great pleasure in reading, or learning to read, the earth's history through the eyes of the geologist. I have always had a good opinion of the ground underfoot, out of which we all come, and to which we all return; and the story the geologists tell us about it is calculated to enhance greatly that good opinion.

I think that if I could be persuaded, as my fathers were, that the world was made in six days, by the fiat of a supernatural power, I should soon lose my interest in it. Such an account of it takes it out of the realm of human interest, because it takes it out of the realm of natural causation, and places

it in the realm of the arbitrary and non-natural. But to know that it was not made at all, in the mechanical sense, but that it grew — that it is an evolution, as much so as the life upon the surface; that it has an almost infinite past; that it has been developing and ripening for millions on millions of years, a veritable apple on the great sidereal tree, ameliorating from cycle to cycle, mellowing, coloring, sweetening, — why, such a revelation adds immensely to our interest in it.

As with nearly everything else, the wonder of the world grows, the more we grasp its history; the wonder of life grows, the more we consider the chaos of fire and death out of which it came; the wonder of man grows, the more we peer into the abyss of geologic

time and of low bestial life out of which he came.

Not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, not a green thing growing, not an insect of an hour, but has a background of vast eons of geologic and astronomic time, out of which the forces that shaped it have emerged, and over which the powers of chaos and darkness have failed to prevail.

The modern geologist affords us one of the best illustrations of the uses of the scientific imagination that we can turn to. The scientific imagination seems to be about the latest phase of the evolution of the human mind — this power of interpretation of concrete facts, this Miltonic flight into time and space, into the heavens above, and into the bowels of the earth beneath, and bodying forth a veritable history, a warring of the powers of light and darkness, with the triumph of the angels of light and life, that makes Milton's picture seem hollow and unreal. The creative and poetic imagination has undoubtedly already reached its high-water mark. We shall probably never see the great imaginative works of the past surpassed or even equaled. But in the world of business, of engineering, and of scientific discovery and interpretation, we see the imagination working in new fields and under new conditions, and achieving triumphs that mark a new epoch in the history of the race. Nature, which once terrified man and made a coward of him, now inspires him and fills him with love and enthusiasm.

The geologist is the interpreter of the records of the rocks. From a bit of strata here, and a bit there, he recreates the earth as it was in successive geologic periods, as Cuvier reconstructed his extinct animals from fragments of their bones; and the same interpretative power of the imagination is called into play in both cases, only the paleontologist has a much narrower field to work

in, and the background of his re-creations must be supplied by the geologist.

Everything connected with the history of the earth is on such a vast scale, — such a scale of time, such a scale of power, such a scale of movement, — that in trying to measure it by our human standards and experience we are like the proverbial child with his cup on the seashore. Looked at from our point of view, the great geological processes often seem engaged in world-destruction rather than world-building. Those oft-repeated invasions of the continents by the ocean, which have gone on from Archæan times, and during which vast areas which had been dry land for ages were engulfed, seem like world-wide catastrophes. And no doubt they were such to myriads of plants and animals of those times. But this is the way the continents grew. All the forces of the invading waters were engaged in making more land.

The geologist is made bold by the facts and processes with which he deals; his daring affirmations are inspired by a study of the features of the earth about him; his time is not our time, his horizons are not our horizons; he escapes from our human experiences and standards into the vast out-of-doors of the geologic forces and geologic ages. The text he deciphers is written large, written across the face of the continent, written in mountain-chains and ocean-depths, and in the piled strata of the globe. We untrained observers cannot spell out these texts, because they are written large; our vision is adjusted to smaller print; we are like the school-boy who finds on the map the name of a town or a river, but does not see the name of the state or the continent printed across them. If the geologist did not tell us, how should we ever suspect that probably where we now stand

two or more miles of strata have been worn away by the winds and rains, that the soil of our garden, our farm, represents the ashes of mountains burned up in the slow fires of geologic time?

Only the geologist knows the part played by erosion in shaping the earth's surface as we see it. He sees the ghosts of vanished hills and mountains all about us. He sees their shadowy forms wherever he looks. He follows out the lines of the flexed or folded strata where they come to the surface, and thus sketches in the air the elevation that has disappeared. In some places he finds that the valleys have become hills and the hills have become valleys, or that the anticlines and synclines, as he calls them, have changed places — the result of the unequal hardness of the rocks. Over all the older parts of the country the original features have been so changed by erosion that, could they be suddenly restored, one would be lost on his home farm. The rocks have melted into soil, as the snowbanks in spring melt into water. The rocks that remain are like fragments of snow or ice that have so far withstood the weather. Geologists tell us that the great Appalachian chain has been in the course of the ages reduced almost to a base level, or peneplane, and then reelevated and its hills and mountains carved out anew.

We change the surface of the earth a little with our engineering, drain a marsh, level a hill, sweep away a forest, or bore a mountain, but what are these compared with the changes that have gone on there before our race was heard of? In my native mountains, the Catskills, all those peaceful pastoral valleys, with their farms and homesteads, lie two or three thousand feet below the original surface of the land. Could the land be restored again to its first condition in Devonian times, probably the fields where I hoed corn and potatoes

as a boy would be buried one or two miles beneath the rocks.

The Catskills are residual mountains, or what Agassiz calls 'denudation mountains.' When we look at them with the eye of the geologist we see the great plateau or tableland of Devonian times out of which they were carved by the slow action of the sub-aerial forces. They are like the little ridges and mounds of soil that remain of your garden-patch after the water of a cloud-burst has swept over it. They are immeasurably old, but they do not look it, except to the eye of the geologist. There is nothing decrepit in their appearance, nothing broken or angular or gaunt or rawboned. Their long, easy flowing lines, their broad, smooth backs, their deep, wide, gently sloping valleys, all help to give them a look of repose and serenity, as if the fret and fever of life were long since passed with them. Compared with the newer mountains of uplift in the West, they are like cattle lying down and ruminating in the field beside alert wild steers with rigid limbs and tossing horns. They sleep and dream with bowed heads upon the landscape. Their great flanks and backs are covered with a deep soil that nourishes a very even growth of beech, birch, and maple forests. Though so old, their tranquillity never seems to have been disturbed; no storm-and-stress period has left its mark upon them. Their strata all lie horizontal, just as they were laid down in the old seas, and nothing but the slow gentle passage of the hand of Time shows in their contours. Mountains of peace and repose, hills and valleys with the flowing lines of youth, coming down to us from the fore-world of Paleozoic time, yet only rounded and mellowed by the eons they have passed through. Old, oh, so old! but young with verdure and limpid streams, and the pastoral spirit of to-day.

It was the geologist that emboldened Tennyson to sing,—

The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But some hills flow much faster than others. Hills made up of the latest or newest formations seem to take to themselves wings the fastest.

The Archæan hills and mountains, how slowly they melt away! In the Adirondacks, in northern New England, in the Highlands of the Hudson, they still hold their heads high and have something of the vigor of their prime.

The most enduring rocks are the oldest; and the most perishable are, as a rule, the youngest. It takes time to season and harden the rocks, as it does men. Then the earlier rocks seem to have had better stuff in them. They are nearer the paternal granite; and the primordial seas that mothered them were, no doubt, richer in the various mineral solutions that knitted and compacted the sedimentary deposits. The Cretaceous formations melt away almost like snow. I fancy that the ocean now, compared with the earlier condition when it must have been so saturated with mineral elements, is like thrice-skimmed milk.

The geologist is not stinted for time. He deals with big figures. It is refreshing to see him dealing out his years so liberally. Do you want a million or two to account for this or that? You shall have it for the asking. He has an enormous balance in the bank of Time, and he draws upon it to suit his purpose. In human history a thousand years is a long time. Ten thousand years wipe out human history completely. Ten thousand more, and we are probably among the rude cave-men or river-drift men. One hundred thousand, and we are—where? Probably among the

simian ancestors of man. A million years, and we are probably in Eocene or Miocene times, among the huge and often grotesque mammals, and our ancestor, a little creature, probably of the marsupial or lemur kind, is skulking about and hiding from the great carnivorous beasts that would devour him.

Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall
Walked about with puzzled look,
Him by the hand dear Nature took.
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou' these are thy race

I fancy Emerson would be surprised and probably displeased at the use I have made of his lines. I remember once hearing him say that his teacher in such matters as I am here touching upon was Agassiz, and not Darwin. But Nature certainly took his 'little man' by the hand and led him forward, and on the morrow the rest of the animal creation 'wore another face.'

II

In my geological studies I have had a good deal of trouble with the sedimentary rocks, trying to trace their genealogy and getting them properly fathered and mothered. I do not think the geologists fully appreciate what a difficult problem the origin of these rocks presents to the lay mind. They bulk so large, while the mass of original crystalline rocks from which they are supposed to have been derived is so small in comparison. In the case of our own continent we have, to begin with, about two millions of square miles of Archæan rocks in detached lines and masses, rising here and there above the primordial ocean; a large triangular mass in Canada, and two broken lines of smaller masses running south from it on each side of the continent, inclosing a vast interior sea between them.

To end with, we have the finished continent of eight million or more square miles, of an average height of two thousand feet above the sea-level, built up or developed from and around these granite centres very much as the body is built up and around the bones, and of such prodigious weight that some of our later geologists try to account for the continental submarine shelf that surrounds the continent on the theory that the land has slowly crept out into the sea under the pressure of its own weight.

And all this, — to say nothing of the vast amount of rock, in some places a mile or two in thickness, that has been eroded from the land-surfaces of the globe in later geological time, and now lies buried in the seas and lakes, — all this, we are told, is the contribution of those detached portions of Archæan rock that first rose above the primordial seas. It is a greater miracle than that of the loaves and the fishes. We have vastly more to end with than we had to begin with. The more the rocks have been destroyed, the more they have increased; the more the waters have devoured them, the more they have multiplied and waxed strong.

Either the geologists have greatly underestimated the amount of Archæan rock above the waters at the start, or else there are factors in the problem that have not been taken into the account. Lyell seems to have appreciated the difficulties of the problem, and, to account for the forty thousand feet of sediment deposited in Paleozoic times in the region of the Appalachians, he presupposes a neighboring continent to the east, probably formed of Laurentian rocks, where now rolls the Atlantic. But if such a continent once existed, would not some vestige of it still remain? The fact that no trace of it has been found, it seems to me, invalidates Lyell's theory.

Archæan time in geologic history answers to prehistoric time in human history; all is dark and uncertain, though we are probably safe in assuming that there was more strife and turmoil among the earth-building forces than there has ever been since. The body of unstratified rock within the limits of North America may have been much greater than is supposed, but it seems to me impossible that it could have been anything like as massive as the continent now is. If this had been the case there would have been no great interior sea, and no wide sea-margins in which the sediments of the stratified rocks could have been deposited. More than four-fifths of the continent is of secondary origin and shows that vast geologic eras went to the making of it.

It is equally hard to believe that the primary or igneous rocks, where they did appear, were sufficiently elevated to have furnished through erosion the all but incalculable amount of material that went to the making of our vast land-areas. But the geologists give me the impression that this is what we are to believe.

Chamberlin and Salisbury, in their recent college geology, teach that each new formation implies the destruction of an equivalent amount of older rock — every system being entirely built up out of the older one beneath it. Lyell and Dana teach the same thing. If this were true, could there have been any continental growth at all? Could a city grow by the process of pulling down the old buildings for material to build the new? If the geology is correct, I fail to see how there would be any more land-surface to-day than there was in Archæan times. Each new formation would only have replaced the old from which it came. The Silurian would only have made good the waste of the Cambrian, and the Devonian made good the waste of the Silu-

rian, and so on to the top of the series, and in the end we should still have been at the foot of the stairs. That vast interior sea which stretched, in Archæan times, from the rudimentary Alleghany Mountains to the rudimentary Rocky Mountains, and is now the heart of the continent, would still have been a part of the primordial ocean. But instead of that, this sea is filled and piled up with sedimentary rocks thousands of feet thick, that have given birth on their surfaces to thousands of square miles of as fertile soils as the earth holds.

That the original crystalline rocks played the major part in the genealogy of the subsequent stratified rocks, it would be folly to deny. But it seems to me that chemical and cosmic processes, working through the air and the water, have contributed more than they have been credited with.

It looks as if, in all cases when the soil is carried to the sea-bottom as sediment, and again, during the course of ages, has been consolidated into rock, the rocks thus formed have exceeded in bulk the rocks that gave them birth. Something analogous to vital growth takes place. It seems as if the original granite centres set the world-building forces at work. They served as nuclei around which the materials gathered. These rocks bred other rocks, and these still others, and yet others, till the framework of the land was fairly established. They were like the pioneer settlers who plant homes here and there in the wilderness, and then in due time all the land is peopled.

The granite is the Adam rock, and through a long line of descent the major part of all the other rocks directly or indirectly may be traced. Thus the granite begot the Algonquin, the Algonquin begot the Cambrian, the Cambrian begot the Silurian, the Silurian begot the Devonian, and so on through the Car-

boniferous, the Permian, the Mesozoic rocks, the Tertiary rocks, to the latest Quaternary deposit. But the curious thing about it all is the enormous progeny from so small a beginning, the rocks seem really to have grown and multiplied like organic beings; the seed of the granite seems to have fertilized the whole world of waters, and in due time they brought forth this huge family of stratified rocks. There stands the Archæan Adam, his head and chest in Canada, his two unequal legs running, one down the Pacific Coast, and one down the Atlantic Coast; and from his loins, we are told, all the progeny of rocks and soils that make up the continent have sprung, one generation succeeding another in regular order. His latest offspring are in the south and southwest, and in the interior. These are the new countries, geologically speaking, as well as humanly speaking.

The great interior sea—epicontinental, the geologists call it—seems to have been fermenting and laboring for untold eons in building up these parts of the continent. In the older Eastern States we find the sons and grandsons of the old Adam granite; but in the South and West we find his offspring of the twentieth or twenty-fifth generation, and so unlike their forbears: the Permian rocks, for instance, and the Cretaceous rocks, are soft and unenduring, for the most part. The slates, too, are degenerates, and many of the sandstones have the hearts of prodigals. In the Bad Lands of Arizona I could have cut my way into some of the Eocene formations with my pocket-knife. Apparently, the farther away we get from the parent granite, the more easily is the rock eroded. Nearly all the wonderful and beautiful sculpturing of the rocks in the West and Southwest is in rocks of comparatively recent date.

Can we say that all the organic matter of our time is from preexisting organic matter? one organism torn down to build up another? that the beginning of the series was as great as the end? There may have been as much matter in a state of vital organization in Carboniferous or in Cretaceous times as in our own, but there is certainly more now than in early Paleozoic times. Yet every grain of this matter has existed somewhere in some form for all time. Or we might ask if all the wealth of our day is from preëxisting wealth — one fortune pulled down to build up another, thus passing the accumulated wealth along from one generation to another. On the contrary, has not there been a steady gain of what we call wealth through the ingenuity and the industry of man directed toward the latent wealth of the earth? In a parallel manner has there been a gain in the bulk of the secondary rocks, through the action of the world-building forces directed to the sea, the air, and the preëxisting rocks. Had there been no gain, the fact would suggest the ill luck of a man investing his capital in business and turning it over and over, and having no more money at the end than he had in the beginning.

Nothing is in the sedimentary rock that was not at one time in the original granite, or in the primordial seas, or in the primordial atmosphere, or in the heavens above, or in the interior of the earth beneath. We must sweep the heavens, strain the seas, and leach the air, to obtain all this material. Evidently the growth of these rocks has been mainly a chemical process — a chemical organization of preëxisting material: as much so as the growth of a plant or a tree or an animal. The color and texture and volume of each formation differ so radically from those of the one immediately before it as to suggest something more than a mere mechan-

ical derivation of one from the other. New factors, new sources, are implied. 'The farther we recede from the present time,' says Lyell, 'and the higher the antiquity of the formations which we examine, the greater are the changes which the sedimentary deposits have undergone.' Above all have chemical processes produced changes. This constant passage of the mineral elements of the rocks through the cycle of erosion, sedimentation, and reorganization, has exposed them to the action of the air, the light, the sea, and has thus undoubtedly brought about a steady growth in their volume and a constant change in their color and texture. Marl and clay and green sand and salt and gypsum and shale, all have their genesis, all come down to us in some way, or in some degree, from the aboriginal crystalline rocks; but what transformations and transmutations they have undergone! They have passed through nature's laboratory and taken on new forms and characteristics.

'All sediments deposited in the sea,' says my geology, 'undergo more or less chemical change'; and many chemical changes involve notable changes in volume of the mineral matter concerned. It has been estimated that the conversion of granite rock into soil increases its volume eighty-eight per cent, largely as the result of hydration, or the taking up of water in the chemical union. The processes of oxidation and carbonation are also expansive processes. Whether any of this gain in volume is lost in the process of sedimentation and reconsolidation, I do not know. Probably all the elements that water takes from the rocks by solution, it returns to them when the disintegrated parts, in the form of sediment in the sea, are again converted into strata. It is in this cycle of rock-disintegration and re-formation that the processes of life go on. Without the decay of the

rock there could be no life on the land. Water and air are always the go-betweens of the organic and the inorganic. After the rains have depleted the rocks of their soluble parts and carried them to the sea, the waters come back and aid vegetable life to unlock and appropriate other soluble parts, and thus build up the vegetable and, indirectly, the animal world.

That the growth of the continents owes much to the denudation of the seabottom, brought about by the tides and the ocean currents, which were probably much more powerful in early than in late geologic times, and to submarine mineral springs and volcanic eruptions of ashes and mud, admits of little doubt. That it owes much to extra-terrestrial sources — to meteorites and meteoric dust — also admits of little doubt.

It seems reasonable that earlier in the history of the evolution of our solar system there should have been much more meteoric matter drifting through the interplanetary spaces than during the later ages, and that a large amount of this matter should have found its way to the earth, in the form either of solids or of gases. Probably much more material has been contributed by volcanic eruptions than there is any apparent evidence of. The amount of mineral matter held in solution by the primordial seas must have been enormous. The amount of rock laid down in Paleozoic times is estimated at fifty thousand feet, of which thirteen thousand were limestone; while the amount laid down in Mesozoic times — for aught we know, a period quite as long — was fully eight thousand feet, indicating, it seems to me, that the deposition of sediment went on much more rapidly in early geologic times. We are nearer the beginning of things. All chemical processes in the earth's crust were probably more rapid. Doubtless

the rainfall was more, but the land-areas must have been less. The greater amount of carbon dioxide in the air during Paleozoic times would have favored more rapid carbonation. When granite is dissolved by weathering, carbon unites with the potash, the soda, the lime, the magnesia, and the iron, and turns them into carbonates and swells their bulk. The one thing that is passed along from formation to formation unchanged is the quartz sand. Quartz is tough, and the sand we find to-day is practically the same that was dissolved out of the first crystalline rocks.

Take out of the soil and out of the rocks all that they owe to the air, — the oxygen and the carbon, — and how would they dwindle! The limestone rocks would practically disappear.

Probably not less than one-fourth of all the sedimentary rocks are limestone, which is of animal origin. How much of the lime of which these rocks were built was leached out of the land-areas, and how much was held in solution by the original sea-water, is of course a question. But all the carbon they hold came out of the air. The waters of the primordial ocean were probably highly charged with various chlorides and sulphates and carbonates, such as the sulphate of soda, the sulphate of lime, the sulphate of magnesia, the chloride of sodium, and the like. The chloride of sodium, or salt, remains, while most of the other compounds have been precipitated through the agency of minute forms of life, and now form parts of the soil and of the stratified rocks beneath it.

If the original granite is the father of the rocks, the sea is the mother. In her womb they were gestated and formed. Had not this see-saw of land and ocean taken place, there could have been no continental growth. Every time the land took a bath in the sea,

it came up enriched and augmented. Each new layer of rocky strata taken on showed a marked change in color and texture. It was a kind of evolution from that which preceded it. Whether the land always went down, or whether the sea at times came up, by reason of some disturbance of the ocean-floors in its abysmal depths, we have no means of knowing. In any case, most of the land has taken a sea-bath many times, not all taking the plunge at the same time, but different parts going down in successive geologic ages. The original granite upheavals in British America, and in New York and New England, seem never to have taken this plunge, except an area about Lake Superior which geologists say has gone down four or five times. But the Laurentian and Adirondack ranges have never been in pickle in the sea since they first saw the light. In most other parts of the continent, the see-saw between the sea and the land has gone on steadily from the first, and has been the chief means of the upbuilding of the land.

To the slow and oft-repeated labor-throes of the sea we owe the continents. But the sea devours her children. Large areas, probably continental in extent, have gone down and have not yet come up, if they ever do. The great Mississippi Valley was under water and above water time after time during the Paleozoic period. The last great invasion of the land by the sea, and probably the greatest of all, seems to have been in Cretaceous times, at the end of the Mesozoic period. There were many minor invasions during Tertiary times, but none on so large a scale as this Cretaceous invasion. At this time a large part of North and South America, and of Europe, and parts of Asia and Australia, went under the ocean. It was as if the earth had exhaled her breath and let her

abdomen fall. The sea united the Gulf of Mexico with the Arctic Ocean, and covered the Prairie and Gulf States, and came up over New Jersey to the foot of the Archæan Highlands. This great marine inundation probably took place several million years ago. It was this visitation of the sea that added the vast chalk-beds to England and France. In parts of this country limestone-beds five or six thousand feet thick were laid down, as well as extensive chalk-beds. The earth seems to have taken another great hitch in her girdle during this era. As the land went down, the mountains came up. Most of the great western mountain-chains were formed during this movement, and the mountains of Mexico were pushed up. The Alps were still under the sea, but the Sierras and the Alleghanies were again lifted.

It is very interesting to me to know that in Colorado charred wood, and even charcoal, has been found in Cretaceous deposits. The fact seems to give a human touch to that long-gone time. It was, of course, long ages before the evolution of man, as man, had taken place; yet such is the power of association that those charred sticks instantly call him to mind, as if we had come upon the place of his last camp-fire. At any rate, it is something to know that man, when he did come, did not have to discover or invent fire, but that this element, which has played such a large part in his development and civilization, was here before him, waiting, like so many other things in nature, to be his servant and friend. As Vulcan was everywhere rampant during this age, throwing out enough lava in India alone to put a lava-blanket four or five feet thick over the whole surface of the globe, it was probably his fire that charred the wood. It would be interesting to know if these enormous lava-flows always followed the subsidence of some

part of the earth's crust. In Cretaceous times both the subsidence and the lava-flows seem to have been world-wide.

III

We seem to think that the earth has sown all her wild oats, that her riotous youth is far behind her, and that she is now passing into a serene old age. Had we lived during any of the great periods of the past, we might have had the same impression, so tranquil, for the most part, has been the earth's history, so slow and rhythmical have been the beats of the great clock of time. We see this in the homogeneity of the stratified rocks: layer on layer for thousands of feet as uniform in texture and quality as the goods a modern factory turns out, every yard of it like every other yard. No hitch or break anywhere. The bedding-planes of many kinds of rock occur at as regular intervals as if they had been determined by some kind of machinery. Here, on the formation where I live, there are alternate layers of slate and sandstone, three or four inches thick, for thousands of feet in extent; they succeed each other as regularly as the bricks and mortar in a brick wall, and are quite as homogeneous. What does this mean but that for an incalculable period the processes of erosion and deposition went on as tranquilly as a summer day; there was no strike among the workmen, and no change in the plan of the building, or in the material.

The Silurian limestone, the old red sandstone, the Hamilton flag, the Oneida conglomerate, where I have known them, are as homogeneous as a snow-bank, or as the ice on a mountain lake; grain upon grain, all from the same source in each case, and sifted and sorted by the same agents, and the finished product as uniform in color and quality as the output of some great mill.

Then, after a vast interval, there comes a break: something like an end and a new beginning, as if one day of creation was finished and a new one begun. The different formations lie unconformably upon each other, which means revolution of some sort. There has been a strike or a riot in the great mill, or it has lain idle for a long period, and when it has resumed, a different product is the result. Something happened during each interval. What?

Though in remote geological ages the earth-building and earth-shaping forces were undoubtedly more active than they are now, and periods of deformation and upheaval were more frequent, yet had we lived in any of those periods we should probably have found the course of nature, certainly when measured by human generations, as even and tranquil as we find it to-day. The great movements are so slow and gentle, for the most part, that we should not have been aware of them had we been on the spot. Once in a million or a half-million years there may have been terrific earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, such as seem to have taken place in Tertiary times, and at the end of the Paleozoic period. Yet the vast stretches of time between were evidently times of tranquillity.

It is probable that the great glacial winter of Pleistocene times came on as gradually as our own winter, or through a long period of slowly falling temperature; and as it seems to have been many hundred thousand times as long, this preceding period, or great fall, was probably equally as long — so long that the whole of recorded human history would form but a small fraction of it. It may easily be, I think, that we are now living in the spring of the great cycle of geologic seasons. The great ice-sheet has withdrawn into the far north, — like snowbanks that linger in our woods in late spring, — where it still

covers Greenland as it once covered this country. When the season of summer is reached, some hundreds of thousands of years hence, it may be that tropical life, both animal and vegetable, will again flourish on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, as it did in Tertiary times. And all this change will come about so quietly and so slowly, that nobody will suspect it.

That the crust of the earth is becoming more and more stable seems a natural conclusion, but that all folding and shearing and disruption of the strata is at an end is a conclusion we cannot reach in the face of the theory that the earth is shrinking as it cools.

The earth cools and contracts with almost infinite slowness, and the great crustal changes that take place go on, for the most part, so quietly and gently that we should not suspect them were we present on the spot, and long generations would not suspect them. Elevations have taken place across the beds of rivers without deflecting the course of the river: the process was so slow that the river sawed down through the rock as fast as it came up. Nearly all the great cosmic and terrestrial changes and revolutions are veiled from us by this immeasurable lapse of time.

Any prediction about the permanence of the land as we know it, or as the race has known it, or of our immunity from earthquakes or volcanic eruptions,

or of a change of climate, or of any cosmic catastrophe, based on human experience, is vain and worthless. What is or has been in man's time is no criterion as to what will be in God's time. The periods of great upheaval and deformation in the earth's crust appear to be separated by millions of years. Away back in pre-Cambrian times, there appear to have been immense stretches of time during which the peace and repose of the globe were as profound as in our own time. Then at the end of Paleozoic time — how many millions of years is only conjectural — the truce of eons was broken, and the dogs of war let loose; it was a period of revolution which resulted in the making of one of our greatest mountain systems, the Appalachian, and in an unprecedented extinction of species. Later eras have witnessed similar revolutions. Why may they not come again? The shrinkage of the cooling globe must still go on, and this shrinkage must give rise to surface disturbances and dislocations, perhaps in the uplift of new mountain-ranges from the sea-bottom, now undreamed of, and in volcanic eruptions as great as any in the past. Such a shrinkage and eruption made the Hawaiian Islands, probably in Tertiary times; such a shrinkage may make other islands and other continents before another equal period of time has elapsed.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TOURISTS

BY E. S. BATES

A Journey is a Fragment of Hell.

— AWLIYAI EFENDI

A SILESIAN gentleman, Hentzner by name, who acted as traveling tutor in the last year of the sixteenth century, acknowledges that the troubles of a traveler are great, and finds only two arguments to countervail them: first, that man is born unto trouble; and secondly, that Abraham had orders to travel direct from God. Abraham, however, did not have to cross the Channel. Otherwise, perhaps, the prospect of sacrificing himself, as well as his only son Isaac, would have brought to light a flaw in his obedience. There was, it is true, the chance of crossing from Dover to Calais in four hours three hundred years ago, but in 1610 two ambassadors waited at Calais fourteen days before they could make a start; and making a start by no means implied arriving — at least, not at Dover. One gentleman, after a most unhappy night, found himself at Nieupoort next morning, and had to wait three days before another try could be made. Yet another, who had already sailed from Boulogne after waiting six hours for the tide, accomplished two leagues; and being becalmed for nine or ten hours, returned to Boulogne by rowing-boat, and posted to Calais, found no wind to take him across there, and had to charter another rowing-boat at sunset on Friday, reaching Dover on Monday between four and five in the morning. It was naturally a rare occurrence to go the whole distance by small boat, because of the

risk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was the most noteworthy exception. The noble lord made three attempts from Brill, and covered distances varying from a point just outside the harbor to halfway, but each time arrived at Brill again. Eventually, he went by land to Calais, where the sea was so dangerous that no one would venture, — no one except one old fisherman, whose boat, as he himself acknowledged, was one of the worst in the harbor, but who, on the other hand, did not mind whether he lived or died.

Going by the North Sea, the usual havens were Gravesend, and Flushing or Brill, in spite of Brill's shallow harbor-bar (passed on one occasion with only two feet of water under the keel, when 'Mr. Thatcher, a merchant of London, who had goods therein, was so apprehensive that he changed colours and said he was undone, "Oh Lord," and suchlike passionate expressions'). A forty-eight-hour passage was nothing to grumble at. Arthur Wilson, the historian of James I's reign, left Brill in an old twenty-five-ton mussel-boat, at the bottom of which he lay for three days and three nights, seasick and expecting drowning, until he came ashore at — The Hague.

Among many other experiences of the kind, that of John Chamberlain, the letter-writer, may be chosen. Setting out from Rotterdam, after twenty-four hours' sailing he had been within sight of Ostend and was back again at Rotterdam. There he stayed a fortnight, putting to sea at intervals and

always returning. Then the wind came fair for Calais, but veered round rather too soon, and the first haven the ship could reach was Yarmouth, after two days' running before the storm. It was low tide; the ship went aground while entering, and for some time it looked like being lost with all hands; but the keel slipped off again, and the waves drove the ship against the piles at the head of the breakwater. Some thought it worth while trying to jump ashore; three of these the others saw drowned, and one was crushed to death against the piles. But in the end the rest landed safely in boats, and buried the dead; and Chamberlain himself, after a winter evening spent wandering in the rain and wind about Newmarket heath, when his guides had lost their way, arrived in town at eleven p. m. on the twentieth day after first leaving Rotterdam.

On this route the ownership of the vessel might fairly be guessed by the amount of swearing that went on. Dutch ships had no prayers said, and rarely carried a chaplain even on the longest voyages; but swearers were fined, though it were no more than naming the Devil. Psalm-singing would go on aboard any vessel manned by Protestants, on account of the popularity of the music written for the Reformers; but if a vessel had a garland of flowers hanging from its mainmast, that again would show it to be a Dutchman, and meant moreover that the captain was engaged to be married.

The passage-boats were about sixty feet long, which then meant a tonnage of about the same figure. They had a single deck, beneath which the passengers might find shelter if the merchandise left them room. The complement of passengers may be taken as seventy. The highest total of passengers I have found mentioned for a single ship is two thousand, but that

was between Constantinople and Cairo, the vessels employed on official business exclusively between those two places being the largest in the sixteenth-century world. Apart from these, the maximum tonnage was about twelve hundred, and a five-hundred-ton ship was reckoned a large one. An average Venetian merchantman measured about ninety feet by twenty by sixteen, a tonnage, that is, of about one hundred and sixty-six, according to English sixteenth-century reckoning.

As for accommodation in the larger boats, two Englishmen, writing separately, say that they neither changed their clothes nor slept in a bed while at sea, and there is no reason to suppose that any one else did who travelled under ordinary conditions. Cabins were to be had in the high-built sterns; even in Villamont's moderate-sized ship, there were eight decks astern, the fourth from the keel, which served as the captain's dining-room, accommodating thirty-nine persons at meal-times, all of whom, it is clear enough, slept in cabins above or below.

The chief exception to ordinary conditions was the pilgrim-ship for Jerusalem in the days (which ceased during the sixteenth century) when special galleys ran from Venice to Jaffa and back, in the summer. Here alone could the passenger have the upper hand, since these galleys alone were primarily passenger-boats. The captain would be willing, if asked, to bind himself in writing before the authorities at Venice to take the pilgrim to Jaffa, wait there and bring him back, call at certain places to take in fresh water, meat, and bread, carry live hens, a barber-surgeon, and a physician, avoid unhealthy ports such as Famagosta, stay nowhere longer than three days without the consent of the pilgrim, receive no merchandise which might inconvenience or delay him, provide two hot meals

a day and good wine, and guarantee the safety of any belongings he might leave in the galley during his absence at Jerusalem. No agreements, however, seem to have insured the traveler against starvation diet, and therefore it was prudent to store a chest with victuals, especially delicacies, and lay in wine; for Venice once left behind, wine might be dearer, or even unobtainable. Taking victuals implied buying a frying-pan, dishes, big and little, of earthenware or wood, a stew-pot, and a twig-basket to carry when the traveler landed and went shopping; likewise a lantern, candles, and bedding, which might be purchased near St. Mark's: a feather-bed, mattress, two pillows, two pairs of sheets, a small quilt, for three ducats, but all of these would be bought back at the end of the voyage at half-price. Medicines the pilgrim must on no account forget. Care had to be taken, too, in choosing a position, not below deck, which is 'smouldering hot and stinking,' but above, where shelter, light, and air were to be had; this, of course, for the benefit of such as were unable to secure a place in the stern-cabins.

If the passenger did not find himself in a position to get these counsels of perfection carried out, this is what he would experience: 'In the galley all sorts of discomfort are met with: to each of us was allotted a space three spans broad, and so we lay one upon another, suffering greatly from the heat in summer and much troubled by vermin. Huge rats came running over our faces at night, and a sharp eye had to be kept on the torches, for some people go about carelessly and there's no putting them out in case of fire, being, as they are, all pitch. And when it is time to go to sleep and one has great desire thereto, others near him talk or sing or yell and generally please themselves, so that one's rest is broken.

Those near us who fell ill mostly died. God have mercy on them! In day-time too, when we were all in our places busy eating, and the galley bore down on the side to which the sail shifted, all the sailors called out "*Pando*," that is, "To the other side"; and over we must go; and if the sea was rough and the galley lurched, our heads turned all giddy, and some toppled over and the rest on top of them, falling about like so many drunken yokels. The meals the captain gave us were not exactly inviting; the meat had been hanging in the sun, the bread hard as a stone, with many weevils in it, the water at times stank, the wine was warm, or hot enough for the steam to rise, with a beastly taste to it; and at times, too, we had to do our eating under a blazing sun . . . Bugs, etc., crept about over everything.'

Another, after many similar complaints, of cold food and warm drink, and of sailors who walked about on top of him when he wanted to sleep, and so on, adds a fresh one, quite unmentionable, and then goes on to say that he passes over the more unpleasant features so as not to discourage intending pilgrims.

In reckoning the length of voyages it would not be sufficient to multiply the delay from bad weather in the Channel crossings by the extra mileage of a given distance: there was the additional delay due to the difficulty of obtaining a ship at all, even in the best of weathers, a difficulty proportionate to the length of the voyage. The first-mentioned difficulty too must not be minimized; it was reasonable caricature for Sir John Harington, Queen Elizabeth's godson, to represent his Rabelaisian hero as returning from 'Japana near China,' in a '24-hours' sail with some two or three odd years beside.'

To return to difficulty number two, that of obtaining any ship, instances of

it were continually occurring. Consider the complaint that one Greenhalgh writes to his friend: how he wished to go by sea to Naples or elsewhere in Italy; went to the Exchange at London almost daily for a month to read the ships' bills hanging there; could find none to take him; took passage at Blackwall on one which was bound for Dunkirk, but which the wind carried along the coast of Norfolk; reached Dunkirk in four days and four nights; no ship to be found there Italy-bound, nor at Gravelines, nor at Calais; so came back: seven weeks wasted.

But, it may reasonably be asked, why did n't he go by land? Well, that is a question without an answer; but for any journey where the mileage by sea was near the mileage by land, men of experience of these days reckoned it safer and quicker, and consequently cheaper, to go by sea.

In the same way, the journey from Rome to Barcelona was usually made by sea, although the sailors coasted instead of going direct. All voyages in fact were coasting voyages whenever possible; no landsman was more afraid of the open sea than was the average sailor during this period, the greatest for the exploration of oceans that the world has ever seen, except, perhaps, that unknown age when the islands of the Pacific were colonized. The fear was based on the sailor's accurate knowledge of his own incapacity, revealed to us by one or two travelers who were interested in the science of navigation. A certain Frenchman embarked at Vannes for Portugal; no bearings were taken, and the pilot had no chart, but trusted to his eye for his knowledge, and as a result coasted along Galicia under the impression it was Asturias. So with the master of a certain Venetian ship that a Scot sailed in and tells us of: he had no compass, cast anchor at night and guessed his whereabouts in

the daytime by the hills he recognized. On the way back from Alexandria a storm drove them off their course, and the sailors spent hours identifying headlands, only to find themselves mistaken.

But for the most part travelers seem to have trusted to luck with regard to piracy, knowing pirates to be as inevitable as storms. The two chief centres were Dunkirk and Algiers, and as Dunkirkers and Algerines met in the Atlantic, the Baltic was the only European sea free from them. In 1573 the Earl of Worcester crossed the Channel with a gold salver as a christening present for Charles IX's daughter; the ship was attacked by pirates; eleven of his suite were killed or wounded, and property worth five hundred pounds stolen. In 1584, Mr. Oppenheim states, the French ambassador complained that in the two preceding years English pirates had plundered Frenchmen of merchandise to the value of two hundred thousand crowns, the answer was that the English had lost more than that through French pirates. So in 1600 we find the Mayor of Exeter writing about the Dunkirkers, 'scarce one bark in five escapeth these cormorants.' Repression that was exercised by the governments on both sides of the Channel had the effect of making the Mediterranean worse than it had been; for the pirates, especially English, not only followed their occupation there in person, but taught the Turks and Algerines far more about navigation than the latter would have discovered by themselves. Which, by the way, had a further result adverse to English tourists, for those Italian states that had previously been favorably inclined to England, Venice and Tuscany, both of European importance, grew unfriendly, Tuscany becoming definitely hostile.

But the state of the Mediterranean for men of all nationalities was such that it would probably be difficult to

find a detailed account of a voyage during the first half of the seventeenth century which does not mention meeting an enemy. What might happen then is best illustrated in the experience of a Russian monk of rather earlier date: 'Halfway a ship full of pirates attacked us. When their cannon had shattered our boat, they leapt on board like savage beasts and cut the ship's master to pieces and threw him into the sea, and took all they found. As for me they gave me a blow in the stomach with the butt-end of a lance, saying, "Monk, give us a ducat or a gold-piece." I swore by the living God, by God Almighty, that I had none such. They bereft me of my all, leaving me nought but my frock, and took to running all about the ship like wild beasts, waving glittering lances, swords, and axes.'

Storms also were accompanied by incidents out of a present-day tourist's experience, to a greater extent than would readily be imagined; and this especially in the Mediterranean, where a large proportion of the sailors were Greeks with vivid superstitions.

It may safely be said that control of the weather by sorcerers was altogether disbelieved in by very few persons at that time; but if the belief was held more strongly along one coast-line than another, it was along the Baltic rather than elsewhere. As late as 1670 a traveler tells us how, being becalmed off Finland, the captain sent ashore to buy a wind from a wizard; the fee was ten kroner (say thirty-six shillings) and a pound of tobacco. The wizard tied a woolen rag to the mast, with three knots in it. Untying the first knot produces just the wind they want, southwest. That slackening, untying knot number two revives it for a time; but knot number three brings up a fearful northeaster, which nearly sinks them. 'Qui nescit orare, discat navigare,' was a

much-quoted phrase; true enough of one traveler, it would appear, seeing that he is reported to have prayed during a storm: 'O Lord, I am no common beggar; I do not trouble thee every day, for I never prayed to thee before; and if it please thee to deliver me this once, I will never pray to thee again as long as I live.'

Shipwreck had an additional danger when it happened to a galley rowed by forced labor. Cardinal de Retz gives a vivid picture of what happened when the one he was in ran aground. The whole tank of galley-slaves rose in fear, or hoping to escape by swimming, or to master the vessel amid the confusion. The commander and the other officers took double-edged swords and struck down all whom they found standing.

Even a mere landing was not without risk, for the custom in force almost universally of asking every newcomer officially his business, home, destination, was still more the rule at the coast. This same cardinal, when a fugitive landing in shabby clothes at St. Sebastian, was told by the soldiers he would probably be hanged in the morning, inasmuch as the ship's captain had mislaid his 'charte-partie,' in the absence of which every one in the ship could legally be hanged without trial.

And if they had their especial sea-troubles of pirates and Greek sailors and small boats in high seas, how much more certain was seasickness and the length of its enduring! One remembered leaving Dover at two A. M. — 'What a distressed broker I was upon the sea needs not here be told, since it's not to be feared that I'll forget it, yet I cannot but tell how Mr. John Kincaid and I had a bucket betwixt us and strove who should have the bucket first, both equally ready; and how at every vomit and gasp he gave he cried, "God's mercy!" as if he had been about to expire immediately.' For

preventives nobody has anything to suggest, except, appropriately enough, one Father Noah, a Franciscan, who prescribes pomegranates and mint; and Doctor Rabelais, who says that Pantagruel and company departed with full stomachs, and for that reason were not seasick; a better precaution, he continues, than drinking water some days beforehand, salt or fresh, with wine or meat; or than taking pulp of quinces, or lemon-peel, or pomegranate-juice; or fasting previously, or covering their stomachs with paper.

Yet Panurge, who was always full or filling, became seasick when the storm came. As a picture of seasickness, Rabelais' account of Panurge seasick is probably unsurpassed, and it loses nothing in Mr. W. F. Smith's translation. 'He remained all of a heap on Deck utterly cast down and metagrobolised. "What ho, Steward, my Friend, my Father, my Uncle; — O, three and four times happy are those who plant Cabbages . . . they have always one Foot on Land and the other is not far from it. . . . This Wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my Friend, a little Vinegar; I sweat again with sheer Agony. . . . I am drowning, I am drowning, I am dying. Good people, I drown. . . . Ah, my Father, my Uncle, my All, the water has got into my Shoes by my Shirt-collar. Boos, boos, boos; paisch; hu, hu, hu, ha, ha, ha, I drown . . . eighteen thousand Crowns a year to the Man who will put me ashore. . . . Holos, good People, I drown, I die! Consummatum est; it is all over with me. . . . My good man, could n't you throw me ashore?"'

Seasickness was presumably more common then than now, because the discomforts were so much further from being minimized; one Englishman recommends passengers to take rose-leaves, lemons or oranges, or the roots or

leaves of angelica, cloves, or rosemary, to counteract the evil smells of the boat; he might have added, of the company too, more particularly with reference to river-traffic, because there the company was specially liable to be mixed, by reason of the cheapness of that way of traveling as compared with horseback; and because the contact with one another was close.

It is not without significance that practically all district-maps of this date mark the courses of rivers, but not of roads. In fact, few records, probably, could be found of any tour of three hundred years, worth calling a tour, which was not partly conducted by river. One advantage of river-travel was that the way was more regularly practicable than the roads, which bad weather soon rendered barely passable. Moreover, it was the pleasantest mode of journeying, especially if the boat was towed; for traveling in a sixteenth-century wagon produced something like seasickness in those unaccustomed to it. On the other hand, to get the benefit of the cheapness of river-traveling, as compared with riding, one had to wait, at times, for fellow travelers to fill the boat; also, the choice of route was, of course, more limited; and on the swifter rivers it was not usual, or worth while, to attempt an upstream journey.

On the Loire, for instance, at Roanne, where it began to be navigable, boats were all built for sale, not for hire, as they were not expected to come back; and the same practice was in use elsewhere. But this must be taken as a rule with many exceptions. On the lower Loire, towing was in regular use, and a lady who tried it, from Nantes to Orléans, says, 'Of all my travels none were, for travel sake, as I may call it, so pleasant as this.' They went on shore to sleep, but kept to the boat all daytime, for it possessed a 'hearth,' a charcoal-fire on which they did the cooking.

When rowing was to be done, the tourist found himself expected, practically compelled, to take his share on the Elbe and the Rhone, and often on other rivers too. The diarist Evelyn reckoned that he rowed twenty leagues between Roanne and Orléans, and no doubt Edmund Waller, the poet, did the same, as he was of the party. If any exemptions were made, it was himself whom the boatman exempted.

An exciting passage was that of an imperial ambassador on his way to Constantinople, down the Danube, in a boat roped to a twenty-four-oar pinnace. He was behind time, so they rowed night and day, pulling hard against a violent wind. The bed of the river was uncared-for, and collisions with tree-stumps were frequent; once it was with the bank, so hard that a few planks came away. But the ambassador got from the Turkish rowers no further answer to his remonstrances than 'God will help.' The Danube was mainly a Turkish river then.

On the rivers there were two further disadvantages to be met: delay from running aground, and danger in shooting the bridges. The latter was very great: the bridge from which Pont-Saint-Esprit on the Rhone takes its name was as notorious a place for shipwrecks as any headland; and no doubt it happened then, as later, at Beaugency, on the Loire, that ale-drinking, card-playing, and talking ceased from the moment the boatmen began to prepare for the passage underneath till the passage was safely over.

Both these drawbacks were present, to a serious extent, and for the same reason: the total absence of regulation of the flow of water. Locks, or 'sluices,' as they were termed then, were being introduced exceedingly slowly; how slowly is evident from a Frenchman's explaining in detail in his journal (without the use of any specialized terms)

the working of one on the Reno, between Bologna and Ferrara. Considering that he must have had much experience of France, and had by that time (1575) traversed all the waterways generally used for passenger-traffic in Italy, it may be concluded that locks were at least very rare in both countries.

In canals, the great achievement of the period was the cutting of one for nine miles between Amsterdam and Haarlem, in six months, at a cost of twenty thousand pounds, finished not long before Sir W. Brereton passed through it in 1634; the previous route had been by a canal in the direction of Haarlem Meer, the boat having to be lugged by hand past the dam which separated the canal from the meer. Here in Holland, too, was by far the best passenger-service in Europe: in many cases boats were towed, or sailed, between town and town every hour, with fares fixed by the local authorities; and the only usual complaint concerns the drunkenness of the boatmen, who frequently landed the passengers in the water. But there is an isolated complaint, by an Italian chaplain, which shows what the others accepted as no more than reasonable. Nearing Amsterdam, he and his passed the night in the open barge, unable to sit up, much less stand, because of the lowness of the bridges, but forced to lie, in pouring rain, on foul straw, as if they were 'gentlemen from Reggio,' a phrase that is still used in Venice as a synonym for pigs.

Nevertheless, everything considered, for practicability, comfort, cheapness, and speed,—for all these qualities the water could more than hold its own against the land under even conditions; and a traveler from Italy to Munich finishes his journey by raft down the Iser, and reckons himself a gainer in time by using that means in preference to horseback.

Another subject which needs to be treated here, although at first sight it also seems out of place, is that of the characteristics of the islands of Europe as seen by foreigners; for among the advantages of choosing the sea must be reckoned acquaintance with those places which one would never get a glimpse of without a voyage; that is, those which ships touched at but which did not form a part of the tourist's objective. Far and away the chief of these were the islands of the Levant. The opinion that the tourists have of them is probably rose-colored by the fact that they broke the monotony of a longer voyage than was otherwise necessary; but the fact remains that all agree in depicting them as the spots where human life was at its pleasantest.

Of Chios, in particular, might be used the childlike phrase which the Italians used to express the height of happiness—it was like touching heaven with one's fingers. Nowhere was there greater freedom or greater pleasure. Such was the opinion of the Italian pilgrim, Della Valle, who calls it 'the pleasure-place of the Archipelago and the garden of Greece': there was nothing but singing, dancing and talking with the ladies of the isle, not only in daytime, but up to four or five in the morning. The costume, he says, was the only thing in Chios that could have been improved; and this stricture seemed to refer to the style only, for another refers to their being so sumptuously appareled that workmen's wives went in satin and taffety, and cloth of gold and silver, with jeweled rings and bracelets. And when he goes on to say that they were the most beautiful women he ever saw, it is worth recording that he was William Lithgow, who not only covered more ground in Europe, but visited a greater number of the islands of the Mediterranean, than any other traveler at this

time. Besides, there are many to confirm it; and although three hundred years ago there was little of what we call appreciation of nature, or rather, of the modern custom of definitely expressing such appreciation, there was no lack of appreciation, and expression of appreciation, of nature when in human and feminine form.

Singing, too, seems to have been part of living hereabouts. In Crete, for instance, the men, women, and children of a household would usually sing together for an hour after dinner. When there was a seamy side to their life it was associated with politics. In this same Crete, Lithgow stayed for fifty-eight days, and never saw a Greek leave his house unarmed: generally he wore a steel cap, a long sword, a bow, dagger, and target-shield. In Zante, too, laborers went to the fields armed; but it must be taken into account that the men of Zante were peculiarly murderous: if a merchant refused to buy from them, his life would be in danger; and also, the island was under Venetian rule, — a double evil: first, because the people had no other object than that of benefiting Venetians, and secondly, because the situation implied opposition to the Turks, which was worse, much worse, than the rule of the Turks. Chios was under Turkish rule; so was Coos, the next happiest place, very rarely visited, but well worth it, partly for what Della Valle calls the 'Amorevolezza' of that generation, partly because there were still to be seen the houses of Hippocrates, Hercules, and Peleus, Achilles' father. At Corfu was the house of Judas; here were also his descendants, however much the latter denied their ancestry; and near Lesbos was the islet called Monte Sancto, because it was thither that the Devil had borne Christ to show him all the kingdoms of the earth.

Then there were all the natural

curiosities which the tourist might see in the Levant, and nowhere else: asbestos at Cyprus, likewise laudanum 'generated by the dew'; and at Lemnos the 'terra Sigillata,' famed throughout Europe for its healing properties, an interesting example of an ancient superstition taken over by Christianity; for the priestess of Artemis, who had the charge of the sacred earth in Pliny's time, had been succeeded by the Christian priest, whom the Turkish officials watched at work without interfering, in case there might be some rite which they did not know of, and on the use of which the efficacy of the earth depended.

And lastly, this is what happened when a funeral had to take place at sea: an inventory of the deceased's goods was made, the ship's bell was rung twice, a firebrand was thrown into the sea, and the announcement

made, 'Gentlemen mariners, pray for the soul of poor — whereby, through God's mercy, he may rest with the souls of the faithful.' But it is pleasant to say that on the only occasion this form of burial is recorded the deceased was alive, if not kicking; he was at his post, the 'look-out,' curled up asleep, as he had been for forty-eight hours previously, sleeping off the effects of Greek wine.

The amount of attention given to the other islands of the Mediterranean, Sicily — which may be considered part of Italy — excepted, might well be represented by saying nothing about them; but Cardinal de Retz's remark about Port Mahon, Minorca, is too characteristic of his age to be passed over: he praises it as the most beautiful haven of the Mediterranean, so beautiful that its scenery surpassed even that employed at Paris for the opera!

ON A FLY-LEAF OF FATHER TABB'S 'LYRICS'

BY MICHAEL EARLS

No booming cataracts of song
 Entrancing thrilled thy little lyre,
 Nor Alpine heights where visions throng,
 Full of a poet's wild desire;
 But common things across the mead
 Gave minstrel wisdom to thy heart;
 Now fronded fern and elfin seed
 Wear well the halo of thine art:
 As if dead leaves on beechen trees,
 So pitiful 'neath wintry skies,
 Should feel this wind an Easter breeze
 And rise a June of butterflies.

LITTLE KAINTUCK

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

THE November wind rioted up the Jumping Creek Draft between the mountains, and flung itself full face against George Hedrick's little cross-roads' store. Hedrick pulled his stove-drafts wider.

'It's oneer them days,' he said, 'when I wished I had me er wife to say if I was ter put on my flannels er not.'

The combination of Saturday afternoon and bad weather had provided the storekeeper with a more than usually large audience, — a thing in which his soul delighted.

'Yes, sir,' he continued, clinking a couple of dead counters together, and regarding his adversary, Orin Snyder, across the checker-board, with alert, bright eyes, 'there's er whole heap er things er wife is handy fer. She can tell yer almost d'rectly whether yer late fer dinner er not; whether yer feet 'll make tracks on the kitchen-floor, and whether yer fav'rite hound's been suck-in' eggs. Er dog now, he kin do er heap, but there is certain things what only er wife is fit fer.'

He made a quick move among the checker-men, and then sat back to pat his knees, and rumble his feet in a mirthful shuffle of triumph, which was voiced presently by a roar from the spectators as it dawned upon Orin Snyder that his two kings were suddenly and fatally entrapped.

'Well, I be dogged!' he cried.

He was a heavily built mountaineer, but rejoiced in a buoyant spirit.

'Well, set 'em up ergin, George,' he said; 'I ain't beat yit.'

It was here that the door opened suddenly, unexpectedly, and a scrap of a boy stood before them,—a boy perhaps of eight, possibly of ten meagre years. He faced the store's assembly with perfect lack of self-consciousness, his fearless gray eyes roving over them all with a certain challenge, which was more of question than of defiance, and was wholly young and appealing.

'Why, howdy, stranger!' the storekeeper exclaimed, surprise and kindness in his tone.

The boy nodded, a proud little upward jerk of his dark head.

'How yer all,' he responded, with a dignity and poise that was astonishing, considering that the eyes of all the store were upon him, that below his ragged coat there was probably no shirt, and that in spite of the cold he was still barefooted.

'And what might yer name be, and where der yer come from?' Hedrick inquired.

'My name's Dan Callison, an' I was raised over in Kaintucky,' the boy answered.

Adrian Blair laughed suddenly. He was a stalwart young fellow, with a comical, almost whimsical face.

'Well, they don't 'pear ter raise fellers any too big over in there,' he said; 'er maybe they got tired raisin' you, an' jest nater'ly quit 'fore ther job was done.'

The boy turned his serious eyes upon the speaker, and seemed to take him into calm but not resentful consideration.

'I ain't done growin' yit,' he explained simply. 'And anyhow I ain't been over in Kaintucky fer er right smart little bit. I been over here in West Virginia, an' reckon that's kinder stunted me—you all don't raise fellers as big here as they do in *my* state.'

Hedrick slapped his knee in delight. 'O Lord, Adrian!' he cried. 'Looks like you got bit that time! Well, set down, stranger, an' tell us all erbout yerself,' he continued.

With no abatement of his serious dignity, the child slid down into a chair near the door.

'Oh, pshaw!' the storekeeper cried; 'set up ter ther fire, sonny. I bet yer most froze; you don't look like you had on any too warm close, no way.'

A sweep of color went over the small face, and a flash of defiance kindled in the gray eyes.

'I ain't cold,' the boy answered proudly, and kept his seat, in spite of the fact that his lips were blue rather than red, and that his voice had a shiver in it.

The storekeeper rose, and went behind his counter.

'I dunno how it is with ther rest er you all,' he said, 'but seems like ter me it's er powerful long time since I eat my dinner, an' I'm goin' ter have er little snack er crackers an' cheese, an' you fellers better jine in.'

More than one of the men present took up the offer with a hearty, 'Well, I don't keer ef I do, George,' encouraged thereto, perhaps, by the significant look which Hedrick gave them; so that when the turn of the small stranger came, he had the precedence of their acceptance as a cloak for his pride; but even the fierceness of that youthful sentiment could not keep the ravenous gleam altogether out of his eyes, when he received his portion.

Hedrick laid a kind hand on his shoulder.

'You take my cheer fer er spell, Little Kaintuck,' he said, 'an' let me set here an' cool off. I'm pretty nigh done to er turn.'

So the boy was forced from his chilly seat into the cosy one vacated by the storekeeper; but still his pride kept him from stretching his blue fingers out to the purring stove.

'An' where did yer come from last, sonny?' Orin Snyder inquired.

'From Charleston,' the boy answered. 'Er feller down thar put me on ther train, an' sester me, "You come up here in Greenbrier County, an' see if you can't find you er home fer ther winter."'

He made the statement simply, and there seemed to be no conscious appeal in it.

'Ain't you been ter *school* none? All my little fellers is goin' ter school right erlong now.'

The question this time was voiced by Lloyd Johnson. He was lank, serious, and was what might have been called the uneasy conscience of the Draft. To him the world was a cross, or at best merely a resting-place, Heaven, let it be understood, being always his true home.

Dan fixed his serious eyes upon him for a moment, without reply.

'I went ter school fer er spell onct,' he said at length, 'but I quit.'

'You quit?' Johnson's voice was heavy with conscience. 'Aw, yer ought not ter er done that. What did yer quit fer?'

Again the boy paused, running his eyes over the speaker.

'I quit,' he said, 'cause ther teacher she had my mammy put in ther lock-up.' Suddenly in the back of the gray eyes there sprang a light that was unboyish and terrible. 'Would n't *you* er quit if you'd er been me?' he demanded.

The reply was so astonishing, so un-

looked-for, that the man was taken aback.

'Would n't you?' the boy persisted, his fierce eyes upon him.

'Why, yes, reckon I would under them circumstances,' Johnson dragged out.

And Adrian Blair laughed savagely under his breath.

'An' where's yer mammy now?' the storekeeper ventured.

'She's dead.'

The boy looked out of the window. The wind sent a scud of cloud-shadows over the shining fields. The whole aspect held a wonderful sense of freedom.

'She died in ther lock-up,' he said.

After that there was a little space of awkwardness, broken presently by Orin Snyder.

'Ain't yer got *no* folks?' he demanded.

To him, son of one large family, and father of another, with a chain of relationship which stretched through the majority of the families of the Draft, and ran up to those on the mountain farms, the possibility of having no folks was a situation poignant with surprise.

'After my mammy died, I did n't have nobody,' the boy said, 'so I jest lit out fer myself.'

'An' you been trampin' ever since?' He nodded.

'What do yer do nights? You don't allers strike folks ter stay with. I'd think you'd be skeered.'

Danshook his head. 'I ain't skeered,' he said. 'If I don't hit no place ter stay, I jest lights me a big fire an' sets by hit an' sings all night, an' nothin' don't never happen.'

His eyes were big and mysterious, and the whole bearing of the child was different from what the Draft knew. It was here that Bob Saunders saw fit to laugh.

'Did yer ever know ther beat er that, now!' he cried 'He jest *sings* all night! Well I'll be dogged!'

Bob was the only other child present, — a boy of twelve hearty years who from the first had viewed the interest evinced in the small stranger with increasing jealousy.

The Kentuckian regarded him quietly and apparently with indifference, yet when his opportunity for revenge arrived he did not neglect it.

'An' what do yer do when yer gits tired?' Bob inquired, with swaggering patronage.

'Why, honey,' the other returned, speaking as one speaks to a child, 'when I gits tired I jest sets down an' rests, like any other man would do. But I reckon if I was *you*' — and here his soft drawl was exaggerated slightly — 'I'd cut me er stick-horse an' ride it fer er spell.'

The store rocked with the men's delighted laughter.

Bob leaped to his feet, his face crimson.

'I'll learn you to sass me!' he cried, doubling his fists and dancing round the stove toward the other.

Little Kaintuck rose calmly and put his back against a near-by sugar-barrel, his attitude one of nonchalant defense. Then he spoke, and again his low drawl commanded the attention of even his would-be assailant.

'Whar I comes from,' he said, 'ef two fellers gits ter fightin' they jest nater'ly slices each other right up, and' — suddenly he flung his shoulders back and leaped for the other's throat — 'I've er great mind to *kill* you!'

The ferocity and suddenness of the onslaught were more than Bob was prepared for. With a howl of sheer terror he scudded for the door, gained it a bare instant before the little pursuing fury at his back, and dashing it open,

fled away up the road on panic-winged feet.

For a moment Little Kaintuck watched his retreating figure; then he came back to his seat by the stove, disappointment looking out of his eyes.

'Well, I'll be dogged! Bob, he's a great fighter, now, ain't he!' Orin Snyder gasped, heaving great sighs of painful mirth, for his sense of humor always shook the very foundations of his being.

Adrian Blair's eyes danced. To fight was the breath of his nostrils, was the savor of his existence.

'Great Day, Little Kaintuck!' he cried, 'I jest wished you was er man. You an' me'd show these fellers what sure 'nough fightin' is then Lord,' he said, doubling his fists regretfully, 'I'd jest like ter lick ther very hide off 'en you.'

Thus he tendered the small stranger the tribute of his highest esteem.

But Lloyd Johnson's voice struck in heavily.

'I would n't like to have one er *my* little fellers show sech er keen sperrit ter fight,' he said, shaking his head. 'No sir, I certainly would hate ter have er boy er mine so quick with his fists.'

'Well, yer never will, Lloyd, so that's one thing need n't ter worry yer none,' Hedrick comforted him.

'That's so, George, I don't b'lieve it need, not after the Christian raisin' I'm givin' 'em, no sir-ee!'

And '*No sir-ee!*' Hedrick backed him up, with such emphasis that Johnson regarded him a trifle doubtfully.

But now the afternoon was beginning to close in softly in faint lights of gray and brown, and one after another of the men departed.

Orin Snyder got slowly to his feet, and stretched himself with extreme thoroughness.

'Well, Little Kaintuck,' he said, 'I'd like jest ther finest kind ter have yer

come home with me; but it's the blame truth I don't know how many kids there is there right this minute; but I'll make er pint er countin' of 'em, an' talk it over with ther woman, an' if so be there's room fer one more I'll give you ther very first chanst at ther job.'

'I'm much erbliged ter you,' Little Kaintuck replied, showing his first hint of embarrassment in his gratitude.

At length they were all gone, all, that is, save Adrian Blair. The two men and the little boy sat on in silence. In the remote corners dark shadows wavered back and forth, but the stove burned with a bright and sociable eye.

At length Adrian brought his tip-tilted chair down with a crash of decision.

'Come on, Little Kaintuck,' he said: 'it's time you an' me was hittin' ther trail fer home an' supper.'

The boy's serious little mouth relaxed into a smile. Evidently this matter-of-fact way of offering a home pleased his fancy.

But George Hedrick cut in quickly. 'Much erbliged ter you, Ade,' he said, 'but reckon Little Kaintuck an' me'll set tight an' eat at home this evenin'.'

'Well, I'll be doggoned,' Adrian said frankly, 'I ain't invitin' *you* ter supper.'

'Well, it's thersame thing,' the storekeeper responded calmly, 'seem' as me an' Little Kaintuck is goin' ter be buddies fer ther winter.'

'You *is!*' Adrian exclaimed. 'Well, now, I reckon Little Kaintuck hisself may have some word erbout that. Now, then, sonny,' turning to the boy, 'it's fer you ter say — will you come with me or stay with him? My woman's mighty good ter little strayed things,' he added as inducement.

The boy regarded them both for a

moment without reply. In the faint light from the open stove Adrian's expression was gay, was debonair and kindly, but on the other's face was an eagerness of which he himself was hardly aware.

'I'm much erbliged,' Little Kaintuck said at length, looking at Adrian, 'but I 'lowed ter stay with *him* from ther fust'; and he nodded with calm assurance towards the storekeeper.

'Ther deuce yer did!' Adrian exclaimed.

And, 'Well, I'll be dogged!' Hedrick ejaculated under his breath.

It was a theory of George Hedrick's that Solomon would never have voiced the wearied sentiment of there being nothing new under the sun if he had had the privilege of keeping a cross-roads' store, in which joyous occupation, Hedrick maintained, 'new things was allus happenin'.'

Certainly after the advent of Little Kaintuck, this, for him, was more than ever true. The presence of a child in his bachelor establishment was in itself astonishing and unusual enough, but Little Kaintuck himself was astonishing. For long stretches he was like any other boy, and then of a sudden Hedrick would find himself met by some unaccountable streak of pride or sensitiveness that fairly took the man's breath away, and left him able only to voice his surprise in the all-embracing phrase of the Draft, 'Well, I'll be dogged.'

The child was like some little wild animal, which stress of circumstances had driven into human shelter, but which always owned itself, and might at any moment be off with a bound to its native woods. The storekeeper knew this, and knew too how light was his hold upon him, and he would have given much to make the present friendship a permanency.

The winter climbed slowly up the

long Christmas hill, to plunge down through January and February to the open stretches of March, when the freed water began to run as it runs only in spring, and when the melting snow dripped musically from the sunlit eaves. And with the first hint of spring Hedrick saw something awaken in Little Kaintuck, — something which he had looked for and dreaded, and which made the boy leave his place by the stove in the evenings, and go restlessly out into the full soft dark.

Once, on a Saturday afternoon, when the spring was well under way, a crowd of uncouth people, men and women, came down from Droop Mountain, and passed the store. Little Kaintuck and Hedrick were seated on the porch in a lull of custom. At sight of the crowd, a spark of excitement leaped in the boy's eyes.

'Sang diggers!' he whispered. 'I tramped with er gang er them onct fer er spell,' he said after a pause, and then fell silent again. But that night at supper he spoke suddenly out of a deep reverie.

'You been mighty good ter me?' he said, his remark more in the form of a wistful question, than a statement.

'Why, I really ain't done nothin' much fer you,' Hedrick returned, and rose in some embarrassment to replenish the biscuit-plate out of the hot black depths of the oven.

But the storekeeper knew well enough that any day now might find Little Kaintuck on the wing. Yet time passed, and still the boy lingered, and the man hugged himself in secret over the triumph of it.

There came at last an afternoon when business called Hedrick away, and Little Kaintuck was left in charge of the store. It was a sunny day, and a growing day; a day of Heaven and of riotous awakened life and the boy sat on the porch, and gave vent to a delicious

exultant whistle of no particular tune, and wished that a customer would come to test his skill. But it was a busy day with the Draft people. Time drifted on and still no one came to buy, and presently the boy's thoughts began to flow together in drowsy confusion, and he slept a little. But of a sudden he was broad awake, startlingly awake. There was a sound in the store at his back, — the whispered, cautious sound of a pushed-open drawer, and then on the instant the sharp alarm of the bell on the till.

Little Kaintuck leaped from his chair and across the threshold. A man was leaning over the counter, his back to the door, his hand in the money-drawer. For an instant the boy paused, gathering himself; then he sprang. Without a word, almost without a sound, he lighted on the intruder's back.

It was so sudden, so silent, and so mysterious an attack, that the man's nerve went down before it, and giving a great bound, he let out a wild yell of terror. Yet in the moment that his hands flew up and grasped the small ones at his neck, he realized that it was only a child who held him, and with a wrench he tore the clinging arms and legs free, and swung the boy round in front of him.

'You little *devil*, you!' he cried fiercely.

But Little Kaintuck, a biting, scratching, kicking ball of fire, twisted himself away, and with a swoop flung his arms about the other's legs and brought him crashing to the ground. For a moment the man was stunned, and the boy got in some vicious pomeling; but directly the thief recovered himself, and his fingers gripped the child's small neck. At that moment, however, a figure appeared in the doorway; strong hands were laid on the man's own collar, and he was jerked to his feet.

'Now then! What's all this erbout?'

Adrian Blair demanded.

The thief turned upon him with an oath.

Adrian stiffened with delight.

'You'd cuss *me*, would you!' he cried, the joy of battle in his face as one hard fist went out toward the other's jaw like a piston-rod.

But the thief dodged, and springing aside, bolted out of the door and away.

'Ketch him! ketch him!' cried Little Kaintuck.

He and Adrian raced for the door together, and arriving at it simultaneously tripped each other up, and both came sprawling to the floor.

'What der yer *mean* by gettin' in my way!' the boy cried, recovering his feet, and turning furiously upon Adrian.

'Well, now, I'll be switched! Who got in *my* way I'd jest like ter know,' Adrian began.

But already Little Kaintuck had shot past him in pursuit of the thief. Outside, however, the empty road and shining landscape laughed at him, and the all-too-near woods had evidently gathered the culprit into their shelter.

Mad with disappointment, the boy flashed back upon Adrian.

'He's gone!' he burst out, panting with anger, 'he's gone! An' he had his hand in ther till — jest right in it! An' if you had n't er come in messin' things up, I'd er had him fixed in er-nother pair of seconds!' He paused, struggling for breath, and shaken by his passion. 'An' I'll tell yer *one* thing, Adrian Blair!' he cried, 'ther next time you see me in er scrap with er feller, I'll jest thank you ter keep *your* fists out er hit!'

'Well, I'll be dogged!' cried Adrian. 'You'll thank me ter keep out er your scraps, will you! An' ef I had n't er walked in that identical minute, you'd er had that blamed sassy little neck er

your'n jest nater'lly wrung off. You don't erpear ter realize you was bein' choked ter death.' He paused, regarding the boy's passionate little figure. 'No,' he went on, 'er course yer don't. I jest b'lieve, 'pon my soul, you thought you was chokin' *him*! Look erhere, Little Kaintuck,' he continued seriously, 'I dunno but what I'm jest as glad you ain't growed, 'cause ef you was, I'd jest *have* ter fight you, an' hit might so be as I'd git licked myself.'

But later, when Adrian was taking his way homeward, he heard the sound of running feet behind him, and, turning, faced Little Kaintuck. The boy's cheeks were crimson from his haste, and from something else.

'Ade,' he panted, 'Ade, I'm much erbliged ter you!'

'Aw, pshaw!' said Adrian, and walked on again in embarrassment.

That night at supper, Hedrick said suddenly, 'If ther's anything out er ther store you want, Buddy, jest say what it is, an' you shall have it fer the way you lit inter that raskil this ev'nin'.'

The boy looked at him in surprise. Then his face lighted.

'Was hit anything ter do, sure 'nough?' he asked. 'Would hit make up some fer all you done fer me?'

'Oh, pshaw! hit's er whole heap more'n that,' the storekeeper returned. 'Now, jest say what hit is you want.'

Little Kaintuck was silent for a moment. 'I don't want nothin',' he said at length.

And the next morning he was gone. On a chair were neatly piled all the things — clothes and the like — that the storekeeper had given him, and the old disreputable suit of his advent had disappeared from the peg where its limp weight had hung all winter.

Hedrick sat heavily down on the side of his bed, and stared for some time at the things on the chair, all

things that go to the make-up of a little boy in the Draft. 'Oh, doggone it,' he sighed to himself. Afterwards he went downstairs, and prepared his solitary breakfast. All day long the sense of loneliness hung over him, clutching him at times with almost a physical grip.

'Well, yer might er knowed it would er been that away,' Lloyd Johnson comforted him. 'I knowed from ther very fust, he wan't the kind er little feller ter show any gratitude. But,' he added piously, 'he's one er ther Lord's creatures, so I reckon He must have some use fer him.'

'Well, if ther Lord kin make any use er *some* folks' spindling measly little kids,' Hedrick returned pointedly, 'I bet He'll know what ter do with Little Kaintuck, all right.'

At the end of the day, when Adrian Blair dropped down on the porch-steps, the storekeeper opened his heart to him.

'I knowed hit was on him,' he said, 'ther wantin' ter light out. I knowed because hit uster be that erway with me when I was er little ole kid. I uster think I wanted ter see what was over acrost one er them furest way-off blue mountains. It uster come on me mostly when I was grubbin'. Lord, I mind of hit all jest as well, ther kinder black smell er burnt new ground, with ther hot feelin' er everything, an' ther little fresh trickle of er branch runnin' somewheres. An' seems like I could most *hear* them way-off blue mountains er hollerin' ter me. An' I reckon if I had n't er had er mammy I thought ther world of, I'd er took my foot in my han' an' slid out er this little ole Draft like er greased streak. I uster ache so bad ter light out that I'd jest nater'lly lay down on ther ground an' cuss ev'ry blamed thing I could lay my eyes to, with ev'ry bad word my tongue could hand me. An' I reckon

too,' he added, with a desire for the exact truth, 'I cussed some, 'cause I allers did hate grubbin' er little ther worst er any of ther jobs they put me at. So's I knowed all erlong how it was goin' ter be with Little Kaintuck. But I sorter hoped maybe he'd keer enough fer me ter stay; an' when he got so big-eyed an' restless-like, an' still he didn't go, I thought hit was me was keepin' him, an' I felt terrible proud; but come ter fin' out, he was jest waitin' till he felt he hed me sorter paid off. I wished he had er stayed,' he said. 'But I reckon folks what never had no kids er their own, don't jest know how ter keep 'em,' he added, a trifle wistfully.

'Well,' Adrian said as he rose to go, 'I'm mighty sorry too he's lit out. I've been lookin' forred right erlong ter the time when he'd be big enough fer me ter lick. But maybe,' he added philosophically, 'it's all fer ther best, fer gin that time comes, I might be so stiff and staved-up that I could n't fight him, an' not bein' able ter would jest break me all up in ther clear.'

'I allers did have er nater'al born contempt fer folks as says frogs hollerin' on summer ev'nin's makes 'em feel

kinder creepy like, but dogged if hit *ain't* er lonesome sound,' the store-keeper soliloquized, left alone on his porch.

Yet lonesome as it was out of doors, the half-light of the store at his back seemed to hold still more dreary possibilities. The sun dropped behind one of the highest peaks of Droop Mountain opposite; a little shoal of clouds swam from gold to gray across the turquoise sea of the sky, and all the familiar outlook from the store faded wistfully into the blur of twilight.

'*O Lord!*' Hedrick said at length with the irritation of one whose feelings are on edge.

Somewhere close at hand there was a little rustle, and a voice spoke out of the darkness.

'Hello, Buddy!' it said.

The tone was weary, was half-sheepish and half-laughing.

'Well, I'll be doggoned!' the store-keeper cried joyfully.

For a butterfly's instant a hand caressed his knee as Little Kaintuck slid down on the step at his feet.

'I 'lowed I'd druther stay with you, after all,' he said, his voice soft and shy in the dusk.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMONG the changes and transformations of the past half-century none is more curious or more complete than the revolution which has overtaken Anglo-German relations. As late as 1850 Germany was not only Great Britain's admiring friend, but in some sort her pupil. On almost all points of political, economic, and constitutional theory the bulk of the German nation, with the most liberal and intelligent men at their head, looked to England as their guide. The enthusiasm for the British Constitution which Montesquieu set ablaze throughout Europe was shared nowhere more heartily than in Prussia. The debt England owed to Germany in philosophy, science, and classical poetry, was amply repaid by Adam Smith and his successors, and by the example Great Britain afforded of a nation at once self-governing, united, and powerful. British freedom and greatness became the theme of German panegyrics, and the British Empire, in those halcyon days, was not even grudged.

That was the time when Englishmen and Germans were perpetually reminding themselves that they came of common stock and had fought out together the battles of the Reformation, and of European liberty, against Louis XIV and Napoleon. For a while it seemed as if the whole movement of German destiny might develop along English lines. The gifted and powerful, if somewhat impractical, National Liberals of the day looked forward to and worked for a peaceful union of all German

states under Prussian leadership, that should closely follow the English model. Centralization, militarism, and the semi-paternal theory of government were equally abhorrent to them. What they aimed at was a liberal constitution and a popular monarchy, based upon the federal system and buttressed by a real and adequate representation of the people, and above all, by a responsible executive. Such a system, they argued, if erected in Berlin would ultimately vanquish the stubborn spirit of particularism and draw to Prussia all the states of Germany in a durable federation. This was the party, and these the views, with which the late Empress Frederick, herself an Englishwoman, was identified, and their triumph or failure meant the triumph or failure of English influence.

Opposed to them stood Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon, and ultimately King William, all alike convinced that only through war could German unity be secured. The battle between the two sections opened formally when, the Lower House having rejected the army estimates, Bismarck undertook to govern the country, double and reorganize the Prussian army, and enforce all the rigors of conscription, with or without the sanction of Parliament. The Liberals opposed him to a man, and bombarded all his proposals with precedents drawn from British sources. The result is a matter of history. Bismarck's masterly and masterful policy, and the brilliant results it led to, swept all before it, crushed the Liberals out of existence,

and hopelessly discredited the English notions and sympathies they represented. From the moment he began to get the upper hand the disparagement of all things English became a political necessity. When Sedan and the proclamation of the Emperor at Versailles brought full and final success, the whole nation was converted to the Bismarckian *Staatsidee*. The altars at which it had worshiped were overthrown, and those which it had formerly turned from in high intellectual disdain were installed in their place. Universal military service became the popular idol and a strongly centralized, half-patriarchal, and intensely active government, completely ousted the old ideals of constitutionalism and individual self-reliance.

Never was a mental revolution so speedy and comprehensive. England fell rapidly in the estimation of Germans. To deride British institutions and exalt by implication the Hohenzollern system, to belittle the British voluntary army in order that Germans might be still further convinced that conscription alone was compatible with military efficiency, grew to be the favorite pastime of German politicians, journalists, and professors. It is hardly too much to say that within the past fifty years the whole tale of English history has been rewritten to suit the change in German sentiment.

But, besides all this, Germany had some tangible grounds of complaint against England. Professor Marcks of Leipsic, in his pamphlet on Anglo-German relations from 1500 to 1900, claims that after 1848 England 'invariably showed herself unfriendly' to the German struggle for unity. 'It was so in the crisis of 1848; throughout the Schleswig-Holstein complication with Denmark, in which Germany prosecuted a claim that was inevitable and national, England was always Danish; through all the great events of that chain of years,

through all the wars in which Germany was concerned up to 1871, it was the same. Directly or indirectly, wholly or partially, England always ranged herself with the opponents, never with the friends, of German unity. She never brought her whole power to bear against it, for English Liberalism was then at the zenith of its influence, and there was scarcely a really strong English foreign policy in any direction. But what there was, was hostile to Germany.'

This is, in the main, a true bill. Great Britain greatly offended Prussian mercantile interests by refusing to assist in obtaining the neutrality of the Baltic. Her attitude on the question of the Elbe Duchies showed neither consistency nor strength, and from the Franco-Prussian War, as from the American Civil War, she emerged with nothing but the cordial, and possibly deserved, animosity of both sides. The disappearance of a weakly, divided Germany, and the rise of a powerful, aggressive empire in its place, did not greatly appeal to British sympathies or to the popular view of British commercial interests. From the moment that Germany became united, she became England's rival, not only in trade, but in political ambitions; and in neither direction was she a welcome competitor.

To this want of sympathy the defects in the national character of both peoples have contributed their inevitable share. The newly-awakened spirit of German nationalism, and of pride in the German race, seemed to foreigners to run occasionally into needless extremes, and to take on the air of a rather puerile assertiveness. It seemed for a while as if the Germans found it necessary to be continually calling attention to their fresh-won importance, lest the world should forget it. They had an unexpected consciousness of strength, and were almost morbidly anxious to have it recognized. The result was the

development of what in England was considered a vein of bumptiousness, or at least of unnecessary brusqueness. The Germans, on their part, complained that Englishmen never fully gave them their due; still affected to regard them as interesting prodigies rather than as a matured and responsible nation; would persist in that 'lecturing' attitude which Americans have long learned to know, but hardly to love, in their kinsmen; and never brought themselves to the point of admitting that Germany had grown out of British tutelage.

These things are trivial — if anything is really trivial in determining international likes and dislikes. They certainly helped, however, in widening the breach between the two peoples. Success made the Germans rather 'touchy,' and British 'superiority' flicked them on the raw. The estrangement grew sharper, on the German side at least, when the colonial fever began to influence German foreign policy, and it was found that so far as all hope of a Greater Germany, that should spread the German idea and receive German colonists and extend German trade, was concerned, the Empire had been born too late. Wherever Germany turned, she found England comfortably settled in her path. The cake, as the late Herr Richter once remarked, had been divided long ago, and nothing was left for the latest comer but the crumbs under the table. This was, and is, a natural, unreasoning, and keenly-felt grievance; and as the stress of rivalry in other spheres grew fiercer, as the Germans, duplicating British experience, began to change from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial basis, and as they woke, or were prodded awake, to the necessity of a strong navy and a large mercantile marine, the discovery was made that here, too, Great Britain had been before them.

That England should have acquired

such a start at so trifling a cost, while Germany was struggling through blood to attain the indispensable condition of unity, appears to Germans so monstrously unfair as to afford a strong presumption of trickery. From that to convicting Great Britain of hypocritical duplicity, of stirring up strife among her rivals while she quietly carries off the booty, is a short step. Even Americans twenty years ago had not so flattering a suspiciousness of British diplomacy as have the Germans to-day — a suspiciousness that wakes Homeric laughter among Englishmen, who are but too conscious that the great merit, or the great failing, of their diplomacy is that there is nothing to suspect in it. Nor have the ruling authorities, either at Potsdam or in the Wilhelmstrasse, done anything to dispel the bogey. They have, on the contrary, used it with consummate skill to further their own ends. Had it not been for England and the assumed necessity of being always and everywhere on guard against her wiles, it is doubtful whether the Kaiser would have been able to launch and popularize his naval programme.

Always comically surprised to find themselves disliked, always constitutionally unaware of the offense they are apt to give, Englishmen were long in gauging the new German spirit at its right significance. It is less than eleven years since Mr. Chamberlain made his incredible speech proposing an Anglo-German-American alliance against Russia. The late Lord Salisbury, to the end of his official career, was dominated by the philo-German traditions in which he grew up; and were he to revisit the earth to-day he would be astonished at nothing so much as at finding France, whom he had always dreaded as England's natural and predestined enemy, her closest friend. In this matter of their relations with Germany the mass of Englishmen, indeed, have for many

years past been considerably more advanced than their rulers. From the moment of the Kaiser's telegram to President Krüger, in 1896, skepticism toward Germany's friendliness, and suspicion of her aims, have steadily deepened in the British consciousness.

Between two empires, — the one old, somnolent, and possessed of trade, colonies, and sea-power, and the other young, aspiring, and in search of trade, colonies, and sea-power, — a certain amount of friction and jealousy was inevitable. But it has been the unhappy chance of the past decade to intensify every element of Anglo-German ill-will. The Berserker fury of the German press during the Boer War penetrated, for almost the first time in British history, the insular indifference to foreign criticism. The English, as Washington Irving noted, are bad haters. They are far too comfortable and too easy-going to keep a grudge alive. But there are limits of calumny beyond which it is dangerous to go; and the Germans overstepped them when they represented the British army in South Africa as murdering prisoners of war, forcing Boer women upon the firing-line and tying them to stakes in front of the trenches, pillaging and killing for the fun of the thing, and instituting the concentration-camps partly to kill off those interned in them by disease and starvation, and partly to provide material for the unholy appetites of British 'mercenaries.' It was borne in upon Englishmen that, had any other country but their own been in question, — had it, for instance, been France or Russia whom the German papers were reviling, — the authorities would at once, and peremptorily, have discountenanced and stopped the campaign. But as it was only England, the Chancellor himself took a hand in the game, and deliberately, when it seemed to have about blazed itself out, put fresh

fuel on the fire. On the people of the United Kingdom the contrast made a bitter impression that has not yet been wholly effaced. The storm that instantaneously, and throughout all England, broke over the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela in 1903, had its source not only in the conviction that it was a diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude, but in a sense of outraged national dignity. After all that had passed, Englishmen could not stomach the idea of coöperation with Germany.

But it is not necessary to explore with any thoroughness the various incidents that in the past ten years have contributed to keep England and Germany at odds. They clashed over Samoa; before, during, and after the Boxer *émeute*, they disagreed repeatedly in China; over the problems of the Balkans their harmony has not at any time been more than superficial; the formation of the Anglo-French *entente* was deeply resented by the Wilhelmstrasse, and provoked the Morocco crisis that for a year and more kept all Europe in fear of war; the ending of the old irrational antagonism between England and Russia still further strengthened the apprehensions of Germany that it was the chief aim of British policy to isolate her in Europe; and all the while the commercial, and in particular the naval, rivalry between the two countries has gone on increasing in magnitude and intensity. What gives these developments their sinister significance is that they have helped to bring about, and are in turn interpreted by, a mutual spirit of distrust and alarm. In diplomacy the spirit is everything. If there is confidence, good-will, and a sincere desire for conciliation, the most formidable-looking issue proves easy of solution. If none of these qualities and conditions obtains, then the most trivial issue may engender a crisis.

Anglo-German relations bear witness

to the force of this venerable truism. It ought not to be difficult to formulate them on a rational basis. Nor would it be difficult, if international sympathies and aversions were governed by facts and reasoned probabilities instead of by unthinking impulses, baseless conjectures, and ignorant perversities. At no specific point are England and Germany in conflict. At very few points are they even in contact. No accommodation between them such as England has effected with Russia and with France is possible, because the material for such an accommodation does not exist. That is, perhaps, the first thing to be borne in mind when Anglo-German relations are approached from the standpoint of common sense. From first to last there has been in this warfare hardly anything tangible, hardly anything that could be made the subject of a diplomatic bargain, no suggestion of a clash of interests that could be averted by a give-and-take compromise, no instance of a dispute that could be stated in black and white and solved by a matter-of-fact negotiation.

But this, while it invests the Anglo-German feud with an egregious absurdity, by no means diminishes its seriousness or shortens its life. On the contrary it heightens the one and prolongs the other. Nothing in the world is so hard to counter as suspicions that cannot in the nature of things be disproved or brought to the test of fact, that relate less to the present than to some indefinite future, and that tend through infinite repetition and by their very elusiveness to acquire a certain credibility. It is suspicions of this kind that have poisoned the public mind of England and Germany. In default of facts, the two nations have made an issue of tendencies, motives, and possibilities. Neither can bring the other to book, because each professes to be thinking of 'the year after

next.' Some people in Germany seem to think that England is an enlarged edition of the *National Review*. Some Englishmen seem to think that the 'literature' of the Pan-Germans is the daily diet of the German people. The Anglophobe regards King Edward as an unblushing monster of craft and cant. The Teutophobe regards the Kaiser as the embodiment of every diplomatic black art. And so it goes. If the Hague Tribunal were called in to diagnose Anglo-German relations, they would send, not for a diplomatist, but for an alienist. Their judgment would be that the two peoples have lost all touch with actualities, and that while there is little or nothing in their material or political interests that needs adjusting, their state of mind demands instant inquiry.

The outstanding symptom of the Anglo-German ailment is a fusillade of almost identical charges. All the schemes and ambitions the anti-Germans in England impute to Germany, the anti-British in Germany impute to England. Every suspicion that is entertained in London about the Kaiser is entertained in Berlin about King Edward. Great Britain sends a squadron to visit the Baltic, and multitudes of Germans look upon its advent as scarcely less than a declaration of war. Germany increases her navy, and the British Teutophobes at once warn their countrymen to prepare for a German invasion. Great Britain settles her longstanding difficulties with France and Russia, and Germany proclaims that it is all part of a plot to humiliate and hem her in. Trouble breaks out on the Egyptian frontier, and Great Britain is instantly assured that Germany has instigated it. The British Prime Minister proposes a scheme for limitation of armaments, and Germany detects in it a consummately crafty and hypocritical conspiracy against German

interests. The Kaiser writes a friendly note to the British First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Teutophobes translate it as an attempt to influence the British naval estimates. The German Chancellor says something complimentary about England, and his words are scoffed at as one more move in a game of calculated duplicity. So far at times has the delirium gone that the humble German waiter in the English hotel has been transformed into an advance-agent of the army of invasion.

And the curious part of it is that the English and German peoples are on the whole serious, sensible, and pacific folk, who, though narrow, have never been without a capacity for seeing and thinking clearly, and who, in their saner hours, are perfectly well aware that a war between their respective countries would be a profitless crime. Yet for nearly ten years they have allowed themselves to be lashed by the extremists among them into a state of confusion and suspiciousness, where facts and realities almost cease to exist, and where reason is lost in a paper warfare of railings, mere's nests, and international *tu quoques*. Nine-tenths of the antagonism that has been fomented between them is simply a nightmare of the imagination. The remaining tenth has substance, or at least plausibility, and needs to be examined — but candidly and without heat.

There are three possible causes of an Anglo-German conflict. In British, as indeed in most foreign, eyes the German Empire is the creation of the three interdependent processes of diplomacy, war, and spoliation. Germans perhaps do not altogether realize the impression produced abroad by the character of their successes under Bismarck's *régime*. Yet only a little imagination is needed to make them understand that a power which first ingeniously isolated and then struck down Den-

mark, Austria, and France, in turn, is a power whose future course is bound to be watched with a certain nervousness. In the past forty years, although she has kept the peace, she has done little to dissipate that nervousness. She is still the one centre of disturbance and suspicion on the continent of Europe. Her diplomacy is universally distrusted. Looking to Germany's past, and to her present needs and strength, can any one, ask Englishmen, regard the era of German expansion as definitely closed? Was Tsushima the last naval battle that will ever be fought? Who believes that the present political arrangements of Europe are final and immutable? What guarantee is there that Austria, or at least Belgium and Holland, may not share the fate of the Elbe Duchies and Alsace-Lorraine?

Look at the map. Germany is an imprisoned empire. With the mouth of the Rhine, the German Tiber, in the hands of strangers, with a small and weak people astride her busiest river, Germany is like a man denied a key to his own front door. She is cut off from the full freedom of the Baltic and the North Sea, from the Mediterranean and from the Adriatic. The short and difficult coast-line between Holland and Denmark forms virtually the sole effective channel for the commerce of this powerful and ambitious nation. And the states — Holland, Denmark, Belgium — that in this way cramp Germany's development are in all cases weaker than herself. She is walled off by puny, insignificant communities from everything she most vitally needs for the protection of her security and the full utilization of her strength. Ports, territory, opportunities, lie just beyond her boundaries, — boundaries, remember, that are artificial, not permanent; drawn by diplomatists, not by nature, — and their occupation would provide for generations an ade-

quate outlet for her surplus population, her maritime ambitions and her industrial enterprise. Apart, therefore, from the real or fancied claims of race, and apart from the fantasies of the Pan-Germans, the temptation is a severe one.

But for Germany to attempt to find room by the forcible annexation of Belgium, or Holland, or both; for her to endeavor to plant herself on the mouths of the Rhine, Meuse, and Scheldt, would be an act that would argue the very dementia of jingoism. It would mean bringing England and all her neighbors in Europe, except perhaps Austria, down upon her at once. It would mean the instantaneous formation of a coalition to wrest from Germany the preponderance which Europe in the past has denied both to France and Spain. For it is an axiom of European history that whenever any single nation reaches an undue height of power, the other nations combine by instinct against her; and Germany, were she to annex Holland and Belgium, would rouse that instinct to sustained and irresistible action.

Belgium no doubt must figure in German eyes as a highly desirable asset; but the Wilhelmstrasse would assuredly hesitate long, even if there were nothing else to deter it, before it incorporated into the empire another disaffected province, with over two million Catholic electors, and a population that would fight even more tenaciously than the Poles against being Germanized. The conquest of Belgium by Germany is at the worst an infinitely remote contingency, a thing that conceivably might happen if Germany were so carried away by the lust of aggression as to be willing to face all Europe in arms. The true danger that threatens the small nations of northern Europe is, not that they may be conquered and annexed by Germany, but

that in the event of a war involving both France and Germany, their neutrality may be violated and their territory partitioned by the victors in the struggle. But merely to state the peril is to see at once how distant and intangible it is, and how little anything that is done to-day is likely to hasten or retard it.

The second possible cause of an Anglo-German conflict lies in Germany's relations with France, and, to a lesser degree, with Russia. Since Great Britain abandoned her position of 'splendid isolation' and took to forming alliances and *ententes*, friendship with France has become the pivot of her European policy. The English proclaim that it is an unaggressive friendship, which threatens no one; that its basis was a mutual desire to make an end of old, unprofitable disputes and jealousies in the sphere of colonial development; and that other nations may fairly be asked to accommodate themselves to it. Equally pacific is the interpretation they place upon their agreement with Russia, their understanding with Spain, and their alliance with Japan.

But the Germans do not accept this reading of the situation. They point out that all these compacts have one feature in common: Germany is excluded from them. They go on to remind themselves that the result of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 was to settle the fate of Morocco without consulting Germany and as though Germany had no interest whatever in the Shereefian Empire. They note that a similar result in regard to Persia has followed from the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907. They observe that every sign of the lukewarmness of Italy in supporting her allies of the Triplice is hailed in Great Britain with unconcealed gratification. They accuse the British, in short, of giving anti-German point to

their diplomacy, of tampering with the loyalty of Germany's allies, and of organizing a league of powers with the object of penning Germany in.

It is probably the case, though most Englishmen would deny it, that behind British diplomacy of the past eight years there has been a double motive. The first motive unquestionably was to make an end of the insensate antagonisms that had for so long kept apart England and France, and England and Russia. This was an object that was worth pursuing for itself alone. But while pursuing it, no British statesman could have been blind to the fact that the nearer England drew to France and to Russia, by so much was Germany's preponderance diminished. The *rapprochements* with France and Russia, while very far from being in intention a declaration of diplomatic war upon Germany, had very much the air of resembling a clearing of the decks. If they were not aimed at Germany, they were welcomed by British opinion as being, at the least, a precaution against Germany; and that this invested them with a greater attractiveness in the eyes of Downing Street, it would be difficult to deny. But whatever the calculation, if calculation there were, that underlay the new British policy of alliances and *ententes*, their effects are clear. The Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance face one another to-day in a rivalry as sharp and clean-cut as that of two gladiators in a Roman arena.

Yet there is much in the situation that remains obscure and unsettled. Great Britain has ceased to play her familiar part of neutrality in continental affairs; she is reverting rather to the principles and activities of the Palmerstonian era; but she is doing so with an uncertainty of aim, and an inadequacy in the adaptation of means to ends, that Palmerston himself would

hardly have tolerated. Thus she has established what is called an *entente* with France. But an *entente* is not an enunciation of policy. It is an indefinite state of mind and feeling; it is a condition of the international atmosphere; it prescribes no course of action, imposes no obligations, formulates no objects to be aimed at, provides against no contingencies, and is therefore liable to be interpreted by different people in different ways. Very few Englishmen would agree as to the precise nature and extent of the liabilities incurred by Great Britain on account of her *entente* with France. But the attitude of English opinion in 1905, when for a while it seemed as if Germany meant to attack France, was highly significant. It declared in effect that any such enterprise would be resisted by France and Great Britain in common.

There was no warrant for any such declaration, either in the agreement of 1904 or in the mere fact that an *entente* existed. Nevertheless it embodied a policy which the British government would have had no option but to follow. British opinion had decided that the independence of France was a British interest, to be defended, if need be, at any cost. Under similar circumstances a similar decision would be arrived at to-day, and no government could ignore it or fail to act upon it. That is a very curious situation. Without asking from France anything in return, the British people have virtually engaged themselves to join with her in warding off an unprovoked attack by Germany. There is no evidence to show that the French are prepared to reciprocate in kind.

Yet never perhaps in her whole history was there a time when Great Britain was less equipped for continental warfare than now. She is intervening in the affairs of Europe precisely at the moment when her military re-

sources, compared with those of her possible antagonists, are most manifestly inferior. This disproportion, indeed, between her commitments and her preparations to meet them has powerfully reinforced the agitation, which has long been gathering ground among the more 'advanced' section of British publicists, for universal military service. Since the security and integrity of France are now enrolled among the objects of British policy, and since these objects can be attained only on land, and not at sea, there is some justification for those who argue that Great Britain must ultimately either resume her old position of independence in Continental rivalries, or adopt conscription, or incur the risk of a humiliating disaster. Meanwhile, in the haziness as to the scope and effectiveness of the Triple Entente, and of Great Britain's share in it; its weakness both in diplomacy and in military equipment as against the resolution and overwhelming strength displayed by both Germany and Austria-Hungary; the numerical inferiority of France and the distractions of Russia; the suspicions and jealousies that multiply as each nation arms for it knows not what — in all this there is an indisputable menace to the prospects of Anglo-German peace.

But the third cause of a possible conflict between Germany and Great Britain, and the one which most engrosses attention on both sides of the North Sea, is the prodigious expansion of German sea-power. Germany in the past five years has doubled her navy estimates, and though the strain is taxing, and to some extent disorganizing, her finances, there is every sign and every probability that the future will witness still greater increases. She is spending in the current year one hundred and ten million dollars on her fleet; she has already organized the

most powerful army the world has ever seen, her coast-line is such as to be almost in itself a protection against attack; her system of administration ensures to all her executive programmes a unique consistency; a defeat at sea touches her at no vital point — Germany, for instance, can never be starved; her navy, admirably disciplined and efficient, has the further advantage of operating practically from a single base; she can build ships as fast and as well as Great Britain, and her people, though grumbling and half in revolt against the increased expenditure, are nevertheless more lightly taxed than the British, and feel within them a vigor and a consciousness of being on the crest of the rising wave that England for the most part has long since lost.

The thoroughness, patience, and prevision which Germany injects into all her undertakings make her a formidable antagonist. But to British eyes she appears particularly formidable. Everything that Great Britain is and may be in the world of material power and competition — her security, her trade, her empire, the very food of her people — depends upon the navy. Losing supremacy at sea, she loses everything. It is clear that the rivals are entering on their naval rivalry with unequal stakes. What ascendancy on the continent of Europe is to Germany, that, and more than that, is ascendancy at sea to Great Britain. To Germans sea-power is no more than a useful walking-stick; to Great Britain it is a crutch, without which she falls; and a struggle between the two powers for maritime supremacy would be essentially a struggle on Germany's part for dominion and on England's part for life. But that fact alone, vital as it is, does not give the full measure of British apprehensions. German sea-power is massed at a single point — the North Sea;

British sea-power is and must be distributed over all the seven seas, and may at any moment — there being nothing that changes so rapidly as the face of international politics — be called upon to meet a crisis in the Mediterranean or the Pacific. Again, the German Navy Department is in the main an executive department, free from parliamentary domination, able to look ahead and prepare; while the British Admiralty is in the main a political department, whose estimates and politics vary with the chances of party warfare, are framed from year to year, and are always liable to be attacked and truncated by that not inconsiderable body of British politicians who regard money spent on armaments as money wasted, and who instinctively set social reform above national security.

Remembering the traditions, the accumulated experience, and the present overwhelming superiority of the British navy, these are handicaps which a dispassionate onlooker might not consider very serious. If Englishmen regard them as portentous, it is partly because British nerves are in a 'panic' condition; partly because Englishmen are secretly conscious that in organized discipline, efficiency, and self-sacrifice, the Germans are ahead of them; and partly because they are not only persuaded that what they possess — colonies, sea-power, a world-wide carrying-trade — is precisely what Germany is ambitious to obtain, but are also penetrated with the conviction that Germany is always on the watch to do them an ill turn. If Englishmen do not actually anticipate a German invasion, they are, on the other hand, by no means assured that the Germans are morally incapable of such an adventure; and comparatively few of them doubt that if they were at war with a first-class power, Germany

would side with their adversary. As reasonable Englishmen view it, the danger from the German navy is not so much that it will equal the British navy — though the invention of the Dreadnought, by putting all powers on nearly similar terms and by rendering all other types of ship comparatively obsolete, makes it all but impossible for Great Britain ever to regain her old-time lead — as that it will come to hold the balance of European sea-power, and may at some future crisis furnish the spear-head for an anti-British coalition.

At the very least the German fleet introduces a new factor into the naval situation. It makes it proportionately more difficult for Great Britain to maintain that commanding position at sea which her security imperatively demands. It intensifies the competitive stress, and by so much diminishes her margin of safety. It has already forced her to revolutionize her naval dispositions and to concentrate nearly ninety per cent of her maritime strength in the North Sea. It has started one agitation for abandoning the Two-Power standard and for adopting in its place a systematic policy of laying down two keels to Germany's one; another agitation for floating a naval loan of two hundred and fifty million dollars; a third, for taking the Admiralty out of politics; and it has given an extra stimulus to the movement for national military service. The Germans on their part view the massing of the British navy in the North Sea as the forerunner to a hostile attack. Few things are more discussed in the German press than the possibility of England's initiating a 'preventive war' to crush the German navy before it grows too strong. If Englishmen were Germans and if Mr. Asquith were Bismarck, that, no doubt, is how England would act. As it is, nothing of the sort

will be attempted. The rivalry will continue without pause or abatement, no agreement to limit armaments is possible, because Germany will never bind herself to accept a permanent inferiority at sea, and no other basis is compatible with British needs, we shall soon find five hundred million dollars a year being spent on naval preparations on the two sides of the North Sea.

It is futile to blame either England or Germany. Theirs is a struggle between right and right, or at least between necessity and necessity. Germany is as fully entitled to have as big a fleet as she pleases, as Great Britain is bound to have a bigger one. Between the opposing policies, needs, and ambitions contained in that single sentence, there can be no compromise. What, then, will be the upshot of it all? France and Germany, though armed to the teeth, have dwelt side by side 'in peace for forty years. It is possible that Great Britain and Germany may do the same. But it is equally possible that if the financial and atmospheric pressure goes on increasing; if the two nations, while forging these tremendous weapons, continue to glower at each other in mistrust and ill-will; if fears and suspicions accumulate and deepen into passionate hatreds, then any one of a hundred conceivable incidents may goad the two peoples beyond endurance and precipitate a violent collision. No one as yet can pretend to say whether the gathering clouds will pass away, or burst in storm and lightning.

But one thing at least is certain: the Anglo-German duel does not concern England and Germany alone. All powers are interested in it, the United States not least. For what is at stake is whether Great Britain and the British Empire and British maritime supremacy are to endure. The destruction of German sea-power as the result

of a conflict with England would be an important but hardly a vital event; it would no more ruin Germany than Tsushima ruined Russia; it would but slightly, and for the moment, affect the currents of international politics. The destruction, on the other hand, of the British sea-power, the disappearance of Great Britain as a first-class state, the dissolution of her empire and the rise of Germany to the mistress-ship of the seas, would be developments that would throw the whole world into confusion, and react instantaneously upon the interest and policies of every nation in it. The attitude of other powers toward an issue that contains the possibility of so reverberant a catastrophe may be one of friendliness toward Great Britain or toward Germany, but cannot possibly be one of indifference. Americans in particular will naturally ask themselves whether they are more closely united by bonds of instinctive sympathies, of commerce, and of political interest, to Great Britain or to Germany, whether under present conditions they conceive themselves menaced either in their policies or their pockets by the British Empire or by British naval supremacy; whether, in the event of Germany's achieving supreme ascendancy at sea, American interests in the Caribbean, in South America, and in the Pacific, would lose or gain; whether, next to the security and well-being of their own country, there is any higher American interest than the continuance of the British Empire on its present footing. Such questions to-day fall almost idly on American ears, and the implications concealed in them seem alien and remote to the point of fantasy. Yet the time may be coming when they will be posed with inexorable insistence, and will demand from Americans, whether they wish it or no, a decisive yea or nay.

ON THE ROAD TO OREGON

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

WHEN, in 1810-11, Wilson P. Hunt, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McLellan, Donald McKenzie, and their party of trappers, voyageurs, and Indian traders were on their way from the Missouri to Astor's fur-collecting post at the mouth of the Columbia, what would they have thought if somebody had told them that they were laying the foundation of a great national highway? Yet such was the fact. For more than a thousand miles these partners and attachés of Astor's Pacific Fur Company traversed a course which was to become the Oregon Trail. In one degree or another that thoroughfare was to touch the current of the history of several nations. Without a suspicion of the political importance of their mission, Hunt and his associates were on the skirmish-line of the Americans' battle for empire on the Pacific.

At the outset Spain, Russia, England, and the United States laid claims to what was vaguely called the 'Oregon country,' covering all the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, from the northerly line of Spain's province of California to the southerly end of Russian America, the Alaska of the years since 1867. This comprised not only the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and portions of Wyoming and Montana, but much of the British Columbia of to-day.

Spain's claims were based on the voyages, at various times between 1543

and 1775, of Gabrillo, De Fuca (for whom the strait is named), Heceta, and others up the Pacific Coast to Russian America, but she did not occupy any of the coast north of California. By the treaty of 1819, in which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, she also handed over to us such rights as she had to all the territory on that coast except California.

Russia's title was based upon Behring's discovery of Alaska in 1741, and upon the discovery of territory further south by others of her navigators subsequently, such title in her case being strengthened by occupation by the Russian Fur Company, not only of Alaska but, for a few years, of spots in the Oregon region. By a treaty of 1824 Russia agreed to make no settlements south of latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$, which is the southerly point of Alaska; and the United States promised to make none north of that line. Thus Spain and Russia stepped out of the controversy, leaving England and the United States as the only claimants to the territory between California and Alaska.

England based her title on Drake's glimpse of Oregon when he was on his voyage round the globe in 1580; on Cook's visit to points along the coast in 1778; on Vancouver's explorations of part of it in 1793; and on the establishment of fur-trading posts therein by the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies; though those posts which were south of the forty-ninth parallel, or the present boundary-line between the United States and British territory,

seem, until the third decade of the nineteenth century, to have been only temporary.

The claims of the United States were founded chiefly on the discovery of the Columbia River in 1793 by Captain Robert Gray; on the exploration of that stream along its entire length, and of some of its tributaries, by Lewis and Clark in 1805-06, and on the planting of the fur-trading factory at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, in 1811, by John Jacob Astor.

Except that the record for Spain and Russia, in this narrative, has been carried forward a few years beyond that date, this was the situation in the Oregon country when Hunt and his companions left St. Louis in 1810, pushed up the Missouri to the territory of the Arickaras, in our South Dakota, and made their way overland to the Pacific, reaching Astoria in 1812. From near the point where the Portneuf flows into the Snake River, in the southeastern part of the present Idaho, onward to Astoria, Hunt passed along what was to be the Oregon Trail of the later days. Robert Stuart, Crooks, McLellan, and others of Astor's men, on their return overland from Astoria to St. Louis and New York in 1812, traversed that and other parts of the trail.

As a well-marked highway, with its eastern terminus at Independence, Missouri, and with South Pass, the point at which it crossed the continental divide, midway on its course, the Oregon Trail was still to be laid out. The trappers and immigrants, however, who were to be its explorers and path-breakers, were soon to begin work. When, during the War of 1812, Astoria was sold by some of Astor's faithless partners to one of his rivals, the Northwest Company, to save it from capture by the British sloop-of-war *Raccoon*, which was on its way up the coast to seize it; and when, because Monroe

refused to give him the protection of the government, Astor declined to re-occupy it after the British handed it back to the United States by the peace treaty of Ghent, and abandoned his field on the Pacific, some of his associates were out of employment for a few years. Meanwhile two of them—Ramsay Crooks and Russell Farnham—entered into affiliations through which they exerted some influence in shaping affairs on the great western sea.

In Washington, Crooks and Farnham interested several members of Congress, among them John Floyd of Virginia, in the Oregon region, and told them of its resources and capabilities. In 1818 a treaty was entered into between England and the United States which fixed the forty-ninth parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, as the northerly boundary of our country, but left all the territory west of that range open for ten years to the settlers and vessels of both nations on equal terms.

Many Americans were angered at this surrender of the territory on the Pacific to England by Monroe's administration. Right here the counsel of Crooks and Farnham, supplemented by that of Hall J. Kelley, a Boston school-teacher who was an Oregon enthusiast, began to make itself felt. In 1820 Floyd introduced a bill in the House for the occupation and settlement of the territory along the Columbia. Thus the Oregon issue made its advent in Congress. A House committee, of which Floyd was chairman, reported that America's claims to the disputed territory were clear and decisive. Congress took no action. Except a few persons here and there, the country was indifferent. The average American was not yet willing

To lose himself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings.

II

At this juncture, and for the moment, the Oregon issue entangles itself with the Holy Alliance, and is the innocent cause of the formulation of the policy which became known as the Monroe Doctrine. It also delayed the operations of the trail-makers across the continent. An edict of Alexander I, which was handed to Monroe's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, in February, 1822, by the Chevalier Polignac, the Russian minister at Washington, asserted Russia's sovereignty over all the region from Behring Sea south to latitude 51°, and shut out everybody except Russian subjects from trading in that locality. This called forth a protest from Adams, brought up a measure in the House of Representatives in 1823, on the lines of the Floyd bill of the preceding Congress, — which, like its predecessor, failed of passage, — and incited an unavailing attempt, by Benton of Missouri, to induce the Senate to declare for the immediate occupation of Oregon.

On July 23, 1823, Baron Tuxil, who had just succeeded Polignac at Washington, called on Adams, and was told by him that 'we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new colonial establishments.' The policy was proclaimed by Monroe in his message to Congress five months later, and was directed against the suspected plottings of the Holy Alliance — Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the France of the restored Bourbons.

At the moment when Adams was outlining to the Russian minister the germ of the hands-off-the-American-continent warning, the allies were crushing liberalism in Spain.

A few days before the capture of Cadiz, Canning, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, informed Rush, the American minister at London, that the allies purposed, as soon as Ferdinand was restored to absolute sway, to hold a congress which was to deal with Mexico, Peru, Chili, and the rest of the colonies in the New World which had broken away from Spain. According to rumors current at the time, this meant that these colonies were to be divided among the intervening powers. Rush immediately sent this startling intelligence to Adams, who communicated it to Monroe, and the declaration of continental independence in the message of December was Monroe's response. This led to the treaty of 1824, already mentioned, by which Russia agreed to make no settlements south of Alaska.

The list of the claimants of Oregon was thus narrowed to England and the United States. Being unable to reach a definite agreement, the two countries, in 1827, extended the joint occupation of Oregon indefinitely, with the proviso that either nation, on giving twelve months' notice, was at liberty to abrogate it. In all those years the attitude of the British government toward Oregon was, in a large degree, dictated by the Hudson's Bay Company, which wanted to keep the Americans out, and to preserve it as a great fur-bearing field.

But here a factor stepped in which, after a long struggle, balked British plans, and, in 1846, gave the most valuable part of the disputed region over to the United States. This was colonization. Samuel J. Wyeth and his trading-company were the first in the colonization field, and they were followed shortly afterward by several missionaries — Jason and Daniel Lee, Samuel Parker, Marcus Whitman, and Henry H. Spalding. Wyeth, a native

of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a member of a prominent family, had made a small fortune in the cutting, storing, and exporting of ice, when his imagination was fired by Hall J. Kelley's Oregon tracts. He planned to establish fur-trading posts in the valley of the Columbia, as Astor did twenty years earlier, though on a smaller scale; and he had in mind the erection of salmon-fishing plants on the coast, and the shipment of the fish by way of Cape Horn to the eastern market. Enlisting the coöperation of the Boston firm of Henry Hall, Tucker and Williams, the brig *Sultana* was sent from Boston in 1831 to the mouth of the Columbia with supplies. This vessel was to take the furs to China, which was the best market in the world at that time.

III

Starting from Boston on March 11, 1832, with twenty men, all well-armed and equipped, and traveling by way of Baltimore, where he obtained four recruits, Wyeth pushed across the Alleghenies to Pittsburg, took the steamboat there, and, by changes of boats at Cairo and St. Louis, reached Independence, Missouri, in the latter part of April. Many of the fur-traders used Independence as an outfitting-point in their expeditions to the upper waters of the Missouri, and across the continental divide into the valley of the Columbia. South Pass, the gateway of the mountains, which was traversed by trappers, fur-traders, explorers, and immigrants of the after day, was discovered by Étienne Prévost, a member of William H. Ashley and Andrew Henry's Rocky Mountain Fur Company, in the winter of 1823-24. Wyeth himself was soon to establish another landmark on the trail, that of Fort Hall, on the Snake River, in Idaho.

On May 12, Wyeth and his party,

which had now been reduced by six desertions, left Independence, in company with sixty men of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, under command of William L. Sublette, who were on their way to their rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, in Wyoming. They went through South Pass about the middle of June, celebrated the Fourth of July on the Snake River, and reached Pierre's Hole on July 8. There seven of Wyeth's men left him, started eastward with a few returning hunters, and one of them and two of the hunters were killed by the Blackfeet.

With the eleven men who were still with him, Wyeth left Pierre's Hole on July 17, in company with a party of trappers under Milton G. Sublette, William's younger brother, encountered a large band of Blackfeet, and, after receiving reinforcements, fought and defeated the band. Pushing on again, Wyeth parted with Sublette at the headwaters of the Humboldt, in northern Nevada, and reached Fort Vancouver, then the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest, on October 29. From there he went to the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Fort George, Astor's old station at Astoria, where he learned that the *Sultana* had been wrecked at the Society Islands. This meant disaster for his plans. Wyeth was back at Fort Vancouver on November 19, and there the remainder of his men left him.

Baffled in his hope to establish a fur trade which could make any headway against the rivalry of the Hudson's Bay monopoly, which occupied the best of the strategic points in the valley of the Columbia, Wyeth now made a close study of the general resources of the region, and, determining to combine salmon-fishing with fur-trading in his next venture, he started eastward in February, 1833, and immediately

began to prepare for his second expedition. Wyeth was the first American who crossed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was the first man who traversed the Oregon Trail from Independence to the mouth of the Columbia.

When Wyeth and William L. Sublette passed through the mountains westward in 1832 they met Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, then on leave of absence from the army, conducting a large and well-equipped party to Oregon, with the hope of establishing a profitable fur trade; but he, after an experience of three years, failed as completely as did Wyeth. The story of his expedition is told in a delightful way in Irving's *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*.

Organizing the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company with the capital which he obtained in Boston and New York, Wyeth sent out the brig May Dacre from Boston for the Columbia, with articles suited to the trade in that locality, and started on his second overland journey. Leaving Independence on April 28, 1834, with sixty men, including J. K. Townsend, a young ornithologist, who told the story of the expedition, Thomas Nuttall, the botanist, and Jason and Daniel Lee, Methodist missionaries, and accompanied by his old friend Milton G. Sublette and a party of trappers, Wyeth reached the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, on the Green River, on June 17, and there met with one of his many disappointments. A large stock of merchandise which that company contracted with Wyeth to bring to them, and which he delivered at the stipulated place and time, was refused.

Without indulging in vain regrets, however, Wyeth went on to Snake River, which he reached on July 14. There, a few miles above the mouth

of the Portneuf, and one hundred miles north of Great Salt Lake, he erected Fort Hall, which was named for the senior member of his trading company. He intended this to be his interior depot for the collection of peltries. As a post on the Oregon Trail it figured prominently in the annals of the immigration to the valley of the Columbia in the after time, though it soon passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. After raising the stars and stripes on Fort Hall on August 5, 1834 (and this was the first direct and practical promise of the coming American domination in the disputed territory), he placed a small garrison in that post, and resumed his march to the Pacific. He reached the mouth of the Columbia in September, met his vessel, the May Dacre, which arrived about the same time, and erected a salmon-fishery.

Ill luck, however, beset him at every turn. The Indians, at the instigation, it was charged, of the Hudson's Bay Company, persecuted him and killed many of his men. While the officials of that monopoly were personally polite and considerate to him, they refused to sell supplies to him, and prevailed on most of the Indians also to refuse. The company also erected a trading-post named Fort Boisé on the Snake River, near the mouth of the Boisé, on the western border of Idaho, in territory which he expected to be tributary to Fort Hall; whereupon his enterprise collapsed.

Wyeth was daring, energetic, and resourceful, but the odds against him were too great to be overcome, in the absence of any support from the government.

Just as Wyeth was entering the mountains in 1832, four chiefs of the Flathead tribe arrived in St. Louis from the present state of Washington, went to General William Clark, Lewis's

old partner in the exploration of 1804-06, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and asked him to send the Bible to their people, with men to interpret it. The missionaries Daniel and Jason Lee, with three lay brothers, who accompanied Wyeth on his expedition in 1834, were the response which the Methodist Church made to this appeal, which the entire country heard. The Lees, who were the first missionaries from the United States to the Pacific slope, established posts on the Willamette and in other parts of Oregon, and these became rallying-points for immigrants who were then beginning to cross the continental divide.

Rev. Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman, a physician, were sent out by the Presbyterians in 1835 to look over the missionary field. Parker returned to the East in that year, by way of Hawaii and Cape Horn, and Whitman came back overland. Marrying in 1836, Whitman and his wife went to Oregon in that year, accompanied by Rev. Henry H. Spalding, a young Presbyterian clergyman, also newly married. The wives of these two were the first white women who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. Spalding started a mission among the Nez Percés, on the Clearwater, one hundred miles northeast of Walla Walla, while Whitman established a post at Waiilatpu, twenty-five miles east of Walla Walla, among the Cayuse tribe. From that time until his death Whitman was an active worker in the interest of the missions and of immigration, and there was sorrow throughout the territory when, in 1847, he, with his wife and eleven other whites, was massacred by the Cayuses.

A missionary whose name traveled farther even than Whitman's entered on his work in Oregon in 1840. This was the Jesuit Father Peter John De Smet. He established churches and

schools among the Flatheads and other Indians of the Northwest until his death in 1872, and wielded an influence among his red constituents such as was not wielded by any other American religious teacher. With the advent of the Lees, Spalding, Whitman, De Smet, and their associates of the various denominations, the work of colonization of Oregon began in a practical way.

The question of the boundary now became pressing, and the politicians at Washington became as active as the trail-makers in fighting Oregon's battles. The politicians at London also began to take an interest in that issue. Here one of the judgments of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, on the imagined barrenness of the Trans-Missouri region, intervened to impede his countrymen.

IV

'These vast plains of the Western Hemisphere may become in time as celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa; for I saw in my route, in various places, tracts of many leagues where the wind had thrown up the sand in all the fanciful forms of the ocean's rolling wave.'

These words are from Pike's report, which was published in 1810, describing some of the region through which he passed on the exploration of 1806-07, which carried him from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountains, and down into New Mexico and Mexico. Here, in Major Stephen H. Long's account of the country traversed by him on his exploration between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains in 1819, and in Irving's *Astoria*, published in 1836, is the origin of the myth which projected itself over a large portion of the old-time maps of the region between the Missouri and the Pacific under the name of the 'Great American Desert.'

In the long fight which was made by

Floyd of Virginia and Baylies of Massachusetts in the House of Representatives, and by Benton and Linn of Missouri in the Senate, and by a few others in each chamber, the 'desert' constantly obtruded itself. 'Between the Missouri and the Pacific, save a strip of culturable prairie not above two hundred or three hundred miles wide, theregion is waste and sterile, no better than the Desert of Sahara, and quite as dangerous to cross.' Thus spoke Edward Bates of Missouri in the House of Representatives in 1829 — the Edward Bates who was one of the aspirants to the presidential candidacy in the Republican Convention of 1860, and who became Lincoln's first attorney-general.

Captain William Sturgis, who had less excuse for such expressions than most of those who uttered them in Congress, for he had been on the Oregon coast as a trader, said in a lecture in Boston in 1838, 'Rather than have new states formed beyond the Rocky Mountains, to be added to our present union, it would be a lesser evil, so far as that union is concerned, if the unoccupied portion of Oregon Territory should sink into Symmes's Hole, leaving the western base of those mountains and the borders of the Pacific Ocean one and the same.'

As late as January, 1843, McDuffie of South Carolina exclaimed in the Senate that, for agricultural purposes, he would 'not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory'; and added, 'I thank God for his mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains there.'

By publication in the newspapers these expressions were carried all over the country. In 1843 the *Edinburgh Review* said that the region between the western border of Missouri and the Rocky Mountains was 'incapable, probably forever, of fixed settlement,' while west of that range 'only a very small portion of the land is suscepti-

ble of cultivation.' The literary bureau of the Hudson's Bay Company, moreover, took especial pains to collect and republish everything derogatory to Oregon which was said on either side of the Atlantic, but particularly on the American side. From 1800 to 1846 it pursued the same policy in Oregon which it had practiced in Canada for two centuries. For the protection of the beaver it used all its power to keep settlers out.

Many well-known persons, however, went into the Trans-Missouri country about this time, and some of them published books which helped to correct Pike's and Long's errors. Nuttall and Townsend, already mentioned, went out to the mountains with Wyeth in 1834, and wrote accounts of the trip. In the same year George Catlin, the portrait painter, traveled up to the Mandan country, on the upper Missouri, in the American Fur Company's steamboat Yellowstone. Maximilian, Prince of Neuweid, made a still longer trip along the same stream in 1833, and recorded it in his *Travels in the Interior of North America*, which was published in 1843.

The testimony of these intelligent, unbiased observers went far toward removing the impression that the Trans-Mississippi region was difficult to traverse, and was not worth traversing; and this testimony was aided by the fact that wagons had crossed the continental divide.

In the interest of immigration the government at Washington began to move at last. In 1842 Tyler's Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, sent Lieutenant John C. Frémont to explore the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, to ascertain the best route to traverse, to find the most advantageous crossing-place over the mountains, and to report immediately.

Frémont's report, which was published in the early months of 1843, pointed out the best camping-places for wood and water on the trail, gave the distances between them, and declared, as Wyeth had done seven years earlier, that the tales of Sahara barrenness were exaggerations. Like Wyeth, Frémont also cited the fact that the immense herds of buffaloes which were on the plains assailed the notion of an absence of vegetation there. The newspapers of the principal cities printed extracts from the report, and thus an immediate impetus was given to immigration.

Frémont's work in 1842 aroused so much interest throughout the country that he was sent out with another expedition in 1843. In the same year Jim Bridger, who began his career in 1822 as a member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and who, later on, drifted into Astor's American Fur Company, built Fort Bridger on Black's Fork of the Green River, near the western border of Wyoming, as a trading-post and general outfitting-point, and it quickly became one of the most familiar stations on the trail. Bridger thus rendered a tribute to the immigrant, who had now superseded the trapper and fur-trader as a path-breaker of the wilderness. And the wave of immigration which Bridger foresaw made its advent in that year. This gives 1843 its claim to distinction as a great date in the battle for Oregon.

v

Westport, around and over which Kansas City, Missouri, has grown, was a point of national interest during the spring of 1843. Concentrating there in May of that year was by far the largest gathering of immigrants which the exodus to Oregon had yet seen. They came in response to liberal do-

nations of land which congressmen promised to settlers. They were also the answer to appeals for colonists who would rescue the Northwest from England.

Meetings to promote immigration were held in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other places in the early months of the year. In the *New York Tribune*, the *Boston Journal*, the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and other papers, those meetings received prominent mention. Marcus Whitman, who, in the winter of 1842-43, made a daring ride from his post on the Willamette across the mountains and prairies to the East, in the interest of the missions and of immigration, was an object of much interest in Washington, New York, and the other centres which he visited. Many papers mentioned his exploit. Some of them gave special emphasis to the fact that he was to return with the caravan which was soon to start from the banks of the Missouri for the Pacific slope.

All this explains why 1843 saw large parties of immigrants from many quarters converge at the mouth of the Kaw as soon as the grass began to peep out at the sunshine. They came from the shores of the Hudson, the Ohio, the Connecticut, the Tennessee, and the Wabash. Assembling at that point were descendants of men who fought against Canonchet and King Philip; who marched with Boone and Harrod through Cumberland Gap; who assisted Manasseh Cutler, Rufus Putnam, and Samuel Parsons in planting the colony at the mouth of the Muskingum which laid the foundation of the old Northwest Territory; who were with 'Tippecanoe' Harrison and Richard M. Johnson when they overwhelmed Tecumseh and the British General Proctor and his troops at the battle of the Thames, in the War of 1812.

An enumeration of the names of some of the persons who gathered at the starting-point — James W. Nesmyth, Jesse Applegate, Daniel Waldo, John G. Baker, Thomas G. Naylor, and Peter H. Burnett — would be a roll-call of some of Oregon's most distinguished citizens of the after day. For effective direction and for safety, especially in going through the Indian country, which would soon be encountered, and which would have to be traversed for a thousand miles and for many weeks, a semblance of military organization was adopted. The wagons were divided into platoons of four each, the leading platoon of to-day to drop to the rear to-morrow. A stated number of wagons comprised a division, with its quota of officers. Scouts and buffalo-hunters were selected from among those who had no teams or cattle to drive, the former to watch on front and flank for Indians, and the latter to furnish the caravan with meat. A council, consisting of some of the most intelligent and alert men at the rendezvous, was chosen to settle controversies, and, after the expedition started, to act as legislature and judiciary. Out in the region to which they were to travel the government had not extended its authority. From the decisions of the council there was to be no appeal. A veteran plainsman and mountaineer was chosen as guide and pilot, and his place was at the head of the line. Marcus Whitman was to join the caravan at the point where the trail struck the Platte, and to remain with it until it reached Fort Hall. Peter H. Burnett was in general command.

A rifle-réveillé from the sentinels at four o'clock in the morning on June 1, 1843, awoke the camps on the Kaw, and the bustle of preparation for the march began. Fires were lit, breakfast cooked and eaten, the cattle and horses at the outskirts collected, and

the oxen yoked. At seven o'clock the bugle sounded the advance, the various divisions filed into the positions which had been assigned to them, and the column, stretching itself to several miles in length, broke away from Westport and the Missouri, and headed for the sunset. It was

The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea

Men, women, and children were there to the number of nearly a thousand, with two hundred wagons drawn by oxen. With them were several thousand horses and cattle, and also household furniture, ploughs, and seeds. It was the kind of army that never retreats. It was a nation in transit. And the objective point, across rivers, deserts and mountains, and through an Indian-infested region larger than France and Germany combined, was two thousand miles away.

'The Road to Oregon.' The sign-board with this legend which greeted them near the present town of Gardner, Kansas, on the second day out from Westport, told the immigrants that they had reached the parting of the ways, and that they must now leave the Santa Fé Trail. Their own road lay before them plainly marked by the transit of fur-traders, explorers, and desultory parties of immigrants. It was now to receive a far deeper impress.

For convenience the column divided into two sections at the crossing of the Big Blue, in Northern Kansas, the two keeping, however, within supporting distance of each other. And, six or seven hundred miles farther, when danger from Indian attack diminished, other subdivisions of the caravan were made. Thus, diversified by occasional rushes of vast herds of buffaloes across the trail, or by menaces of attack from Indians hovering near in large bands, the days, weeks, and months passed.

At night, when the weather permitted, as it usually did, there were singing and dancing by the young folks. Births, marriages, and deaths, took place on the march. The Platte, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, South Pass, Fort Bridger, Fort Hall, Fort Boisé, and other halting-places were greeted and left behind. From their lookouts on ridges and in mountain-gorges the Sioux, Crows, and Blackfeet, seeing white women and children for the first time, read their own doom in this vast migration of a great people.

At the end of 1842 there were only five hundred American settlers west of the Rocky Mountains and north of California. When, in September, 1843, the column led by Burnett and Applegate filed across the Cascade Mountains, and down into the valley of the Willamette, a thousand were added to this population-roll, and the first corps of the American army of occupation arrived in Oregon.

VI

'After twenty-five years the American population has begun to extend itself to the Oregon. Some hundreds went a few years ago; a thousand went last year; two thousand are now setting out from the frontiers of Missouri; tens of thousands are meditating the adventure. I say to them all, Go on. The government will follow you and give you protection and land. Let the immigrants go on and carry their rifles. Thirty thousand rifles on the Oregon will annihilate the Hudson's Bay Company, drive them off our continent. The settlers in Oregon will also recover and open for us the North American road to India. This road lies through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon.'

These words by Benton in the Senate on June 3, 1844, showed that the

immigrants were compelling the political leaders to take action. A convention of Benton's party held in Baltimore a week before Benton spoke, which nominated Polk for President, declared in favor of the 'reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas, at the earliest practicable period'; but the Whigs, who held their convention in the same city four weeks earlier, and nominated Clay, evaded both the Oregon and the Texas questions. From Jefferson's days to those of Pierce and Buchanan — during the period which spanned the annexation of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Oregon, and which saw attempts to buy Cuba, and demands for the seizure of Cuba if Spain should refuse to sell — the Democracy was the party of national expansion and imperialism, as the Republican party has been in our time.

The Democrats' campaign slogan of 'Fifty-four forty or fight,' which meant that we should take the disputed territory up to 54° 40', or almost to the northerly line of the present British Columbia, even if we had to fight England for it, strengthened them in the North and West. Their demand for the 'reannexation of Texas,' which implied that that locality had been surrendered to Spain by the Monroe administration in the Florida cession treaty of 1819, won tens of thousands of votes for them in the South.

Polk's election was interpreted as a popular mandate for Congress and the national administration to take decisive action on the Texas and Oregon questions. The Whig Senate and the Democratic House passed a Texas annexation bill, which Tyler signed just before he left the White House on March 4, 1845; and Texas became the twenty-eighth state on December 29 of that year, ten months after Polk entered the presidency. With Texas we

inherited her boundary dispute with Mexico, Texas claiming all the territory to the Rio Grande, while Mexico said that that state's western verge did not extend beyond the Nueces. Polk immediately sent General Zachary Taylor to occupy the disputed region, and when he reached the Rio Grande, the collision came, on April 24, 1846, with General Mariano Arista, Santa Anna's commander there, which brought on the Mexican War.

While these events were taking place, immigrants were pouring across the mountains and into the valley of the Columbia. If the Democratic platform ultimatum of 'Fifty-four-forty or fight' were insisted on, it would mean war, for England was beginning to arm. Buchanan, Polk's Secretary of State, offered as a compromise the forty-ninth parallel from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific; but England, while willing to accept that parallel as far as the easternmost branch of the Columbia, insisted on making that river the boundary down to the Pacific. This would have given to England most of the present State of Washington. Polk rejected this proposition, and appealed to Congress to allow him to give the year's notice to England required in the treaty of 1829, and thus terminate the joint occupancy, as a preliminary to the assertion of exclusive jurisdiction over Oregon by the United States.

War feeling was beginning to run high in the United States and England by this time, and a conflict seemed inevitable. But after some bluster in Congress and Parliament, and some boasts by the leading newspapers of both countries, Sir Richard Pakenham, Victoria's minister at Washington, on June 6, 1846, accepted the American proposition. This was just as the first of the caravans for that year was leaving the Missouri for the promised land. Polk signed the treaty on June 15, the

Senate ratified it, and Oregon, as far north as the United States had any legitimate claim by occupation, comprising the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming, came under the stars and stripes.

England's acceptance of America's terms was opportune. At that time Zachary Taylor, having defeated Arista at Palo Alto on May 8, and at Resaca de la Palma a day later, had crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, and was preparing for that victorious march into the interior which culminated at Buena Vista on February 2, 1847, and was to be supplemented by Scott's still more brilliant campaign in that year, which carried the American troops to the City of Mexico; General Stephen W. Kearny, with the Army of the West, was about to advance from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé to make the conquest of New Mexico; Colonel John C. Frémont was directing the Bear Flag revolt against Mexico in California; Commodore Sloat was about to raise the flag over Monterey, the capital of California of the early days; and the general chain of events was pushing the United States boundary to the Pacific.

When England abandoned the region below the forty-ninth parallel, the trail had done the work which its founders had marked out for it. It had won Oregon. But its task was far from being finished. In the years which were immediately ahead of it parties of immigrants in steadily increasing numbers, crossing the Missouri at St. Joseph, Council Bluffs, and other points, and striking the trail in the valley of the Platte, reinforced the main stream which came from its original terminus at the mouth of the Kaw, and made the trail busier than ever before. Darting by the lines of 'prairie schooners,' which were seldom out of sight, were

Ben Holladay's stages which made their appearance soon after the annexation, while the pony mail-carriers, beginning with 1859, swept past the rest of the procession, on their way from St. Joseph to San Francisco. On all of them — immigrants in their ox-teams, stage-coach travelers, and pony-express riders — the Cheyennes and Sioux made sporadic but resolute war.

Then came the transcontinental railway — the Union and the Central Pacific in 1869, and the Northern Pacific in 1883. This was the end of the trail. For stretches of hundreds of miles along that old thoroughfare to-day run the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Union Pacific, and the Oregon Short

Line. From the car-windows at many points the furrows made by the wagons more than forty years ago can still be traced.

Attempts are being made to raise funds to erect markers along this old national highway, as was done in the case of the road to Santa Fé. Either by the government at Washington or by the states through which it passes, some sort of memorial of the heroic and tumultuous days of the past ought to be set up. In larger measure than any other thoroughfare in the United States the Oregon Trail, from the mouth of the Kaw to the mouth of the Columbia, participated in the march of empire.

AT THE END OF THE LINE

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

I

THERE has always been a seductive magic to me in the railway track. As a child I would follow those long, remotely-converging lines of steel, in the hope of finding at last the meeting-point of the infinitely elongated V; and the fact that not even my occasional rides on the train ever brought me to it, and that from the rear of an observation-car the meeting-point of the rails seemed somehow to have slipped in behind us without our passing over it, — this came to be classed with the end of the rainbow as a part of the natural magic of which the queer world seemed so full. And since I have grown to man's estate, the track has still lured me with

its uncompromising directness in the face of the deviousness of nature, and with the sense of the indestructibility of the bond by which the unceasing steel links settlement and distant settlement together.

To my earlier and in a sense to my later experience, as well, the most impressive fact of the railroad line was that it never stopped. Seem to converge it might, but it never stopped. Dweller as I was, sometimes in small towns and sometimes in the country, the train seemed to thunder down that infinite parallel and pause for a moment beside the little station and the telegraph-tower and the water-tank, only to go on to infinity again. And this sense, as it were, of the both-way infinity of the

line came to be not only its most impressive, but also its most characteristic and inalienable, quality.

And then suddenly, not long ago, all the old anchors of experience were lifted or broken, and the train bore me out of my familiar haunts, out of my native country, over the Canadian border, and ever westward and northward on and on to a point whither the insatiable adventure-lust of man had pushed the frontier of civilization. And there the train stopped and I got out. In sooth, there was nothing else to do. It was the end of the line.

Only gradually did the full significance of this fact dawn upon me. At first, life was blurred with detail. I saw too much to see anything. But slowly, as the process of adjustment went on, it became clear that the key to the new life on which I had entered, the explanation of this sense of *difference* which time and experience were proving powerless to alleviate, lay in the fact that we were all living and working and thinking and feeling at the end of the line. This realization came to me first through the perception that the arrival and the departure of trains was not an incident. It was an event. The old boyhood lure of the train returned; but now it was not due to the dim consciousness of a both-way infinity, —

Into this Universe and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it as Wind along the Waste
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing

Rather had I reached a spot where the line had at once its end and its beginning. When the train came in and stopped with the finality which was at first so strange to me, I could see with the eye of recollection what the disembarking passengers had just been through — the day after day of journey over the otherwise trackless prairie, the semi-occasional stop at a point where a great grain-elevator and a cluster of houses

marked the nucleus of settlement, the glimpse now and then of the red coat of a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman as he paced his hundred-mile 'beat.' I could recall too the thrill of a certain moment when the train was passing a lonely cabin on the prairie, and the denizen of the little cabin had stepped to his door and waved to the passing train — had waved not with the turn of the wrist to which I was accustomed, but with a long, slow sweep of the full arm which was instinct with the majesty of the limitless silent prairie round about him. These things the new arrivals too had seen. They too were not the casual traffickers of some near-by station, but, like me, had sustained the unremitting journey of many days to reach the strange new life where the train came to a stop.

And so, too, with the starting of the train. These men who swung aboard at the warning of the whistle, to a chorus of farewells from those who knew them, and from those who, knowing them not, yet wished them *bon voyage* on their long journey — these men were to view the trackless prairie for many days, until at last the unending rails would bear them into a world becoming ever less spacious and more crowded, — would bear them on and on until they were lost somewhere in the swarming welter of the East. But the train, ah, the train would never stop.

And thus, as I have said, it came to me out of these daily arrivals and departures, these events of the train which, however repeated, never lost their significance, that the key to this new life lay in the fact that it was at the end of the line. Everywhere in the day's work and in the day's play, at the desk, in the shop, in the counting-house, on the farm, one felt the underlying consciousness that routine, tradition, the treadmill of blind habit, lay back there in a country where the

rails had already past. Back there, life was an accomplished fact, a finished machine into which you must be content to fit as a cog into its groove. But here life was in the making, still to be hammered into shape and use. And you were not merely a cog. Instead, you wielded the hammer. And so you bared your arms with a thrill, and struck and struck, — blunderingly it may be, fruitlessly sometimes it seemed, but with a perseverance and a strength born of the feeling that you were in at the making of life, and that, in the casting off of the old and the shaping of the new, you had found yourself.

II

But if the life lived here has a deeper significance, it is not wanting either in picturesque details; and these picturesque details, again, are implicit in the fact that here the railway ends. The magic of civilization which flows along these threads of steel has erected, with almost the abruptness of an Aladdin palace, a rich and thriving city. On one side of the mighty river which rolls down from the Rocky Mountains is rising a great structure of granite and marble, which will house the legislative activities of the province. On the other side of the river, the ground is being broken for a splendid group of buildings which will be the home of the Provincial University. Over the bridges which span the stream ply the trolley-cars; the business streets are alive with commerce, and the residence sections of the twin-cities blossom with well-built dwellings. Law and order, wisdom and culture, industry and finance, — these are the products of civilization, these are the result of the magic which flows along the lines of steel.

But cheek-by-jowl with these evidences of a highly developed life are

evidences of the primitive world on the edge of which we dwell. The developed life is here because the railroad comes here. The primitive life is here because the railroad stops here. The one has taken the other by surprise.

This juxtaposition of extremes, this sense of contrast, finds its most effective symbol in a long low structure of whitewashed logs within a few rods of the great Parliament building. The rambling two-story log hut is the old Hudson's Bay Company fort. Twenty-odd years ago, it shared with other western posts the shock of Riel's Rebellion, and the bullets of even more recent Indian forays are still imbedded in its walls. But now the high stockade which once surrounded it has been torn down, the old fort is tenantless, and, in the great Parliament building which is rising beside it, the quondam guardians of a frontier post are soon to be solving the legislative problems of a complex civilization.

There are other such material contrasts also: the wretched little shack wherein 'school kept' a few years ago, is only a ten-minutes' walk from the site of the Provincial University; the Edmonton City Club, with its elaborate building and all the appointments of club luxury, crowns a hill on the slope of which burrows a primitive dug-out with its crude roof half-earthed in the hillside; and tents, the mushroom growth of a night, are interspersed on the residence-streets with houses whose graceful proportions are a credit to the local architects. Some of the tents too are enriched with fine furnishings; while others, although the flimsy walls must bear the fifty-degrees-below of this far northern winter, lack even the bare necessities of decent comfort. And as if purposely to heighten the contrasts, a few of these primitive dwellings display the 'shingle' of a manicurist or a *masseuse*.

Equally replete with contrasts is the passing throng on the streets. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Americans, of cosmopolitan experience and of cosmopolitan garb, rub shoulders with the 'silent smoky Indian.' Not infrequently, indeed, the contrast of costume is even more sharply drawn, when in the bitter winter the 'tailor-made' man follows the example of his copper brother and dons the warm moccasin instead of the unyielding and unprotecting shoe of civilization. The trap drawn by the high-stepping hackney crowds the primitive ox-cart on the thoroughfares. Within the department stores, with their rich and varied equipment, the woman of unmistakable *ton* and social background shops side by side with the Indian squaw and the swarthy half-breed woman of the prairies. The Indian leaves his ox-cart to take his first ride on a trolley-car; and the immigrant, bringing his numerous family into the same conveyance, shrewdly essays a 'dicker' with the conductor for wholesale rates on his large consignment of passengers.

It was on the very trolley-ride on which I witnessed this futile effort at striking a bargain, that I saw an even more typical instance of the extremes which meet at the end of the line. A rough, unkempt, and — frankly — rather malodorous person, whose speech betrayed the recency of his transplanting from the central European 'mother-country,' handed me an envelope, and asked me to direct him to the address upon it. I recognized the address at once as the residence of a man of culture whose daughter had just taken her degree at an eastern college. The immigrant, it appeared, had recently been appointed a 'school trustee' of the district in which he lived. The daughter of the gentleman whose address was on the letter was in search of local experience as a public-school teacher.

She had answered an advertisement from this district; and in response this uncouth trustee had journeyed to the city to inspect the applicant. The young lady, I knew, was shy, refined, totally inexperienced in 'roughing it.' What an experience was in store for her! Difficult — but how salutary it might be for both parties to the compact!

III

It is such incidents as these that keep one constantly reminded of the fact that this is the end of the line. But far more stimulating to the imagination, if less a matter of everyday experience, are the occasional reminders that, beyond this point where the line ends, stretch the 'silent places,' the great, dim, mysterious *terra incognita* of the Farther North. Turn to the maps, even the most recent ones, of the Province of Alberta, and compare the wealth of detail concerning the country over which the steel stretches, with the meagre information beyond the point where the steel ends. What a sense of unfathomed mystery, of unplumbed depths, of unmounted heights, in this Northland! Less and less grow the records as your finger follows the broad band of the province northward. And when you reach its northern boundary, you find yourself on the edge of a country in which facts vanish altogether, and uncertainty wavers to an interrogation-point.

Does it not give you a vivid sense of 'the little done, the undone vast,' to learn that our knowledge to-day of the great tract lying between Great Slave Lake (just north of Alberta) and Dubawnt Lake, far, far to the eastward, is gained from the recorded wanderings of an eighteenth-century explorer, Samuel Hearne, — his casual jottings, — and nothing else? And to be here at the end of the line is to be

in some sense a sharer in this mystery, this lure of the unknown.

For here, as in the past, still come the swarthy trappers with their season's gleanings, every pelt an item in the record of hardship and adventure. *Pro pelle cutem* reads the stern motto on the coat of arms of the Hudson's Bay Company; and all the willingness of the hardy adventurer to barter comfort and safety, and life itself, for the priceless fur is suggested in that pregnant phrase. Here they come, these quiet heroes of the wild, here to the end of the line. And from here, too, set out the men who have hearkened to

One everlasting Whisper, day and night repeated — so:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you Go''

And listening to the Everlasting Whisper, they go to explore the Unknown for the pure joy of discovery.

From here, too, go the mails for the remote posts and forts in the Farther North — to the nearer ones as often as every few weeks, but to the farther ones, only twice a year; and these goings if they are a mere incident to the careless sojourner at the end of the line, are surely an epoch to him who can see in spirit the eager hearts in those distant lonely posts.

From here, too, in the feverish Klondike days which have passed into history, the gold-seekers outfitted and started on their long journey. The men who lived here then and saw them go will tell you laughingly of their misfit outfits which bitterly-won experience taught them so soon to cast aside — stories the humor of which lies very close to tears. There were many tragedies in those days; and indeed if the tragedies to-day are fewer, they are

none the less terrible. Hunger and cold still dog the heels of him who dares the pitiless North; and Death waits ever by the trail.

But if life in the Farther North wears a grim face, it is not always untouched with humor. The pioneer has learned perforce the art of taking hardship gallantly. When the Provincial Legislature met in 1909, the member from the Far North came to Edmonton in a 'caboose,' and brought his family and his servant with him. The thermometer stood at fifty below for a part of the time during which their little house on runners was moving slowly through the snow toward the Provincial capital. It was a picnic under difficulties, but it was a picnic still. And though the member and his family lived in a hotel during the session, his wife rose to the occasion by entertaining her friends at afternoon tea in the 'caboose.' The M. P. P. and his family went serenely back again by the same conveyance when the session was over; and in the following summer, fate intervened again to save them from the commonplace; for the contest in which the member sought reelection was delayed two weeks, because the official counter from Edmonton found the rivers unnavigable on account of ice, and had to walk the last one hundred and fifty miles to the Riding.

These are some of the contrasts and some of the elements that make life at the end of the line a spur to the imagination and a healthful, heartening, stirring thing. It is good to be here, and it is especially good to be here now. For, while the life of this Far Northwest will never lose its zest and bigness, it will lose — as the indomitable industry of man pushes the railroad beyond and ever beyond — the unique charm that rests ever at the end of the line.

INCONSTANT BEAUTY

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I did not bring home the river and sky. — EMERSON.

I DID not bring the stream, the sky —
So spake the wise and gifted one,
But had they willed with him to hie,
Could he have brought the wind, the sun,
That bade the wave to arch and run,
And gave the cope its azure dye?
Or had he in the meadow stayed
Beneath the sky, beside the stream,
Could he have checked the flying gleam,
Or fixed the ripple as it played?
A risen gust, a passing shade,
Had torn or reft the fragile dream.
Beauty! It is a touch, a beam;
It is a breath that comes and goes;
It is a grace that ebbs and flows,
Though seated and secure it seem.
The form in pearl or opal stays,
But not the light that round it plays;
They still resign and still resume
With shift and dance of glow and gloom
The joyance of the kindled rays.
Ah, what shall bind the truant spell,
The coy, the wayward miracle?
Who shackle, as the instants roll,
The fleeting, fading aureole?
Nor liquid eye nor golden tress
Empales the flying loveliness.
There lives no lure, no subtle grace,
That bends not to the hour's control
Expression in the plastic face,
Emotion in the changing soul.

The Naiad seeks the welcome pool,
The Nymph is lost far down the glade:
But weep thou not too long, poor fool!
The charm had vanished, had they stayed!

Yet life, by her unchanging rule,
If stern, is also merciful.
If ebbing time the yielded grace
From fairest things shall oft recall,
Some bounty, as the seasons pace,
Shall ebbing time accord to all.
The plain and low, the mean and small,
Shall tempt by turns the stooping wing;
The glory that to naught will cling

To naught will ever distant be;
Confineless by the bolt or key,
Untrammelled by delaying gyves,
For entrance as for egress free,
Receding still, it still arrives,
O cursed, O blest, inconstancy!

Shall Beauty shrink or be afraid?
She is the moth whose wingèd speed
Forsakes the flower to woo the weed;
The moonbeam leaving in the shade
The jasmine and the rich arcade,
To bathe in lustre clear and cool
The pebble and the turbid pool;
She is the queen who turns her face
From lords in noble vestments brave,
To smile, in brief yet boundless grace,
An instant on the passing slave.
Her light the hidden charm reveals,
The fatal blot her shadow heals;
The rugged face, the soul of gloom,
Transfigured in her blessing rise;
She flies forever — 't is our doom —
Yet stoops forever as she flies.

THE CASE FOR THE NEWSPAPERS

BY WILLIAM PETER HAMILTON

THIS is an age of specialists, but it is still true that everybody thinks he knows how to run a newspaper. Most people engaged in that somewhat arduous occupation find technical knowledge useful; but it is difficult to convince the layman that it is in any way necessary. Criticism, in fact, has come to such a stage that we are seriously asked to believe that Greeley, Raymond, Bowles, and other giants of their day, did not merely write trenchant editorials with a strong personal complexion, but succeeded in offering a more thorough and honest presentation of news than the newspapers afford to-day.

Employment on a newspaper usually implies at least an elementary sense of humor. I do not believe that it would be possible to find a real newspaper man who would be willing to accept the preposterous task of apologizing for the twenty-two thousand daily newspapers of the United States. Like other established institutions, they have acquired habits which no sensible man would attempt to defend. They tend to acquire bad habits from various sources, and perhaps get the worst of them from their readers. It may be true in some cases, though it is certainly untrue as a general rule, that the newspaper is edited to suit the wishes of the advertisers. It is at least edited to suit the wishes of the reader. Without readers the paper has no advertising to sell; and if Professor Ross and other non-professional critics had any broad knowledge or experience of newspaper practice, they would know

that the reader is deadly quick to detect dishonesty. In other words, no newspaper can be permanently successful, even as an advertising medium, without a high percentage of honesty, both in its editorial columns and in the presentation of its news.

This is said with full recognition of the practice of certain notorious journals, which print unsavory details on the front page, and an editorial defense of public decency in some other part of the paper. But let us understand what we mean by "success." There may be money in printing garbage, but a self-respecting man does not regard productions such as these as successful, in any true sense of the word. There is a public which demands spicy details of the private life of notorious persons, and certain newspapers openly cater to that vicious appetite, for the money in it. People whose taste might really be offended are sufficiently warned. There is little deception about the matter. It is even a question of good taste rather than of morals. Such newspapers are certainly not numerous or in any sense representative. Their shrieking sensationalism does not offset their lack of real influence.

Nobody knows better than the practical and experienced newspaper man that there is a sordid side to his work. A newspaper, after all, is put together by a number of fallible human beings made up of littlenesses and spite as well as of the more sterling qualities. News will appear, or will be ignored, for reasons which the outsider would call

totally inadequate. The time for choice is appallingly limited. The decision on the relative importance of the news, on the degree of truth attaching to the report, on the advisability of suppression in the public interest, on the law of libel, possible injury to inoffensive persons, the innocent circulation of something which may have to be taken back on better and fuller information — all these things, and many more, have to be weighed, and the decision upon them has to be instantaneous. The editor will make plenty of mistakes, but, with a full appreciation of the justice of some complaints, they will be for the most part honest mistakes. An experience of many years has taught me that the standard of honesty, in the editorial department of newspapers at any rate, will compare favorably with that in any profession in the world.

What looks to the layman like a suitable subject for wide publicity will not have the same appearance to the experienced newspaper man. At a time of crisis in Wall Street, when an important firm had already suspended, I was strongly pressed by sincere and responsible people to deal editorially with other private institutions doing a class of business which in this case had proved dangerous. I was reproached for lacking courage, and even accused of considering the advertising of the banking houses concerned. Had any such discussion been published at that time, there need be no hesitation in saying that the result would have been several important failures of entirely solvent houses within twenty-four hours, and of such magnitude as quite possibly to have caused serious financial embarrassment. No doubt some readers would have liked to know all about the private business of these concerns. It takes courage to tell the reader that plenty of things happen every day which are none of his business.

Let us take another instance. A financier of prominence, who had also held high political office, died not many years ago. He was operated upon for appendicitis by one of the first surgeons of the day, in the presence of two others, with the usual number of nurses. In spite of this, it was asserted in common gossip, and mysteriously hinted in magazines and weekly reviews, that he had been slain by another financier of almost equal prominence, in a sordid dispute over a woman. This story, adorned with the fullest detail was hawked about to half the newspapers in New York. Its falsity was demonstrated by conscientious research; but a large section of the public still believes that there was some way in which the unsavory story could have been hushed up. There was and is no such way. If the story is true, and it is to the public interest to publish it, some newspapers will certainly do so, and that paper which does not, injures itself without helping anybody.

Here are two incidents, and they could be multiplied many times. The object here is not to whitewash the newspaper press. All that is intended is to show that, upon the whole, the public gets the news it is entitled to, and that when all temptations are considered, it owes an enormous debt to the newspapers for the suppression of what could only have done a great deal of harm. There is a wide field for reform in the newspaper press, but the charge that, taken as a whole, it does not give the news, is untenable. There is not a working journalist of any experience at all, who cannot tell stories by the score of attempts to suppress news by the offer of bribes and by the exercise of personal influence, all of which have resulted merely in securing a greater publicity.

Before we pass to the consideration of the ownership of newspapers, let us

make one point clear — if only for the sake of those who quote Greeley and the other great editors of the past so glibly. An editor's duty consists in something more than writing editorials. Every item in a newspaper has to be edited, and the honesty of the paper will show just as much in the news columns as it will on the editorial page. Plenty of instances could be offered of a poor distribution of strength in that respect — where the presentation of news is well done in spite of a weak editorial policy, or where the editorial page is clean and convincing, with the rest of the paper open to grave criticism. It is on this line that newspaper men with a proper respect for their own honor and the dignity of their calling will make their reforms. Certainly the reforms will have to be made from the inside, if they are to be of any use at all. These are times when everybody is reforming everybody else; but a newspaper reformed by its readers or by a self-elected committee of college professors, is something which my imagination fails to grasp.

Somebody must own the newspaper, and it requires relatively large capital to run it, although in this connection also there is a good deal of exaggeration. The usual form of ownership is by a corporation dominated by an individual. If that individual has any sense at all he will let his editors alone, after indicating in general outline what he thinks the policy of the paper should be. If he is himself an experienced newspaper man, so much the better. He will know that the men who are worth their salt have always been encouraged to work with a free hand, and, having indicated the results he wants, he will leave them to obtain them in their own way. This is the custom on any good newspaper, and the policy is abandoned only at the expense of serious changes in the editorial staff.

There is no workman in the world more independent than the newspaper man who really knows his business. Even if he were disposed to do dirty work for his proprietors, he would be ineffective, for the reason that he could not get good men to work under him.

It is not strictly true that the business department of a newspaper is less honest than the news department, even though a great many newspaper men do say so. There is always a certain amount of jealousy between the two departments, not because one department is less honest than the other, but because their points of view are different. The business manager knows well enough that the salaries must be paid, to say nothing of the mere cost of paper and the other expenses, and it would be hard to convince him of the policy of estranging advertisers from sheer altruism. His idea is really to treat the advertiser decently without compromising the paper. He is certainly the weakest point in the position, for the reason that he has not that specially developed conscience which is essential to successful editorial work. It must be remembered that a newspaper is not a public institution, but a private enterprise: its proprietor has no right to publish what is not so, or to ask anything of the same kind from his staff. He is entitled to say what shall not appear in his own paper. It is a matter between himself and the public. He has no monopoly of news, and if the reader does not like it, he is at liberty to buy some other paper.

This is not to say that a newspaper proprietor has a right to adopt toward the public an attitude once ascribed to Commodore Vanderbilt. Newspapers have serious responsibilities as well as rights. They have something of a public character, even if they are privately owned. It is possible to deceive by silence as well as by speech, and no

newspaper is entitled to adopt a policy of silence where actual injury is caused thereby. Everything turns upon the newspaper proprietor's conscience. There is really only one kind of honesty, but sensitiveness of conscience varies with the individual. There are plenty of newspaper proprietors who are sincerely conscientious; there are others who would repudiate the charge of dishonesty with just indignation. Many preserve their self-respect and do or leave undone things which the highest type would not tolerate. There are some who are dishonest, and unfortunately some are astute enough to conduct their newspaper dishonestly, while still maintaining a fair show of consideration for the public interest. The same degrees of comparison could be made in every profession all over the world, but the reader may not unfairly claim that the public quality of a newspaper should call for a special standard of probity.

Dishonesty in the newspaper press is far more common in the small country organ than it is in the large city dailies. In the country, the literary end and the scientific presentation of news are secondary to the urgent need of making a living. The newspaper is a business proposition all through, and in far too many cases a very sordid proposition at that. Advertising is its breath of life, and it plays the cheapest kind of politics to get what is absolutely necessary for its support. And yet it is from districts served by just such newspapers that the daily press of the great cities receives the severest criticism. Hundreds of small newspapers are controlled frankly and openly by corrupt party machines. This is accepted as a matter of course in rural and semi-rural districts, which still hold the mysterious belief that in some way, in the face of all evidence to the contrary, the standard of morality in

the country is higher than it is in the towns.

Taking up in greater detail the actual operation of a newspaper, it may be said at once that no reporter could use his office for his own pocket and hold his position long enough to make it worth while. The result in America is a not overpaid class which will compare favorably with the corresponding grades in the newspaper business of any part of the world. Higher up is the editorial staff, and if news is to be garbled for the purpose of deception, or suppressed in public or private interest, it is here that the operation must be done. The news editors cannot for any appreciable length of time print what is not true, or suppress what is, without the knowledge of the directing editorial mind, to say nothing of the proprietor. A dishonest city editor without a dishonest managing editor is unthinkable to anybody who knows the working of a newspaper. Everything that is being done is done in black and white, and the responsibility for every line in the paper can be instantly placed. Even the editor-in-chief has small opportunities for dishonesty, and could not for any length of time deceive his proprietors; while he would in the mean time earn the contempt of his subordinates; and this, to any newspaper man with his profession sincerely at heart, is a fearful price to pay for a mere pecuniary advantage.

This puts the responsibility squarely up to the proprietors of the newspaper. Stockholders may be corrupt and contented, willing to accept a profit from the real controlling interest without asking questions; but in every case some single mind is really responsible. No syndicate could possibly conduct a newspaper successfully. We talk about the days of personal control having departed with the great editors of the past. As a matter of fact, personal con-

trol was never so great or so direct, and the corporate form of ownership makes no difference in this respect. Criticism on this question has been anything but constructive; and because I wish to point out how I think newspapers can be improved, I will say now that I see no reason why the combination of an honest proprietor and an editor with the brains of a Raymond or a Greeley, is not possible. With all due respect to my profession, I cannot help expressing the opinion that we may easily find the honesty before we find the brains.

If, as Herbert Spencer says, the people get the government they deserve, they probably get the newspapers they deserve also. People who like large headlines and pretentious names signed to very indifferent articles can buy that sort of a paper; while those of us who prefer the editorial page of the *New York Evening Post* or the *Boston Transcript*, can get as high a standard of newspaper production as any reasonable man need want. There will never come a time when the majority of the people of this or any country will prefer a *Post* editorial to one of Arthur Brisbane's articles in the *Hearst American*. Mr. Brisbane's production is in a sense predigested. It is easy to understand and generally amusing to read. It suits an average intelligence, which is still one that no man can afford to despise. A great part of the world is too busy with its ordinary avocations to find time or inclination for the intellectual effort involved in digesting a newspaper editorial of a more subtle type. The newspaper must cater to all classes, and the great editor of the future will be some one who can combine the soundness of one class of editorial with the brilliance of the other.

Demonstrating that personality still controls the newspaper, I have no hesitation in saying that the endowed newspaper is an impossibility. An editor

generally responsible to an individual private control may have his troubles. Responsibility to a philanthropic public committee of amateurs would be a condition so intolerable that it is difficult to imagine any competent editor accepting it. Interested interference can be bad enough; well-meant but ill-informed meddling would render a consistent editorial policy an impossibility. By the time the amateur committee had succeeded in securing consideration for all its fads and fancies, one thing would most certainly have happened: the public would have ceased to buy the paper. You may lead the reader gently along to your fount of knowledge by judicious handling, but you cannot make him drink if he does not choose to do so. This is where the endowed newspaper would go to pieces. Competent editorial work requires experience, knowledge, education, independence, memory, technical ability, critical taste, the literary facility born of years of arduous training, and a capacity for instant judgment to an extent not exceeded in any other profession. Successful management of a newspaper without these qualities in some degree, is as impossible as the navigation of a ship by somebody ignorant of trigonometry and seamanship.

It is one thing to charge that many newspapers have been guilty of bad judgment, or even dishonesty, in the presentation of news, and quite another to say that the condition is universal or even general. So far as the cases of unfair practice instanced in a previous *Atlantic* article by Professor Ross¹ are concerned, any newspaper man of experience could oblige him with further material of the same character. What that writer entirely fails to prove is his main contention, that the public does not get the news. No newspaper can

¹ "The Suppression of Important News," in the *Atlantic* for March, 1910.

afford to ignore news which contemporaries print, and any practical man knows how difficult it would be to organize an effective conspiracy of silence. The public is protected in the best possible way by the most rigorous competition.

There is not, and never will be, a trade-union among newspaper-writers. There is a strong *esprit de corps*, and a sort of freemasonry, both here and abroad, which does much to keep up the standard of newspaper honor. It is of incalculable service to the public, but there are good and bad in all professions. There are altogether too many people who call themselves 'journalists' with no very sound reason. It is the undisciplined irregular of this character who is responsible for a good deal of mischief. The real newspaper-writer is a professional and an expert. He is as thoroughly qualified as any other professional man. The training and knowledge he requires is probably not less than that of the competent lawyer or physician; while the rewards of success are upon the whole smaller. He cannot do dirty work without earning the contempt of his fellows, and I have not come across instances, in either the general or the financial field, of the unscrupulous newspaper-writer who has remained for any length of time in the business. For a season he may succeed in publishing what is not so, but in the end he always reaches a stage where he cannot get his matter into print on any conditions whatever.

There is need for a clearer popular understanding of the true functions of a newspaper. These are the collection of news, the presentation of news, and the analysis of news. To be correctly presented, news must be edited; while an editorial which has not a direct bearing upon passing events is merely an essay, and not an editorial at all. To these indispensable functions, a news-

paper may most properly add literary and artistic features. Beyond this it has no business to go. Such an outrage upon public decency as the trial of a notorious prisoner, — when the case is still pending before the court, — by the vote of the readers of a paper, should be made a criminal offense. It would be properly punished as contempt of court in other countries. I will even say that I seriously doubt whether detective work should form any part of the duties of a reporter. This may sound very unprogressive, but a newspaper can cooperate with the public in seeing that police duty is efficiently done by the persons duly appointed for the purpose.

There is much to reform and it is hard to see how to go about it. The condition is a moral one, and any improvement, to be effective, must be achieved, not by means of public agitation or even of legislation, but through the better instincts of those responsible for what is published in the newspapers. The condition is a hopeful one. We are apt to forget that all that has been said against the press, and more, would have applied much more generally in the days of Greeley, Raymond, Bowles, or the elder Bennett. News in those days was presented in a careless, sensational, and unscientific manner. It was grossly garbled. In many cases the public interview was an unpardonable offense. Men of the highest station and the greatest probity were deliberately misquoted, and often represented as expressing views which they could not conceivably have held. Remembering that it is in the editing of the news that the chief stumbling-block lies, it can be said by any one old enough to recall the practical working of newspapers a quarter of a century ago, or even later, that a degree of license was tolerated then which would be impossible to-day.

This is not to say that there were not honorable exceptions. Then, as now, the New York *Evening Post* would not modify its news or its editorial comment for the sake of any advertiser, however large. Even then there was a percentage of honesty sufficient to keep the whole body sweet. The growth in this respect in the past decade has been remarkable, and particularly along lines where the public would not very readily recognize the change. Financial journalism presents a wide field for dishonesty, and yet it is surprisingly clean. It compares most favorably with similar work in London, where in the past few years we have seen a scandalous exposure of what corruption can do in this department of newspaper work. We are over-fond of washing our dirty linen in public, but perhaps we are not quite so black as we like to paint ourselves. A newspaper would fall to pieces of its own rottenness if it habitually practiced the deceptions which are quoted against the press as a whole. The individual may suffer from disease from time to time, but the ordinary condition of living at all presupposes an overwhelming percentage of healthy tissue.

There is nothing like publicity to keep the body politic clean. It is not public opinion, but the ceaseless industry of the newspapers, which has forced upon public-service corporations of all sorts that publicity which is doing so much to extinguish graft and inefficiency. The railroad report of fifteen years ago was an insult to public intelligence compared with the figures and facts which the railroad must give to-day. It was the newspaper instinct for news which brought this condition about. It would have been a long time before the public could have so protected itself without the assistance of the ubiquitous reporter. Doubtless there is plenty of corruption in corpor-

ate and political life now, but the press has done more to suppress it by dragging it out into the light of day than has any other single agency in the country. It was not the magazines which compelled the politicians at Albany to clean house. No considerations of valuable financial advertising prevented the freest publication of the facts about the life-insurance companies; and, indeed, there is good reason to say that it was largely newspaper investigation which enabled counsel to bring many of those facts to light.

Not only is it to the interest of the newspaper to give the news, but it is bound to do so as a condition of its existence. If it does not do so, no editorial page, however attractive, can keep it alive. Advertisers are well informed as to the real circulation and the influence of a newspaper. No paper can oblige the advertiser in the corrupt way suggested, unless it has first a following willing to buy what he has to sell. In the long run, public opinion is a fair test. The combination of honesty and efficiency will sell a newspaper, and it will continue to sell it when sensational and dishonest methods have ceased to secure their end. No single newspaper comes up to the ideal of what a paper should be. Many are working towards that ideal; and the fact that the brutal amenities of the journalism of thirty years ago would not be tolerated to-day, is fair evidence that we are improving, even if we do not boast great editors who are also proprietors of their newspapers.

There is no reason why a paper should not be efficient and useful, a great organ owing allegiance to no restricted party, even without a great personality for its editor. But something more than mere honesty is required, though that is indispensable. It is not sufficient that the proprietor shall have a great deal of money, and the editor be

correspondingly endowed with brains, unless the two can combine effectively. Two instances where the proprietor has been able to finance a large daily paper, and presumably to buy the best editorial talent in the market, may be adduced, in order to show the necessity for the highest technical knowledge in the conduct of a newspaper.

Some years ago, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of our magazine proprietors bought a New York daily newspaper. That paper had been a very profitable property. Its original proprietor had retired in comfort after establishing a special connection of a most useful kind. The circulation was on the East Side. The readers were largely the Tammany Hall element, but there was a most respectable Catholic following, and the paper also was popular with the Jewish element. Its sporting news was a feature, and its readers demanded that sort of news rather fully. It reported at length local and religious gatherings which would not receive more than a few lines of notice in any of the other dailies. Its editorial policy suited its readers, and it was careful not to write over their heads. Altogether it was a good and useful production, and a great deal more scrupulous about publishing anything which would really shock the rather scrupulous morals of its denominational readers than many more widely known sheets. The publisher, after buying the paper, decided that its readers did not know what was good for them. He cut out the local reports, and especially those which had appealed to the Irish Catholic element. The editorials were a good deal more pretentious, but the sporting news was much less accurate and full. Judged by what we may call the magazine standard, the newspaper was a more refined and impressive production. The trouble was that it did not give its readers what

they wanted. There were plenty of other newspapers appealing to people of fine literary taste, if the East Side reader had wanted to buy them. The result was the loss of an amount sufficient to buy the control of a newspaper of the first class, and the destruction of a property which might have continued valuable and useful.

It will be seen here that the combination of money and editorial ability was not everything, and that the public also had something to say in the matter.

Here is another instance. One of the most powerful financial interests in the country decided that it was not being fairly treated by the newspapers. Criticism among the more radical prints was of a most aggressive and searching character; while the record of the interest in question had been such that conservative newspapers did not choose to take up the cudgels in its defense even when it was in the right, fearing that a censorious world would immediately assume that such support had been bought. This interest, therefore, bought the control of a daily financial and commercial newspaper. They put it in the hands of a competent editor with good general and financial experience, and apparently they had an organ ready to their hand which could give the fullest publicity to their side of any question. What was the consequence? The public declined to buy the paper. Besides the loss on the transaction, presumably a matter of small moment to people of large wealth, the paper absolutely failed in the object for which it was acquired. Its subscribers rapidly transferred their allegiance to a competitor, owned by two brothers well known to be irreproachably honest, and competent to manage their own paper, even if their financial resources were moderate, judged by what the popular mind thinks necessary to conduct a newspaper.

Newspapers controlled by special interests are scarcely ever money-making propositions. It is not quite so easy to humbug the public as it looks, and it is impossible to fool the general reader for any length of time. Where the reader is really humbugged is in cases where he is a willing party to the fraud. A newspaper works up, by artificial means, a crusade of some sort. It may be three-cent fares, or anti-vivisection, or cheap gas, or anything that looks likely to get the crowd interested. To the expert, the creaking of the machinery is clearly audible, but numbers of well-meaning persons join in a movement which is never really disinterested, which is no factor in any reform that may come from a natural development of public opinion, but which is simply intended to swell circulation under the influence of popular excitement. The policy, so far as the newspaper is concerned, is of very questionable value. The dodge has been worked to death, and a big circulation, of a kind to convince incredulous advertisers, cannot be worked up by means of a few hysterical letters from 'constant readers,' genuine or concocted. Even when there is some temporary success, the collapse of the 'boom' is followed by a slump, and each succeeding agitation has to be more violent because of the increasing difficulty in arousing public interest. If the reader is humbugged in this way, he has only himself to thank.

Public taste has been educated (by the newspapers) to demand a better quality both in editorial comment and in news-matter. It is a mistake to suppose that people no longer read editorials. They read them gladly if they are attractively written. There is not the least need for shallow sensationalism. There is plenty of demand for the intelligent discussion of current events

in their relation to the unchanging principles of public and private morals. In this connection, there is in many newspapers a regrettable absence of that systematic training for the young writer which was insisted upon by some of our greatest pressmen. The late Samuel Bowles began his day with a copy of the Springfield *Republican* before him, on which was marked the writer of every item, however obscure. With each of his staff, every day so far as was possible, he discussed his work, pointing out its good and bad qualities with infinite patience and insight. A dozen men, now an honor to the newspaper profession, might be named who learned their business in that severe school. It was a kind of 'third degree' that few men would voluntarily undergo; but no man with the experience ever regretted the salutary discipline he went through.

It is men from such schools as this who are pulling up the standard for the rest. The public may be very sure that these editors are not imposed upon by 'write-ups' and 'reading-notices.' The interested suppression of the truth or suggestion of falsehood could not long survive such scrutiny. These are not men to allow themselves to be made the instruments of a dishonest proprietor. The efficient newspaper man commands his price as readily as any other worker in the market. There come occasions when his honor requires that he shall sacrifice position and pay. He retains the respect of his fellows, and he has a calling at his fingers' ends which will keep him. There is at least no class that has been less tainted by the modern haste to get rich. Newspaper salaries are not large, and the prizes are few; but the honesty of the newspaper-writer, thank God! is still not measurable in terms of dollars and cents.

THE TOMBOY

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

By the time Sophie Pratt had got to be twenty years of age, her father had all but given up hope of her ever getting married. This not because she was unattractive, — quite the contrary in fact, — but because he could not conceive of any man in his senses marrying an incorrigible tomboy.

The young lady herself, however, entertained no such misgivings. From childhood up she had looked forward with cheerful confidence to the married estate, to which she felt herself distinctly called by reason of her strong preference for playing with boys.

'As if getting married was games and stunts!' her brother Sandy used to argue, with much heat and no little show of reason. For Sandy, in whose mind weddings were fatally associated with velvet jackets and patent-leather pumps, cherished a deep-seated aversion to matrimony and all its attendant ceremonies. But to Aleck, their father, that sacred institution offered the only prospect of relief from a well-nigh intolerable cross.

Some there were who held that the intentions of Providence, usually so inscrutable, were never more plainly manifest than in the bestowal upon Aleck Pratt of a tomboy daughter. For while the good man would have been properly grieved had this eldest child of his developed some physical infirmity or moral twist, the circumstance could hardly have furnished that daily and hourly flagellation of spirit com-

monly regarded as beneficial, which was mercilessly inflicted upon him at the hands of his innocent child. The sight of a little girl — anybody's little girl — walking fences or playing hopscotch, was an offense to his well-ordered mind. In so much that when his wife Louisa sought to placate him by the confession that she herself had been something of a tomboy in her day, he could only render thanks that he had not been earlier made aware of the circumstance, since the knowledge thereof must inevitably have deterred him from what had been on the whole a very happy marriage. This guarded admission, made in the secrecy of his own consciousness, was characteristic of Aleck. His feelings of satisfaction were habitually under better control than his sense of injury.

In this, as in nearly every particular, little Sophie formed a sprightly antithesis to her excellent father. The delights of life it was that she keenly realized, — the joy of living that sent her scampering along the decorous thoroughfares of Dunbridge, that gave her the catlike agility which made nothing of the most contumacious apple tree or the dizziest barn-loft. It was sheer bubbling spirits that set her whistling like a bobolink under the very nose of her outraged parent. Scant comfort did Aleck derive from his brother Robert's assurance that the little bobolink whistled in tune.

'Might as well swear grammatically,'

he would declare, in cold disgust; thereby causing Robert to rejoice mightily at thought of the salutary discipline in store for the tomboy's father.

Nor was Robert alone in his unchastened triumph. Old Lady Pratt herself was not above breathing the pious hope that Aleck had got his come-uppance at last. And although she was forced to depart this life before the situation had fully developed, she did not do so without many a premonitory chuckle at her grandson's expense.

'You'll never fetch it over that girl of yours,' she assured him more than once. 'You might as well try to make an India-rubber ball lie flat.'

And Aleck's handsome, clean-shaven mouth would set itself in a straight line indicative quite as much of martyrdom as of resistance.

Little Sophie, meanwhile, who could no more help being a tomboy than she could help having curly hair and a straight back, took reprimands and chastisement in perfectly good part, all unconscious of that filial mission from which her elders hoped so much. For herself, she had but two grievances against Fate: namely, the necessity of wearing hoop-skirts, and the misfortune of having been christened Sophie, — a soft, 'squushy,' chimney-corner name, ludicrously unsuited to a girl who could fire a stone like a boy. But after all, there was compensation in the fact that she *could* fire a stone the right way, and not toss it up like an omelette as most little girls did; while as to the hoop-skirts, whatever their iniquities (which were legion), they had never yet deterred her from any indulgence of her natural proclivities. Why, there was a tradition in the neighborhood that the first time Sophie Pratt stuck her feet under the straps of her brother's stilts, she had walked off on them as a calf walks about on his legs the day he is born.

After which exposition of the child's quality it is perhaps superfluous to state that she was famous for hair-breadth escapes, or that she had a way of coming out of them with a whole skin. She was indeed a living witness to the efficacy of that spontaneous order of gymnastics which is independent of rule and regimen; for, now that she was past her teens, she could recall having been so much as ill-abled only once in her life, long, long ago, on which memorable occasion the doctor came and stuck a spoon down her throat and nearly strangled her. But he was so firm about it that she never squirmed at all, and when it was over he called her a good girl. She used in those childish days to wish it might happen again, just so that she might hear him call her a good girl. For the doctor had a beautiful voice, low and wise, — oh, very wise, — but somehow it went straight through you, and Sophie did like things to go through her. But she was incurably healthy and got no more compliments from the doctor, who never took the least notice of her when he came to attend the interesting invalids of the family. This was of course quite natural, since the doctor, being even then an elderly widower, — going on for thirty! — with a little girl of his own to look after, could hardly be expected to bother with a small tomboy who never had anything the matter with her.

Then all of a sudden, before anybody knew what she was about, the small tomboy had grown into a big tomboy, — a gay, flashing, exuberant girl of twenty, who could out-skate and out-swim the best of them, or ride bare-back when she got the chance, — who could even curl up in a corner, if circumstances favored, and pore over her Shakespeare by the hour together, — but who was never to be caught sewing a seam or working cross-stitch unless upon compulsion. And Aleck wondered

morosely why he of all men should have been singled out for this particular penance, and why on earth some misguided youngster did n't come along and take the girl off his hands. Youngsters enough there were, dancing attendance upon the young hoyden, but so far as Aleck could discover, all had heretofore warily avoided committing themselves.

'I doubt if she ever has an offer,' he declared impatiently, as he and Louisa were driving together behind old Rachel one day in early spring. The outburst was called forth by the sight of Sophie, tramping across-lots with Hugh Cornish, pitcher on the 'Varsity Nine.

'But you surely would n't want her to marry young Cornish,' Louisa demurred, 'seeing how you feel about college athletics.'

'I should be thankful to have her marry anybody!' Aleck insisted, treating Rachel to a sharp flick of the lash, which caused the good beast to jerk them almost off the seat.

Whereupon Louisa, in the interest, not only of corporal equilibrium, but of marital harmony as well, allowed him to have that last word which he looked upon as his inalienable prerogative.

After that they were silent for a time, while the excellent Rachel drew them at her own pace along the quiet highway. Sophie and her stalwart cavalier were long since lost to view, yet Aleck's mind still dwelt upon the picture, harassed perhaps by a gnawing conviction that the girl had not got into that field by the legitimate ingress. And presently Louisa, divining her husband's mood as a good wife will, cast about for a palliative.

'In some ways,' she remarked, 'Sophie is a good deal like your mother, Aleck. The dear woman was perhaps not quite so domestic as some, but

there never was her like for rising to an emergency.'

Here Aleck, as in duty bound, emitted a corroboratory grunt, though it must be owned that he had never more than half approved of his charming but undeniably erratic mother. And Louisa, encouraged by that grunt of acquiescence, deemed the moment favorable for pursuing her theme.

'Just think,' she urged, 'what a tower of strength the child was when little Henry was so ill last winter. After the first week the doctor was quite willing to have her left in charge for hours at a time. That was a great compliment to pay a girl of twenty.'

'Hm! He did say she was a good nurse,' Aleck admitted; for he was a just man.

'Well, he ought to know, for he was watching her as a cat watches a mouse. Especially that night when we were all so frightened, the night he spent with us. You remember?'

But Aleck, not to be drawn into any more concessions, abruptly changed the subject.

'What's become of that girl of his?' he inquired.

'Lily? Why, she has been abroad with her aunt this last year. Dear, dear! I often think how hard it was for the poor man to be left a widower so young!'

At which the talk trailed off into harmless gossip, and Aleck's face cleared, as a man's does, when he transfers his attention from his own perplexities to those of his neighbors.

Fate, meanwhile, was doing its best to set his wisdom at naught, and we all know Fate's resourcefulness in such matters. For at that very moment Hugh Cornish, fresh from an intercollegiate victory, was bracing himself for that categorical proposal which Aleck, too faint-hearted by half, had prematurely despaired of.

Sophie was as usual in high spirits, none the less so, if the truth be known, because of the glory inherent in the attendance of so distinguished a personage. As they tramped along together over the broad expanse of turf, elastic with the forward pressing of a thousand hidden, mounting urgencies of spring, she was deterred from challenging her escort to a race only by the well-founded conviction that he would win. She gave him a sidelong glance, of which he appeared to be quite unconscious, — a man accustomed to the plaudits of the multitude might well be oblivious of such a little thing as that, — and she concluded that she would have liked the inarticulate giant well enough, if it had not been for his ill-judged zeal in the matter of helping her over stone walls.

Presently, after a somewhat prolonged silence, Sophie, at sight of a pair of horns over yonder, was so magnanimous as to own that she was afraid of cows. One must find something to talk about, and Hugh's resources might be trusted to fall short even of the bovine level.

'I'm glad there's something you are afraid of,' he remarked, in his stolid way. Whereupon she had immediate resort to hedging.

'Oh, well,' she explained, 'I'm not afraid, really. Not with my brains, you understand. Only with my elbows.'

'With your elbows?'

'It's only that when a cow stares at me, or waves her horns ever so little, I get the jumps in my elbows.'

'You mean your nerves. I'm glad you've got nerves.'

Hugh was apt to be repetitious, but then, he was a personage, and fairly entitled to indulgence. So, —

'Why are you glad?' she inquired, willing to humor him for the battles he had won.

'Because,' he answered, standing

stock still and squaring himself for the attack, 'a girl who's got nerves needs a man to take care of her. And — and — Sophie, what I want is to take care of you — for always.'

And before she could get her breath he had added something fatuous about a strong arm, and Sophie, to whose self-sufficient spirit other people's strong arms were a negligible quantity, felt herself easily mistress of the situation. Good gracious, she thought, was that the way they did it? Well, there was nothing very alarming about that! And she rashly undertook to laugh it off. Upon which the popular idol, injured only to that order of opposition which may be expressed in terms of brawn and muscle, came suddenly out of his calm stolidity as he was said to have a way of doing when the game was on.

Then Sophie sprang to her guns, and so effectual was the repulse that, next thing she knew, she was climbing a stone wall to the road, quite unassisted, while Hugh stalked in great dudgeon toward the woods. And her silly tie-back skirt, lineal successor to the hoops of yore, played her one of those scurvy tricks that are in the nature of petticoats, and somehow or other a small stone tilted, and a big stone shifted, and there was her right foot caught in a kind of vise, and to save herself she could n't wriggle loose without danger of bringing the whole thing down on her ankle. It was not doing any harm for the moment, but it was ignominious to be squatting there like a trussed fowl. She only hoped Hugh would not look round and catch her in such a plight. She shuddered to think of his triumph. But he never once turned his head, as he went stalking away toward the woods. Well, so much for Hugh!

And here were wheels on the road, — not her father and mother, she hoped! But no, it was nothing but the doctor,

the very man she would have chosen for the emergency. It was not the first time he had caught her climbing stone walls; in fact he had once picked her off one and given her a ride home, telling her that he was to be put out to pasture himself in a day or two, going up with Lily to see the colored leaves. With this reassuring recollection, and reflecting also that he would understand how to get her loose without pulling her toes off, because he knew just how they were stuck into her foot, she promptly made a signal of distress.

Then the doctor drove on to the grassy border across the road, and making fast the weight, came toward her, looking exactly as he had looked years ago, when he stuck the spoon down her throat and called her a good girl, — wise and firm and very professional. Somehow, in spite of their later intercourse, much of it so important, and in which she was aware of having played a creditable part, Sophie always thought of the doctor as sticking a spoon down her throat and calling her a good girl, in a voice that went through her. How nice to be Lily and have a father like that!

The doctor meanwhile was finding it a ticklish job to lift that stone without hurting the foot. He said afterward that it was one of the most delicate operations he had ever been called upon to perform. When it was accomplished, and the foot drawn out, the impromptu patient said, 'Thank you, doctor,' very politely, and stood up on top of the wall to stretch herself. But as he extended a hand to help her down, she jumped lightly off to the other side.

'Still the tomboy!' he remarked indulgently.

'Yes,' she retorted; and then, with an exultant thought of her late encounter, 'Father says I shall die an old maid if I go on like this!'

It was a very flighty thing to say,

but Sophie was feeling flighty, as a girl does after a first offer, especially when it was based on the strong-arm plea. As if she were to be the beneficiary, indeed!

'Should you like that?' the doctor asked, studying the vivid young face with amused attention. She looked anything but a sick-nurse, the little fraud! A reversion to type, he told himself, complacently misusing the familiar phrase. He remembered having once stated in a moment of inspiration that a tomboy was an organism endowed with an overplus of vitality. Well, here was vitality with a vengeance! It emanated from her every feature, played in her lightest movement. It quite made the good doctor's nerves tingle! Nor was it all a question of youth, either. One did n't lose that sort of thing with the years. And it crossed the doctor's mind, parenthetically, that he was himself on the sunny side of forty. He had just saved a man's life with a quick operation. He could never have done a thing like that in his early twenties, when he was a hot-headed medical student, making a run-away match with Jennie, poor child! Oh, yes, vitality had staying power, and this little friend of his certainly possessed it to an unusual degree.

'And how would you like that?' he repeated, a quizzical look gleaming in those wise, kind eyes of his.

'Oh, that would depend,' Sophie answered, with a little toss.

'On what?'

'On Mr. Right, I suppose.'

Old Mrs. Inkley was expecting the doctor that very minute, but, after all, there was nothing really the matter with her but temper, and if he found her more spicy than usual, all the better for him. So he lingered a bit, and remarked, in his fatherly way, — at least Sophie supposed it must be fatherly, since he had a sixteen-year-

old daughter of his own,—‘I wonder what a young girl’s idea of Mr. Right is, now-a-days. A baseball hero, I suppose.’

‘A baseball hero!’ she flung back. ‘Anything but that!’

‘You don’t say so!’

‘They think they are so strong,’ she explained. ‘They want to take care of you.’

‘Oh, that’s it! I never understood before. I’ve got a daughter just growing up, you know, so I gather data where I can.’

Upon which, abandoning for the time being his strictly scientific investigations, he turned to regain his buggy.

But Sophie, tomboy to the last, was over the wall in a trice.

Coming up behind him, — ‘Perhaps you would like to know more about Mr. Right,’ she remarked, with a saucy challenge, — ‘on account of your daughter.’

Startled to find her so near, he turned sharp about. But the quizzical eyes met hers with an answering gleam that was entirely reassuring. So, without a misgiving, and thinking to please the kind doctor, — ‘Do you remember sticking a spoon down my throat years ago?’ she inquired.

‘I’m sure I don’t,’ he laughed. ‘I’ve stuck spoons down the throats of half the youngsters in Dunbridge.’

His calling her youngster settled it. ‘Well,’ she observed demurely, ‘I made up my mind that day that I should marry somebody exactly like you!’

Exactly like him! He looked into those dancing eyes, he felt the tingling contagion of that vitality he had been philosophizing about, again he remembered that he was on the sunny side of forty, and his heart leaped.

‘Why not marry me?’ he cried.

And Sophie’s heart, being all unpracticed in the most primitive mo-

tions, knew no better than to stand still.

‘Oh, — *could I?*’ she faltered.

‘Would you?’ he urged vehemently, seizing both her hands.

But she snatched them away.

‘How ridiculous!’ she heard herself say. And the next instant she was over the wall, and speeding across the pasture, to the tune of a heart that had caught the rhythm at last.

With a long look at the flying figure, the doctor turned away and went back to his buggy. There he picked up the weight, climbed in, and drove straight to Mrs. Inkley, who lived in a boarding-house, where he was quite likely to find other patients with nothing the matter with them. But there was something the matter with the doctor himself this time, and later on he should have to take up his own case.

His case did not lack attention, for his friends and patients took it up with great vigor. One and all declared it to be a headlong affair; quite what might have been expected of Sophie, but so unlike the doctor, who had always been accounted a model of caution and good judgment, and of touching constancy to the memory of his first love. Old Mrs. Inkley went so far as to assert, as any Mrs. Inkley, old or young, might be depended upon to do, that there was no fool like an old fool. In this case, considering that she might have been the doctor’s grandmother, the stricture savored of hyperbole.

But, for the culprits themselves, they were chiefly concerned to make excuses to each other, — Sophie declaring that she had not been headlong, for she had been in love with him ever since he stuck that spoon down her throat, — only she did n’t know it. While the doctor, for his part, strenuously maintained that he had never given her a thought until the very moment that she offered herself to him! Naturally

he declined to admit, even to himself, that he had been thinking about anything but his patient during those long hours of the night when it had been professionally incumbent upon him to keep a close watch upon the interesting young creature whose overplus of vitality was standing them in such good stead. It had certainly been a revelation of the girl's character, in which he had taken a keen psychological interest, — but purely psychological, he would have himself understand. A pretty state of things it would be if a doctor were to go about falling in love with his nurses while they were on duty! He hoped he was old enough to know better than that!

And after all, the one thing that really mattered was to get the consent of Aleck and his wife to hurry up the wedding so that they might have a chance to get sobered down before Lily got back. For really, the situation was too surprisingly delightful just at present for reasonable behavior. The doctor was so far gone in recklessness that more than once he caught himself smiling at the way he had stolen a march on Lily. Lucky that she was the kind of girl she was, by the way, for if she had been a less vigilant guardian all these years, who could say what might have befallen him before ever Sophie thought of proposing! And that admission, that there might perhaps be other marriageable young women in the world than Sophie, if he had but chanced to observe them, was the only indication the doctor gave of having passed his first youth.

They had their way, of course. For when Aleck tried to conceal his satisfaction under cover of the perfunctory argument that a man who had once made a runaway match could not be very dependable, Sophie retorted that she thought that was the way such things should always be managed, and

she did n't know but she and the doctor might decide upon it themselves. At which Aleck was so scandalized that he felt, and not for the first time, as we know, that he should be lucky to get her married off on any terms. And when her mother asked how she could ever expect to cope with a grown-up stepdaughter, she said she was glad of the chance to show that a stepmother could be a real mother to a girl! And she said it with such ingenuous good faith that Louisa did n't know whether to laugh or cry.

And so the doctor and Sophie were married, and lived happily ever after, — until Lily came home.

Sophie had essayed a correspondence with her stepdaughter, but she had made little headway, though the letters were punctiliously answered.

One morning in early September, as she sat behind the coffee-urn, doing her prettiest, and very pretty it was, to look matronly, she glanced across the table and observed doubtfully, 'I've just had a letter from Lily. Would you like to read it?'

'Oh, I know Lily's letters pretty well,' was the lazy response. 'Can't you tell me about it?'

'Well, there's not much to tell. That's just the trouble. I wonder — do you think it possible that she may be afraid of me?'

And the doctor, who knew his Lily quite as well as he knew her letters, replied, with a somewhat artificial cheerfulness, — for the day of reckoning was at hand, — 'Oh, that will pass off. Just you see if it does n't. Shall you feel like driving me round this morning?'

'Feel like it!' the formidable stepmother cried, falling joyfully into his little trap; and straightway she forgot all about Lily.

This driving the doctor round was in itself a delectable function, and it was astonishing how quickly the rounds

were made, and how often the busy practitioner found time for a spin out into the open country. He said it was because Sophie was a so much better whip than he, and also because he did n't have to bother with the weight. But it must be confessed that those of his patients who had nothing the matter with them were inclined to feel neglected. Old Mrs. Inkley said that she had half a mind to send him about his business, only that nobody else understood her case!

And then, by the time these two young people — for they certainly felt near enough of an age to be twins — had ceased to be an object of interest to the community at large, and were settling down into that state of homespun content which is about the best weave there is, — especially when shot through with flashes of something keener and more stimulating which a youthful dynamo of Sophie's stamp may be trusted to set in motion, — the inevitable occurred, as the inevitable is forever doing, and Lily arrived.

Her father met her at the dock and brought her home, and Sophie was at the open door, her hands outstretched in eager welcome. And Lily was so polite, and so disconcertingly self-possessed, that Sophie instantly experienced that fatal sensation in the elbows which theretofore only one created thing had had the power to induce, and would no more have dared kiss her than — well, it would not be respectful to the doctor's daughter to pursue the comparison.

Thoroughly unnerved, and for the first time too in a career that had not been wanting in adventure, Sophie dropped the neatly gloved hand and took refuge in a conventional observation which smacked so strongly of her father that it gave the doctor quite a turn. To his intense relief, however, this proved but a passing seizure, and

before the day was out, Sophie was her own spontaneous, irresistible self. Irresistible that is, to Lily's father, — a fact which Lily was quick to perceive and to resent. That there was something seriously amiss, Sophie became aware to her cost, if not to her complete enlightenment when rash enough to venture upon non-debatable ground.

Coming into Lily's room next morning, — 'Won't you let me help you unpack?' she had the temerity to ask.

'No, thank you,' was the crisp reply. 'I don't like to have a stranger handling my things.'

And Sophie, rarely at a loss for a retort, bethought herself just in time of the peculiar obligations of her position, the which she so misconceived as to rejoin, with preternatural good humor, 'I hope we sha'n't be strangers long, Lily.'

'In a way, I suppose not,' Lily parried, while she measured her stepmother with a hostile eye, 'since we've got to live in the same house.'

Whereat Sophie, still rather new to the exercise of angelic virtues, made as dignified an exit as circumstances would permit.

'And I meant to be kind to her!' she gasped. 'I meant to be such a good stepmother! And I will be, too,' — this with an accession of high resolve, materially reinforced by a pinch of the Old Adam. 'I'll be a good stepmother, *whether or no!*'

Now Sophie was a young woman of strong will, unschooled to reverses, — had not everything always come her way, even to the most adorable of husbands that she had got just for the asking? — and she certainly had no mind to be thwarted by a snip of a girl like Lily. And thus put upon her mettle, and erroneously concluding that Lily's hostility was but an instance of that oft-incurred disapprobation of which her father was exponent-in-chief, she

unhesitatingly launched out upon the doubtful emprise of changing her nature. She would be a tomboy no longer, but, mindful at last of her father's admonitions, she would immediately institute a thoroughgoing reform, in deference not, alas, to her own filial obligations, but to those parental responsibilities which she herself had so confidently assumed. Above all, she would be invariably kind to Lily. And it never once dawned upon her that nothing in the world could have been so exasperating to the little rebel as this conciliatory attitude. She had come home armed to the teeth against a tomboy stepmother, and here she was confronted with a pattern of good manners and good temper, in face of which the poor child, at her wit's end, relapsed into a smouldering suspiciousness which found its account in the most pertinacious chaperoning ever administered to a pair of properly accredited lovers.

The doctor meanwhile had been not unprepared for trouble; for, young as he claimed to be, and as he firmly intended to remain, he had seen something of human nature in his day. If he was rather taken aback to find his daughter turning the tables on him in this highly original fashion, he was too fair-minded to begrudge the child any small indemnification she could devise for herself. What did bother him was the unlooked-for transformation in his wife, which he was inclined to regard as a violation of contract. He took her point, however, for he had had his misgivings touching the effect of her innocent but spirited lawlessness upon the discreet Lily. And he also entertained the hope that so precipitate a reform might prove short-lived.

'Could n't you relax a bit?' he inquired, at last, with a whimsical supplication difficult to withstand.

'But I simply must win Lily over,'

was the ardent, not to say obdurate, protest.

'And how about Lily's father?'

That expressive voice of his could be perilously appealing. But the young enthusiast was on her guard.

'Oh, he's too dead easy!' she retorted wickedly.

In which lapse from grace the doctor was obliged to find what consolation he could.

It was but a week after the reign of decorum had set in that they repaired to the mountains for the doctor's autumn holiday, Lily in assiduous attendance. The self-constituted chaperon had heroically sacrificed a seashore invitation, with all its allurements, to a sense of duty second only to Sophie's own; and this although she had been urgently admonished not to take the others into consideration at all. And so it came about that the proverbial three, almost as abhorrent to Nature in certain contingencies as the vacuum she more consistently repudiates, went to see the colored leaves. These latter did all that could be reasonably expected of them. They glowed and they gleamed and they shimmered; they splashed the mountain-sides with bronze and carmine; they spread a gold-embroidered canopy overhead and a Persian carpet under foot; and Sophie, who had never seen their like, found it difficult to refrain from an unbridled expression of delight.

Thanks, however, to Lily's repressive influence, she succeeded in keeping her spirits in check, — to such good purpose indeed that, when one day the doctor was summoned in consultation to a remote farmhouse, no child delivered into the hands of an unscrupulous stepmother could have felt the sense of utter abandonment that overwhelmed poor Sophie, as she turned from bidding him good-by and confronted the coldly critical eye of Lily.

True to her colors, however, she made a valiant rally.

'Shall we go for a walk later on?' she asked, with unflinching affability.

'Whatever you wish,' was the crushing response.

And accordingly just at the perfect hour of the day, they started on one of Lily's conventional promenades. Thus they circumspectly followed the dusty highway, though fields and woods were beckoning; and very rough going it would have been for Sophie, only that she was walking in step to that trumpet-call of color, and her thoughts were not of Lily, but of Lily's father.

Perhaps Lily suspected as much, and it may have been with a view to discountenancing the indiscretion that she remarked brusquely, 'I wish you would n't race so.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Sophie, bringing herself up short in more senses than one. 'I was n't thinking.'

'You appeared to be,' observed Lily, with veiled satire. After which brief dialogue, conversation became if anything less animated than before.

Presently Lily announced, as if she had really come to the end of her endurance, 'I'm going back across the fields. It's shorter.'

'Good!' cried Sophie, literally jumping at the chance. 'Here's a gate.'

A gate, indeed! Did Lily know how to estimate the concession?

'Oh, you'll not care to come,' she demurred, with a too palpable satisfaction in the circumstance. 'You're afraid of cows, you know, and there are sure to be some over the hill.'

And Sophie, yielding to the spirit rather than to the letter of the argument, meekly acquiesced.

'I'll meet you on the lower road,' she said. And then, having taken down the bars and put them up again, — for Lily was peculiarly liable to splinters, — she stood a moment, watching the

slender figure as it progressed, straight and stiff, across the field, the silk skirts swishing audibly from side to side.

Poor Lily! It *was* hard upon her, very hard, to be possessor of an incomparable father like the doctor, and then to have another girl, a perfect outsider, come along and insist upon going snacks. She only wondered that Lily bore it as well as she did. And, speaking of fathers, — what a pity that her own was not there to see how she was beginning to profit by his excellent bringing-up. He would certainly have had to approve of her at last. And somehow that reflection, which should only have confirmed her in well-doing, worked just the other way about, and in a flash she was all tomboy again.

Lily had disappeared in a hollow, and the general public seemed to be represented for the moment by one old plough-horse, temporarily out of business, and a vociferous flock of crows. Perceiving which, and shaking her head in a characteristic way she had, as if her mane of hair were loose and flying, the model stepmother caught at the chance for a run.

Then off came the scarlet jacket that the doctor thought so becoming, up went the tie-back skirt to her very boot-tops, and away went Sophie down the road. Oh, but it was good to run, — it *was* good! As she raced along the road, — really raced this time, — the swift motion going to her head like wine, she felt herself purged of alien virtues, as irresponsible as any young animal, bounding over the good friendly earth for the sheer joy of it. If only she might run like this forever! If only she need never arrive anywhere! If only —

She had rounded the great rolling pasture, and as she approached the lower gate, she slackened her pace. There were cattle as Lily had predicted, scattered about the field, grazing quietly, or standing here and there under an

apple tree, switching at belated flies. It was all very peaceful and rural, save for the intensely dramatic setting of the autumn foliage, and Sophie smiled to think that she could ever have imagined herself afraid of an innocuous cow. She did not know much about real life when she thought that!

And there was Lily now, a natural sequence in her train of thought. As she watched the sedate figure, appearing at the crest of the slope, she only hoped that there was nothing in her own aspect to suggest that she had been guilty of anything so undignified as a run, with skirts picked up and hat on the back of her head.

And still Lily came sedately on. Already Sophie could hear the swish of silk skirt and overskirt. She would never have ventured to question their appropriateness for a cross-country stroll, — so had the day of the stepmother waned, — but she was glad that she herself knew the comfort of jersey and corduroy. And Lily, giving no more sign of recognition than as if the waiting figure had been clad in a garment of invisibility, came sedately on, while the skirts swished from side to side, and — What was that?

A low rumble as of distant thunder, — then louder, and louder still. Good heavens! *There* was somebody disapproving of those swishing skirts who was not afraid to say so! One of the cows, her horns lowered, — no, no! — a cow did n't do that! It was a bull! And look, he was charging, head down, tail up, straight across the field at the unconscious Lily!

'Run, Lily, run!' Sophie screamed, vaulting over the bars, and tearing across the field in the general direction of the bull, who, fortunately, had yet much ground to cover. 'Run! Run!'

And Lily gave one glance over her shoulder, saw the awful brute bearing down upon her, and stood rooted to the

ground, stiff with horror. Run? She could no more have run than she could have flown!

And Sophie, wildly waving her scarlet jacket, and yelling with all her might dashed straight for the bull. Perplexed, not to say annoyed, he halted an instant. Which should it be? That mean-spirited blue thing just in his path, that was showing no fight at all? or that maddening red thing over there, flourishing defiance in his very eyes, and daring him, with vociferous insults, to come on? With a blood-curdling bellow he announced his choice, and as Sophie turned and fled before him, — 'Run, Lily, run!' she found breath to scream.

Then Lily looked again, and the horror lifted, — the horror that was paralyzing her. But in its place came another horror that lent wings to her feet; and, espying a passing team, she picked up her swishing skirts, higher than Sophie's had ever gone, and flew over the ground, shrieking, 'Help! Help!' But in her heart was a deadly fear, and she did not dare look back.

The men were at the gate, and making her a clear passage. And as she stumbled over the lowered bars aslant, 'Save her, save her!' she choked. 'Oh, save her!'

Then one of the men laughed. Was he mad? Was all the world mad? Or was she mad herself?

'I reckon she don't need no savin',' he opined, with slow deliberation fitting the bars back again, — for he was himself not over-anxious for an encounter with a bull on the rampage. 'Look, Sissy; she's up in the gallery, 'n' he's doin' the bull-fight act for her, all by himself. Ain't that pretty, now?'

Then Lily looked; and there among the higher branches of a low-spreading apple tree, sat her pattern stepmother, quite at ease, while the bull, with deep growlings and mutterings, trampled

and tore the offending jacket into flinders.

Such was the bucolic scene that met the doctor's startled eyes as he came driving home along the quiet country road, discussing congenital errors of circulation with his professional colleague.

'It was really great fun,' Sophie declared, with easy nonchalance when, the bull having been subjugated and led away, she found herself at liberty to resume communication with her agitated family. 'For I had my eye on that apple tree from the start, so that I knew there was n't the least danger.'

This with a tentative glance at the doctor, who struck her as looking not quite himself.

'But you are afraid of cows!' Lily stammered, still rather white and breathless. 'You said you were.'

'Yes; but you never heard me say I was afraid of a bull!'

With which gallant disclaimer, the heroine of the hour took on an air of buoyant unregeneracy, which proved so reanimating to the doctor that he was able to observe, with only a slightly exaggerated composure, that the tomboy had won out at last.

And yet, — was it then the tomboy, he asked himself that same evening, when, coming out on the moonlit piazza, he caught sight of two girlish

figures on the steps over yonder, leaning close, in earnest talk, — Sophie's voice low and caressing, Lily's subdued to a key of blissful surrender. Was it indeed the tomboy that had won out? Or was it that other Sophie, — the Sophie he had seen brooding over her little patient, mothering him so tirelessly through the long night-watches, — the Sophie whom the doctor had made such a point of not having fallen in love with?

A vagrant whiff of cigar smoke betrayed his presence, and instantly the two were on their feet and coming toward him, — Lily a bit shame-faced and disposed to reticence. But Sophie could brook no secrets from the doctor.

As they came up to him, — 'Only think,' she announced cheerfully, yet with a just perceptible vibration of feeling, 'Lily says she will have me for a mother after all. And, do you know,' — the shy note of feeling hurrying to cover, — 'I did n't have to offer myself, either!'

But there was no trace of banter in the doctor's tone, as he drew Lily to him and said, with a look that Sophie put away in her heart to keep there forever, 'It's what we've been in want of all our life; eh, little one?'

And at the word, that primal and essential three which Nature in her wisdom prefers above all others, came quietly into its own.

DOES IT PAY TO SERVE THE UNITED STATES?

BY AN EX-OFFICIAL

THE most recent issue of that inspiring government biennial, the *Blue Book*, otherwise known as the *Official Register*, sets forth the fact that the permanent employees in the Federal Civil Service, exclusive of those connected with the Post Office Department, but including the officers of the Army and Navy, number approximately one hundred and forty-six thousand. If the postal employees be included, and also the enlisted men in the military and naval service, the total number of persons on the federal pay-roll approaches surprisingly near half a million, which means that in 1910 about one American citizen in every 178 depends upon the national government for employment and support. As an occupation, therefore, the civil service of the United States is more important numerically than many of the more prominent callings, — such, for example, as the great profession of teaching, in which the census found but 446,000 persons employed in 1900. The employees of the federal government are much more numerous than all the physicians, clergymen, and lawyers in the United States combined, and almost as many, indeed, as the aggregate of all the manufacturers, officials, book-keepers, and accountants, who together numbered only about half a million persons in 1900, if the occupation returns of the Twelfth Census are to be believed.

The prominence to which the government service as an occupation has thus attained, and the frequent and widely

heralded examinations held by the Civil Service Commission, justify the serious question: Does it pay to accept civil employment under the federal government?

The answer depends largely on the sex of the inquirer. If the questioner is feminine, the reply should be, 'Yes.' In spite of the increasing participation of women in the activities of business and professional life, self-support is at best hard and unremunerative. The government service offers work which is reasonably easy and agreeable, considerate treatment, generous vacations, sick-leave allowance, and a living salary. The girls in the department stores of the great cities often receive no more pay than do the floor-scrubbers in the department buildings at Washington.

If, on the other hand, the inquirer is a man, and a young one, the answer depends principally on his own temperament, ambition, and ability. If he is easy-going, indolent, and of moderate ability, possibly the government service may prove a welcome haven of refuge from failure and actual want. For such a man, a small income, so long as it is certain and attended by moderate exertion and little anxiety, is the most desirable end to be attained. If, however, the would-be servant of the United States is alert, energetic, resourceful, and ambitious, let him beware of the government service. He possesses qualities which in commercial life lead to success, but in the government service, surprising as it may seem, generally invite failure. In the

commercial world, the standard by which everything and everybody is measured, either directly or indirectly, is money. An employee is useful or useless, according as he aids, no matter how, in accumulating profit. Money is seldom wasted in salaries for which a clear return in money-earning is not evident. The superior officer is an owner or stockholder, or is employed to manage the concern, because he is a business-getter. His authority is seldom questioned; if it is, the doubter is discharged. Nobody talks of resignations or threatens 'influence.'

The federal government is the greatest of all corporations, but it exists without the standard of money value by which all other corporations are measured. For the money-value standard no satisfactory substitute has been found. On the surface there appears a rigid discipline, almost approximating that of the military arm, but below the surface there is a lack of sincere obedience. The subordinates know that the superior has no property or proprietary right to the position he temporarily occupies. They know that their own positions are probably permanent, but that the superior's position, if desirable, is temporary; hence that he is merely an accident, — merely important for the moment, — and that his departure is likely to be expedited at an early date, no matter how efficient an officer he proves himself to be. The official who rides to his office in a government carriage may go home, perforce, on a trolley. It has often occurred.

The average period of incumbency of a dozen important department and bureau positions ¹ in the last decade was

¹ Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury and of Commerce and Labor; first Assistant Postmaster General; Bureau Chiefs: Commissioner of Patents, Comptroller of the Currency, Director of the Census, Commissioner of Pensions, Commissioner of Labor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Commissioner of Immigration.

two years and eight months. In other words, forty-five individuals (including those now in office) have occupied twelve positions in ten years. In spite of the growth of the civil service reform sentiment, and the continuance in power of one political party, there is a vague but general notion that 'feeding at the government crib' should not be too prolonged. Hence it happens that any official, however efficient and expert he may be, if his position is important enough to be coveted, may expect at some time to be transformed overnight in newspaper parlance from 'a faithful public servant' to 'a mere office-holder,' and to find himself *persona non grata* with his superiors. For every man hastening joyously to Washington to be sworn in, there is another packing his trunk to depart; and however skillfully he conceals his feelings, he generally retires with sorrow. In short, official position is like a chair in a barber's shop, — many men take turns sitting in it for a longer or shorter time.

On the other hand, in the lower or clerical grades, tenure of office is indefinite. Good behavior and moderate ability to perform routine work are nowadays likely to be rewarded by life-long employment. Between the chiefs, who are temporary, and the clerks, who are permanent, are the minor officials, who maintain a decidedly anxious permanency.

The average of ability among the female clerks is perhaps higher than among the male clerks, because the government offers, as suggested above, the best openings for women seeking employment, while on the other hand, the brighter and more progressive men are constantly leaving the service. It is possible, however, for male clerks, even though beginning at the bottom, to rise to high positions. But the process of promotion, always slow in the government service, means increasing

uncertainty of tenure, and thus may prove the undoing of an able man who has passed beyond the age to begin life anew. All of which seems so paradoxical that it is worth while to trace briefly the actual experience of scores of competent men.

Let us suppose a keen, well-educated, ambitious young man to have passed the portals of the civil service. He is dependent for support on his own exertions, and is therefore attracted by the immediately living salary offered, and the opportunity for life in Washington; he accepts employment under the general government in one of the executive departments. By so doing, he cuts loose from his home community, and leaves the locality in which opportunities exist and where success is bounded only by ability. Hence he misses such opportunities as constantly arise in American towns and cities for intelligent and ambitious young men, and seeks a locality in which no opportunities exist outside of those provided by appropriation bills. Washington, it must be remembered, is maintained solely for the transaction of federal business and as a place of residence for a wealthy leisure class.

Our young man, strive as he will, may become a typical government clerk. If so, he settles into a dull routine, loses both energy and ambition, generally marries, and is burdened all his life with debts incurred for illness or necessary expenses exceeding the moderate salary, even though it is increased by slow promotion through classes 1, 2, 3, and the longed-for and final class 4 (eighteen hundred dollars). On the other hand, he may develop well, prove very valuable to his superiors, and so attract favorable official attention. By sheer merit, or by political favor, or by both, after a dozen or twenty years of official life, at middle age, or later, he may reach a grade just below an of-

ficial position of some responsibility and importance. He has now the favor of the head of the department, whose tenure, it must be remembered, is generally but four years at most. The position above becomes vacant; to this a friendly cabinet officer offers to promote our clerk, now a minor official. The position we assume to be one of real responsibility, to which is attached a salary of some three to five thousand dollars a year. It is here that the crisis in the life of this government employee occurs.

To continue as clerk or minor official generally means permanent employment until driven out by old age. It also means clipping the wings of ambition and independence. On the other hand, if he accepts promotion to real responsibility, it means momentary dignity and increased usefulness, but it means also that the ground beneath him is no longer solid, that a position is being occupied which is sufficiently important and remunerative to interest politicians and others. A cabinet change, certainly a change of Presidents, suddenly rearranges the official map. The alternative is then placed before the efficient and ambitious official, it matters not whether courteously or bluntly, either to accept reduction in grade or to resign. The former means humiliation, the utter destruction of all influence and future usefulness, relegation to the junk-heap with those who cling to such positions as are contemptuously granted to avoid causing starvation. Resignation, however, means the sidewalk, until a position in private life can be found. But a suitable place is not easy to secure. The ties which bound to the old home were for the most part long since broken, and Washington is as bare of aid to a man looking for a position as the moon is bare of vegetation. Moreover, if some reputation has been acquired,

however unsubstantial, self-respect has become entangled with a sense of dignity and does not permit accepting any position which offers, although the question of bare existence may be at stake.

'I have been offered the headship of my bureau three times,' said a minor government official not long since. 'I never have dared to accept it. Of course it meant promotion, and greatly increased usefulness and pay, and I longed to accept; but I knew it also meant a short period of official life at the top, and then out — out into the street. Official position is a luxury. The man who accepts should have private resources to provide for the day when the newspapers publish a rumor that So-and-so "has decided to resign." As for me,' he added, 'I am a poor man. I can take no chances.'

The refusal of responsibility and advancement, for the reasons described, must always result in distinct loss of self-respect and ambition. Moreover, even as an official of minor grade, maintenance of one's foothold is not always easy or agreeable. A reputation for ability and knowledge of official business, earned as a trusted assistant to one chief, vanishes with the latter's departure; the next day in his place sits a stranger who must be persuaded and won. In other words, the battle for reputation, which most men fight but once in a lifetime, must be fought anew in the government service with every change of high officials. The first experience of this sort is little noticed, for ambition and interest are high; the second time, it becomes vaguely annoying; but to begin anew the process of demonstrating one's experience and value a third time, and again, and still again, each time to an absolute stranger, to some political accident, who probably does not possess any official experience, any special qualification for his

position, or even a tithe of the subordinate official's knowledge, grows actually unendurable. Sense of justice and self-respect revolt, and if the employee remains in the service, indifference and carelessness inevitably result.

In commercial life, responsibility is definitely fixed, and as a man is justly blamed for poor work, he is also praised for real efficiency. In the government service, inefficiency is not sufficiently condemned, and ability and fine service, even though of unusual quality, receive in the long run little consideration. Extravagance or economy also makes little difference, for if a balance of an appropriation is returned to the Treasury unexpended, no one knows it and no one cares. It is therefore much easier to spend it, and spent it usually is.

In commercial life, moreover, when one general manager succeeds another, the change is generally the result of an attempt to secure a better man; hence it is at least certain that the new officer is an expert in the business, and can be depended upon to appreciate technical knowledge in his subordinates. In the government, a newly appointed official usually enters upon his duties in utter ignorance, not only of the business and problems of his office, but even of official procedure. Yet the power of a greenhorn official is as absolute as if he possessed the ripest knowledge. This fact was recently illustrated by an editorial comment of a prominent western newspaper upon a retiring official: 'It remains to be seen whether any other officials akin to this one in point of view, if not in crassness of utterance, are still in the public service.' Yet for six months this man had been in absolute authority over ten thousand anxious employees, and had demoralized three bureaus before his departure.

Appointments to high positions made primarily from political considerations

often bring strange individuals into authority, as Washington tradesmen can sorrowfully testify. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the minor official and government clerk soon become victims of routine, but rather that so much faithful service is constantly rendered. No business machine has such an array of faithful routine servants as the federal government. Practically without hope of reward, they labor on with wonderful fidelity.

The conditions thus described turn many natures awry, and in such cases develop characteristics seldom found except in the federal service. It is among the minor officials, who are necessarily thrown into closest association with the frequently changing heads of departments and bureaus, that such temperaments are most noticeable. To such men, preservation of position becomes the principal objective, since they are without hope in long-forgotten home communities. They are, perforce, believers in the idea, *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*. They are followers of the official actually in authority, they favor those whom he favors, they agree with his opinions, but are wary of speech themselves, lest definite assertions attract unfavorable attention or criticism. They are men, in short, who travel the tight-rope of official life by dexterous balancing. Above them, chiefs come and go, good ones mildly regretted, crude or bumptious ones endured; it matters not, so long as they themselves remain. Such persons are in most instances but the burned-out shells of men who might have amounted to something better had they stayed at home.

This is not an attractive picture; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in the government service the superior officer holds the reputation of his subordinates in the hollow of his hand. By a sneer, or insinuation, or baseless charge, if he is prejudiced

or unscrupulous, he can destroy the character of a good man or woman, and the victim has no redress.

Although it is not within the purpose of this paper to refer to the government work, as distinguished from the worker, it may be said in passing that no executive within recollection exerted such direct influence on the federal employees themselves as did President Roosevelt. His personal influence within the federal service was as profound as it was upon the nation. He was not content to listen to the perfunctory reports of cabinet officers, but claimed and exercised the privilege of dealing directly with any bureau chief or subordinate who could aid the executive by expert knowledge of complicated problems.

The effect of this policy, while not always pleasing to cabinet officers, was inspiring in the extreme to subordinate officials; it spurred them to unprecedented zeal, which in turn was diffused by them among their subordinates. A new and surprising energy, a genuine awakening of enthusiasm for tasks made dull by long routine, took possession of the federal service. The influence, however, of personality is short-lived.

All through the executive departments exists the feeling, constantly finding utterance in serious comment, that a man wastes his life in the golden age of the republic by lingering in the employ of the federal government. There are certainly few government clerks and minor officials who do not feel as if they were in a net, and from age, habit, or temperament, find themselves with each passing year growing less and less able to shake loose.

As every rule, however, has exceptions, so there are marked exceptions to the conditions here described; but no one who is familiar with the government service will claim that they are

very numerous. Such as there are occur generally among employees of the Treasury and the Patent Office, which to some extent offer technical training in banking and in patent law. In such cases, and here and there elsewhere in the government service, the opportunity for acquiring expert knowledge and making acquaintances is turned to their own advantage by some of the abler and more energetic employees.

But if conditions are thus unfavorable, what is the lure of the federal service, that thousands of alert and intelligent men and women should clamor for government employment?

It is easily summed up: expectation of easy and pleasant work, attractive pay at the outset, ignorance of the drawbacks, and desire to reside in Washington. It is surprising how effective is the last-mentioned reason. It leads the type-machine operator holding a good position in Omaha to exchange it for a few months' work in the Government Printing Office, or the school-teacher in Massachusetts to abandon her classes in order to stuff seeds into bags in the Department of Agriculture.

There is a subtle fascination about Washington: its buildings, parks, cosmopolitan population drawn from all the states, official atmosphere, lack of business, and vague languor resulting from its position at the gateway of the South. These things attract and steadily increase their hold upon the government employee.

'It is curious,' wrote a former government official now engaged in very successful mining operations on the Pacific Coast, 'what a hold Washington and its associations have upon a man! If I were at all independent, I think I should go back there just as rapidly

and directly as the trains would carry me. This is a form of grippe which the man who leaves the government service contends with for a long time.

'Washington is like automobiles, golf, and other forms of luxury that consume both money and time, and are only fit indulgences for the wealthy. It was summed up by a government employee who congratulated me on my departure and said he himself often longed to go, but that when he had opportunity he lacked the courage, and when he had the courage he lacked the opportunity.'

Nothing has better expressed the mingled desire and timidity of the federal employee, for whom the government is his only hope; yet by the act of serving it, he has removed himself from all the main traveled routes of commercial opportunity.

Good old James Thomson, he of *The Seasons*, described the situation, albeit in the stately English of the eighteenth century:—

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate
And gives the untasted portion you have won
To those who mock you. . . .

The man who amounts to anything and settles down as an employee of the federal government, whether of high degree or low, is an air-plant. He has no roots in solid earth, and any strong political breeze may blow him away. If you would have roots, settle in the home community and grow up in normal fashion; then, with a competence and with a town, city, or state back of you, seek Washington and find in the government service an agreeable incident, but only an incident, in your career.

THE POOR MAN'S FARM

BY DAVID BUFFUM

Does farming pay? Can a young man of brains and ambition, who has his way to make in the world, find in agriculture a fair field for his efforts?

These questions have been asked from time to time for as long as I can remember, though more often and more earnestly of late years, when combinations of capital and the tendency to do business on a large scale have narrowed the field of individual enterprise. Many young men, chafing at the idea of being mere cogs in the industrial wheel, are looking earnestly for some opportunity through which they may become masters of their own business; and, almost as surely as the quest is made, find their faces, sooner or later, turned questioningly—and yet, I think, more or less doubtfully—in the direction of agriculture. For agriculture still remains a business conducted in the old-fashioned way of every man for himself; and, let me also add, every man, thank God! his own master.

And yet, though a farmer myself, I cannot satisfactorily answer the questions off-hand with a yes or a no; too much depends on what success means: too many conditions are involved. If the young man has capital and has learned the business,—for farming must be learned, like any other trade or profession,—I believe he will find the returns as good as in any other legitimate business where no greater risks are run. If he is poor and the goal at which he aims is an independent fortune, no, it is not a good business. But if he has a clear conception of what

success really is; if he desires the best in life that can be had as the commensurate reward of his labor from day to day, if he upholds no wrong ideals and is willing to work with his hands as well as his head—yes, it is a good calling, worthy of his best efforts, and more satisfying to his natural desires and cravings than any other.

The statement is often made that, despite certain examples of financial success that can always be cited, the majority of farmers are poor. This is true; and it is also true that, in all branches of business, those who make a conspicuous success are few in number. It is as true, too, of farming as of any other calling, that starting with insufficient capital means hard, unremitting work, and a great deal of privation and self-denial. But it is not true that the rewards are less. The road to riches that agriculture opens may be a long one, but in no other road is there so much to be had along the way.

But is this worth one's while? And is it not a lowering of the standard, a sacrificing of ambition, to regard the roadside and not look wholly to the greater splendor of some chosen goal, even though the latter be uncertain of attainment? Again, this brings us to the question of the different kinds of success, the things in life that are most worth striving for, and it must be answered by each for himself.

A young man recently said to me—he was twenty-three years old, of good but not phenomenal ability, earnest, ambitious, a good worker, and in the

business that for six long years he had been "learning" was receiving the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week—that the goal at which he aimed was ten thousand dollars a year, that he could never be satisfied with less; and he added that, starting with nothing, he could never reasonably expect to make that much on a farm. This seemed so very probable that it was not worth disputing. Upon my pointing out to him that very few of the young men who started as he did in that particular line of business ever become owners or even high-salaried men, he gave me the time-honored rejoinder that 'there's room enough at the top.'

So there is; there is always room enough at the top. But of those who give the best in their lives to reach it—it must be remembered that it was a purely financial success the young man referred to—so few succeed, that, figuring mathematically the proportion of those who win out, the chances of hardly any starter are such as a gambler would bet upon very heavily. The relentless fact stares us in the face that the number is pitifully small; and that the overwhelming majority, so far from reaching the top, only form a part of the great mob that elbows and pushes and squabbles around the bottom. It is very far from my wish to discourage any young man from striving with all his might for the goal which seems to him best and most worth while; in every battle there are sure to be some killed and some wounded. But it is not wise for him to trust too implicitly to the oft-inculcated aphorism that material success is of certain attainment to him who strives sufficiently hard for it, and that there is no such thing as luck and chance.

That, strictly speaking, there is no haphazard element in human affairs, and that all events must happen as the direct and natural result of cause and

effect must, of course, be admitted. But a man can be the architect of his own fortunes only in so far as concerns the causes and effects which are within his control; there are always others, equally potent, which are beyond his control, and beyond his ken, and which are certain to have their influence upon his life. This fact must be evident to all who have brought much thought or observation to bear upon the subject, or who have seen very much of life; to hundreds it has been brought startlingly home by the discovery of unforeseen and unconquerable obstacles in the path of their most strenuous and hard-fought endeavors. Its knowledge is, in fact, as old as the world, and is aptly expressed in the words of Solomon:—

'I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. . . . Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works . . . to eat and to drink and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion . . . this is the gift of God.'

Yes, the natural portion of man—the gift of God; that is what I often think a country life really is. And this is the kind of success that farming offers to the man of small means: to work hard, but to be his own master, with such days of leisure and recreation as, in his own judgment, it is wise to take; not to accumulate a fortune, perhaps, but to have always enough for his wants; to live upon the fat of the land and 'to enjoy the good of all his labor all the days of his life,' as in no other calling.

All this plenitude, this fullness of life, is possible to any man who brings to agriculture a strong and willing mind and body, and sane, wholesome views of living — provided always that he has learned the business and has enough capital to gain some little foothold; this practical proviso cannot be dwelt upon too strongly. For the element of chance, which has wrecked so many well-laid plans and cherished hopes, has less play in farming than in other occupations, owing to the simple fact that agriculture is, primarily, a means of subsistence rather than a business. A business, indeed, it may be; and a business it should always, so far as possible, become. But it is a means of subsistence first, and this primary function is a conspicuous and important feature in the poor man's farm, and is a veritable sheet-anchor in the matter of home-building.

A picture comes to my mind of a country home that I once knew well and where I was a frequent guest. It belonged to a friend, a man much older than myself, who had possessed large means and had always lived the life of a man of leisure. He had a large family of children, most of them girls. Among other things that he possessed was a small farm; and in an evil hour — or, possibly, a good one, for, in view of the way things work out, it is often difficult at first to distinguish the good from the ill — practically everything he had was swept away except this farm, and he was obliged to move upon it and get his living as a farmer. The farm was near my own, and I saw much of the children. They were all of them, girls as well as boys, constantly out of doors. They knew all about sledding, skating, ice-boating; they became expert in rowing and swimming; and they rode horse-back, although they had nothing but farm-horses for the purpose. They had all kinds of pets, and were always rais-

ing dogs, pigeons, or poultry — and, incidentally, it may be said that they bred some very fine ones.

Their father had brought from his city home a fine library, and he also subscribed to a goodly number of magazines and periodicals, and his family, though really poorer than most of their neighbors, had plenty of time for reading. The old-fashioned 'great south room' of the farmhouse served as parlor, library, and living-room all in one; and its careless profusion of books, music, and chairs that were comfortable to sit in, would probably have shocked the tidy housewives of the neighborhood, whose 'best furniture' was arranged with mathematical precision, and whose parlors were rarely opened except for a funeral or the minister's tea-drinking. In winter there was generally a wood-fire in the fireplace; and if the dogs were allowed to sleep on the hearth (as they were), and if the air was sometimes full of tobacco smoke (as I have often seen it), these things only added to the impression of cheer and comfort and freedom.

This man never became an expert farmer; in some things — fruit-growing and gardening — he excelled; but, as a whole, the occupation was thrust upon him too late in life, when he had lost, to some extent, his faculty of readjustment. But, what is much more to our present purpose, he made a good living and he had considerable leisure. I often sat at his table, and though everything was very simple, — for he could not afford a servant, and his wife and daughters did the work of the household, — the food was of the best, and, as a rule, almost everything was produced on the farm. I recently dined with one of his daughters, now long since a woman grown and in easy circumstances, and she said as we entered the dining-room: 'I can't give you such a dinner as we used to have at the

old farm, for we can't get such things in the market at any price; they don't have them.'

It is such households as this that show, better than any amount of argument, the possibilities in country life for men of small means. Unfortunately they are not abundant; but in a corner of my native state is a young man who, after being graduated at one of our eastern colleges and working for some years as a salaried man in the city, decided to try his hand at farming on a small and much-neglected farm that was left him by his father. The young man was married and had two children, and it took several years of uncomfortable, pinching economy to get together enough money to stock and equip the place. Now, after five years of farming, he expresses himself as more than satisfied with the change. 'I don't handle as much money as I did in town,' he said to me lately, 'but I get fully twice as much, in one way and another, for my labor, and I have more time to myself.' And he told me that, as a rule, everything on his table, with the bare exception of sugar and spices, is produced on his farm — even the flour from which the bread is made being from home-grown wheat, ground in his own mill.

For a purely financial success, and considered apart from the advantages in living, one must look for examples to the larger agricultural enterprises, in which the primary function of agriculture — the means of support — is a less essential part. But money has been made, too, on the ordinary small farm; and there are men who, from a business where no one would suppose there could ever be much income above the necessary cost of living, have accumulated considerable sums. I am no despiser of money, but I would advise no young man to seek it by this road. The cost is too fearfully high; the dol-

lars are paid for in the very stuff of which life is made. But, as no presentation of the poor man's farm is fair without showing its every side, let us take a glance at the life of a man who has made money on one of these small farms and see if it compares favorably with the pictures already drawn. I need cite no special case, for, unfortunately, he represents a class, and his prototype can be found in every country town in the older states.

He lives in a two-story house, facing and quite near the road, and the front-window blinds are always closed. The place is neither cheerful nor inviting. But there is a certain thrifty look about it — not exactly a look of neatness but an indescribable suggestion of 'forehandedness.' The farmer himself is getting old. He is weather-beaten, wrinkled, and a trifle stiff in the joints, but still able to work, and he does work. Early and late he has worked hard all his life. Nor is he the only one on his farm who has done this: he has seen to it that his wife, his sons, and his daughters have all done the same thing. But if he has been a merciless taskmaster, let us give him credit at least for this, that he himself has set the pace and kept the lead.

He has been frugal, too, as well as industrious. Though he keeps cows, cream is a rarity on his table; and with plenty of eggs in his store-room, very few are ever used at home. He never thinks of dressing a chicken for his own use — though he does now and then have an old hen that has 'laid out her litter'; and with a flock of sheep running in his pasture, he hardly knows the taste of mutton. Pork, potatoes, and Indian meal form the staples of his bill of fare.

Where is his wife? You will find her in the kitchen, for she is as tireless a worker as her husband; lean, wrinkled, and sour-tempered. Where are the sons

and daughters? All gone; for the young people do not linger around such a homestead. The daughters are teaching school, and the sons have salaried positions in the city.

This old man, who started in life with nothing, is now financially independent; his unremitting toil and tenacity of purpose have brought him to the goal he sought. But he has never lived, in the true sense of the term, never had any recreation, never known the joy of existence, and has deprived himself of the love and companionship of his children. Even in his vocation he has kept aloof from its more attractive features: tree-planting, or indeed anything to beautify his estate (unless it be, perhaps, white paint), he has never meddled with; and of that most fascinating of all branches of agriculture, the scientific breeding of live stock, he has no knowledge. His life is pathetic, as is the life of every man who to the hardships and privations that fall unavoidably to his lot adds others that are needless and of his own imposing.

Is the picture overdrawn? Surely every one who is at all familiar with the rural districts can testify to its faithfulness. The history of many an otherwise attractive old country homestead is marred by just such melancholy pictures: pictures of lives that were barren and meagre without cause, and in which there was a daily sacrifice of precious things to false gods.

A very slight analysis of the conditions that result so deplorably will show that one prime trouble is in trying to accomplish too much with the means at hand. There are plenty of large and well-equipped agricultural estates in the world in which money is made. But when a poor man starts out to do the same thing with his little farm, he is putting too heavy a task upon it; it is like requiring of one small horse the

work of a farm-horse team. It is not that the poor man's farm can never be relied upon to do more than maintain himself and his family comfortably: in very many cases it can, and should, be made to yield such small additional income as will enable him gradually to make needed improvements upon it, to surround himself with greater home comforts, and to have some funds in reserve for emergencies and reverses. But if the accumulation of money becomes his prime object, the inadequacy of the farm becomes at once apparent; something, clearly, must be sacrificed to the end in view, and that something is usually himself and his family.

This limitation of the poor man's farm should be looked fairly in the face by all those who contemplate going into farming. And there are also others which, although in my opinion they do not offset its advantages, should nevertheless have equal consideration. The publication of an article of mine in a recent magazine brought me quite a large number of letters from readers asking advice and suggestions about farming for poor men. Almost all of the writers stated that they were salaried men in cities; and the letters showed strikingly the land-hunger, the desire for a permanent home, and the longing for freedom and independence which, however they may be obscured by circumstances, Nature has planted in the breast of every living man. And yet I was very cautious in answering these letters. For the advantages set forth, like all good things, cannot be had without being paid for — and a part of the payment is in a coin that a great many city-bred men, accustomed to an easy, if perpetual, round of work, and unused to hard physical toil and exposure to the elements, would be unwilling to pay.

Let us take the item of labor. The city man who goes to farming will find

that there are times, intermittent, it is true, but often sufficiently prolonged, when he will have to work as he never did before. It is of no use for him to say that eight hours a day is long enough for a man to work. It may be long enough for his physical well-being, but he must plough and sow and mow at the right time, and he must make hay while the sun shines. He is working in collaboration with Nature, and the pace she sets is made without regard to the rights of the laboring-man or the eight-hour law. On our own farm, for instance, my sons and I have often been tired for weeks together; not the pleasant fatigue that wears off in a night of refreshing sleep, but the deep-seated weariness of overwrought muscles and too-long hours that is present even when one rises in the morning, and is thrown off only after a few hours of labor when one has 'warmed up' to one's work.

This is a part of the price that must be paid for freedom and the privilege of working for one's self and not for another. And yet I could never perceive that it did any harm, in the long run; and the fact that at the age of fifty-two I am in perfect health, my muscles like iron, and my body as fit for any test of strength or endurance as at any time in my life, would seem to indicate that I am not far wrong in the conclusion. And in the course of the year there is far more leisure to be had on a farm than in any other business. The early autumn — that golden period when the earth overflows with fruitage, and the days have a mellow sweetness that summer rarely gives — is proverbially the farmer's holiday, and during the winter a great many days off can be taken with no detriment to business.

I am reminded that leisure, without the means to spend money freely, is not usually considered a great boon.

But to those who have learned even the primary lessons in wholesome and natural living, leisure is not such an unmanageable thing that it cannot be handled without constant expense. For it is as important to know how to play, or even to do nothing, as it is to know how to work, to know how to release the tension when the necessity for it ceases, and to strike the easy gait that gives time for observation, thought, and enjoyment of life.

Burns, in a single quatrain, draws a picture of a farmer's leisure moments that every true farmer can understand:

Upon a sinmer Sunday morn
When Nature's face was fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn
And snuff the caller air

To besure the mere growing of a field of corn or wheat is not a thing of great interest, although there is a quiet satisfaction, greater than may be supposed, in watching its development. But the country-dweller, if he is wise and wants all that can be had out of the situation, will do more than raise crops; he will also engage, to such extent as he may be able, in that most absorbingly interesting of all rural occupations, the breeding of fine live stock. It may be some time before a beginner can afford the foundation stock for raising fine horses or cattle, but he can have the full fascination of the occupation, right at the start, in the breeding of poultry. All the laws that pertain to the breeding of the larger animals are exemplified here, and there is also one great advantage, that poultry matures and reproduces itself every year, bringing the breeder to the result of his efforts in a very short time. For this reason, a great many of the laws that are operative in all animals in such matters as crossing, mating, reversion, and the formation of new breeds and varieties, were first worked out and proved by experiments with poultry.

But for the use of the farmer's leisure I shall attempt no advice or suggestion beyond a hint or two as to the privileges his situation bestows. By all means let him keep a good horse! No man who owns land should deprive himself of this blessing: the creature which, the Arabs tell us, Allah created from the wind and bestowed upon man as his last, best gift, his crowning triumph in the making of a beautiful animal. And if, like the writer, he live on the water-front, let him utilize that privilege too, and have a good boat. For the personal application of these hints: one of the greatest pleasures of my life has been in breeding and handling horses; and from the buoy in front of my house, where our good boat is moored, stretches the whole world, with a fair, free highway to its every port and every shore.

It must be admitted that the country life does not always satisfy; that there are times when we want the noise of the pavements, the rush of travel and traffic, and, perhaps, the opportunity to attend the theatre or some other place of entertainment that the country does not afford. There are times, too, when we miss the sharp contact with other minds — the mental attrition that keeps the wits keen. But these are trivial matters,

easy of remedy, and prove very little beyond the fact that no life is ideal, and that there is no situation in the world where one can be always and invariably contented.

I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,

says the old sea-captain in Longfellow's poem; and as a country-dweller, I confess freely to this occasional unrest, this sometime feeling of vague dissatisfaction. But in a somewhat varied experience, I could never discover that such feelings were any more incident to the country than to the town; and they were never sufficiently potent to change my preference in any degree, or to cause any real desire to cease the ploughing.

And in advocating agriculture for men of small means I am speaking with a full knowledge of all its drawbacks as well as its advantages, and with the firm conviction that, when rightly measured, the advantages greatly preponderate. The life is not perfect; but it gives to him who enters upon it his birthright as a man; it gives him the right to work for himself and to be one of the owners of the world; to maintain his family by the labor of his hands, and "to enjoy the good of all his labor all the days of his life."

THE RESTORATION OF RELIGION

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE pendulum swings, the hands move, and we count time. Even the comets, as Halley said, do not rush off into space on straight lines: after a while they turn about and come back. The current of human life is an alternating current. All progress is made in the manner of the pedestrian, who stands first on one foot, then on the other. The small child finds this a difficult accomplishment; and the primitive man, in the childhood of the race, may well have found existence a perplexing confusion of interests; but presently the pace is set, and on we go, hay foot, straw foot, into the future. It is one of the mercies of Providence that the heresies come in single file, now this controversy and then that; and the discoveries and inventions keep the same discreet order: first, powder and printing, then steam and electricity. We are profoundly interested in one thing at a time. The fact that the emphasis is placed here by one or two generations is itself a prophecy that the following generation will place it there.

A study of the successive solutions which man has brought to what Professor Eucken calls *The Problem of Human Life*¹ shows this continual play of light and shade, this unceasing movement of ebb and flood. First the traditionalists, then the prophets. The traditionalists receive without question the whole heritage of the past. They

agree with their grandfathers. They believe all that is written in the Theogony of Hesiod and in Homer's poems. Then, little by little, the growth of democracy awakens a sense of independence in the individual; philosophy begins to interpret the world and man and the gods in a natural way; astronomy, showing that even the stars are obedient to law, suggests that even the gods may conduct themselves not as they please but as they must; the study of medicine emphasizes the idea of causation; and the study of history develops a critical spirit, leading to an examination of authorities and a minimizing of the element of the supernatural. The result is an 'enlightenment.' The traditionalists are opposed, and finally overcome, by the prophets. The new teachers are alert and versatile, keenly sensitive to the conditions of their time, and intent on facts. They maintain that man is the measure of all things. They say that we must make up our own minds, regardless either of our ancestors or of our neighbors, and that we ought not to believe anything which we cannot actually and individually prove. There are no immutable and eternal standards of either truth or right. Truth is what seems true to us, and right is that which is good because it is profitable. Then comes Plato with the Doctrine of Ideas. The whole situation changes. The sophists are seen to be frivolous persons, occupied with the mere weather of life, measuring the wind. Earnest minds turn for substantial satisfaction to the idealists.

¹ *The Problem of Human Life, as Viewed by the Greatest Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time* By RUDOLPH EUCKEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

Thus the pendulum was swinging and the tide was changing in the fifth century before Christ. The account of it reads like a summary of the progress of thought in the last half hundred years.

Then, after Plato, comes Aristotle; after poetry, prose. In the place of Plato's concern with the world invisible, we have in Aristotle a 'simple, serious, never-wearying effort to comprehend the objective world, to discover its actual state, and to trace all its relationships.' And after Plato and Aristotle, and all the resulting philosophy, and all the accompanying conditions of religion, come Paul and Augustine, the great disciples of the Supreme Spiritual Master; and after them, the Middle Ages; and after the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation. First one foot, and then the other; first the emphasis here, then the emphasis there; now the general concern is about things tangible, then about things intangible and spiritual. Professor Eucken's luminous and un-failingly interesting book, tracing this progress in the work of great thinkers from Plato to the present time, is mighty encouraging. The tide goes out, and the pessimist is convinced that it will never come back; but it comes.

The inference is a prophecy of the Restoration of Religion. The inveterate process will be repeated. We have been standing upon our materialistic foot; now we are to take another step, and stand upon our idealistic foot. Professor Eucken states the present situation with all frankness. 'The main current of intellectual work runs for the most part counter to religion. There is still a steady secession from her ranks, and the secession is spreading from one social class to another. A devitalizing rationalism is now beginning to eat its way into the masses of the people.' At the same time, 'the re-

ligious problem is again knocking insistently at the doors of our intellectual life.' And this means two things: 'In the first place, there are other forces at work in man than mere intellectualistic reflection; and secondly, in the higher strata of the intellectual atmosphere, quite different currents prevail from those which are influencing the life of the people generally, and even the so-called cultured sphere. Do not previous experiences justify us in believing that man's own spiritual work will, in the end, prevail against him, and body forth in some new form the truths that are eternal?'

That there are such truths persisting through all changes, operating, indeed, to compel the ever-recurrent return to idealism after naturalism, is maintained by Professor Münsterberg in his *Eternal Values*.¹ The philosophical striving of his whole life has led him, he says, to a new idealistic standpoint from which he sees the ultimate problems of the world in a new light. He believes that our time is 'tired of the mere naturalism and positivism and skepticism and pragmatism of the past decades.' There are eternal values, constantly available for purposes of testing and verification, corrective and suggestive, related to our life as the pattern which was showed him in the mount was related to the work of Moses. These values are spiritual forces, 'that give us anchorage and guidance, no matter how tumultuous the sea. . . . Throughout our life a new wave is rising, a new seeking and a new longing, a new feeling and a new certainty.'

After this enthusiastic introduction, the book is at first disappointing. The ascent to the summit of the ideal and eternal is by a series of terraces, and

¹ *The Eternal Values* By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

our guide seems to march us around the whole mountain on each terrace. However, the longest way round, according to the proverb, may be the shortest way there. Professor Münsterberg has carefully avoided the cross-cuts, and the leaps across the chasms, and the adventures for the fun of adventure, which he deplors in 'our younger philosophers,' whose aim seems to be 'the writing of philosophy in brilliant epigrams and clever discussions,' who 'dash down their thoughts in an impressionistic style.' Whoever goes with him must be prepared for hard climbing. Thus we ascend along the successive values of existence and of connection, of unity and beauty, of development and achievement. But the view at the top is worth the work.

The outer world with its logical values, the fellow world with its æsthetic values, and the inner world with its ethical values, meet and are interpreted and completed in the world whose values are estimated in terms of holiness. This is that world of ideals which is the domain of philosophy and of religion, the world of God. 'This world of God is real because our conviction, which in the sphere of religion we call belief, realizes it.' And this belief, as Professor Münsterberg defines it, 'has only the word in common with that other belief which confines itself to believing because it lacks sufficient hold for a full knowledge. . . . The belief in God,' he says, 'is not an uncertain tentative opinion which is satisfied with an unsafe hypothesis because no sufficient proof for full certainty is at our disposal. On the contrary, the religious belief carries in itself a certainty which is superior to all logical power of demonstration.'

In religion, thus exalted as both real and essential, the vital elements are creation, revelation, and salvation. The power of God, the Creator, is 'the

beyond of the outer world,' making the order of Nature intelligible. The revelation of God in history, in miracle, in inspired writings, and in eminent persons, is 'the beyond of the fellow world.' In the inner world the true salvation is 'the victorious arising of that will-attitude in us by which every opposition of values is overcome, and the full unity of the true, the harmonious, and the good is reached in our soul.' Dr Gordon, in his discussion of *Religion and Miracle*,¹ declares that the eternal values, as thus defined, are no sort of equivalent to the Eternal Gospel. He points out that Professor Münsterberg's doctrine of the Absolute presents us with a very remote and vague idea of God, and that his uncertain grasp of the immortality of the soul makes his whole discussion vain; for eternal values are impossible without eternal beings to value them. But Dr. Gordon himself has failed to satisfy a great many of his religious readers. His main thesis, that the miraculous is of subordinate importance in religion, is excellently defended. The fact that one may put the miracles into the unconsidered background and yet be a good Christian is verified by Dr. Gordon's own experience, for his book makes light of the miracles and yet maintains both the Christian faith and the Christian fervor. But a good many people shake their heads, and are of the opinion that Dr. Gordon is worse than Professor Münsterberg, because he ought to know better. Indeed, in this matter, the professor is more orthodox than the preacher; for not only is his definition of the miraculous in terms of will superior to Dr. Gordon's definition of the miraculous in terms of wonder, but he affirms that 'the miracle belongs to the most necessary manifestations of the

¹ *Religion and Miracle* By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

evaluating consciousness.' The plain reader of Dr. Gordon has not much idea of the 'evaluating consciousness,' but he somehow feels that the phrase rings true

The fact is that in both these books we have a sense of getting on. Dr. Gordon's quarrel with the miraculous is inspired by his conviction that a miracle is a mere material basis for spiritual truth, and that it is no more vitally related to true religion than a piano-stool is related to great music. He would press on past the natural into the spiritual. And that is Professor Munsterberg's purpose and spirit also. These books are to be taken in the large; and, thus taken, they are signs of the tendency of our time. With their very different appeal, they voice the minds of great numbers of thoughtful people who are weary of materialism, and are awaiting that return of the soul of man to the love of the ideal, which shall carry with it the restoration of religion.

This desire to free religion from material entanglement by the liberation of the soul of it from the body, of the spirit from the letter, holds together even such diverse books as that of Professor Foster on *The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence*,¹ and that of Father Figgis on *The Gospel and Human Needs*.² Dr. Foster is a professor in the University of Chicago, Dr. Figgis is a member of the Community of the Resurrection, and their writings are quite as remote, the one from the other, as the institutions with which they are connected. It is plain at a glance that these brethren would be unable to carry on any conversation upon any subject without resorting to

the imprecatory Psalms. And this impression is confirmed by a certain extemporary manner which is common to both. Professor Foster confesses that his book was 'dashed off at white heat in about thirty days as a sort of "by-product" of a more difficult task.' Several pages bear evidence of this journalistic haste. As for Father Figgis, the contrast between the greatness of his themes and the slightness of his treatment is like the difference between a high mountain and a hasty sketch of it on the back of an envelope. The fact that the writer in his preface acknowledges with gratitude the assistance not only of his friends who read his proofs but of his friends who helped him by their prayers, shows that the value of the book is in its spirit. And the spirit of Dr. Figgis, like the spirit of Dr. Foster, is an enthusiasm for ideals; the purpose is to present Christianity as an essentially idealistic religion.

Dr. Foster would accomplish this purpose by the abolition of all spiritual authority, the ejection of the miraculous, and a complete subordination of the facts of history. To him, as to the cardinal, the appeal to history is heresy. He goes to great pains to prepare us for the time when the very name of Jesus of Nazareth shall be forgotten. We are not to be dismayed, he says; all that is essential in Christianity will remain. It is a relief to know that this obsolescence of the Gospels is not to be expected for a billion of years. Father Figgis, on the other hand, would abolish nothing. He would exalt authority, emphasize the miraculous, and make the four Gospels the four cornerstones of the whole fabric of religion. His contention is that naturalism, with its testing of all things by reason and experience, reduces religion to the barest prose. He is the champion of the romance of religion. Rationalism, he says, is deadly dull, and the world

¹ *The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence*. By GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER. University of Chicago Press. 1909.

² *The Gospel and Human Needs*. By JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS. London: Longmans, Green and Company. 1909.

as thus interpreted is to the last degree commonplace and stupid, unrelieved by any element of mystery or imagination. He points out, with Chesterton, the impossibility of even fancying Swinburne hanging up his stocking on the eve of the birthday of Victor Hugo. 'It is just that strangeness,' he says, 'that conquering charm, which men are feeling just now, and for whose lack they are crying out from other refuges, — culture, philosophy, fancy religions, and what not. . . . As I conceive it,' he adds, 'the human spirit, in its eternal Grail-quest, has entered upon a new path. It has turned from the middle-aged prose of the nineteenth century once more to the poetry of the child.'

When we look about to discover the special form of juvenile poetry to which the soul is now turning from its dusty reading of naturalistic prose, we find it most notably in Christian Science. This is the first large, evident, popular revolt against the conventions and the respectable authorities and the materialistic view of the Universe. It is an endeavor to establish an idealistic religion. The pendulum swings, after its fashion, from the extreme to the extreme. Here is a burning of the books such as college students used to celebrate after the last examination in calculus. All the achievements and appliances of naturalism are set at naught by this new idealism. The whole *materia medica*, and all the doctors with it, are turned out of doors. And this movement is not only a New Medicine but a New Religion. Tired of the commonplaces of ethics, and the complications of theology, and the contentions of the critics, with their minimizing of the miraculous and their laborious rendering of the poetry of the Bible into a prose translation, these people suddenly appeal straight to God, and begin to work miracles. It is like the

appearance of the Montanists in the face of the philosophers and priests of the second and third centuries.

The philosopher had reduced all truth, terrestrial and celestial, into a rational system. The priests had made laws to the effect that the prophets — unauthorized, eccentric, and unmanageable laymen — should no longer preach in the churches. The story is told by Professor Gwatkin in his *Early Church History*,¹ and by the Abbé Duchesne in his *Early History of the Church*.² Everything was ordered and settled, as it seemed, upon enduring foundations. All that was free, original, spontaneous, informal, was under the ban of the dominant proprieties. In theology, the Gnostics were interpreting the world in terms of Orientalism; that is, with the problem of evil, philosophically considered, as the heart of interest, and the infinite remoteness of God from the world, as a solution of the difficulty. At the same time, the ecclesiastics were securing a quiet and undisturbed rendering of the services, and a manner of sermon that should not interrupt the serenity of the congregation. Into this situation the Montanists came like a gale of wind and a storm of rain in a dry time. They were a company of mystics, in immediate communication with God. Professor Gwatkin shows how they opposed themselves alike to 'the intellectual pride of the Gnostics and to the dignified traditionalism of the Church'; how they accounted all human learning as a delusion and a snare; how they preached, like the Quakers, on every occasion, in defiance of all the canons, and with such excesses that they made

¹ *Early Church History to A. D. 313*. By HENRY MELVILLE GWATKIN. London: Macmillan and Company. 1909.

² *Early History of the Christian Church, from its Foundation to the End of the Third Century*. By MONSIGNOR LOUIS DUCHESNE. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1909.

the very name of a sermon odious to all peaceable people. The Montanist uprising 'threw preaching into the background for a thousand years, and helped to form the mediæval conception of the priest's duty, — to say mass and to be a spiritual director, but by no means to preach.' Monsignor Duchesne describes the Montanist expectation of the descent of the New Jerusalem upon a plain in Phrygia, and the occupation of people's minds with the immediate realization of the heavenly ideals.

The permanent element in Montanism was in part this direct consciousness of God, and the accompanying sense of the absolute supremacy of the Spirit, both divine and human, over the material world; and in part an instinctive revolt against the increasing bondage of conventions. The Montanists rebelled against the monotony of order. They awaited the motion of the Spirit, and relied upon it to lead them into the unexpected. They regarded the precise statements of doctrine, and the formal quiet of the service of the Church, as did the bishop who had a desperate hope that certain exact and dreary parsons of his diocese might do something improper. Nothing else, he felt, would wake them up enough to save their souls. The present restoration of religion proceeds in the same direction. It appears in the endeavor to see old truth in new lights and to state it in new words. It impels men to make spiritual experiments. It is impatient of precedent and tradition. The desire is to 'revivify and reshape religion through fresh and spontaneous experiences.'

Thus Modernism is not accidental or local, but general and characteristic. It is in the air. The modernist has no serious definite quarrel with the teachings of the Church. He is contending, not for a new doctrine, but for a

new attitude. What he objects to is, not orthodoxy, but finality. He maintains the right to examine the assertions of the old divines and of the new alike, with equal freedom; he sees nothing sacrosanct in creeds; believing in the Holy Spirit, he expects a constant progress in religion, out of the imperfection of the past into the improvement of the future. He is not inclined to agree with Mr. Chesterton when he says, 'An open mind is a mark of folly, like an open mouth. Minds, like mouths, were made to shut.' He finds that a closed mouth may belong to a man who is dumb, or ignorant, or afraid; and he infers that the closed mind is a sign of similar conditions. He claims the right to make experiments — and mistakes. His supreme purpose is to restate religion in the terms of current thought for the better application of it to the needs of current life.

This is what Professor Bowne has admirably done in his *Studies in Christianity*.¹ The doctrines of inspiration and incarnation and atonement and the meaning and function of the Church are here taken out of the old words and stated anew in the language of the present day. 'The old-time naturalism,' he says, 'with its naive fancy, the more Nature the less God, is falling into discredit. The immanence of God in natural processes permits us to affirm a supernatural natural and a natural supernatural, to which the old-time naturalistic objections have no application. The supernaturalism of to-day,' he adds, 'is concerned only to find God in Nature, life, history, miracle, no matter where, so long as it finds Him; but it finds Him predominantly in law and life. This is producing a sanity of religious thought beyond

¹ *Studies in Christianity* By BORDEN PARKER BOWNE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

anything known in the past, and it is prophetic of still better things to come.'

Dr. Bowne is occasionally tempted to express his opinion of the belated church officials with the eloquent frankness of St. Stephen, but he realizes the important part which conservatism plays in progress, and makes allowance for the caution which goes with the sense of responsibility. He remembers how Mr. Morley denounced the principle of compromise which, as Lord Morley, he afterward used so prudently as Secretary for India. But he sees with plainness that 'the old religion, while remaining true to type, is gradually freeing itself from the conditions of early thought'; to which freedom he makes his efficient contribution.

This spirit animates those industrious modernists, the biblical critics, who go a step further in the reshaping of religion, and proceed to details. That subjective method which is so frequent, and sometimes so exasperating, in their writings, is their way of emphasizing the fact of freedom. It is their record of a spontaneous experience. Having a choice between two interpretations of a text, — one commended by a hundred excellent but dusty commentaries, and the other occurring at that moment to the mind of the critic, — they instinctively take the new. Their grandfathers would instinctively have taken the old. It shows that the revivifying of religion is a dominant tendency. The critic desires to bring new life into the old text, to find new gold in the old mine. And the result is that the Bible, which has again and again been a potent factor in the restoration of religion, is becoming more interesting every day. For example, Professor Bacon, in his *Beginnings of Gospel Story*¹ makes

the reading of St. Mark a succession of surprises. The untechnical reader who looks into this commentary will find hardly anything that he has ever seen before. He may thus come upon much that he hesitates to accept, but the total result is a new translation of St. Mark, with a treasure of new meaning, and a new sense of reality. This comes from a free first-hand treatment.

A critic who uses the modern appliances of his art finds no difficulty in accounting for the fact that Mr. Münsterberg's page 357, and Mr. Foster's page 112 are identical. They describe, in the same words and in the same series of sentences, the dancing of a tribe in Ceylon around a huge arrow stuck in the ground. Of course, either one of these writers inadvertently copied from the other; or else, more probably, they both copied from some unnamed source, which, for convenience of reference, the critic will call Q, or XYZ. But the critic nowadays will not stop here. He will show how the same source appears again in Mr. Münsterberg's page 13, and Mr. Foster's page 23, in which nobody else would have dreamed that there was any similarity whatever. Thus he makes an original contribution to the subject.

This fresh and spontaneous experience, when it is freed from all relation to texts or material facts, becomes mysticism, which is to be set beside modernism and criticism as another assisting force in the renewing of religion. The mystic has no interest in cause and effect, in the distinction between physiology and psychology, or in any of the concrete phenomena which satisfy the naturalist. From these he turns, as the mere wrappings and husks of truth, and looks through the visible into the invisible. Mysticism, as it is defined by Professor Rufus Jones of Haverford, in his *Studies in Mystical*

¹ *The Beginnings of Gospel Story*. By BENJAMIN WISNER BACON. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1909.

*Religion*¹ puts its emphasis on the 'immediate awareness of relation with God,' on direct consciousness of the Divine Presence. Dr. Jones, as a Quaker, leads out with sympathetic understanding the long, mysterious, queer, brilliant, and unfailingly fascinating procession of the Christian mystics. He begins with the essentially and abidingly mystical element in Christianity, as seen in St. Paul and St. John, and comes on slowly down the centuries, past the Montanists, and Dionysius the Areopagite, and Erigena, and St. Francis, and the Abbot Joachim, and Meister Eckhardt,—whose names are like the syllables of an ancient incantation,—past the Friends of God and the Brothers of the Common Life, to the period of the English Commonwealth. The interest lapses a bit with the Anabaptists and the Ranters, in whom eccentricity and even insanity seem to exceed their scant measure of inspiration; though even among the Ranters one comes with pleasure upon a smoking prayer-meeting, every saint having a pipe in his mouth; and we gladly make the acquaintance of Captain Underhill, of Dover, New Hampshire, who told Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts that 'the Spirit had sent him into the witness of Free Grace while he was in the moderate enjoyment of the creature called tobacco.' But 'there are as many unveilings of God,' said John the Scot, 'as there are saintly souls.' And the *Studies* bring us into the high and helpful friendship of a hundred saintly souls, obnoxious, indeed, to the established order, despisers of authority, but restorers of religion, whose sayings, which are liberally quoted, open, as one says, 'the east window of divine surprise.'

¹ *Studies in Mystical Religion* By RUFUS M. JONES. London. Macmillan and Company. 1909.

When the essential motive of modernism, and criticism, and mysticism, is applied to daily life, it appears as idealism. It speaks in terms of philosophy, as in Dr. Henry Jones's *Idealism as a Practical Creed*;² or in terms of sociology, as in Dr. Francis Peabody's *Approach to the Social Question*.³ The appeal is to a generation successfully engaged in business and in science, making discoveries and money, but greatly occupied with the material side of life. Dr. Jones is Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, but he is addressing the students of the University of Sydney, in Australia. 'You have long been engaged,' he says, 'in an absorbing struggle with outward and secular things. You have been striving to tame a vast continent to your use, and to establish therein an independent and self-sufficient state. If the task has taxed all your strength and claimed all your powers, and if the spirit of your people has been so immersed in it as to leave little of the leisure or the mood for aught else, who can marvel or blame? To live well, man must first live.' He might have said this without the alteration of a word at the University of Chicago. 'Now,' he continues, 'the time has come when you can with a more serious intent and a more deliberate purpose devote yourselves to the contemplation of the world within yourselves, the world in which ideals are the only powers.' Already, in the realm of science, the Idealism of Evolution is making the supernatural commensurate with the whole horizon of the universe; and in the realm of business, the Idealism of Love is bringing back the freshness and enthusiasm of apostolic

² *Idealism as a Practical Creed*. By HENRY JONES. Glasgow: James Macklehole and Sons. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1909.

³ *The Approach to the Social Question*. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1909.

religion. The temper of the time is changing. 'Those who have turned the world upside down have come hither also.' 'In this enterprise,' says Dr. Jones, 'the speculations of the philosopher, the inspirations of the poet, and the tumultuous strivings of the man of action, blend together.'

Dr. Peabody concerns himself with the man of action. The problem is the betterment of this present life. Business and science have built the house, strong and high, but far more important than the house is the tenant who shall occupy it. What thoughts shall he think, what ideals shall engage his soul and shape his plans, what life shall he live, what manner of man shall he be? These questions are essentially religious. They are to be answered, not in the 'plaintive feminine voice of mediæval piety, the voice of a weary pilgrim and sojourner, longing in a vain and unsubstantial world for the native land of the soul,' but in the robust tone of him who cries, 'Here, too, is our home, for God is here; and the true Shekinah is in the soul of man.'

'What is the new note,' says Dr. Peabody, 'in modern jurisprudence? It is the determination of rights and duties within the social order of the community, the nation, or the world. With what does modern legislation concern itself? It deals in an unparalleled de-

gree with the obligations of associated individuals, with combinations of industry, with functions of government, with adjustments of economic and domestic life. What is modern ethics? It is no longer an enumeration of the virtues and vices of the individual, but an inquiring how the good man may make a better world. And what is modern religion? Modern religion has for its subject, not the individual detached from the world, but the world itself in whose redemption the individual has his share.' This large service is inspired and directed by ideals. Whoever undertakes it proceeds straightway out of materialism and naturalism and pessimism into a region where the guides are philosophers and poets and prophets. The spirit of it, the splendid enthusiasm of it, possesses the souls of youth. It is characteristic of our new time. It makes its way into every department of life, and determines every worthy ambition. In the light of it a hundred lesser interests fall into the shadows of the background. It is the native air of the spirit. Here all that is essential in religion grows and thrives. The conditions are right for spiritual renewal. Christ speaks, and men are ready to listen and respond. The Kingdom of God is at hand. Already the restoration of religion is begun.

A YEAR AT THE NEW THEATRE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE New Theatre has seemed to many observers not unlike the New Thought — somewhat vague and not particularly new. Just what artistic advance the theatre intends to further by its choice of plays, is not much clearer at the conclusion of the first season than it was at the beginning; just what the theatre stands for in the dramatic world is not yet definitely outlined. And, in its physical proportions, the New Theatre is a reversion to the auditorium of a half-century and more ago—it is at least fifty years behind the times; while, in its scheme of highly privileged support, its utterly undemocratic horse-shoe of founders' boxes, around which the auditorium has in reality been built, it is a direct product, almost a copy, of conditions pertaining to that fashionable and exotic pastime of the very well-to-do, — grand opera. In these important respects, there is nothing new about it.

In the New York *Evening World* of March 28, 1908, was published an interview with the late Heinrich Conried, then director of the Metropolitan Opera House. In the course of this interview, he said, 'I have been chosen to plan the New Theatre in every detail. The architects made their plans in accordance with my suggestions, and I now have in preparation the plans for the stage, the mechanical arrangements necessary for the proper production of plays.' And he further stated that the New Theatre, though it was not supported by the government, would be a truly 'national' theatre, an 'educa-

tional' institution. Unfortunately, his first statement was correct — unfortunately, because Mr. Conried's entire dramatic experience in America had been confined to his German playhouse, and later to the Metropolitan Opera House. His own training as an actor had been gained in the old-fashioned Teutonic plays of long ago. He was ignorant of many obvious conditions on the modern stage, especially the English-speaking stage, and, furthermore, he was ambitious to continue his operatic management, so profitable to him in many ways. Mr. Conried died, and when the group of thirty wealthy men whom he had gathered together as founders of the New Theatre, each subscribing at the start \$35,000, summoned Granville Barker from England to consider the post of director, Mr. Barker found an auditorium, already nearing completion, which was so vast and so badly constructed for the performance of modern drama, that he took one look and went back to London.

The auditorium was designed by the architects on its present scale not only to meet the needs of opera (since opera cannot be profitably presented without large audiences), but also to make prominent display of a horse-shoe of twenty-three founders' boxes. The founders of the New Theatre are chiefly men financially interested in the Metropolitan Opera House and pillars of its social prestige. Their idea, and presumably the idea of their wives, — whose influence cannot be left out of the reckoning, — was to duplicate at

the New Theatre operatic conditions, 'to dramatize the diamond horse-shoe,' as Henry Miller puts it. Now, quite aside from the utterly undemocratic nature of such a social display in a playhouse loftily announced as 'national' in scope and 'educational' in intention, this horse-shoe of boxes, ranged at the rear of the orchestra-chairs, threw the whole scheme of the auditorium out of scale for a theatre. In order to make the occupants of the boxes prominently visible, the balconies could not be slung forward over the orchestra floor. The first row of the balconies is no nearer the stage than this row of boxes, and the last row of the third, and highest, balcony, is thus distant from the stage almost double the depth of the large orchestra pit, besides being raised an enormous distance in air. Over this orchestra pit yawns a mighty void, wherein the voices of the actors wander tentative and dim. From the balcony not only is it a strain to hear, but the stage is so far off that it seems to be viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Any intimacy with the play and players is utterly out of the question. Thus, as a result of the double blunder in the original scheme of the New Theatre, the plan to mix drama and opera in the same house and the plan to make of it a social diversion for the wealthy founders, the theatre has started on its career under a well-nigh insurmountable handicap.

It would seem that the founders and their families, if we may judge by the infrequency of their use of the boxes, recognize this fact. The truth is that the dramatic performances at the New Theatre do not interest them. And a potent cause is the lack of intimacy in the auditorium, for which they themselves are to blame. It should require no argument to convince one at all familiar with the stage that the modern intimate auditorium is an integral part

of the modern intimate drama and acting; that we can no more go back with pleasure and profit to the old vasty spaces where Forrest thundered, than we can go back to the old plays which gave him ammunition. And it should require no argument to convince any thoughtful observer that men, however wealthy, prominent, and philanthropic, when they announce that they are going to build a playhouse for the public good and the uplift of the drama, and then, for the exotic pastime of grand opera and the prominent display of their own persons, erect an auditorium utterly destructive of dramatic illusion, especially in those regions where the poorer classes must sit, need not be surprised if the public does not hail them unreservedly as benefactors, or flock to their theatre. There is a distinct taint of insincerity and snobishness in the New Theatre, which has perverted its physical design and threatens its usefulness. To deny this, or to try to disguise it, would be, to put it mildly, a waste of time.

The crying need of the New Theatre before another season begins, then, is a radical alteration of the auditorium, which of course means, first, the abolition of the incongruous grand opera. Fortunately, the abolition of opera is certain, and some consequent changes will undoubtedly be made in the auditorium. The founders of the theatre, who are its absolute owners and who will bear the heavy deficit, have a right to their boxes, and neither critic nor public has any voice in the matter. But possibly a lessening of the deficit might atone to some extent for the loss of the boxes; and possibly, too, the greater usefulness of the theatre to the public, the greater vividness and interest of its productions, might act as compensation, if the founders are sincere in their expressed desire to serve the stage in America. By alternate

occupancy, a lesser number of boxes ranged (no less prominently!) to right and left of the proscenium, as in an ordinary theatre, might conceivably suffice. Then the balconies could be slung forward, the top balcony — at present a pocket to catch and deaden sound — eliminated, and the too-high ceiling lowered. If some of the overload of ostentatious decoration were lost in the process, so much the better. Thus arranged for greater intimacy, the house would hold enough people, say fourteen hundred, for probably profitable operation, with eight performances a week, if it was kept reasonably full. At present it seats twenty-three hundred people, at least half of them farther from the stage than the rear of the orchestra pit. Certainly the gain in intimacy, vividness, and enjoyment of the play would be incalculable. Until something of the sort is done, the New Theatre will remain an opulent semi-failure, be the company never so fine, and the plays presented never so worthy.

But the New Theatre in its opening season has at least demonstrated anew the value and possibilities of the stock company, playing in repertory. There have been errors in casting, and an unfortunate disposition has been shown to engage stars instead of standing bravely out for the resident-stock-company idea. The engagement of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe was ill advised, for example, as was that of Miss Annie Russell. In the classic revivals, no less here than on the commercial stage, the lack of adequate training in our present-day players has been apparent — which is further proof of the need for just such a company. But, especially among the men of the company, many players have given striking proof of the value to the actor of frequently varied impersonations, and the public has watched their growth

with steadily increasing interest. Even two such recognized artists as Ferdinand Gottschalk and Albert Bruning have for the first time been able to show to the public the full ripeness and resources of their art. And, in modern plays (like *Don* and *Strife*) the New Theatre, in its first season, has increased the public appreciation of ensemble acting, demonstrated vividly its superiority over a 'one man' performance.

In his *Life and Art of Richard Mansfield*, William Winter quotes a letter from that actor to him, dated 1905, which contains these words 'The actors themselves are all only too glad to get a good salary and study only one part a season, and this they can do, with Mr. Frohman and others. I stand quite alone, for both the Frohmans and other managers, and all the actors, are against me.' If Mansfield suffered from what Shaw calls 'the solitary despotism of his own temperament,' if that was what killed him, it was also what made him great, fed the flame of his ambition and his genius. The endowed stock company can seldom breed, and probably almost never keep, a dramatic genius like Mansfield. But in one winter the New Theatre has shown that it can recruit a company of intelligent artists, both young and old, who are cheerfully willing, nay, eager, to learn more than one part a season; and that, under this spur and with this opportunity, many of them develop and ripen in their art with encouraging rapidity. In spite of the lack of training which has hampered it in presenting the classics, the New Theatre company is already a potential force in the dramatic life of America. It is training players to varied impersonation, and the public to an appreciation of impersonation rather than personality, to an understanding of acting as an art.

Let us turn now to the repertory of the first season.

The New Theatre opened on November 6, 1909, with a dress rehearsal, amounting to a public performance, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Although the prospectus of the house shrewdly pointed out the evils of the star system, the theatre opened with a star play, if ever there was one, and engaged for the two star parts Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe, 'for a limited period.' Here was a departure from the stock-company idea at the very start. Furthermore, not only are Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe too habituated to the star system to work genially in stock-company harness, but they are manifestly unfitted for the rôles of Antony and Cleopatra. Had a Shakespearean play been chosen for the opening bill wherein they could appear to advantage, — say *Twelfth Night*, — at least the desolate dullness of that inaugural performance would have been avoided. As a matter of fact, those in charge of the New Theatre did not have the courage of their convictions. They were themselves so habituated to the popular estimate of a name (and a novelty) that they called in two prominent stars and chose a play long disused, to give their theatre this dubious advantage, in defiance of the repertory-company idea.

Antony and Cleopatra was a dismal failure. Even the minor parts were not well played, and the performance dragged sluggishly. Gloom rested on the New Theatre, and it was not visibly dispelled on November 11, when the second dramatic production was made, of a light fantastic comedy by Edward Knoblauch, called *The Cottage in the Air* — a play adapted from the story, *Priscilla's Fortnight*. It was a trifling affair, not so well written as a comedy of similar theme then current on Broadway. It disclosed no originality of fancy, no depth of feeling, no cleverness of dramatic design. It was of a

conventionally romantic type long familiar on our stage through much better examples. The only reasonable excuse the directors of the New Theatre can offer for staging it is that they had nothing else.

Six days later, however, on November 17, a play was disclosed of quite another stamp — John Galsworthy's *Strife*. This astonishingly gripping dramatic argument was staged with careful and seemingly artless realism, and acted by the long cast, headed by Albert Bruning and Louis Calvert, with clearness, force, and emotional sincerity. *Strife* tells the story of a factory strike; it presents by turns the laborers' side and the employers' side; it shows the fiery, passionate labor leader broken at the end, and the stern old leader of the capitalists broken, too. It does not spare details of the suffering of the mill-people, nor does it fail to show their unreasonableness and vacillation. It makes out a case for each side, and then solves the strike by arbitration on terms considered by both sides before the fight began. In this ironic conclusion it points a silent finger toward the coöperative commonwealth. *Strife* is a powerful and thoughtful play, written in a restrained but truly nervous style, and superbly acted by the New Theatre company. And it is safe to say that no American commercial manager would have produced it. When it came on, the friends of the New Theatre for the first time took heart.

On December 4, *The Nigger* was produced, the second play written by an American author, but the first to treat of American subjects. The author is Edward Sheldon, who recently emerged from Harvard College with *Salvation Nell* and sold it to Mrs. Fiske. This youthful dramatist has the courage of large themes. In *The Nigger* he plunged boldly across the Mason and Dixon line and endeavored to set forth the trag-

edy of a high-spirited and high-minded Southerner — the governor of a state — who finds suddenly that his blood is tainted by ancestral miscegenation, and renounces (perforce!) all he has held most dear, to go down and labor among his black kind. Here, unquestionably, is a big, vital theme, however unpleasant to some palates. But Mr. Sheldon has as yet neither the maturity of mind and heart to present it adequately, nor the technical facility to weave it into a convincing narrative. His play, at first raw with the bravado of extreme youth defying artistic restraint, is later discursive and dull. Nor was it acted with any distinction. But it was an honest attempt at significant native drama, and worth doing.

Next of the dramatic productions was a second classic, *The School for Scandal*, made on December 16. In spite of the inadequacy of its representation, it has proved the most popular play in the repertory, thanks to its immortal charm. A company that in *Strife* played exquisitely in one key, the key of realism, here played in almost as many keys as there are characters. Mr. Corbin, the literary director, has written that Mr. Calvert, the producer and exponent of Sir Peter, 'made it his artistic aim to play for the reality and essential humor of the comedy. . . . Sir Peter became a warm-hearted old fellow, sorely tried and often vexed, to be sure, but above all a gentleman and deeply in love with his mad-cap wife.' But 'the essential humor of the comedy' was just what was lost. It was a comparatively mirthless performance, without sparkle, because half of the company tried evidently for a modern key of realism and missed their 'points.' Does Mr. Corbin fancy the deep-hearted Sir Peter of William Warren was less of a gentleman, or less in love with his wife, than this toned-

down and colorless Sir Peter of Mr. Calvert? Hardly! If you are going to play Sheridan, play Sheridan. And to play Sheridan with a modern company, we should perhaps bear in mind, requires, after all, some heart-breaking experiment and training.

Then, on December 30, came a one-act play, called *Liz, the Mother* (over which we will hastily draw the veil of silence; it slumbers now in the storehouse, after the single performance), and Rudolph Besier's *Don*. This last is a comedy, produced with success in England, setting forth with sufficient plausibility for comedy purposes, and with much humorous irony, the adventures of a young idealistic philanthropist, a sort of modern Shelley, plus propriety, who tries to take an unhappy wife away from her husband and bring her to his parents' house. His father is a conventional canon of the church, his mother a conventional canon's wife, his fiancée's father a conventional army officer, and the pursuing husband a fanatic member of the Plymouth Brethren. Here, surely, are the materials for ironic comedy. The young philanthropist emerges wiser, if no less philanthropic; the Plymouth Brother takes his wife back, to treat her to less religion and more love; and the boy's mother does not understand anything that has happened. The piece was almost faultlessly acted, with a gay dash, clean-cut characterization, and abundant feeling. It was perilously near farce, yet with intellectual tang and real point. It was distinctly worth doing.

Next, on January 26, 1910, the third classic was produced, *Twelfth Night*. It had an unimpressive performance. The roistering scenes, to be sure, were amusing, though Sir Toby and Sir Andrew rather rioted to rule. But Miss Annie Russell was utterly inadequate as Viola, and the Malvolio was no better. When Viola is neither romantic nor gay-spir-

ited, and Malvolio neither comic nor tragic, *Twelfth Night* is hardly brought to life. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn had left the company, but Miss Matthison had joined it. The play was inexcusably miscast, and its charm was lost.

On February 14 *The Witch* was produced, — a play adapted by Hermann Hagedorn from the Scandinavian of H. Wiers-Jenssen. It proved gloomy, unreal, stilted, theatrical, and was so acted. Mr. Hagedorn shifted the scene from ancient Scandinavia to the Salem, Massachusetts, of 1692. There can be little excuse for this sort of thing, at such a house as the New Theatre. A foreign drama should either be played as it was written, or not at all. Adapt an alien plot, with its inherent motives and characters, to an American setting, and you ruin the original without producing anything genuinely and sincerely American. *The Witch* as it came to the stage of the New Theatre suggested that Sardou had visited Salem, Massachusetts, and fogged his melodramatic fervor in the gloom of traditional Puritanism. The Puritans of *The Witch* were unreal beings, spouting endless streams of tiresome, unreal talk, in a dreary sing-song. Actually, the Puritans of witchcraft days were deep-hearted religious zealots, and Cotton Mather, leader against the witches, has left writings of a beautiful simplicity and eloquence. Nor does the motive of illicit love, treated not in the deep spiritual key of Hawthorne but in the key of Sardou, make for pleasure or profit in a Puritan drama. *The Witch* did not have even the excuse of sustained theatrical interest. It was dull as well as false.

On March 14 a double bill was presented, Act Four of Ibsen's *Brand* (condensed), and Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, a morality play originally written as a libretto. The plays were not well

contrasted for one evening's fare, there being something too much of severity. And *Brand* was very badly played, into the bargain, though it is hard to sympathize with those who find this fourth act unintelligible without the others. *Sister Beatrice*, the title part beautifully acted by Miss Matthison, was mounted in an exquisite setting, one of the most exquisite ever shown on a New York stage. The play, however, just failed of its true effect because the management, ignoring completely the author's directions to play the second act in sunlight, played the entire piece in a night gloom, thus at one stroke destroying the atmospheric contrast between the human frailty of Beatrice and the joyous, divine forgiveness of the Virgin, and tinging a naïve legend, essentially fresh, with artificial solemnity.

On March 28 *The Winter's Tale* was revived, on a stage simply dressed in the Elizabethan manner. The presence of Miss Matthison in the cast — an actress admirably adapted for a company presenting classic and poetic plays — and the interest of the archaic setting and the complete and coherent text, combined to make the production well worth while, and certainly as 'educational' as Mr. Conried could have desired. Another production had been promised, of René Fauchois's 'dramatic biography,' *Beethoven*. But this production, postponed through lack of time for rehearsal, was ultimately made by other actors, after the season of the New Theatre company had closed. It need not, therefore, concern us here, any more than the production of *A Son of the People*, on February 28, by John Mason and his company.

Counting the fourth act of *Brand* as a separate production, and forgetting *Liz, the Mother*, in kindness to all concerned, we find that the New Theatre, in its first season of twenty-four weeks, has made eleven dramatic productions

with its own company, four of them classics; that is, according to the definition of the literary director, plays which 'after one hundred years are still alive and welcome to the public.' *Antony and Cleopatra* was n't very warmly welcomed, but possibly Shakespeare could not wholly be blamed! Thus one-third of the repertory was classic, a just and admirable proportion, to be maintained in future seasons. Of the remaining seven plays, only two were original works by American authors, and only one of them was a treatment of American characters and conditions. This is neither a just nor an admirable proportion. Of the five modern plays that completed the first season's repertory, three — *Strife*, *Sister Beatrice*, and Act Four of *Brand* — represent widely different types of style and thought, but each is the work of a man of power; each is large, significant, and was wisely added to the New Theatre's list. *Don*, also, striking a lighter note, almost a farcical note, without being commonplace or cheap, added welcome spice and gayety. *The Witch*, as it came to the stage, was neither foreign drama nor American, and did not justify its production.

The repertory for the first season, then, especially in the light of the fact that the intrusion of grand opera prevented more than eleven productions, contained a hopeful number of significant and worthy plays, and trained the company in a wide variety of parts, including those of classic poetic drama, artificial comedy, modern realism, modern farce-comedy, and allegory. Where it was deficient, woefully deficient, was in American drama. The excuse is offered that, from two thousand manuscripts submitted, nothing better could be picked. And this excuse is probably valid, hard as the uninitiated will find it to believe. The New Theatre has not yet the prestige to attract the

work of such native writers for the stage as possess real and tested talent. It cannot offer to them, even at the high rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a performance, sufficient royalties to draw their work away from the commercial theatre. And right here lies the most important field of future effort for the New Theatre.

If it is to be only a house where a resident stock company presents the classics and such European novelties as are not likely to reach our stage through the ordinary channels, its usefulness is limited, and its purpose rather vague. Its appeal will remain to a narrow circle of patrons, and for the democratic mass of theatre-goers it will bear an academic taint. But if it can add to this appeal the appeal of vital American drama written without any thought of happy or unhappy endings, any consideration of the demands of a star performer, any need to conciliate the prejudices of ignorant or vulgar managers, or to pander to supposed popular taste, then the New Theatre will come to stand for something definite, progressive, and fine in American dramatic art, something national and truly new. We have had 'art theatres' before. As a flower of the field, so they flourished. We have had, also, stock companies in the past. William Warren was a wonderful example of the artist a stock company can produce. There were kings before Agamemnon. But we have never before had a theatre backed by such unlimited capital, equipped with such resources, founded upon a basis strong enough to endure the strain of financial loss, public neglect, and critical attack, until it can make for itself a new public and draw to itself the most daring and stimulating work of native playwrights.

In America to-day it is difficult to secure production for a native play with no star part. It is doubly difficult to secure production for a poetic play,

or one with sectional appeal, or one that might conceivably offend this, that, or the other class. It is difficult to secure production for a 'literary drama' (which is not, to be sure, an unmixed evil!) or an intellectual farce or a satire. It is almost impossible to secure production for a tragedy. Native plays of all these descriptions the New Theatre should—and doubtless even now would—welcome. Probably it can never promise to the writer such financial returns as he would gain from a successful play in the commercial theatre. But, on the other hand, the native dramas the New Theatre should seek are those that are not certain of success in the commercial theatre, because they are written utterly for the delight of the author in free and frank self-expression, with no thought of star or manager or public in mind. Have we no playwrights who create sometimes from inner impulse, for love of their craft, and not solely from motives of sordid gain? Until we have such playwrights, we shall never have a truly vital and worthy American drama; we shall, indeed, have no playwrights deserving the high title of artists.

The New Theatre, then, if it can find and produce from season to season, not one play like *The Nigger*, but half a dozen,—and better plays than Mr. Sheldon's,—mounting them in the best possible manner, with well-balanced and forceful acting, will come, in our largest American city, to stand for something definite and American. It will train a public to be interested in new plays for their own sake, in the art of the drama, not merely to follow the mob to the latest success; it will attract

fresh and solid and daring American work, and gain a prestige which will stamp the play of a new author with the sterling mark. It is going to take time to bring this about; that we must expect, and be patient. But, in spite of the pitiful showing of native drama in the first season's repertory, the dream is not Utopian. It can be brought to reality.

What, in working for the realization of this dream, the New Theatre must guard against with unceasing vigilance, however, is the insidious danger of immediate popularity. It will not do for the New Theatre to mount American plays no different from and no better than a dozen visible on Broadway, and then bask in the comfortable luxury of possibly full stalls. This is robbing the future to pay the present. The New Theatre must, perhaps for several years, reverse the process. It must rob the present to pay the future. It must gain for itself, at any sacrifice, a reputation not alone for an excellent company, for fine acting in the least as well as in the largest parts, but for a repertory of native dramas with a distinction of style, a daring or originality of thought, a freshness of observation, or ripeness of humor, or pungency of satire, that cannot be found except in scattered instances in the commercial theatre. Thus, and thus alone, will it build up for itself a solid reputation and an enduring public, so that it can attract an ever-renewed supply of the best work of our best dramatists, and come to occupy in time the position of leader in American theatrical affairs. Thus alone, at any rate, can it become truly a New Theatre.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

BY GIDEON WELLES

IV. THE WAR ON THE PRESIDENT

Tuesday, May 1, 1866

IN Cabinet the President brought forward the subject of reconstruction as now before Congress in the report of the Committee of fifteen. He said his purpose was to know the opinions of the several members of the Cabinet in regard to these propositions of the Committee, and his own policy, which was different.

Seward in a very long talk expressed himself opposed to the plan of the Committee. Stanton broke in upon the President before Seward, was very glad the President had brought the matter before the Cabinet in this formal manner. He had, like all the members of the Cabinet, approved the policy of the President from the beginning. With one or two others he had, he said, taken at the inception a different view of Negro suffrage, or, as he expressed it, of allowing all the people of the state to vote. But in all his talk, which was very loud and emphatic, he expressed no opinion on the subject before us, either of sustaining or opposing the scheme of Thad Stevens and his Committee.

Mr. McCulloch was very decided in his opposition to the plan of the Committee, and equally decided in favor of the President's policy. He declared himself not so hopeful as Mr. Seward, especially since reading the scheme of the committee.

Dennison, who interposed out of the

usual order, thought it premature to express any opinion, for it was not yet certain what course Congress would take.

Stanton, who should have followed McCulloch, was silent, evidently intending to be passed as having already spoken, though really giving no opinion. I was not disposed to permit any such get off and, therefore, waited.

The President, whose feelings were very intense, spoke at some length in regard to the condition of the country, [and] the effect which these schemes must have on the efforts to reestablish the Union.

Mr. Dennison again spoke at some length, expressing himself opposed to many things in the programme of the Committee, and was not prepared to say how long representation should be denied to the Southern States. Thought four years too long.

Mr. McCulloch, who has important business at his department almost always when we have grave and important questions, obtained permission to leave, having stated his views.

The President, holding the paper in his hand, said he had brought the subject forward, that he might know how each one viewed it. I remarked that was very proper and I trusted each would state his opinion, that I thought it due to him, and I then turned towards Stanton. Thus appealed to, and the President turning towards him also,

Stanton said he did not approve the propositions of the Committee in the present form, he believed they might be amended and essentially improved, and thought it worth the attempt to reconcile action between the President and Congress.

I declared myself unequivocally opposed to the whole scheme which I considered an outrage and a wrong. That I was not in favor of any constitutional amendment in the present condition of the country, that I knew not what right Congress had to pass amnesty laws or prescribe terms to the States.

Stanton interrupted to say that I was opposed to any terms with Congress, that I was ironclad on this subject of reconstruction, and had not only fifteen-inch guns levelled against Congress, but was for running my prow into them.

I replied that I was not aware that I was unreasonable, but my convictions were that Congress had no authority to prescribe terms on which states should be represented, that the Constitution had done this, that each House was entitled to pass on the election and qualifications of each member of its own body.

Stanton said that the convictions of Congress were exactly opposed to mine, and, therefore, I could make no compromise with them. I told him I could compromise no principle, nor consent to any usurpation.

Dennison again said he was opposed to the plan, but repeated that he did not know how soon the people or States should be represented. I said immediately, if the representatives were loyal, — I wish they could be sworn in to-morrow.

Harlan was very reserved. He agreed, he said, with Mr. Stanton in pretty much all he had said, and had no doubt a majority of Congress wanted to be in harmony with the President.

The session was very long, extending over nearly four hours. Most of the time [was spent] on the subject of reconstruction, the President speaking twice at considerable length, and objecting to all conditions precedent to admitting loyal members to the seats.

Wednesday, May 2, 1866

The papers to-day contain a synopsis of what took place yesterday in the Cabinet on the subject of reconstruction. I have no doubt that the President himself furnished the information, and probably the report, precisely as it is published. He has shown tact and sagacity in doing it. The report of the position of each member is accurate, although I think Stanton was less decided than stated. Nevertheless he intended that the President should take that impression, and I appreciate the adroitness of the President in giving publicity to Stanton's position as he represented himself in the Cabinet. The radical friends of Stanton will be incredulous as to his position in the Cabinet. He must, however, content himself with exposition made or openly deny it. He can no longer equivocate or dissemble.

In a conversation which I had with the President yesterday after the other members left, he remarked that the time had come when we must know whether we had a united or divided Cabinet, that the radicals had strengthened themselves by constant representations that portions of the Cabinet were with them.

To-day Seward remarked to me that while he should say nothing in regard to the opinion of his associates, he had said and should repeat to others that he was not misrepresented in the report. I told him I was glad that Stanton's position was so clearly defined, for I had not so understood him. Seward said Stanton had gone along with

us so far, that Stanton had come into Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet under peculiar circumstances, and had said to him (Seward) that he should stand by his (Seward's) policy while he remained in the Cabinet and go with him on all essential questions.

Friday, May 18, 1866

Seward has gone home. He told me he intended to make a speech while absent in favor of the President and his policy. Originating no measure himself, and cautious and calculating in adopting the plans of others, he, nevertheless, supposes that what he says has wonderful influence. I do not think he has ever made a speech which gave shape or character to a party. Often his remarks have been more harmful than beneficial. His harangues at Auburn are studied orations, perhaps after consultation with his confidants, and he is now pregnant with one. If it is a quiet baby, passive and pliant, I shall be satisfied, — if it has some deformities I shall not be surprised.

Tuesday, May 29, 1866

The Senate, after much debate and many caucuses on the part of the Republican members, have an amendment of the Constitution modified from that reported by the *construction or obstruction* committee. This amendment may be less offensive than that which passed the House by [means of] excluding some of the States from any voice or participation, but it ought not to receive the sanction of the Senate. Yet I have little doubt that it will, and that the canvassing has been a process of drilling the weak and better-minded members into its support. Disgraceful as it may seem, there is no doubt that secret party caucus machinery has been in operation to carry through a constitutional amendment. Senators have committed themselves to it without

hearing opposing arguments, or having any other discourse than that of a strictly party character in a strictly private meeting. Of course this grave and important matter is prejudged, predetermined. Eleven states are precluded from all representation in either House, and of the senators in Washington, all not pledged to a faction are excluded from the caucus when the decision is made. This is the statesmanship, the legislation, the enlightened political action of the present Congress. Such doctrines, management and principles, or want of principles, would sooner or later ruin any country.

I happen to know that Fessenden had long interviews with Stanton last week, though I know not the subject matter of their conferences. Fessenden sometimes hesitates to support a wrong man. Seward has a personal party in Congress, men who seldom act on important questions in opposition to him and his views. All of these men vote in opposition to the President's policy. Raymond alone vacillates, but this is with an understanding, for Raymond and Seward could, if necessary, carry others with them, provided they were earnestly disposed to do so.

Wednesday, June 6, 1866

Montgomery Blair still persists that Seward is false to the President and that he and Stanton have an understanding. There are many strange things in Seward's course and he is a strange man. I am inclined to think he is less false to the President than an adherent of the Secretary of State. He does not like Johnson less, but Seward more. Seward is afraid of the Democrats and does not love the Republicans. But he feels that he is identified with the Republicans, thinks he has rendered them service, and considers himself under the tutoring of Thurlow Weed as, more than any one else, the father of

the party. The managers of the party dislike him and distrust him, fear that he will by some subtlety injure them, and do not give him their confidence. The Democrats look upon him as a puzzle, a Mephistopheles, a budget of uncertainties, and never have and never will trust him.

The President believes Seward a true supporter of his administration. I think he means to support it. The President finds him a convenience, but does not always rely upon his judgment. His trust in Seward begets general distrust of the administration. It is remarkable that none of Seward's devoted friends, men who under Weed breathe through his nostrils, sustain the President on his great measures. Raymond has been a whiffler on public measures, but no others have ever doubted or dared express a doubt of the radical policy. This puzzles me.

Stanton is very anxious to retain his place, and yet he has a more intimate relation with the radical leaders than with the President or any member of the Cabinet. His opinion and judgment I think the President values more than he does Seward's, yet he distrusts him more, feels that he is insincere. But Stanton studies to conform to the President's decisions and determinations when he cannot change them, apparently unaware that he occupies an equivocal position, both with the President and the public.

Friday, June 8, 1866

But little of information at the Cabinet. I had some conversation with the President after adjournment, and in the evening McCulloch and myself called upon him by appointment. Our conversation was frank, extending over more than an hour. We all concurred that it was not possible to go on much longer with a view of preserving the integrity of the Republican party, for

the radicals are using the organization to injure the President. There is direct antagonism between the leaders who control Congress and the administration. The Democrats in Congress are more in harmony with the administration than are the radicals; — then why repel the Democrats and favor the radicals?

We, McCulloch and myself, spoke of the want of cordial and free intercourse among the members of the Cabinet; that important questions touching differences in the Republican party were never discussed at our meetings; that it was obvious we did not concur in opinion, and, therefore, the really important topics were avoided. The President admitted and lamented this, as he has done to me repeatedly. He expressed his surprise that Harlan and Speed should, with these understood views, desire to remain. I asked if there were not others among us as objectionable and more harmful. McCulloch, he said, could not believe Seward faithless, that he fully agreed with him whenever they had conversed. I admitted the same as regarded Seward and myself, — still there were some things I could not reconcile. He is not treacherous to the President, but is under the influence of Stanton and acts with him. His intimates, as well as Stanton's, in Congress voted steadily with the radicals; his speech at Auburn was a whistle for the Republicans to keep united, and repelled Democrats.

Wednesday, June 20, 1866.

The President and myself had a little conversation. I expressed my apprehension that there were some persons acting in bad faith with him. Some men of position were declaring that he and Congress were assimilating, especially on the constitutional change. He interrupted me, to repeat what he had said to McCulloch and me, that he

was opposed to them and opposed to any change while any portion of the states were excluded. I assured him I well knew his views, but that others near, who professed to speak for him, held out other opinions. I instanced the *New York Times*, the well known organ of a particular set, which was constantly giving out that the President and Congress were almost agreed, and that the Republican party must and would be united. Yet the facts that every Republican representative had voted for the changes, that the State Department had hastened off authenticated copies to the State Executives before submitting to the President, promulgated the idea that special sessions of the legislatures in the States were to be called, to immediately ratify the amendment.

[The results of the fall elections of 1866 were the subject of such anxious thought by both parties that the proceedings resembled those of a presidential year. Four national conventions were held. The first of these conventions was held in Philadelphia during the month of August, in the interest of the Johnson policies.]

Thursday, June 21, 1866

Senator Doolittle took tea with me. He wished me to go with him to the President, when some friends were to assemble to consider and decide in relation to the proposed call for a national convention. Senator Cowan, Browning,¹ Randall,² and three other persons whom I did not know, but who seemed attachés of Randall, and who, I understood, belonged to the National Union Johnson Club, composed the sitting. The call, which had been modified in

slight respects, still omitted any allusion to the constitutional changes, the really important question before the country. This I thought a great and radical defect, and Cowan and Browning concurred with me, as did McCulloch. Randall, who is flattered and used by Seward, opposed this, and his principal reason was that he would leave something for the convention to do.

I asked why the convention was called, if not on this great issue which stood prominent beyond any other. Well, he said, it would hasten the calling of the state legislatures to pass upon it. That, I told him, if properly used might be made to weaken them and strengthen us; we would demand an expression of popular sentiment through the instrumentality of an election, and thereby expose the recent hasty action which was intended to stifle public opinion.

Much of the conversation between eight and eleven o'clock was on this point, during which I became satisfied that Randall was prompted by Seward and used for the party purposes of Weed and Seward. The President evidently was with me in his convictions, but forebore taking an active part. My impressions are that Randall is aware of it. The President finds that R[andall] agrees with Seward and it carries him in that direction. While R[andall] means to reflect the President's wishes, he is really the tool of Seward and Weed, and is doing harm to the cause and to the President himself. But this matter cannot be corrected and will, I fear, prove ruinous.

I left soon after eleven and came home, desponding and unhappy. The cause is in bad and over-cunning, if not treacherous hands, I fear. The proposed convention has no basis of principles. It will be denounced as a mere union with rebels.

¹ O. H. Browning, who shortly succeeded Harlan as Secretary of the Interior.

² A. W. Randall, soon to succeed Dennison as Postmaster-General.

[Congress had recently passed the measure embodying the Fourteenth Amendment.]

Friday, June 22, 1866

When I went to Cabinet meeting only Seward was there with the President. I was prompt to time; Seward was in advance. Directly on entering, the President handed me a message which he had prepared, with an accompanying letter from Seward, relative to the proposed constitutional changes which Congress had requested him to forward to the State Executives. The whole was very well done. As Seward had sent off authenticated copies to the governors, the officious act was very well gotten over by a declaration in the message that it was a ministerial act which was not to be understood as giving the sanction of the Executive or of the Cabinet to the proceeding.

I made a complimentary remark on the message, with my regret that there had not been more time and consideration in sending off copies to the States. Seward was annoyed by the remark and said he had followed the precedent of 1865, but the President was, I saw, not at all displeased with my criticism.

Subsequently when all the Cabinet were present, except Stanton and Speed, the message and papers were read. McCulloch expressed his approval of the message, and said he should have been glad to have had it more full and explicit. In this I concurred.

Dennison took exception, which served to show that he had been consulted by the radicals and had advised or consented to the course previously adopted. He and Seward each made some remarks, and Dennison showed much indignation because Seward had used the word 'trick' on the part of Congress in sending this resolution to the President. Seward disclaimed the word and denied he had used it. I was not aware he had done so.

Dennison proceeded to say that Bingham introduced, or had been the means of introducing, the resolution; had consulted with him; that his object was pure; that he approved; that although the proposed amendment was not in the precise shape he wished, he, nevertheless, gave it his support; that it had been approved by the Republicans of Ohio and were he at home in October he should vote for candidates who favored it.

I assured him that therein he and I differed, for that I would not vote for the amendment, nor knowingly vote for any man who supported it.

Seward said he had no doubt that the Republicans of the Auburn District would oppose it very generally, and that if he was at home in November he expected to vote for men who would oppose it.

I took higher ground. I cared not what parties favored or what parties opposed it, my convictions and opinions were in my own keeping, and I would vote for no man or any party who favored that amendment.

Dennison said that with the explanations of Mr. Seward he took no exceptions, but he expected to act with the Union party of Ohio. Harlan said he thought the views of each would be reconciled. I doubted if we were a unit. Party seemed to have a stronger hold than country.

When the others had left, the President told McCulloch and myself that he had struck from the message the concurrence of his Cabinet. This I regretted, but he said Dennison's assent even with his explanation was not full and gave him an opportunity to evade, if convenient hereafter. He, therefore, chose to stand alone, not trammelled by others. Before sending off the message, which he had done while we were there, he had erased the words referred to.

Dennison has evidently been tampered with and has made up his mind to go with his party, though aware that the party organization is being committed against measures of the administration. He certainly does not yet anticipate leaving the Cabinet on that account, but will soon come to it. How the President is to get along with such a Cabinet I do not see. McCulloch spoke of it and said there were four in opposition. "Yes," said the President, "from what we now see of Dennison, and if we count Stanton after his patched-up speech; but it is uncertain where he wishes to place himself." There is no uncertainty on the part of any but the President. Speed and Harlan should from a sense of propriety and decent self-respect resign. This the President has repeated to me many times. Why he should cling to Stanton, who is working insidiously against him, and to Seward, who works with and shields Stanton, either doing more against him than the two feeble men of whom he speaks so freely, I do not understand. Stanton he knows is not in accord with him, though he does not avow it; and if Seward is presumably friendly, the fact that all the influence he can exercise is dumb, or hostile, is obvious.

Saturday, June 23, 1866.

The President sent me a note this A. M. to call upon him this evening at eight. Although under the doctor's care and ordered to remain perfectly quiet, I rode over at the time. Doolittle called and went with me. Seward soon came in, followed by McCulloch, Cowan, Browning, and Randall. We went into the library, where the proposed call for a national convention was finished up. Seward, who with Weed and Raymond, drew up or arranged this call which Doolittle fathers, now suggested two or three verbal alterations, most of which were adopted. It

is intended that these "suggestions" shall cover up Weed's tracks.

In all that was said and done Seward fully agreed. He intends to keep within the movement, which has become a New York scheme, in order to control it. His belief is that the Republicans, of New York at least, will respond promptly to the call and make the President's cause (which he means shall be his and the old Whigs') their own. How this is to be done, and the course of the senators and representatives of that State be sustained by the administration, he does not disclose. The Democrats, who, in their way, are the chief supporters of the President's measures, are snubbed. I perceive Seward is satisfied with both the President's and his and Weed's positions. The President, I think, is aware of this discrepancy, yet tries to believe all is right.

Saturday, June 30, 1866

Had a long talk this afternoon with the President on the condition of affairs, and especially in regard to the proposed national convention. He does not like the composition of the Cabinet, yet does not, in my opinion, perceive the most questionable feature in it. Harlan and Speed, he does not conceal from me, are in the way. The course and position of Dennison do not suit him. Dennison, like others, has been drawn into the radical circle against his better judgment, is committed to the Republican party, and is appointing extreme radicals to local post-offices, carrying out the views of the radical members and strengthening them by displacing friends of the President. In this I do not think D[ennison] intends antagonism to the President, although it is that and nothing else. But he does not permit himself to believe that the President and the party, which is now a mere machine of Thad Stevens, are not identical.

Seward knows the distinction and yet

contrives to persuade the President to acquiesce, while favoring the radicals. It is curious, but by no means pleasant, to witness this proceeding. The President, usually sagacious, seems not to discern the management and ultimate purpose of the Secretary of State, who is prompted by Stanton, one of the radical chiefs. Stanton has an assumed frankness, but his coarse manner covers a good deal of subtle duplicity. Seward never differs with the President. If he has taken an opposite view from or with others, or before the President's opinion is known, it disappears forever when the sentiments of the latter are ascertained. His knowledge and estimate of men are weak and erroneous in the extreme.

The President understands the political dexterity of Seward, and yet does not apprehend that it may even operate adversely to himself, nor does Seward intend to antagonize his chief. Some recent proceedings, connected with the schemes of the radicals, are to me inexplicable, and in our talk I so informed the President. I could not understand how all the Republican members from New York, a considerable portion of whom are under the influence of Seward and Weed, should vote steadily with the radicals and against him, if Seward and Weed are his true friends.

The New York *Times*, Raymond's paper, controlled by Weed, declared that the President and radicals were pretty much reconciled on the constitutional changes, and by this representation multitudes were entrapped into the measure.

Wednesday, July 11, 1866.

Although Stanton has been fully with the radicals in all their extreme measures from the beginning, he has proposed to abandon them when the President made a distinct stand on any

subject. I am, therefore, uncertain what course he will take; but if he leaves he will be likely to be malevolent. He is selfish, insincere, a dissembler, and treacherous. Dennison,¹ however, is honorable and manly. If his radical friends have finally succeeded in persuading him to go with them, he will do it openly and leave the Cabinet, not remain to embarrass and counteract the President, or, like them, strive to retain place and seek the confidence of his chief to betray him.

I read to Blair my answer to Doolittle concerning the national convention. He is highly pleased with it, and suggested I should make a point on the imminent danger of another civil war. Blair repeats a conversation with Boutwell, a Massachusetts fanatic, who avows that the radicals are preparing for another war.

Blair says the radical programme is to make Wade President of the Senate, then to impeach the President. Having done this the radicals will be prepared to exclude the Southern members from the next Congress, and the Southern States from the next Presidential election.

Thursday, July 12, 1866.

The radicals held a caucus last evening at the capitol to determine in relation to their future course, and also in regard to the adjournment of Congress. It was resolved that their proceedings should be secret, but the doings are published. They appear to have come as yet to no conclusion. The plan, or conspiracy, for it is nothing else, seems to be some contrivance first of all to embarrass and hamper the Executive, some scheme to evade an honest straightforward discharge of duty, some trick to cheat the President

¹ On this very day Dennison sent in his resignation to the President. Harlan and Speed promptly followed his example.

out of his prerogative and to arrogate to themselves an unauthorized Executive power.

Raymond is reported to have played the harlequin and again deserted. Although it is difficult to believe that one of his culture and information could make such an exhibit of himself, I am prepared to credit any folly of his. He has clearly no principles, no integrity, and is unconscious how contemptible he appears. Under Weed's teaching he has destroyed himself.

The President informs me that Denison has handed in his resignation. His reasons are his adherence to the Republican party. He was President of the National Convention which nominated Lincoln and Johnson and has imbibed the impression that his character is involved, that his party obligations are paramount to all other considerations. He has been trained and disciplined. In due time he will be a wise man.

Friday, July 13, 1866

The morning papers contain my letter to Senator Doolittle, in response to his inquiry, conveying my views of the Republican convention. It is very explicit and much complimented.

Seward read to the President and myself a letter which he had written on the same subject. I told the President I ought, perhaps, to apologize for not having read my letter to him also, that I had thought of it, but concluded I ought not to make him in any way responsible for my unofficial acts. He said he would cheerfully assume the responsibility of every sentiment of my letter, which he had twice read and heartily approved.

Sunday, July 15, 1866

There are flying rumors that Speed and Harlan, and some say Stanton, have sent in their resignations. It is excessively warm and I have not thought proper to call on the President and en-

quire. Possibly Speed has resigned, though I have some doubts, — more as regards Harlan, — and I am incredulous as regards Stanton.

Monday, July 16, 1866.

We are having, I think, as warm weather as I have ever experienced. The papers have a curt letter from Speed resigning his office. He has also written an elaborate but not very profound letter to Doolittle, dissenting from the Philadelphia convention.

The President sent in a veto on the new bill establishing the Freedman's Bureau, or prolonging it. His reasons against it were strong and vigorous, but the two houses, without discussing or considering them, immediately passed the bill over the veto, as was agreed and arranged by the leaders, Stevens and others. Very few of the members know anything of the principle involved, or even the provisions of the bill, nor if informed had they the independence to act; but they could under the lash of party vote against the President. Two or three of the members, in telling me the result, spoke of it as a great triumph in the manner of the final hasty passage without any consideration.

Tuesday, July 17, 1866

Still excessively warm. Not much at the Cabinet to note. Stanton read a strange despatch from General George H. Thomas at Nashville, stating that some of the Tennessee members of the legislature would not attend the sessions and asking if he should not arrest them. The President promptly and with point said that if General Thomas had nothing else to do but to intermeddle in local controversies, he had better be detached and ordered elsewhere. Stanton, who should have rebuked Thomas, had, I thought, a design in bringing the subject to the President, who has warm personal friend-

ship for the General. On hearing the emphatic remark and witnessing the decided manner of the President against Thomas's proposition, Stanton dropped his tone and said he had proposed to say to T[homas] that he should avoid mixing up in this question. But shall I add your remark, said he. My wish is, replied the President, that the answer should be emphatic and decisive, not to meddle with local parties and politics. The military are not [our] superior masters.

Wednesday, July 18, 1866

The President tells me that Dennison did not intend to leave, — that his purpose was to maintain his party relations but conform to the administration in his action. He did not want nor expect his resignation to be accepted. These were the President's impressions. He looked upon it as a refined partyism to which he would give no attention. Speed, he says, meant to be very short, and he, therefore, did not reply to Speed's note resigning, but considered it a fact in conformity with the terms of the note.

The authentic published proceedings of the radical leaders are disgraceful to the members who were present and took part. It shows their incapacity as statesmen, and their unfitness as legislators.

Montgomery Blair is possessed of the sentiment that another civil war is pending and that the radical leaders design and are preparing for it. I am unwilling to believe that a majority of Congress is prepared for such a step, but the majority is weak in intellect, easily led into rashness and error by the few designing leaders, who move and control the party machinery. There is no individuality and very little statesmanship or wise legislation, and as little in the Senate. The war on the President and on the Constitution, as well

as on the whole of the people South, except the Negroes, is revolutionary.

The President, while he has a sound and patriotic heart, has erred in not making himself and his office felt as a power. He should long since have manifested his determination to maintain and exercise his executive rights, and as soon as the spirit and hostility of the radical leaders was apparent, have drawn the lines and made his own position known and felt. I so said to him on more than one occasion.

Saturday, August 4, 1866.

The Philadelphia movement is gaining strength, but at the same time encountering tremendous and violent opposition from the radicals. I trust and think it will be successful, but the convention will be composed of various elements, some of them antagonistic heretofore, and the error is in not having distinctive principles on which these prevailing opposing elements can center. The time has arrived when our countrymen must sacrifice personal and mere organized party hostility for the general welfare. Either the radicals or the Government are to be overthrown. The two are in conflict.

I have confidence that all will come out right, for I rely on an over-ruling Providence and the good sense and intelligence of the people. Hatred, deadly animosity towards the whole South, a determination to deny them their constitutional rights, and to oppress and govern them, not allow them to govern themselves, are the features of radicalism. It is an unsavory, intolerant and persecuting spirit, disgraceful to the country and age. Defeat in the elections will temper and subdue its ferocity, while success at the polls will kindle it to flames which will consume every sentiment of tolerance, justice, and constitutional freedom.

(To be continued.)

RAINY WEATHER

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

UP comes 'Bouncing Bet' again,
Pink and lusty in the lane.
Tansy's odor keener is
Than all incense-mysteries.
Oh, the trees, —
How they strain
In the driven windy rain!

All the marsh-grass bows its head,
All the tide-ways blur and spread,
And the bay
Is as gray
As the roof o' the miller's shed.

Up the hill I run, together
With the wet and windy weather.
Hair in eyes and dripping cheek
(Oh, how cool and soft and sleek
Is the hand-touch of the rain!)
'Bet' and I bounce up the lane.

There the Dead Folk's decent rows
Flank me, and the church upstands
With its high gray shoulders, close
On the Dead Folk's silent lands.
— Oh, the trees,
How they strain!
Writhe and reach and fear the rain!
— 'Bet' and I bounce up the lane.

All the houses' eyes are shut.
Still are they, as Dead Folk. But
Here a face, and there a bloom
Nodding scarlet to the gloom

MY MOTHER'S GARDENERS

Say the Dead alone do lie
On the hill, against the sky.

Oh, the wind, the driven rain!
How the silver poplars strain!
How the world seems wide and low
As along the lane I blow,
All alone, and glad to be
For a little. Beat on me,
Wild wet weather! Strike me, wind!
Flare my brown cape out behind; —
Wingèd as a gull I fly
All alone beneath the sky.

Oh, the trees,
How they strain!
How they clamor and complain!
Reckless in the sea-tinged rain,
'Bet' and I bounce up the lane.

MY MOTHER'S GARDENERS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Of gardens 'so much has been said and on the whole so well said,' that I might perhaps restrain my pen from turning up that overworked soil. But yet the gardens of which I write have not been like the gardens of the published page. They have not brought forth generously either prose of lusty vegetable or poetry of spicy blossom. Although the gardens have been many, they might almost be described, so alike have they been, as if they were one, an itinerant garden that has accompanied us from one little hill village to another; for I write of the stony, arid,

sterile garden-plot of a country parish.

Now, however forbidding the garden that has stretched rearward of each new domicile, my mother has always fallen upon it with a valiance of hope that neither years nor disappointment can destroy. She always thinks that things are going to grow in her gardens, and things do grow in them, too; but they are not always the things my mother has led me to expect. For her, I hope she will find the garden of her dreams in Paradise; for me, this earth will do, even this small, hill-circled scrap of it; for I am no gardener in my

heart, only an observer of gardens. I own to an unregenerate enjoyment in watching my mother's vegetables misbehave, just as, surreptitiously, I can't help loving the whimsical goats of my father's rustic flock.

As I glance back over the unwritten journal of my childhood, I find the words Choir, Vestry, Garden, always printed in capital letters. The Gardener was a figure as momentous in my infant horizon as was the Senior Warden. In respect to gardens my mother has never had any confidence in the assistance of her own family. There have been occasions when some son or daughter, temporarily in favor, has been allowed to hoe softly, under supervision; but as to her husband, banishment is the sole decree. In fact, my father, genuine old English, imported direct from Trollope, does not show to best advantage in a garden. In general I have observed that our country clericals are likely to be at quarrel with the soil, that arid independent old soil which will grow things in its own way, in utter despite of parsons. My father's original sin was due to the usual pastoral reluctance to let the tares and the wheat grow together unto the harvest, and it was when he mistook our infant carrots for Heaven-knows-what seed of the Enemy that the decree of banishment against him as a marauder occurred. Rather than initiate one of her own home-circle into her garden mysteries, my mother has chosen the unlikeliest outsider, and solicited advice from the most unprecedented sources, or by any methods of cajolery; she has been no stickler in regard to any man's creed or practice when it has been a question of so vital a matter as cucumbers.

My retrospect shows our gardeners stretching back to the bounds of my memory, a lean, gnarled, hoary procession. One of the earliest of them is Fa-

ther Time himself, with hoe instead of scythe, and with white locks rippling down his back. Father Time's frank admission when engaged might have daunted some, but did not daunt my mother, for he confided to her at once that he could hoe but could not walk. He proved useful when carefully hauled from spot to spot, but our garden was cultivated that season in circles, of which the hoe was the radius and Father Time the centre.

Another of our ancient hoe-bearers was a veteran. I do not know whether he had lost his eye on the battlefield or elsewhere, but certainly he had not exchanged it for wisdom. That is why he is the favorite of my mother's recollections. She likes her gardeners a little imbecile. They are more manageable that way. The burden of their intelligence is the more usual trouble. A simple faith united to an instant obedience is the desideratum in gardeners; usually a gardener is as obstinate as he is conservative, and this is not at all to my mother's mind. She loves to glean garden-lore from every source, but better still she loves to invent garden-lore of her own. She likes to be allowed to set out on an entirely new tack with some poor erring cabbage, and it is all she can do to hold on to her ministerial temper when she finds that her gardener has ruined the work of regeneration by some old-fashioned disciplinary notions of his own. Our ancient warrior, however, had no notions of his own, disciplinary or other, and that is why he possesses a shrine apart in our memories. He was as meek in my mother's hands as his own hoe, and he never did anything she did not wish him to do except when he died!

On a bad eminence of contrast my memory declares another figure. I do not remember whether it was an invincible audacity, or an utter despair of securing likelier assistance, that led

us that year to employ our own sexton. It is an axiom known to every ministerial household that it is unwise ever to put any member of your own flock to domestic use. A brawny Romanist, if such can be obtained, for laundry purposes, a Holy Roller for the furnace, and a Seventh-Day Baptist for the garden—these are samples of our principle of selection. I do not know just why those of our own fold are undesirable,—it is wiser perhaps that the silly sheep should not see the antic gamboling of the sober shepherd behind his own locked door, or guess what internal levities spice the discreet external conduct of his family. I do not know how it was that we fell so utterly from the grace of common sense as to employ our own sexton that summer. Apart from sectarian issues, a sexton is the most mettlesome man that grows, and not at all to be subdued to the ignoble uses of a hoe. This sexton was an agony to my father in the sanctuary, and an anguish to my mother in the garden. He went about with a chip in his mouth, and he always held it in one corner of his lips and chewed it aggressively and bitterly, and with the other corner he talked, just as bitterly. Within his own house he must have exchanged the chip for a pipe, for although I never saw him smoke, the fragrant tobacco fumes of him were spread through the house after every back-door colloquy. He talked more willingly than he worked, and that summer was a lean and sorrowful season, when the garden languished and my mother was browbeaten, unable, all because he was the Sexton, to bring the man to order with the sharp nip of her words across his naughty pate.

We were more cautious next time and availed ourselves of one no less meek than a certain village ancient prominently known to be an Anarchist and a Methodist. The combination is

unusual, I admit, but you may look for almost anything in a gardener. As an infant, I used to scan his person for a glimpse of the red shirt, and his lips for a spark of the incendiary eloquence, but no symptom of either ever showed. He was old and underfed and taciturn, and he gardened exactly as he wished to, without paying the tribute even of a comment to my mother's suggestions. He had such original methods of his own that, for very amazement, she gave up her own initiative for the pleasure of watching his. Once when he was seen solemnly planting stones in one earthy mound after another, he did break his icy reserve to answer her irrepressible inquiry; he believed that potatoes grew better that way, since the roots did not have to pierce the earth for themselves but could wriggle through the friendly interstices of the stones. That summer was one of cheerful surprises. This singular spirit had, I believe, a genuine sympathy for the poor toiling vegetables; I remember that he spent one afternoon in tying up his tomatoes in copies of a certain sectarian sheet he brought with him for the purpose. A sportive wind arose in the night, to die before the Sabbath morning, on which we beheld not only our rectory lawn, but the utterly Episcopal precincts of the church, bestrewn with *Glad Tidings of Zion*. He was a lonely soul and dwelt apart, chiefly in a wheelbarrow. The vehicle was one of his idiosyncrasies. He never appeared without it. Up and down our leafy streets would he trundle it; but yet I never saw anything in the wheelbarrow except the gardener. He appeared to push it ever before him for the sole purpose of having something to sit on when he wished, from the philosophic heights of his theological and sociological principles, to ruminate upon the evil behavior of 'cabbages and kings.'

As I look back over a long succession of gardeners, I see it, punctuated as it may be here and there by some salient personality, for the most part stretching a weary line of the aged and infirm of mind and body, and I wonder by what survival of the unfittest society devotes to gardening purposes only those already devoted to decrepitude. As a matter of fact, the more one becomes acquainted with the vagaries of growing things, the more one is convinced that it requires nimble wits and supple muscles to subjugate the army of iniquitous vegetables the humblest garden can produce. The more you know of the deception and ingratitude to be experienced in the vegetable world, the sadder you become. In addition to sharpened brain and taut sinews, the worker in gardens needs a heart packed with optimism. This last my mother possesses, and though garden after garden may have gone back on her, nothing can prevent her running with overtures of salvation to meet the next little grubby potato-patch life offers her. With hope indomitable my parents survey each new glebe, while I, the incredulous, secretly meditate upon the kinship in conduct of all parochial gardens, expecting only that the sheep and the potatoes will find some new way of going astray; and may Heaven forgive me that I should be diverted by their versatility of naughtiness! For example, you can never tell what you may expect from a tomato, for your tomato is a vegetable of temperament. Poetically sensitive to atmospheric environment, it fades to earth under the mildest sun, wilts at a frost imperceptible to its more prosaic neighbors. Capricious ever, it will sometimes, in mock of its own cherished nervous system, exhibit a sturdiness out of pure perversity. One chill June morning we found our young tomato plants flat to earth, a black and

hopeless ruin. We bought new ones and set them out in their stead, whereupon the old plants popped up and sprouted to wantonness,—nothing but the elemental energy of jealousy. The tomato is like to be as barren of production as the human sentimentalist, either bringing forth a green bower of leafage, or drooping to earth with the weight of crimson globes that, lifted, show a corroding hole of black rot.

In homely contrast consider the bean. The bean is the kindest vegetable there is. From the seed up, it is well-intentioned, for the bean may be eaten through and through by worms, and yet, planted, will sprout and spring, and bring forth fruit out of the very stones.

The beet is another simple-minded, dependable member of the congregation, and even more generous in contribution to the minister's support than is the bean, for the beet yields top and bottom, root and branch. In summer the beet-top furnishes the first succulent taste of green, and afterwards the round red root of him is a defense against the lean and hungry winter months.

But for the most part vegetables are an ill-behaving lot. The cabbage inflates itself with an appearance of pompous righteousness, the longer to deceive our hopes and the more largely to conceal its heart of rot. The radish sends up generous leaves as if it meant to fulfill all the mendacious promises of the seed-catalogue, and when uprooted exhibits the pink tenuity of an angleworm. The cucumber is at first, for all our ministrations, hesitant and coy of leaf within its box, and then suddenly bursts into a riot of leafiness whereby it does its best to conceal from our inquiring eye its swelling green cylinders. Corn, deceptive like the radish, is prone to put forth a hopeful fountain of springing green, only to ear out pre-

maturely, and reward us with kernels blackened and corroded

In the parochial garden the pea is one to tease us always with its might-be and might-have-been. If peas are to grow beyond 'the kid's lip, the stag's antler,' they require the moral support of brush, and brush is something a minister's family, aided only by a decrepit gardener, cannot always supply. Unsupported by brush, our fair peas lie along the ground, an ever-present disappointment.

Two vegetables have always haunted my mother's aspirations, in vain. I hope they grow in heaven, for it is in the nature of things that celery and asparagus should be denied to a nomadic earthly clergy, requiring, as the one does, richness of soil, and as the other, permanence. Illusory asparagus, it takes three years to grow him! Of course if some disinterested predecessor had planted him, we might in our turn eat him. But our too itinerant clergy do not give overmuch thought to their successors. Barren parochial gardens hint just a shade of jealousy about letting Apollos water.

But it is not the vegetables alone that strain my mother's sturdy optimism. All gardens are subject to invasion by marauding animals, differing in size and soul and species, all the way from the microscopic tomato-lice, past woodchuck and rabbit and playful puppy, up to the cow, ruminating our young corn-shoots beneath the white summer moon, on to my father himself, planting aberrant feet where his holden ministerial eyes behold no springing seedlings in the blackness of the soil. But our worst enemies are hens, and as it happens at present, dissenting hens, sallying forth from the barnyard fast-

nesses of the Baptist parsonage upon our helpless Anglican garden, plucking our young peas up out of the soil, and then later and more brazenly prying them out of the very pod! Forthwith they fall upon our lettuce-beds, scratching away with fanatic fervor, as if for all the world they meant to uproot Infant Baptism from out the land. All this is too much for my mother. On the vantage-ground of the back door-sill she stands and hurls coal out of the kitchen scuttle at the sectarian fowls, — coal and anathema, low-voiced and virulent. Hers is no mere vulgar many-mouthed abuse. There is nothing of so delicate pungency as the vituperation of a minister's wife, really challenged to try the subtleties of English and yet offend no convention of seemliness. Add to the fact of the challenge another fact, that she is of Irish blood, and that her gallery gods are just inside the door, and it is a pity her audience should be merely the hens and I.

Thus do I ever hover at hand, softly applaudive of my mother's defense of her garden, secretly appreciative of the devious ways of vegetables, witnessing — to forgive — the wanderings of my father's flock. For if all the flock were abstemious and orthodox instead of being, as some are, frankly given over to alcoholism and agnosticism and what not; and if the gardens grew, as gardens should grow, into honest, God-fearing cabbages and potatoes; if the righteous corn parted green lips from kernels firm and white as a dentist's placard, how then should the parish gardens that dot our hill-strewn countryside bring forth that fruit of laughter which consoles the dwellers in these our tiny strongholds of lonely effort?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE DISCROWNING OF AUTHORS

CRITICISM, like most things, is mellowed by the advance of time; but there is one point in which it retains even to-day a great deal of its primitive cruelty. It cannot forgive an author's inferiority to himself, it is alert for every token of the decline of his powers, and it is eager to declare that the falling-off is irreparable. The living English man of letters best known to the outside world is subjected to a fate not unlike that which he has touchingly sung in his *Gentlemen-Rankers*. The greatest of the women novelists of contemporary England is accused of having 'written herself out' An English dramatist and lyric poet of rare gifts is spoken of in language which implies the effacement of his power. The greatest, or all but the greatest, of contemporary German dramatists is thought to be the survivor of his own genius.

Let an author publish two or three works of a stamp inferior to early work or public expectation, and the cry of decadence is heard on all sides. The fact is pointed out with great regret, though with singular promptitude; and the news is sped from mouth to mouth, from press to press, from nation to nation, with that cheerful alacrity with which we share with one another the sources of our own depression. The appeal of such a fact (or fiction) to ordinary human nature is intelligible enough. We regard it as an attestation on the part of destiny of that early-formed and cherished intuition of ours, that nobody is after all much better or abler than ourselves. We are rejoiced to learn that the instances of apparent

exception to this wholesome and gratifying law were after all illusory. We are thankful to Providence for the just retribution which an author suffers for the affront to mediocrity implied in the previous display of a presumptuous superiority. Another motive works to the same end. The mere pleasure of reading books — a tame affair at the best — is as nothing compared with the two great excitements of making and breaking a literary idol; and when an author's fame has put it out of his power to oblige the public with the first of these sensations, it is only fair that he should indemnify it with the other. Anything rather than the tameness of established worship. Every authority tends to enlarge its own functions: the public's power in authorship is not to write, but to crown and discrown; and it will multiply occasions for the exercise of these privileges.

What do we ourselves gain by our prompt consignment of living authors to the infirmary or asylum? Let us suppose the facts to be on our side. Is the world better off for the demonstration that it has one great man the less, and are our lives richer for the knowledge that one source of pure and refined pleasure is permanently exhausted? Is genius so superabundant on the planet that we should run hither and thither to spread abroad the glad tidings of its depleted quantity or its shortened span? Is any nation, in any age, so affluent in intellectual splendor that men should be not only forward to announce, but eager to anticipate, the obscuration of any brilliant in its tiara of majestic lights?

But this is by no means the most

serious aspect of the case, the question is one of justice and humanity. It is one thing to say that one book, two books, three books, are secondary or weak or bad; it is quite another thing to declare that a mind is impaired. It is one thing to weigh the present, and another to prejudge the future. Inequality of performance need not imply decay of faculty; and the inequality may often be referred quite as justly to the fluctuations of a variable and volatile public opinion as to changes in the actual quality of the work. The breath of the public acts upon the reputation of a contemporary like wind upon a torch, now fanning it to feverish and unnatural brightness, now reducing it to extreme and morbid obscurity. Again, is it fair to any man to pit him against himself, to indict him at the bar of his own past, to impale him, as it were, upon his own achievements? Ought it to be as hard for a man to live down a triumph as a crime?

In pointing out distinctions between this and that product, and this and that period of an author's career, it is well for us to bear in mind that there is another old-fashioned distinction worthy perhaps of our serious and self-probing meditation, — the distinction between rudeness and courtesy. Were the imputations of decay or dotage uttered in a London or New York drawing-room in the hearing of their objects, they would brand the speakers as forever after ineligible to the society of well-bred men. The very critics concerned would be the first to rebuke. But is not any word uttered on a well-known living writer in a magazine or newspaper of wide circulation a word uttered to all intents and purposes in the writer's presence? The drawing-room is a wide one, certainly; but the acoustic properties are wonderfully good. Are gentlemen to be publicly and openly told by other gentlemen

that their minds are falling into decay?

The slightest doubt should act in such a case as a seal on all gentle lips; there is only one thing that should seal them more firmly than the slightest doubt, and that thing is the fullest certainty. If it were indeed true that one of the most painful of human possibilities had realized itself in one of the brightest of living souls, if there were no doubt that his May of life had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, that the prime of his years was the old age of his genius and his power, what louder call could there be to every Christian and chivalric and manly impulse in the human heart to drop the veil of its reverent silence between its own bowed and humbled thought and a calamity too sacred even for sympathetic words? Let us appropriate a part of that fine instinct, which forbids us even to canvass in thought, much more to exploit in public, the failing powers and growing infirmities of our parents and benefactors, to the defense of those other purveyors of noble and exquisite service to whom the lives of all of us are so deeply indebted for refinement, interest, and cheer. Let their misfortune be a sanctuary, impenetrable to any harsher sound than the tender and grateful acclaim in which a sorrowing world records its sense of their excellence and glory.

I have permitted myself to assume for the moment the reality of the deterioration; let us glance at those other cases in which it is largely a figment arising from the pessimism of critics and the levity of newspapers. Where this is true, it is well to remember that great authors hold in their hands the option of requiring our light and thoughtless speech with the most effectual of all revenges, — the revenge of their silence. Could they forget their humanity and self-restraint, other forms of retaliation might be open to

their use. Critics who assail or decry the masters of literature might read with profit the account of Coriolanus amid the teasing servants in the hall of Aufidius; or, better yet perhaps, they might recur to another story on which the vividness of childish memory has impressed, it may be, a more poignant emphasis. Let the sons of the Philistines beware how they lead out, for the pastime of a gaping populace, the infirm and despised Samson, weary and bowed perhaps with the grinding of sordid corn for profane appetites in their commercial mills; let them beware how they make a mock in the market-place of his relaxed sinews and his shrunken loins; lest the hour come when they turn with wonder and fear to behold the pillars of their vain and idle temple reeling and crashing into nameless fragments before the wrath of his revived and invincible power!

PARABLES IN MOTORS

THE other day I was escorting an elderly philanthropist across a crowded street. She is a lady of vigorous opinions and free speech, gems of which I herewith string together without exhibiting the thread of my own colorless rejoinders.

'Did you ever see anything so outrageous as these motors!' she exclaimed in righteous wrath, as we just escaped being crushed between a taxi-cab and a huge touring-car. 'Automobiles are such insolent advertisements of wealth! I don't see how their owners can endure being either hated or envied by that portion of the world that has not yet lost the use of its legs. For every human being automobiles kill, they create a socialist. They are vulgar, hideous, death-dealing machines, put in the ignorant hands of the fools who own them and the knaves who run them. Now look at those little child-

ren trying to cross the street, — and that poor old lady! I declare the chauffeur is simply chasing her for his own cruel sport, — hunting her as he would a fox, and blowing his horn.' Then, — in italics, — '*I can't see how a self-respecting person with any love or regard for humanity can own a motor.*'

The next time I saw my vindictive friend she was tucked up in borrowed plumage, and comfortably installed in the limousine of an acquaintance who had kindly placed her car at our disposal to visit some distant charitable institution of which we were both directors. It was my friend's maiden trip in an automobile, and as we bowled gayly along she seemed to have forgotten entirely our last meeting and conversation.

'I must say the motion of these cars is delightful,' she said, sinking back among the cushions with an air of perfect ease and familiarity. 'How safe we seem! I really think it would do no harm if the chauffeur should go a little faster. Do look at those stupid women rushing across the street like frightened hens! I should think they'd see that we're not going to run into them. Now look at those children! It's outrageous that they should make it so hard for the chauffeur to avoid running over them. If we killed one of those fool hardy little idiots, people would blame *us*, and it would n't be our fault at all, — it would be simply a case of suicide.'

I acquiesced in her views, as I had done once before.

'After all, there is a great deal to be said for these motors,' she continued judicially. 'They are not only perfectly delightful to ride in, but they make all kinds of difficult things easy, and really most of the people who own them are apt to be very considerate to those who are less fortunate. There are certainly two sides to automobiling.'

There you have the chief function of the motor. There is nothing else I can think of which changes one's point of view so completely and so suddenly. A logical mind must therefore ask itself, 'If by simply stepping into an automobile I can see motors and motoring from an entirely different point of view, cannot I believe that the same metamorphosis would take place if I could jump into a mental motor and speed rapidly from one side of a question to another?'

Surely the parable of the motor should make us believe in the existence of a missing link in the chain of mutual understanding which ought to bind all humanity together. And if that lost link cannot be found, may we not ourselves manufacture one? (As a moral-monger it is with difficulty that I here refrain from alluding to the 'flaming forge of Life' as an appropriate workshop for the manufacture of missing links.) It is, at least, in harmony with my parable to suggest that every good chaffeur should be a skilled mechanic as well as a driver.

By way of an irrelevant postscript, I will mention that when I stepped in yesterday for a cup of tea with the lady who 'could not see how any self-respecting person could own a motor,' I found her snowed under a pile of circulars stating the rival claims of various automobiles.

'Should you advise me to get a run-about, or a touring-car?' she asked with perfect seriousness.

But I could not choose between them, for what I consider the most important part of motors—the parable—was equally sound in each.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

SPEAKING at the London Institution the other day, on the Ethics of Biography, Mr. Edmund Gosse—himself

a biographer—discharged him of several daring propositions. First of all, he blamed the modern biographer for showing overmuch consideration for the family of the Great Man, and not enough for the public curious as to his life and personality. 'Certain fashionable biographies of the present day deserve no other comment than the words, "A lie," printed in bold letters across the title-page.' For the writer, instead of searching for truth, has striven only to show us his subject 'in a tight frock-coat, with a glass of water in his hand, and one elbow on a desk, in the act of preparing to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen."'

This is clever journalism on Mr. Gosse's part, but, one may respectfully inquire, is it just? We do not defend the 'official' biography: the kind of work that rivals the tombstone epitaph in fatuous, monumental ineptitude. To know such books is to yawn; it is, in spite of Mr. Gosse, a question whether they are truly 'fashionable.' But are not their authors preferable, at least, to those other biographers who rake the *coulisses* and gutters of the centuries, and write books that would be frankly prurient but for touches of insincere prudery?—books on the 'affairs' of great musicians and painters and poets. Without deciding, however, on the relative blackness of these extremes of biographical vice, let us praise that not rare type of chronicler who finds it possible aptly to combine candor and good taste, maintaining, on occasion, a golden silence, or want of particularity, as to his hero's goings-on. Such a biographer seems to us a much pleasanter fellow than he who, following Mr. Gosse's formula, 'drags the coy, retreating subject into the light of day.' It is often the knowing just when to be realist, just when to 'indicate,' as the painters say, that distinguishes from the

incompetent biographer the historian whose fame cannot be hid. A matter of emphasis, as the dramatic critics like to remind us. We don't want our biographers to choose Mrs. Grundy for their ideal Gentle Reader; yet Mrs. Grundy herself is surely no worse a type than the reader who insists upon having it all blurted out in black and white. Biography, like every kind of writing, is a fine art, and as such depends in part upon reserve.

These matters have, as it happens, more than a passing significance. For more than a handful of yester-years poets and romancers bid fair to hold their reputations rather as writers of friendly correspondence and memoirs than as the productive men of letters they professed to be. Dr. Johnson, as we were reminded at his recent bicentenary, is better known to-day as the subject of a biography by one Boswell than as the author of *London* and the *Lives of the Poets*. Stevenson and Lamb are almost as much tasted in their epistles as in more studied compositions. FitzGerald's correspondence is placed on the level of his *Rubáiyát*. The ultras of Paris sneer at Chateaubriand's novels and *Genius of Christianity*, but find his *Memoirs* 'colossal.' Readers everywhere, whatever their education and whatever their language, delight in every manner of reminiscences and confessions, — even when they're not brand new. Nor is this necessarily one more evidence of our literary falling-off. There is at hand a far more cheerful explanation. It is because memoirs escape all the literary conventions, if one may believe Anatole France: in them, *on ne doit rien à la mode — on ne cherche rien que la vérité humaine*. While only a few circles are deeply interested in 'art,' all the world — not excepting most artists — is interested in human nature. The 'Life' has still its lure in

an age grown deaf to verse. The 'flesh and blood reality of Cellini' is not staled either by time's passage or by the fact that contemporary readers know little of the Renaissance. A compulsive quality in the best writings of this category appeals to all men alike: to fops and frumps, to Puritans and Lotharios. Long live the 'Life'!

DICTIONARIES AND THEIR USE

FEW people realize how much entertainment one can get out of a dictionary, if properly used. That rather ponderous volume is seldom given a fair chance, but is treated like a household drudge from year's end to year's end, till finally it becomes as uninteresting as a washing-list. All the charm of a dictionary vanishes if it is used as a book of reference: for one thing, because it so often has an awkward way of putting one in the wrong. That is a lesson I learned early in life. As a child I was in the habit of referring to the 'beheadal of Charles the First,' that being one of the few dates in English history of which I felt at all sure. One day I happened to mention that melancholy event in the presence of an old schoolmate, who, justly annoyed by my air of conscious erudition, jumped on me with vigor and dispatch.

'Beheadal? There's no such word.'

'I'll bet you anything you like there is,' I cried, making for the nearest dictionary with the comfortable conviction that I was betting on a certainty. Need I own to the well-read reader that I lost my bet?

However, the dictionary, though a bad umpire, can be a delightful companion. Every one knows what it is to have twenty minutes to spare when one feels just in the mood for reading, if only the right thing were at hand. The morning paper has been read; so have the magazines; it does not seem

worth while to take up a real book merely to put it down again the moment one is fairly started. To any one placed in this predicament I say: 'Try the dictionary.' You will find plenty of good reading, a variety of subject and wealth of vocabulary such as you have never met before, as well as a style which for brevity and exactness is rarely equaled; you can begin anywhere and end at any time. To the over-conscientious I would give a word of advice, — do not be afraid of skipping.

Lately I have been far afield in a small Japanese-English dictionary, from which I have culled a choice collection of words peculiar to the country, such as:—

An: A small house inhabited by a Buddhist priest.

Araigome: Washed rice offered to idols.

Onden: Rice fields about which a false statement has been made in order to diminish the tax.

Now, idols are all very well, for even in this country we have idols (of sorts) to whom we devote more precious gifts than much-washed rice. Also, no idol nourished merely on rice will be able long to withstand the assaults of the higher criticism. But it is rather melancholy to find that tax-dodging is not unknown to that most patriotic though by no means lightly taxed nation.

On the strength of this chunky little volume I have formed an affection for the *baku*, 'an animal said to swallow bad dreams and make them good' Some enterprising importer would find a ready sale for so benevolent a beast. A *baku* should certainly be attached to every well-regulated household. Not by children alone would he be received with open arms. In many of the loftier walks of life he would find countless other equally stanch and devoted friends. What prime minister, no matter to which party he belonged, could

refuse a certainty of being delivered from the Irish Question, at least during his sleeping hours? What speculator would not hail with joy a release from bearish onslaughts or the fierce attacks of savage bulls, once his head was on the pillow? Thus, wherever the *baku* went, the gentle creature would grow fat and sleek from much plying of his friendly trade.

As one would suppose, in a Japanese dictionary the words describing various aspects of nature are very numerous, as for instance:—

Ari-ake: A morning in which the moon is seen.

Yukan: The quiet, tranquil appearance of a distant landscape.

Asayake: The glorious appearance of the sky at sunrise.

Asakage: The long shadows caused by the morning sun.

Yukimi: A party or excursion for looking at the falling snow.

One could quote indefinitely, but this is enough to prove the poetic possibilities of what is supposed to be a prosaic volume.

A dictionary of the Russian language should throw some light on the present state of affairs in that country, and show how it happens that with a government quite incapable of governing, the Revolutionary party is nevertheless powerless to put through the revolution they have been dangling for so many weary and bloody months before the eyes of the world. But what can one expect of a people who, besides the curse of a corrupt bureaucracy, have the double burden of the Russian language to handicap their efforts? Take the alphabet alone: its principal object, apparently, is to distract and madden the most long-suffering race in Europe. It pursues this object with a malignant perversity, a diabolical ingenuity, that is positively startling in these days of half measures and milk-and-water con-

victions. It is all very well to say that the Russians are used to it; so they may be, but this very use has left an indelible imprint on the national character. Eels get used to being skinned, but the skinless state can never be conducive to a bold and active life. How can any one take a word like *gara* and pronounce it 'datcha' without doing violence to his finer feelings? While to go through life pronouncing *crem*, 'schott,' cannot fail to have a most deplorable effect on a man's mind by destroying all belief in the connection between cause and effect.

No, the Russian dictionary is too annoyingly perverse to afford much pleasant reading. It may be instructive, to those unhappy wretches who are struggling with the language, though even in their case one may be permitted to have serious doubts. Certainly, unless one has already a good knowledge of the language, one should never turn to a dictionary for information save in cases of dire necessity, for any dictionary, when degraded from its proper sphere to fill the position of maid-of-all-work, knows how to take a fitting revenge on those who thus misuse it.

Every traveler has his collection of side-splitting assaults on the English language wrought by the luckless foreigner through the perfidy of the dictionary. My latest treasure-trove of this sort is a small twenty-page pamphlet, called *Nouvelle Méthode pour Apprendre l'Anglais*. And so it is, quite new, — startlingly so in places. At the 'Silk Mercer's,' for instance, the obliging salesman, trying to make things easy for the traveling Englishwoman, remarks while displaying his wares, 'Here is some blue the of green a she-this rosa very pretty.' This is sheer gibberish, though in comparing it with the French one cannot but admire the ingenuity which turned *celle-ci* into 'she-this.' But the author gives him-

self and his methods away completely when, mistaking a noun for a feminine adjective, he boldly puts 'a discovery cab' as the English equivalent for *une voiture découverte*, and translates *mais je vais conserver vos bagages en garantie, jusqu'à ce que vous me régliez* by this never-to-be-forgotten sentence: 'maize I am going to conserve your luggage in guarantie till you me rule.'

Doubtless we have all made many such mistakes, of which we are likely to remain blissfully ignorant to the end of our days, luckily for our self-esteem. But as few Americans have the epic courage, the heroic temerity, to follow in the footsteps of our anonymous Frenchman, the moral of this brief exhortation is not, 'Do not write a French phrase-book unless you have some slight knowledge of the language.' No, it is merely a hint as to the whereabouts of a rich treasure-house and the proper manner of using its contents. If put to base and utilitarian uses, these will prove a very pitfall for the unwary. Or, to change the metaphor, the dictionary is a rich meadow sprinkled with rare and beautiful flowers which should be sought out one by one and prized for their own sake, not cut down with a mowing-machine and made into bales of useful, but oh, how uninteresting, hay!

THE BRANCH ROAD

HE who lives on a branch road has compensations. The trains run more slowly than on the main lines. They stop at every crossing and show a friendly interest in every farmhouse and stock-pen. On the branch road we sit down; we have time to sit down. The main-line traveler has a strained expression on his countenance. Minutes before he has arrived at his destination he stands in a long line in the aisle, suit-case in hand, waiting for the train

to stop or to approach stopping. On the branch road nobody stands in the aisle, nobody is in a hurry. Only the commercial traveler gathers his dented and curiously constructed baggage around him and stands up in the aisle in the main-line fashion, waiting for the train to make a landing. We, old stagers at the business, do not stir until the conductor has called the station the third time; it would be useless. Slowness is a branch-line virtue. He deserves congratulation who has found that speed and restlessness are not essential to human happiness. Along the main line there is often lack of this knowledge. In the whirlpool dwell the Children of the Unquiet Heart.

Acquaintanceship is an acquisition to those who travel or reside on the side streets — the branch lines. When we come to the branch-road town we find that we know everybody and everybody knows us. We have more faith in our fellows because we know them better. We lend more money without security in the branch-road town; that is, the few who have money to lend. We laugh at each other's jokes. We smile with the joys, and sorrow in the griefs. Hermits dwell in the main-line towns, not along the branch road.

The branch-road train is democratic. There are no parlor cars and no Pullmans on it. Bank presidents and farmhands, society belles and negro mammys, politicians and philanthropists all ride together. The branch-line train is to grown-ups what the public school

is to children — it levels them all down to the same plane. It is compulsory democracy. If all the other characteristic attributes of the branch-road train were disadvantages, the compensation which its enforced democracy brings would outweigh them all.

Akin to the democracy is the freedom of the branch train. No one may be very dignified off the main traveled road. He forgets that he is preacher or doctor or lawyer or millionaire and remembers that he is only a man. The traveler who will, in a Pullman smoking-car, hardly ask his neighbor for a match, will, when he is shut up for an hour with the motley, mixed, and miscellaneous crowd on the branch road, carry on an animated conversation with any comer. To the average man of the world, a thing of starch and society, this is refreshing compensation. No traveler is really free outside the branch-road train. Here he may laugh and smoke and go without a necktie, and none is there to molest or make him afraid, for all are thus privileged.

The end of the branch road is Peace. The branch road brings time for rest, a moment for reflection, a taste of the amenities of life, and a slowing-up in the all-pervading struggle. Here is acquaintanceship, democracy, a glimpse of open air and freedom. Here is time for development. Near to the main thoroughfares grow many graceful and polished saplings. For the gnarled and towering kings of the forest one must needs go along the by-paths.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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A KNIGHT

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

AT Monte Carlo, in the spring of the year 189—, I used to notice an old fellow in a gray suit and sunburned straw hat with a black ribbon. Every morning at eleven o'clock he would come down to the Place, followed by a brindled German boarhound, walk once or twice round it, and seat himself on a bench facing the Casino. There he would remain in the sun, his straw hat tilted forward, his thin legs apart, his brown hands crossed between them, and the dog's nose resting on his knee. After an hour or more he would get up, and, stooping a little from the waist, walk slowly round the Place and return up hill. Just before three, he would come down again in the same clothes and go into the Casino, leaving the dog outside.

One afternoon, moved by curiosity, I followed him. He passed through the hall without looking at the gambling-rooms, and went in to the concert. It became my habit after that to watch for him. When he sat in the Place I could see him from the window of my room. The chief puzzle to me was the matter of his nationality.

His lean, short face had a skin so burned that it looked like leather; his

jaw was long and prominent, his chin pointed, and he had hollows in his cheeks. There were wrinkles across his forehead, his eyes were brown; and little white moustaches were brushed up from the corners of his lips. The back of his head bulged out above the lines of his lean neck and high sharp shoulders; his gray hair was cropped quite close. In the Marseilles buffet, on the journey out, I had met an Englishman almost his counterpart in features — but somehow very different! This old fellow had nothing of the other's alert, autocratic self-sufficiency. He was quiet and undemonstrative, without looking, as it were, insulated against shocks and foreign substances. He was certainly no Frenchman. His eyes, indeed, were brown, but hazel-brown, and gentle — not the red-brown sensual eye of the Frenchman. An American? But was ever an American so passive? A German? His moustache was certainly brushed up, but in a modest, almost pathetic way, not in the least Teutonic. Nothing seemed to fit him. I gave him up, and nicknamed him 'the Cosmopolitan.'

Leaving at the end of April, I forgot him altogether. In the same month, however, of the following year I was again at Monte Carlo, and going one

day to the concert found myself seated next this same old fellow. The orchestra was playing Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and my neighbor was asleep, snoring softly. He was dressed in the same gray suit, with the same straw hat (or one exactly like it) on his knees, and his hands crossed above it. Sleep had not disfigured him — his little white moustache was still brushed up, his lips closed; a very good and gentle expression hovered on his face. A curved mark showed on his right temple, the scar of a cut on the side of his neck, and his left hand was covered by an old glove, the little finger of which was empty. He woke up when the march was over and brisked up his moustache.

The next thing on the programme was a little thing by Poise, from *Le joli Gilles*, played by Monsieur Corsanego on the violin. Happening to glance at my old neighbor, I saw a tear caught in the hollow of his cheek, and another just leaving the corner of his eye; there was a faint smile on his lips. Then came an interval; and while orchestra and audience were resting, I asked him if he were fond of music. He looked up without distrust, bowed, and answered in a thin, gentle voice, 'Certainly. I know nothing about it, play no instrument, could never sing a note; but — fond of it! Who would not be?' His English was correct enough, but with an emphasis not quite American nor quite foreign.

I ventured to remark that he did not care for Meyerbeer. He smiled.

'Ah!' he said, 'I was asleep? Too bad of me. He *is* a little noisy — I know so little about music. There is Bach, for instance. Would you believe it, he gives me no pleasure? A great misfortune to be no musician!' He shook his head.

I murmured, 'Bach is too elevating for you, perhaps.'

'To me,' he answered, 'any music I

like is elevating. People say some music has a bad effect on them. I never found any music that gave me a bad thought — no — no — quite the opposite, only sometimes, as you see, I go to sleep. But what a lovely instrument the violin!' A faint flush came on his parched cheeks. 'The human soul that has left the body. A curious thing, distant bugles at night have given me the same feeling.'

The orchestra was now coming back, and, folding his hands, my neighbor turned his eyes toward them. When the concert was over we came out together. Waiting at the entrance was his dog.

'You have a beautiful dog!'

'Ah! yes. *Freda, mia cara, da su mano!*'

The dog squatted on her haunches, and lifted her paw in the vague, bored way of big dogs when requested to perform civilities. She was a lovely creature, — the purest brindle, without a speck of white, and free from the unbalanced look of most dogs of her breed.

'*Basta! basta!*' He turned to me apologetically. 'We have agreed to speak Italian; in that way I keep up the language; astonishing the number of things that dog will understand!'

I was about to take my leave, when he asked if I would walk a little way with him — 'If you are free, that is.'

We went up the street, with Freda on the far side of her master.

'Do you never "play" here?' I asked him.

'Play? No. It must be very interesting, most exciting, but as a matter of fact, I can't afford it. If one has very little, one is too nervous.'

He had stopped in front of a small hairdresser's shop. 'I live here,' he said, raising his hat again. '*Au revoir!* — unless I can offer you a glass of tea. It's all ready. Come! I've brought you out of your way; give me the pleasure!'

I have never met a man so free from all self-consciousness, and yet so delicate and diffident, — the combination is a rare one. We went up a steep staircase to a room on the second floor. My companion threw the shutters open, setting all the flies buzzing. The top of a plane tree was on a level with the window, and all its little brown balls were dancing, quite close, in the wind. As he promised, an urn was hissing on a table; there were also a small brown teapot, some sugar, slices of lemon, and glasses. A bed, wash-stand, cupboard, tin trunk, two chairs, and a small rug, were all the furniture. Above the bed a sword in a leather sheath was suspended from two nails. The photograph of a girl stood on the closed stove. My host went to the cupboard and produced a bottle, a glass, and a second spoon. When the cork was drawn, the scent of rum escaped into the air. He sniffed at it and dropped a teaspoonful into each glass.

'This is a trick I learned from the Russians after Plevna; they had my little finger, so I deserved something in exchange.' He looked round; his eyes, his whole face, seemed to twinkle. 'I assure you it was worth it — makes all the difference. Try!' He poured off the tea.

'Had you a sympathy with the Turks?'

'The weaker side —' He paused abruptly, then added: 'But it was not that.'

Over his face innumerable crow's feet had suddenly appeared, his eyes twitched; he went on hurriedly, 'I had to find something to do just then — it was necessary.'

He stared into his glass; and it was some time before I ventured to ask if he had seen much fighting.

'Yes,' he replied gravely, 'nearly twenty years altogether; I was one of Garibaldi's *Mille* in '60.'

'Surely you are not Italian?'

He leaned forward with his hands on his knees. 'I was in Genoa at that time, learning banking. Garibaldi was a wonderful man! One could not help it.' He spoke simply. 'You might say it was like seeing a little man stand up to a ring of great hulking fellows, I went, just as you would have gone, if you'd been there. I was not long with them, — *our* war began, I had to go back home.' He said this as if there had been but one war since the world began. 'In '61,' he mused, 'till '65. Just think of it! The poor country. Why, in my state, South Carolina — I was through it all — nobody could be spared there — we were one to three.'

'I suppose you have a love of fighting?'

'H'm!' he said, as if considering the idea for the first time. 'Sometimes I fought for a living, and sometimes — because I was obliged; one must try to be a gentleman. But won't you have some more?'

I refused more tea and took my leave, carrying away with me a picture of the old fellow looking down from the top of the steep staircase, one hand pressed to his back, the other twisting up those little white moustaches, and murmuring, 'Take care, my dear sir, there's a step there at the corner.'

'To be a gentleman!' I repeated in the street, causing an old French lady to drop her parasol, so that for about two minutes we stood bowing and smiling to each other, then separated full of the best feeling.

II

A week later I found myself again seated next him at a concert. In the meantime I had seen him now and then, but only in passing. He seemed depressed. The corners of his lips were tightened, his tanned cheeks had a

grayish tinge, his eyes were restless; and, between two numbers of the programme, he murmured, tapping his fingers on his hat, 'Do you ever have bad days? Yes? Not pleasant, are they?'

Then something occurred from which all that I have to tell you followed. There came into the concert-hall the heroine of one of those romances, crimes, follies, or irregularities, call them what you will, which had just attracted 'the world's' stare. She passed us with her partner, and sat down in a chair a few rows to our right. She kept turning her head round, and at every turn I caught the gleam of her uneasy eyes. Some one behind us said, 'The brazen baggage!'

My companion turned full round, and glared at whoever it was who had spoken. The change in him was quite remarkable. His lips were drawn back from his teeth; he frowned; the scar on his temple had reddened.

'Ah!' he said to me, 'the hue and cry! Contemptible! How I hate it! But you would n't understand — I —' He broke off, and slowly regained his usual air of self-obliteration; he even seemed ashamed, and began trying to brush his moustaches higher than ever, as if aware that his heat had robbed them of neatness.

'I'm not myself, when I speak of such matters,' he said suddenly; and began reading his programme, holding it upside down. A minute later, however, he said in a peculiar voice, 'There are people to be found who object to vivisection animals; but the vivisection of a woman, who minds that? Will you tell me it's right, that because of some tragedy like this — believe me, it is always a tragedy — we should hunt down a woman? That her fellow-women should make an outcast of her? That we who are *men*, should make a prey of her? If I thought that—'

Again he broke off, and his eyes glowed. 'It is *we* who make them what they are; and even if that is not so — why! if I thought there was a woman in the world I could not take my hat off to — I — I — could n't sleep at night.'

He got up from his seat, put on his old straw hat with trembling fingers, and, without a glance back, went out, stumbling over the chair-legs.

I sat there, horribly disturbed; the words, 'One must try to be a gentleman,' haunting me. When I came out, he was standing by the entrance, with one hand on his hip and the other on his dog. In that attitude of waiting he was such a patient figure: the sun glared down and showed the threadbare nature of his clothes and the thinness of his brown hands, with their long fingers and nails yellow with tobacco. Seeing me he came up the steps again, and raised his hat.

'I am glad to have caught you, please forget all that.'

I asked if he would do me the honor of dining at my hotel.

'Dine?' he repeated, with the sort of smile a child gives if you offer him a box of soldiers; 'with the greatest pleasure. I seldom dine out, but I think I can muster up a coat. Yes — yes — and at what time shall I come? At half-past seven, and your hotel is —? Good! I shall be there. *Freda, mia cara*, you will be alone this evening. You do not smoke *caporal*, I fear. I find it fairly good; though it has too much bite.'

He walked off with *Freda*, puffing at his thin roll of *caporal*. Once or twice he stopped, as if bewildered or beset by some sudden doubt or memory; and every time he stopped, *Freda* licked his hand. They disappeared round the corner of the street, and I went to my hotel to see about dinner. On the way I met Jules le Ferrier, and asked him to come too.

'My faith, yes!' he said, with the rosy pessimism characteristic of the French editor. 'Man must dine!'

At half-past six we assembled. My 'Cosmopolitan' was in an old frock coat braided round the edges, buttoned high and tight, defining more than ever the sharp lines of his shoulders and the slight kink of his back; he had brought with him, too, a dark-peaked cap of military shape, which he had evidently selected as more fitting to the coat than a straw hat. He smelled slightly of some herb.

We sat down to dinner, and did not rise for two hours. He was a charming guest, praised everything he ate — not with commonplaces, but in words that made you feel it had given him real pleasure. At first, whenever Jules made one of his caustic remarks, he looked quite pained, but suddenly seemed to make up his mind that it was bark, not bite; and then at each of them he would turn to me and say, 'Aha! that's good — is n't it?' With every glass of wine he became more gentle and more genial, sitting very upright, and tightly buttoned-in; while the little white wings of his moustaches seemed about to leave him for a better world.

In spite of the most leading questions, we could not get him to talk about himself, for even Jules, most cynical of men, had recognized that he was a hero of romance. He would answer gently and precisely, and then sit twisting his moustaches, perfectly unconscious that we wanted more. Presently, as the wine went a little to his head, his thin high voice grew thinner, his cheeks became flushed, his eyes brighter; at the end of dinner he said, 'I hope I have not been noisy.'

We assured him that he had not been noisy enough.

'You're laughing at me,' he answered. 'Surely, I've been talking all the time!'

'*Mon Dieu!*' said Jules, 'we have been looking for some fables of your wars, but nothing — nothing, not enough to feed a frog!'

The old fellow looked troubled.

'To be sure!' he mused: 'Let me think! there is that about Colhoun at Gettysburg; and there's the story of Garibaldi and the Miller.' He plunged into a tale, not at all about himself, which would have been extremely dull, but for the conviction in his eyes, and the way he stopped and commented. 'So you see,' he ended, 'that's the sort of man Garibaldi was! I could tell you another tale of him.'

Catching an introspective look in Jules's eye, however, I proposed taking our cigars over to the café opposite.

'Delightful!' the old fellow said: 'We shall have a band and the fresh air, and clear consciences for our cigars. I cannot like this smoking in a room where there are ladies dining.'

He walked out in front of us, smoking with an air of great enjoyment. Jules, glowing above his candid shirt and waistcoat, whispered to me, 'How he is good!' then sighed, and added darkly, 'The poor man!'

We sat down at a little table. Close by, the branches of a plane tree rustled faintly; their leaves hung lifeless, speckled like the breasts of birds, or black against the sky; then, caught by the breeze, fluttered like tiny wings.

The old fellow sat with his head thrown back, a smile on his face, coming now and then out of his enchanted dreams to drink coffee, answer our questions, or hum the tune that the band was playing. The ash of his cigar grew very long. One of those bizarre figures in oriental garb, who, night after night, offer their doubtful wares at a great price, appeared in the white glare of a lamp, looked with a furtive smile at his face, and glided back, discomfited by its unconsciousness. It was a

night for dreams! A faint, half-Eastern scent in the air, of black tobacco and spice; few people as yet at the little tables, the waiters leisurely, the band soft! What was he dreaming of, the old fellow, whose cigar-ash grew so long? of youth, of his battles, of those things that must be done by those who try to be gentlemen? perhaps only of his dinner; anyway of something gilded in vague fashion as the light was gilding the branches of the plane tree.

Jules pulled my sleeve: 'He sleeps' He had smilingly dropped off, the cigar-ash—that feathery tower of his dreams—had broken and fallen on his sleeve. He awoke, and fell to dusting it.

The little tables round us began to fill. One of the bandsmen played a czardas on the *czymbal*. Two young Frenchmen, talking loudly, sat down at the adjoining table. They were discussing the lady who had been at the concert that afternoon.

'It's a bet,' said one of them, 'but there's the present man. I take three weeks, that's enough — *elle est déclassée; ce n'est que le premier pas* —'

My old friend's cigar fell on the table. 'Monsieur,' he stammered, 'you speak of a lady so, in a public place?'

The young man stared at him. 'Who is this person?' he said to his companion.

My guest took up Jules's glove that lay on the table; before either of us could raise a finger, he had swung it in the speaker's face. 'Enough!' he said, and, dropping the glove, walked away.

We all jumped to our feet. I left Jules and hurried after him. His face was grim, his eyes those of a creature who has been struck on a raw place. He made a movement of his fingers which said plainly, 'Leave me, if you please!'

I went back to the café. The two young men had disappeared, so had Jules, but everything else was going

on just as before: the bandsman still twanging out his czardas; the waiters serving drinks; the orientals trying to sell their carpets. I paid the bill, sought out the manager, and apologized. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said, 'An eccentric, your friend, *nicht wahr?*' Could he tell me where M. le Ferrier was? He could not. I left to look for Jules, could not find him, and returned to my hotel disgusted. I was sorry for my old guest, but vexed with him too. What business had he to carry his quixotism to such an unpleasant length?

I tried to read. Eleven o'clock struck; the Casino disgorged a stream of people; the Place seemed fuller of life than ever; then slowly it grew empty and quite dark. The whim seized me to go out. It was a still night, very warm, very black. On one of the seats a man and woman sat embraced, on another a girl was sobbing, on a third — strange sight — a priest dozed. I became aware of some one at my side; it was my old guest.

'If you are not too tired,' he said, 'can you give me ten minutes?'

'Certainly; will you come in?'

'No, no; let us go down to the Terrace. I shan't keep you long.'

He did not speak again till we reached a seat above the pigeon-shooting ground; there, in the darkness denser for the string of lights still burning in the town, we sat down.

'I owe you an apology,' he said; 'first in the afternoon, then again this evening — your guest — your friend's glove! I have behaved as no gentleman should.' He was leaning forward with his hands on the handle of a stick. His voice sounded broken and disturbed.

'Oh!' I muttered. 'It's nothing!'

'You are very good,' he sighed; 'but I feel that I must explain. I consider I owe this to you, but I must tell you

I should not have the courage if it were not for another reason. You see I have no friend.'

He looked at me with an uncertain smile. I bowed, and a minute or two later he began

III

'You will excuse me if I go back rather far. It was in '74, when I had been ill with Cuban fever. To keep me alive they had put me on board a ship at Santiago, and at the end of the voyage I found myself in London. I had very little money, I knew nobody. I tell you, sir, there are times when it's hard for a fighting-man to get anything to do. People would say to me: "Afraid we've nothing for a man like you in our business." I tried people of all sorts; but it was true — I had been fighting here and there since '60. I was n't fit for anything —' He shook his head. 'In the South, before the war, they had a saying, I remember, about a dog and a soldier having the same value. But all this has nothing to do with what I have to tell you.'

He sighed again and went on, moistening his lips: 'I was walking along the Strand one day, very disheartened, when I heard my name called. It's a queer thing, that, in a strange street. By the way,' he put in with dry ceremony, 'you don't know my name, I think: it is Brune — Roger Brune. At first I did not recognize the person who called me. He had just got off an omnibus — a square-shouldered man with heavy moustaches, and round spectacles. But when he shook my hand I recognized him. He was a man called Dalton, who was taken prisoner at Gettysburg; one of you Englishmen who came to fight with us — a major in the regiment where I was captain. We were comrades during two campaigns. If I had been his brother he could n't have seemed more pleased

to see me. He took me into a bar for the sake of old times. The drink went to my head, and by the time we reached Trafalgar Square I was quite unable to walk. He made me sit down on a bench. I was in fact — drunk. It's disgraceful to be drunk, but there was some excuse. Now I tell you, sir' (all through his story he was always making use of that expression; it seemed to infuse fresh spirit into him, to help his memory in obscure places, to give him the mastery of his emotions; it was like the piece of paper a nervous man holds in his hand to help him through a speech), 'there never was a man with a finer soul than my friend Dalton. He was not clever, though he had read much; and sometimes perhaps he was too fond of talking. But he was a gentleman; he listened to me as if I had been a child; he was not ashamed of me — it takes a gentleman not to be ashamed of a drunken man in the streets of London; God knows what I said to him while we were sitting there! He took me to his home and put me to bed himself; for I was down again with fever.'

He stopped, turned slightly from me, and put his hand up to his brow. 'Well, then it was, sir, that I first saw her. I am not a poet and I cannot tell you what she seemed to me. I was delirious, but I always knew when she was there. I had dreams of sunshine and cornfields, of dancing waves at sea, young trees — never the same dreams, never anything for long together; and when I had my senses I was afraid to say so for fear she would go away. She'd be in the corner of the room, with her hair hanging about her neck, a bright gold color; she never worked and never read, but sat and talked to herself in a whisper, or looked at me for a long time together out of her blue eyes, a little frown between them, and her upper lip closed

firm on her lower lip, where she had an uneven tooth. When her father came, she'd jump up and hang on to his neck until he groaned, then run away, but presently come stealing back on tip-toe. I used to listen for her footsteps on the stairs, then the knock, the door flung back or opened quietly — you never could tell which; and her voice, with a little lisp, "Are you better to-day, Mr. Brune? What funny things you say when you're delirious! Father says you've been in heaps of battles."

He got up, paced restlessly to and fro, and sat down again. "I remember every word as if it were yesterday, all the things she said and did; I've had a long time to think them over, you see. Well, I must tell you, the first morning that I was able to get up, I missed her. Dalton came in her place, and I asked him where she was. "My dear fellow," he answered, "I've sent Eilie away to her old nurse's inn down on the river; she's better there at this time of year." We looked at each other, and I saw that he had sent her away because he did n't trust me. I was hurt by this. Illness spoils one. He was right, he was quite right, for all he knew about me was that I could fight and had got drunk. But I am very quick-tempered. I made up my mind at once to leave him. But I was too weak — he had to put me to bed again. The next morning he came and proposed that I should go into partnership with him. He kept a fencing-school and pistol-gallery. It seemed like the finger of God; and perhaps it was — who knows?"

He fell into a reverie, and taking out his *caporal*, rolled himself a cigarette; having lighted it, he went on suddenly: "There, in the room above the school, we used to sit in the evenings, one on each side of the grate. The room was on the second floor, I remember, with two windows, and a view of nothing but the houses opposite. The furniture was

covered up with chintz. The things on the book-shelf were never disturbed — they were Eilie's — half-broken cases with butterflies, a dead frog in a bottle, a horseshoe covered with tinfoil, some shells too, and a cardboard box with three speckled eggs in it, and these words written on the lid. "Missel thrush from Lucy's tree — second family, only one blown."'

He smoked fiercely, with puffs that were like sharp sighs

'Dalton was wrapped up in her. He was never tired of talking to me about her, and I was never tired of hearing. We had a number of pupils; but in the evening when we sat there, smoking — our talk would sooner or later come round to her. Her bedroom opened out of that sitting-room, he took me in once and showed me a narrow little room the width of a passage, fresh and white, with a photograph of her mother above the bed, and an empty basket for a dog or cat.'

He broke off with a vexed air, and resumed sternly, as if trying to bind himself to the narration of his more important facts: 'She was then fifteen — her mother had been dead twelve years — a beautiful face, her mother's; it had been her death that sent Dalton to fight with us. Well, sir, one day in August, very hot weather, he proposed a run into the country, and who should meet us on the platform when we arrived but Eilie, in a sun-bonnet and a blue frock — light blue, her favorite color. I was angry with Dalton for not telling me that we should see her; my clothes were not — my hair too wanted cutting. It was black then, sir,' he added, tracing a pattern in the darkness with his stick. 'She had a little donkey-cart; she drove, and while we walked one on each side, she kept looking at me from under her sun-bonnet. I must tell you that she never laughed — her eyes

danced, her cheeks would go pink, and her hair shake about on her neck, but she never laughed. Her old nurse, Lucy, a very broad, good woman, had married the proprietor of the inn in the village there. I have never seen anything like that inn. sweetbrier up to the roof! And the scent — I am very susceptible to scents!’

His head drooped, and the cigarette fell from his hand. A train passing beneath sent up a shower of sparks. He started, and went on:—

‘We had our lunch in the parlor — I remember that room very well, for I spent the happiest days of my life afterwards in that inn. We went into a meadow after lunch, and my friend Dalton fell asleep. A wonderful thing happened then. Eilie whispered to me, “Let’s have a jolly time.” She took me the most glorious walk. The river was close by. A lovely stream, your river Thames, so calm and broad; it is like the spirit of your people. I was bewitched: I forgot my friend, I thought of nothing but how to keep her to myself. It was such a day! There are days that are the Devil’s, but that was truly one of God’s. She took me to a little pond under an elm tree, and we dragged it, we two, an hour, for a kind of tiny red worm to feed some creature that she had. We found them in the mud, and while she was bending over, the curls got in her eyes. If you could have seen her then, I think, sir, you would have said she was like the first sight of spring. We had tea afterwards, all together, in the long grass under some fruit trees. If I had the knack of words, there are things I could say—’

He bent, as though in deference to those unspoken memories.

‘Twilight came on while we were sitting there. A wonderful thing is twilight in the country! It became time for us to go. There was an avenue of trees close by — like a church with a

window at the end, where golden light came through. I walked up and down it with her. “Will you come again?” she whispered, and suddenly she lifted up her face to be kissed. I kissed her like a little child. And when we said good-by, her eyes were looking at me across her father’s shoulder, with surprise and sorrow in them. “Why do you go away?” they seemed to say. But I must tell you,’ he went on hurriedly, ‘of a thing that happened before we had gone a hundred yards. We were smoking our pipes, and I thinking of her — when out she sprang from the hedge and stood in front of us. Dalton cried out, “What are you here for, again, you mad girl?” She rushed up to him and hugged him, but when she looked at me her face was quite different — careless, defiant, as one might say — it hurt me. I could n’t understand it, and what one does n’t understand frightens one.’

IV

‘Time went on. They said there was no swordsman, or pistol-shot, like me in London. We had as many pupils as weliked — it was the only part of my life when I have been able to save money. We gave lessons all day and in the evening were too tired to go out. That year I had the misfortune to lose my dear mother. I became a rich man — yes, sir, at that time I must have had not less than six hundred pounds a year.

‘It was a long time before I saw Eilie again. She went abroad to Dresden, with her father’s sister, to learn French and German. It was in the autumn of 1875 when she came back to us. She was seventeen then — a beautiful young creature.’

He paused, as if to gather his forces for description, and went on.

‘Tall as a young tree, with eyes like the sky. I would not say she was per-

fect, but her imperfections were beautiful to me. What is it makes you love — ah! sir, that is very hidden and mysterious. She had never lost the trick of closing her lips tightly when she remembered her uneven tooth. You may say that was vanity, but in a young girl — and which of us is not vain, eh? “Old men and maidens, young men and children!”

‘As I said, she came back to London to her little room, and in the evenings was always ready with our tea. You must n’t suppose she was housewifely; there is something in me that never admired housewifeliness — a fine quality, no doubt, still —’ He sighed.

‘No,’ he resumed, ‘Eilie was not like that, for she was never quite the same two days together. I told you her eyes were like the sky — that was true of all of her. In one thing, however, at that time, she always seemed the same — in love for her father. For me! I don’t know what I should have expected; but my presence seemed to have the effect of making her dumb; I would catch her looking at me with a frown, and then, as if to make up to her own nature, — and a more loving nature never came into this world: that I shall maintain to my dying day, — she would go to her father and kiss him. When I talked with him she pretended not to notice, but I could see her face grow cold and stubborn. I am not quick; and it was a long time before I understood that she was jealous, she wanted him all to herself. I’ve often wondered how she could be his daughter, for he was the very soul of justice, and a slow man too — and she was as quick as a bird. For a long time after I saw her dislike of me, I refused to believe it, — if one does not want to believe a thing, there are always reasons why it should not seem true; at least so it is with me, and I suppose with all selfish men.

‘I spent evening after evening there, when, if I had not thought only of myself, I should have kept away. But one day I could no longer be blind.

‘It was a Sunday in February. I always had an invitation on Sundays to dine with them in the middle of the day. There was no one in the sitting-room; but the door of Eilie’s bedroom was open. I heard her voice. “That man, always that man!” It was enough for me: I went down again without coming in, and walked about all day.

‘For three weeks I kept away. To the school of course I came as usual, but not upstairs. I don’t know what I told Dalton; it did not signify what you told him, he always had a theory of his own, and was persuaded of its truth — a very single-minded man.

‘But now I come to the most wonderful days of my life. It was an early spring that year. I had fallen away already from my resolution, and used to slink up — seldom, it’s true — and spend the evening with them as before. One afternoon I came up to the sitting-room; the light was failing — it was warm, and the windows were open. In the air was that feeling which comes to you once a year, in the spring, no matter where you may be, in a crowded street, or alone in a forest; only once — a feeling like — but I cannot describe it.

‘Eilie was sitting there. If you don’t know, sir, I can’t tell you what it means to be near the woman one loves. She was leaning on the window-sill, staring down into the street. It was as though she might be looking out for some one. I stood, hardly breathing. She turned her head, and saw me. Her eyes were strange. They seemed to ask me a question. But I could n’t have spoken for the world. I can’t tell you what I felt — I dared not speak, or think, or hope. I have been in nineteen battles — several times in positions

of some danger, when the lifting of a finger perhaps meant death, but I have never felt what I was feeling at that moment. I knew something was coming, and I was paralyzed with terror lest it should not come!'

He drew a long breath.

'The servant came in with a light, and broke the spell. All that night I lay awake and thought of how she had looked at me, with the color coming slowly up in her cheeks.

'It was three days before I plucked up courage to go again, and then I felt her eyes on me at once—she was making a "cat's-cradle" with a bit of string, but I could see them stealing up from her hands to my face. And she went wandering about the room, fingering at everything. When her father called out: "What's the matter with you, Eilie?" she stared at him like a child caught doing wrong. I looked straight at her then; she tried to look at me, but she could n't; and a minute later she went out of the room. God knows what sort of nonsense I talked—I was too happy.

'Then began our love. I can't tell you of that time. Often and often Dalton said to me: "What's come to the child? Nothing I can do pleases her." All the love she had given him was now for me; but he was too simple and straight to see what was going on. How many times have n't I felt criminal towards him! But when you're happy, with the tide in your favor, you become a coward at once.'

V

'Well, sir,' he went on, 'we were married on her eighteenth birthday. It was a long time before Dalton became aware of our love. But one day he said to me with a very grave look,—

"Eilie has told me, Brune; I forbid it. She's too young, and you're too old!"

'I was then forty-five, my hair black and thick as a rook's feathers, and I was strong and active. I answered him: "We shall be married within a month!"

'We parted in anger. It was a May night, and I walked out far into the country. There's no remedy for anger,—or, indeed, for anything,—so fine as walking. Once I stopped—it was on a common, without a house or light, and the stars shining like jewels. I was hot from walking. I could feel the blood boiling in my veins. I said to myself, "Old, are you?" And I laughed like a fool. It was the thought of losing her—I wished to believe myself angry, but really I was afraid; fear and anger in me are very much the same. A friend of mine, a bit of a poet, sir, once called them "the two black wings of self." And so they are, so they are! The next morning I went to Dalton again, and somehow I made him yield. I'm not a philosopher, but it has often seemed to me that no benefit can come to us in this life without an equal loss somewhere, but that does not stop us. No, sir, not often.

'We were married on the thirtieth of June, 1876, in the parish church. The only people present were Dalton, Lucy, and Lucy's husband—a big, red-faced fellow, with blue eyes and a golden beard parted in two. It had been arranged that we should spend the honeymoon at their inn on the river. My wife, Dalton, and I, went to a restaurant for lunch. She was all in gray, the color of a pigeon's feathers.'

He paused, leaning forward over the crutch-handle of his stick; trying to conjure up, no doubt, that long-ago image of his young bride in her dress 'the color of a pigeon's feathers,' with her blue eyes and yellow hair, the little frown between her brows, the firmly-shut red lips, opening to speak the words, 'For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.'

'At that time, sir,' he went on, 'I was a bit of a dandy. I wore, I remember, a blue frock coat, with white trousers, and a gray top hat. Even now I should always prefer to be well-dressed.'

'We had an excellent lunch, and drank Veuve Clicquot, a wine that you cannot get in these days! Dalton came with us to the railway station. I can't bear partings; and yet they must come.'

'That evening we walked out in the cool under the aspen trees. What should I remember in all my life if not that night: the young bullocks snuffing in the gateways — the champion flowers all lighted up along the hedges — the moon with a halo — bats, too, in and out among the stems, and the shadows of the cottages as black and soft as that sea down there. For a long time we stood on the river-bank beneath a lime tree. The scent of the lime flowers! A man can only endure about half his joy; about half his sorrow.'

'Lucy and her husband,' he went on presently, — 'his name was Frank Tor, a man like an old Viking, who ate nothing but milk, bread, and fruit — were very good to us! It was like Paradise in that inn — though the commissariat, I am bound to say, was limited. Sweetbrier grew round our bedroom windows; when the breeze blew the leaves across the opening, it was like a bath of perfume. She grew as brown as a gypsy, while we were there. I don't think any man could have loved her more than I did. But there were times when my heart stood still; it did n't seem as if she understood how much I loved her. One day, I remember, she coaxed me to take her camping. We drifted down stream all the afternoon, and in the evening pulled into the reeds under the willow-boughs and lit a fire for her to cook by — though, as a matter of fact, our provisions were cooked already — but you

know how it is, all the romance was in having a real fire. "We won't pretend," she kept saying. While we were eating our supper a hare came to our clearing — a big fellow — how surprised he looked! "The tall hare," Eilie called him. After that we sat by the ashes and watched the shadows, till at last she roamed away from me. The time went very slowly, I got up to look for her. It was past sundown. I called and called. It was a long time before I found her — and she was like a wild thing, hot and flushed, her pretty frock torn, her hands and face scratched, her hair down, like some beautiful creature of the woods. If one loves, a little thing will scare one. I did n't think she had noticed my fright; but when we got back to the boat she threw her arms round my neck, and said, "I won't ever leave you again!"

'Once in the night I woke — a water-hen was crying, and in the moonlight a kingfisher flew across. The wonder on the river — the wonder of the moon and trees, the soft bright mist, the stillness! It was like another world, peaceful, enchanted, far holier than ours. It seemed like a vision of the thoughts that come to one — how seldom! and go if one tries to grasp them. Magic — poetry — sacred!'

He was silent a minute, then went on in a high voice: 'I looked at her, sleeping like a child, with her hair loose, and her lips apart, and I thought: "God do so to me, if ever I bring her pain!"'

'How was I to understand her? the mystery and innocence of her soul! — The river has had all my light and all my darkness, the happiest days, and the hours when I've despaired; and I like to think of it, for, you know, in time bitter memories fade, only the good remain. Yet the good have their own pain, a different kind of aching, for we shall never get them back.'

'Sir,' he said, turning to me with a

faint smile, 'it's no use crying over spilt milk. In the neighborhood of Lucy's inn, the Rose and Maybush — can you imagine a prettier name? I have been all over the world, and nowhere found names so pretty as in the English country. There, too, every blade of grass, and flower, has a kind of pride about it; knows it will be cared for; and all the roads, trees, and cottages, seem to be certain that they will live forever. But I was going to tell you. half a mile from the inn was a quiet old house which we used to call the Convent — though I believe it was a farm. We spent many an afternoon there, trespassing in the orchard — Eilie was fond of trespassing; if there were a long way round across somebody else's property, she would always take it. We spent our last afternoon in that orchard, lying in the long grass. I was reading *Childe Harold* for the first time — a wonderful, a memorable poem! I was at that passage — the bull fight — you remember: —

Thrice sounds the clarion, lo! the signal falls,
The din expands, and expectation mute, —

when suddenly Eilie said: "Suppose I were to leave off loving you?" It was as if some one had struck me in the face. I jumped up, and tried to take her in my arms, but she slipped away; then she turned, and began laughing softly. I laughed too. I don't know why.'

VI

'We went back to London the next day; we lived quite close to the school, and about five days a week Dalton came to dine with us. He would have come every day if he had not been the sort of man who refuses to consult his own pleasure. We had more pupils than ever. In my leisure I taught my wife to fence. I have never seen any one so lithe and quick; or so beautiful

as she looked in her fencing-dress, with embroidered shoes.

'I was completely happy. When a man has obtained his desire he becomes careless and self-satisfied, I was watchful, however, for I knew that I was naturally a selfish man. I studied to arrange my time and save my money, to give her as much pleasure as I could. What she loved best in the world just then was riding. I bought a horse for her, and in the evenings of the spring and summer we rode together; but when it was too dark to go out late, she would ride alone, great distances, sometimes spend the whole day in the saddle, and come back so tired she could hardly walk upstairs. I can't say that I liked that. It made me nervous, she was so headlong; but I didn't think it right to interfere with her.

'I had a good deal of anxiety about money, for though I made more than ever, there never seemed enough. I was anxious to save — I hoped, of course — but we had no child, and this was a trouble to me. She grew more beautiful than ever, and I think was happy. Has it ever struck you that each one of us lives on the edge of a volcano? There is, I imagine, no one who has not some affection or interest so strong that he counts the rest for nothing, beside it. No doubt a man may live his life through without discovering that. But some of us — I am not complaining, what is — is.'

He pulled the cap lower over his eyes, and clutched his hands firmly on the top of his stick. He was like a man who rushes his horse at some hopeless fence, unwilling to give himself time, for fear of craning at the last moment.

'In the spring of '78, a new pupil came to me, a young man of twenty-one who was destined for the army. I took a fancy to him, and did my best to turn him into a good swordsman; but there was a kind of perverse reck-

lessness in him: for a few minutes one would make a great impression, then he would grow utterly careless.

"Francis," I would say, "if I were you I should be ashamed." — "Mr. Brune," he would answer, "why should I be ashamed? I did n't make myself."

'God knows, I wish to do him justice: he had a heart; one day he drove up in a cab, and brought in his poor dog, who had been run over, and was dying. For half an hour he shut himself up with its body; we could hear him sobbing like a child, he came out with his eyes all red, and cried, "I know where to find the brute who drove over him," and off he rushed. He had beautiful Italian eyes; a slight figure, not very tall; dark hair, a little dark moustache; and his lips were always a trifle parted; it was that, and his walk, and the way he drooped his eyelids, which gave him a peculiar, soft, proud look. I used to tell him that he'd never make a soldier! "Oh!" he'd answer, "that'll be all right when the time comes!" He believed in a kind of luck that was to do everything for him when the time came. One day he came in as I was giving Eilie her lesson. This was the first time they saw each other. After that he came more often, and sometimes stayed to dinner with us. I won't deny, sir, that I was glad to welcome him; I thought it good for Eilie. Can there be anything more odious,' he burst out, 'than such a self-complacent blindness? There are people who say, "Poor man, he had such faith!" Faith, sir! Conceit! I was a fool — in this world one pays for folly.

'The summer came; and one Saturday, in early June, Eilie, I, and Francis — I won't tell you his other name — went riding. The night had been wet; there was no dust, and presently the sun came out — a glorious day! We rode a long way. About seven o'clock

we started back — slowly, for it was still hot, and there was all the cool of the night before us. It was nine o'clock when we came to Richmond Park. A grand place, Richmond Park, and in that half-light wonderful, the deer moving so softly you might have thought they were spirits. We were silent too — great trees have that effect on me.

'Who can say when changes come? Like a shift of the wind, the old passes, the new is on you. I am telling you now of a change like that. Without a sign of warning, Eilie put her horse into a gallop. "What are you doing?" I shouted. She looked back with a smile, then he dashed past me too. A hornet might have stung them both — they galloped over fallen trees, under low-hanging branches, up hill and down. I had to watch that madness! My horse was not so fast. I rode like a demon; but fell far behind. I am not a man who takes things quietly. When I came up with them at last, I could not speak for rage. They were riding side by side, the reins on the horses' neck, looking at each other's faces. "You should take care," I said. "Care!" she cried; "life is not all taking care!" My anger left me. I dropped behind, as grooms ride behind their mistresses. Jealousy! No torture is so ceaseless or so black. In those minutes a hundred things came up in me — a hundred memories, true, untrue, what do I know? My soul was poisoned. I tried to reason with myself. It was absurd to think such things! It was unmanly. Even if it were true, one should try to be a gentleman! But I found myself laughing, — yes, sir, laughing at that word.'

He spoke faster, as if pouring his heart out, — not to a live listener, but to the night. 'I could not sleep that night. To lie near her with those thoughts in my brain was impossible! I made an excuse, and sat up with

some papers. The hardest thing in life is to see a thing coming and be able to do nothing to prevent it. What could I do? Have you noticed how people may become utter strangers without a word? It only needs a thought. The very next day she said, "I want to go to Lucy's."—"Alone?"—"Yes." I had made up my mind by then that she must do just as she wished. Perhaps I acted wrongly; I do not know what one ought to do in such a case; but before she went I said to her, "Eilie, what is it?"—"I don't know," she answered; and I kissed her—that was all. A month passed; I wrote to her nearly every day, and I had short letters from her, telling me very little of herself.

'Dalton was a torture to me, for I could not tell him; he had a conviction that she was going to become a mother. "Ah, Brune!" he said, "my poor wife was just like that." Life, sir, is a somewhat ironical affair! *He*—I find it hard to speak his name—came to the school two or three times a week. I used to think I saw a change, a purpose growing up through his recklessness; there seemed a violence in him as if he chafed against my blade. I had a kind of joy in feeling I had the mastery, and could toss the iron out of his hand any minute like a straw. I was ashamed, and yet I gloried in it. Jealousy is a low thing, sir,—a low, base thing! When he asked me where my wife was, I told him; I was too proud to hide it. Soon after that he came no more to the school.

'One morning, when I could bear it no longer, I wrote, and said I was coming down. I would not force myself on her, but I asked her to meet me in the orchard of the old house we called the Convent. I asked her to be there at four o'clock. It has always been my belief that a man must not beg anything of a woman, or force anything from her. Women are generous—they

will give you what they can. I sealed my letter, and posted it myself. All the way down I kept on saying to myself, "She must come—surely she will come!"'

VII

'I was in high spirits, but the next moment trembled like a man with ague. I reached the orchard before my time. She was not there. You know what it is like to wait? I stood still and listened, I went to the point whence I could see farthest; I said to myself, "A watched pot never boils; if I don't look for her she will come." I walked up and down with my eyes on the ground. The sickness of it! A hundred times I took out my watch. Perhaps it was fast, perhaps hers was slow—I can't tell you a thousandth part of my hopes and fears. There was a spring of water in one corner. I sat beside it, and thought of the last time I had been there—and something seemed to burst in me.

'It was five o'clock before I lost all hope, there comes a time when you are glad that hope is dead. it means rest. "That's over," you say, "now I can act." But what was I to do? I lay down with my face to the ground; when one's in trouble, it's the only thing that helps—something to press against and cling to that can't giveaway. I lay there for two hours, knowing all the time that I should play the coward. At seven o'clock I left the orchard and went towards the inn; I had broken my word, but I felt happy. I should see her—and, sir, nothing—nothing seemed to matter beside that. Tor was in the garden snipping at his roses. He came up, and I could see that he could n't look me in the face. "Where's my wife?" I said. He answered "Let's get Lucy." I ran indoors. Lucy met me with two letters; the first—my own—unopened; and the second, this:—

“I have left you. You were good to me, but now — it is no use
 “EILIE.”

‘She told me that a boy had brought a letter for my wife the day before, from a young gentleman in a boat. When Lucy delivered it she asked, “Who is he, Miss Eilie? What will Mr. Brune say?” My wife looked at her angrily, but gave her no answer — and all that day she never spoke. In the evening she was gone, leaving his note on the bed. Lucy cried as if her heart would break. I took her by the shoulders and put her from the room, I could n’t bear the noise. I sat down and tried to think. While I was sitting there Tor came in with a letter. It was written on the note-paper of an inn twelve miles up the river, these were the words: —

“Eilie is mine. I am ready to meet you where you like.”’

He went on with a painful evenness of speech: ‘When I read those words, I had only one thought — to reach them. I ran down to the river, and chose out the lightest boat. Just as I was starting, Tor came running. “You dropped this letter, sir,” he said. “Two pairs of arms are better than one.” He came into the boat. I took the sculls and I pulled out into the stream. I pulled like a madman; and that great man, with his bare arms crossed, was like a huge, tawny bull sitting there opposite me. Presently he took my place, and I took the rudder-lines. I could see his chest, covered with hair, heaving up and down; it gave me a sort of comfort — it meant that we were getting nearer. Then it grew dark, there was no moon, I could barely see the bank; there’s something in the dark which drives one into one’s self.

‘People tell you there comes a moment when your nature is decided —

“saved” or “lost,” as they call it — for good or evil. That is not true, yourself is always with you; but, sir, I believe that in a time of agony one finds out what are the things one can do, and what are those one cannot. You get to *know* yourself, that’s all. And so it was with me. Every thought and memory and passion was so clear and strong! I wanted to kill him. I wanted to kill myself. But her — no! We are taught that we possess our wives, body and soul; we are brought up in that faith; we are commanded to believe it — but when I was face to face with it those words had no meaning, that belief, those commands, they were without meaning to me, they were — vile. Oh! yes, I wanted to find comfort in them, I wanted to hold on to them — but I could n’t. You may force a body; how can you force a soul? No, no — cowardly! But I wanted to — I wanted to kill him and force her to come back to me! And then, suddenly, I felt as if I were pressing right on the most secret nerve of my heart. I seemed to see her face, white and quivering, as if I’d stamped my heel on it.

‘They say this world is ruled by force; it may be true — I know I have a weak spot in me. Anyway, I could n’t bear it. I jumped to my feet and shouted out, “Turn the boat round!” Tor looked up at me as if I had gone mad. And I had gone mad. I seized the boathook and threatened him; I called him fearful names. “Sir,” he said, “I don’t take such names from any one!” — “You’ll take them from me,” I shouted. “Turn the boat round, you idiot, you hound, you fish!” I have a terrible temper, a perfect curse to me. He seemed amazed, even frightened; he sat down suddenly and pulled the boat round. I fell on the seat, and hid my face. I believe the moon came up; there must have been a mist too, for I was as cold as death. In this life, sir, we cannot

hide our faces — but by degrees the pain of wounds grows less. Some will have it that such blows are mortal, it is not so. Time is merciful.

‘In the early morning I went back to London. I had fever on me — and was delirious. I daresay I should have killed myself if I had not been so used to weapons — we were too old friends, I suppose — I can’t explain. It was a long while before I was up and about. Dalton nursed me through it; his great heavy moustache had become quite white. We never mentioned her; what was the good? There were things to settle, of course; the lawyer — this was unspeakably distasteful to me. I told him it was to be as she wished, but the fellow *would* come to me, with his — there, I don’t want to be unkind. I wished him to say it was my fault, but he said — I remember his smile now — he said, that was impossible, would be seen through, talked of collusion. I don’t understand these things, and what’s more, I can’t bear them, they are — dirty.

‘Two years later, when I had come back to London, after the Russo-Turkish war, I received a letter from her. I have it here.’

He took an old yellow sheet of paper out of a leathern pocket-book, spread it in his fingers, and sat staring at it. For some minutes he did not speak.

‘In the autumn of that same year, she had died in child-birth. He had deserted her. Fortunately for him, he was killed on the Indian frontier, that very year. If she had lived she would have been thirty-two next June; not a great age. I know I am what they call a crank; doctors will tell you that you can’t be cured of a bad illness, and be the same man again. If you are bent, to force yourself straight must leave you weak in another place. I *must* and will think well of women — everything done, and everything said

against them is a stone on her dead body. Could *you* sit, and listen to it?’ As though driven by his own question, he rose, and paced up and down. He came back to the seat at last.

‘You are so kind,’ he said, ‘I wanted to tell you. She had a little daughter — Lucy has her now. My friend Dalton is dead, there would have been no difficulty about money, but, I am sorry to say, that he was swindled — disgracefully. It fell to me to administer his affairs; he never knew it, but he died penniless; he had trusted some wretched fellows — had an idea they would make his fortune. As I very soon found, they had ruined him. It was impossible to let Lucy — such a dear woman — bear that burden. I have tried to make provision; but you see,’ he took hold of my sleeve, ‘I, too, have not been fortunate; in fact, it’s difficult to save a great deal out of a hundred and ninety pounds a year; but the capital is perfectly safe — and I get forty-seven pounds ten shillings a quarter, paid on the nail. I have often been tempted to reinvest at a greater rate of interest, but I’ve never dared. Anyway, there are no debts — I’ve been obliged to make a rule not to buy what I could n’t pay for on the spot. Now I am really plaguing you — but I wanted to tell you — in case — anything should happen to me.’ He seemed to take a sudden scare, stiffened, twisted his moustache, and muttering, ‘Your great kindness! Shall never forget!’ turned hurriedly away.

He vanished; his footsteps, and the tap of his stick, grew fainter and fainter. They died out. He was gone. Suddenly I got up and hastened after him. I soon stopped — what was there to say?

VIII

The following day I was obliged to go to Nice, and did not return till mid-

night. The porter told me that Jules le Ferrier had been to see me. The next morning, while I was still in bed, the door was opened, and Jules appeared. His face was very pale; and the moment he stood still, drops of perspiration began coursing down his cheeks.

'Well!' he said, 'he is dead. There, there! How stupid you look! My man is packing. I have half an hour before the train; my evidence shall come from Italy. I have done my part, the rest is for you. Why did you have that dinner? The Don Quixote! The idiot! The *poor* man! Don't move! Have you a cigar? Listen! When you followed him, I followed the other two. My infernal curiosity! Can you conceive a greater folly? How fast they walked, those two! feeling their cheeks, as if he had struck them both, you know; it was funny. They soon saw me, for their eyes were all round about their heads; they had the mark of a glove on their cheeks. I tell you, they were like monkeys on a stick.'

The color began to come back into Jules's face; he gesticulated with his cigar, and became more and more dramatic. 'They waited for me. "*Tiens!*" said one, "this gentleman was with him. My friend's name is M. le Baron de —. The man who struck him was an odd-looking person; kindly inform me whether it is possible for my friend to meet him?" Eh!' commented Jules, 'he was offensive! Was it for me to give our dignity away? "Perfectly, monsieur!" I answered. "In that case," he said, "please give me his name and address."

'I could not remember his name; and as for the address, I never knew it! I reflected. "That," I said, "I am unable to do, for special reasons. "Aha!" he said, "reasons that will prevent our fighting him, I suppose?" — "On the contrary," I said. He was

puzzled. "I will convey your request to him," I said, "I may mention that I have heard he is the best swordsman and pistol-shot in Europe. Good-night!"

'I wished to give them something to dream of, you understand. Ah! my dear! Patience! Well, I was coming to you, but I thought I would let them sleep on it — there was plenty of time!

'Well, yesterday morning I came into the Place, and there he was on the bench, with a big dog. I declare to you he blushed like a young girl. "Sir," he said, "I was hoping to meet you; last evening I made a great disturbance. I took an unpardonable liberty" — and he put in my hand an envelope. My friend, what do you suppose it contained — a pair of gloves! — *Señor Don Puntitoso, hein?*' Jules scratched his cheek. 'It seems to me I must have been bitten by some mad fly, otherwise how is it possible that I am putting my foot into it all the time. But, you know, he was the Devil, this friend of yours; he fascinated me with his gentle eyes and white moustachettes, his humility, his flames — poor man! "If anything comes of this," I said, "make use of me!" In fact, I told him I had been asked to take him a challenge. "Is that so?" he said. I declare, he seemed to brighten. "I am most grateful for your kind offer. Let me see — it is so long since I fought a duel. The sooner it's over, the better. Could you arrange to-morrow morning? Weapons? Yes; let them choose." You see, my friend, there was no hanging back here; *nous voilà en train.*'

Jules took out his watch. 'I have sixteen minutes. It is lucky for you that you were away yesterday, or you would be in my shoes now. I fixed the place, — right hand of the road to Roquebrune, just by the railway cutting; and the time — five-thirty of the morning. It was arranged that I should call for

him. Disgusting hour! I have not been up so early since I fought Jacques Tira-baut in '85. At five o'clock I found him ready, and drinking tea with rum in it — singular man! he made me have some too, — brrr! He was shaved, and dressed in that old frock coat. His great dog jumped into the carriage, but he bade her get out, took her paws on his shoulders, and whispered in her ear some Italian words, a charm, *hein!* and back she went, the tail between the legs. We drove slowly, so as not to shake his arm. He was more gay than I.

'All the way he talked to me of you: how kind you were! how good you had been to him! I said to him, "You do not speak of yourself! Have you no friends, nothing to say? Sometimes an accident will happen!" — "Oh!" he answered, "there's no danger; but if by any chance — well, there is a letter in my pocket." — "And if you should kill *him*?" I said. — "But I shall not," he answered slyly. "Do you think I am going to fire at him? No, no; he is too young." — "But," I said, "I am not going to stand that!" — "Yes," he replied, "I owe him a shot; but there is no danger — not the least danger."

'We had arrived; already they were there. Ah! bah! You know the preliminaries, the politeness — this duelling, you know, it is absurd, after all. We placed them at twenty paces. It is not a bad place. There are pine trees round, and rocks; at that hour it was cool and gray as a church. I handed him the pistol. How can I describe him to you, standing there, smoothing the barrel with his fingers. "What a beautiful thing a good pistol!" he said. I was nervous. I said, "Only a fool or a madman throws away his life." — "Certainly," he replied, "certainly; but there is no danger." And he regarded me, raising his moustachette.

'There they stood then, back to back, with the mouths of their pistols

to the sky. "*Un!*" I cried, "*deux! tirez!*" They turned. I saw the smoke of his shot go straight up like a prayer; his pistol dropped. I ran to him. He looked surprised, put out his hand, and fell into my arms. He was dead. Those fools came running up. "What is it?" cried one. "As you see," I said; "you have made a pretty shot. My friend fired in the air. Messieurs, you had better breakfast in Italy."

'We carried him to the carriage, and covered him with a rug; the others drove for the frontier. I brought him to his room. Here is his letter.'

Jules stopped; tears were running down his face. 'He is dead; I have closed his eyes. Look here, you know, we are all of us cads — it is the rule; but this — this, perhaps, was the exception.' And without another word he rushed away.

Outside the old fellow's lodging a dismounted *cocher* was standing disconsolate in the sun. 'How was I to know they were going to fight a duel?' he burst out on seeing me. 'He had white hair — I call you to witness he had white hair. This is bad for me; they will ravish my license. Aha! you will see — this is bad for me!'

I gave him the slip and found my way upstairs. The old fellow was alone, lying on the bed, his feet covered with a rug as if he might feel cold; his eyes were closed, but in this sleep of death, he still had that air of faint surprise. At full length, watching the bed intently, Freda lay, as she lay nightly when he was really asleep. The shutters were half open; the room still smelled slightly of rum. I stood long looking at the face: the little white fans of moustache brushed upwards even in death, the hollows in his cheeks, the quiet of his figure; he was like some old knight. The dog broke the spell. She sat up, and resting her paws on the bed, licked his face. I went downstairs — I could

not bear to hear her howl. This was his letter to me, written in a pointed handwriting: —

MY DEAR SIR, — Should you read this, I shall be gone. I am ashamed to trouble you — a man should surely manage so as not to give trouble, and yet I believe you will not consider me importunate. If, then, you will pick up the pieces of an old fellow, I ask you to have my sword, the letter inclosed in this, and the photograph that stands on the stove, buried with me. My will and the acknowledgments of my property are between the leaves of the Byron in my tin chest; they should go to Lucy Tor — address thereon. Perhaps you will do me the honor to retain for yourself any of my books that may give you pleasure. In the *Pilgrim's Progress* you will find some excellent recipes for Turkish coffee, Italian and Spanish dishes, and washing wounds. The landlady's daughter speaks Italian, and she would, I know, like to have Freda; the poor dog will miss me. I have read of old Indian warriors taking their horses and dogs with them to the happy hunting-grounds. Freda would come — noble animals are dogs! She eats once a day — a good large meal — and requires much salt. If you have animals of your own, sir, don't forget — all animals require salt. I have no debts, thank God! The money in my pockets will bury me decently — not that there is any danger. I am ashamed to weary you with details — the least a man can do is not to make a fuss — and yet he must be found ready

Sir, with profound gratitude,
your servant,
ROGER BRUNE.

Everything was as he had said. The photograph on the stove was that of

a young girl of nineteen or twenty, dressed in an old-fashioned style, with hair gathered backward in a knot. The eyes gazed at you with a little frown, the lips were tightly closed; the expression of the face was eager, quick, and willful; above all, young.

The tin trunk was scented with dry fragments of some herb, the history of which in that trunk man knoweth not. There were a few clothes, but very few, all older than those he usually wore. Besides the Byron and *Pilgrim's Progress* were Scott's *Quentin Durward*, Captain Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*, a pocket Testament, and a long and frightfully stiff book on the art of fortifying towns, much thumbed, and bearing date 1863. By far the most interesting thing I found, however, was a diary, kept down to the preceding Christmas. It was a pathetic document, full of calculations of the price of meals; resolutions to be careful over this or that; doubts whether he must not give up smoking; sentences of fear that Freda had not had enough to eat. It appeared that he had tried to live on ninety pounds a year, and send the other one hundred pounds home to Lucy for the child; in this struggle he was always failing, having to send less than the amount — the entries showed that this was a nightmare to him. The last words, written on Christmas Day, were these: 'What is the use of writing this, it records nothing but failure!'

The landlady's daughter and I were at the funeral. That same afternoon I went into the concert-room, where I had spoken to him first. When I came out, Freda was lying at the entrance, looking into the faces of every one that passed, and sniffing idly at their heels. Close by, the landlady's daughter hovered, a biscuit in her hand, and a puzzled, sorry look on her face.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STATE UNIVERSITIES

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

IN no other form of popular activity does a nation or a state so clearly reveal its ideals or the quality of its civilization as in the system of education which it sets up. The schools of Prussia, the school system of France, the universities and schools of Scotland, epitomize Prussian, French, and Scotch civilization.

The school system is at once the result and the cause of the forces which make for intellectual and moral progress. Sometimes the idealism of the people outruns its expression in the schools; sometimes the school gives a new birth to popular ideals and a new quickening to the popular conscience. The school system of any state is the surest barometer of its intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, and there will always be a constant interaction between the educational system of a commonwealth on the one hand, and the forces of civilization for which education stands on the other.

It is also true that nations, like individuals, are temperamental in their moral and intellectual attitudes. And in no way is the national temperament more clearly shown than in the expression of a nation in its schools. The German people are essentially nationalistic in their temperament; they prefer to do things under definite conventions and by formal organization. The English are essentially individualistic. In what other way are these lasting qualities of national temperament so clearly set forth as in the school systems of the two peoples? The Univers-

ities of Berlin and Oxford epitomize the German and English conceptions of civilization in smaller compass than they can be represented in any other way. And in each case the university is at once the effect and the cause of the very influences which it sets forth.

It is an interesting incident of the educational development of the nations that what might be called educational consciousness is a much later growth in some nations than in others, a result depending in large measure on the fact that civilization is a product of national temperament no less than of national thought. By an educational consciousness in a given people, I mean that such a people has come to a stage in civilization in which they conceive of education as a natural and necessary activity of the state itself, they assume the obligation of its support as a natural and necessary part of the cost of progress; and they look upon the schools which represent education, — from the highest to the lowest, — not as isolated or individual enterprises seeking each its own good, but as parts of one related national effort. All stages in the progress toward such an educational consciousness can be noted among the nations of to-day. And however true it may be that there are dangers in pushing this ideal too far, however necessary it is to retain the individualistic point of view, it must be admitted that the attainment of such a national consciousness in the matter of education marks a high plane, not only of

intellectual and moral ability, but of efficiency as well. No nation is likely to be educationally efficient until it has grown into some fair possession of a national educational consciousness.

Perhaps in no other nation are there more marked inequalities in the progress toward such an educational consciousness than among the commonwealths of our American Union. Our older New England states began their educational history under the influence of the English traditions, which retained in the attitude of the colleges and academies of the new England all that individualistic idealism which has been at once the strength and the weakness of the old England. Each college and academy was a separate and independent unit, having little or no relation to any other school. Such a school system does not necessarily mean the failure to attain in time to an educational consciousness. In fact, the process of development has usually been through such individualistic schools, which, in a new country at least, form the almost necessary starting-points for any system of education. In New England, however, individualism is strong, and for two hundred years the progress in education has been largely influenced by the conceptions of a college with which their schools began. No one can say what would be the form of the school system of to-day in New England had it started with a Scotch university instead of an English college.

However this may be, it is interesting to note that the stirring of an educational consciousness larger than that of loyalty to a single college is already being felt in the New England states. This is partly the outgrowth of new industrial conditions, which present new problems in civilization; but it indicates also the coming of an educational conception larger than that of

any one college, and based on the conviction that all institutions of learning are part of the state's system of education. Maine has already a state university, and Massachusetts is beginning to demand one. It is not likely that a state university will be set up in the old commonwealth, but its coming will depend in great measure on the wisdom and farsightedness of the existing institutions of higher learning; upon their ability to relate themselves effectively to each other, and to the general school system; and upon their success in meeting the new questions in education opened up by the modern industrial life. A modern democracy will not permanently be satisfied with an educational system into whose higher schools the sons and daughters of the plain people can enter only through payment of burdensome tuition charges, or upon scholarships which at least suggest charity. Education as a charity is essentially foreign to any state whose people have risen to a true educational consciousness. Such a democracy claims the opportunity to enjoy the highest forms of education as a right.

The contrast in the rapidity with which this spirit has been developed in the older states, and in our Central and Western states, is one of the most interesting and suggestive phenomena of our national progress. The states of the Central West almost simultaneously adopted state systems of education, beginning with the elementary school and culminating in a university. No such exhibition of well-formed and definite educational consciousness was ever before seen in the organization of new states or provinces. The ideal for which the people of Michigan and Wisconsin and Missouri and Iowa and California aimed in the establishment of these systems of education rested upon definite convictions — that ideal stood for a conscious duty of the state

to open the door of education to every citizen, an education free of every political and ecclesiastical control. The men of these new states represented a stage in democracy which was a half-century in advance of that of our forefathers of the Revolution. The democracy of that early day was intensely individualistic and morbidly suspicious. It feared to delegate authority to any agency. The fathers would have looked upon a state university which crowned a compulsory public-school system as an autocrat dangerous to liberty. The men of that day believed that freedom could be preserved only by infinite division of power, to such a degree that no one authority could be dangerous.

To-day, in education, as in every other field of national activity, democracy must deal with the perplexing problem of preserving the spirit and the right of the individual, while at the same time creating agencies with the power to do the work of civilized life efficiently. The democracy of 1786 met this question by seeking to reduce all agencies to a harmless inefficiency. The democracy of 1850 had reached another step in the evolution of the government of the people by the people. As men of common sense, they saw that the business of civilization could be done effectively only by agencies which had the power to do this work. They therefore went ahead to create such agencies, realizing that in democracy public opinion was in the last analysis the controlling force. The state university became thus an educational trust, but one governed by and responsible to the people. Harvard University is also a trust, — perhaps the largest trust in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — but it is not the creature of the commonwealth, nor related directly to the educational system of its state. As it is engaged, however, in large meas-

ure in interstate commerce, it may be that, if President Taft's recommendations are carried out, it will take out a federal license and be subject to the scrutiny of the Interstate Commerce Commission, like other trusts!

The outcome of a half-century of growth under this new conception of democracy shows still a striking difference between the educational status of these Western states and the status of those of the Eastern seaboard. Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, California, Minnesota, represent a different stage of educational consciousness from that which one sees in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware. Pennsylvania, for example, is one of the oldest and richest of the states of the Union. It has no debt, and an enormous income. In no other state has the individualistic conception of education lingered longer. As a whole, the state has never come into a conception of education from the standpoint of the whole people. As a consequence its public-school system is still in the rudimentary stage; its normal schools are private enterprises whose stock is in the hands of individuals, and the normal schools and many of its colleges are engaged in the work of secondary education. The only evidence of a state-wide interest in education is to be seen in a series of appropriations to private institutions, — colleges, hospitals, and charitable concerns, — which makes education in that old and rich state a part of the politics in which Pennsylvania has achieved so bad an eminence.

No one can estimate the consequences of the educational movement begun in the Southern states, but first put in motion about the middle of the last century in the great commonwealths of the Central West. Here for the first time on new soil was inaugurated a series of schools reaching from the high-

est to the lowest, created by the conscious act of the whole people and responsible to them.

Of the school system thus inaugurated the state university which crowned it was the most striking achievement, and remains to-day the best evidence that we have in our democracy of the ability of the people to create and conduct the agencies which they need for their own development. In no other nation of the world, at any time in its history, have institutions of the higher learning so essentially democratic, and on the whole serving so well the needs of a democracy as do the best of our state universities, been developed so quickly. If our American democracy were to-day called to give proof of its constructive ability, the state university and the public-school system which it crowns would be the strongest evidence of its fitness which it could offer.

This does not mean that the path of the tax-supported university has been always amid the green pastures, or that it has always lain within the straight and narrow way. For many years even the best of these institutions led a precarious existence, and to-day only a few have risen to the independence and the dignity of true university life.

The state university of fifty years ago was launched upon the uncertain sea of politics. It has been a part of the work of every state university to educate the people of its state to the conception that partisan politics could not be mixed into the administration of a university without poisoning the very spirit for which it stood. It took years for this lesson to be learned. There are many states in which a public opinion capable of supporting and nurturing a true university is still in the making. The regents of the University of Oklahoma, the political experiment station of our Union, began their administration two years ago by turning out a

competent president and some of the best teachers, and appointing in their places personal selections of the board. This body of trustees still conducts the institution on the theory that the trustees are to administer as well as to govern.

In the University of Florida last year an able president was forced to resign, against the wishes of his own board of trustees, by the use of political pressure and in deference to the cry for numbers. The fine old Commonwealth of Kentucky — the state of brave men and fair women — is educationally near the bottom of our list of states. The president of its state university has recently resigned. In no other state is educational leadership more needed at this moment than in Kentucky. It was a situation in which the trustees had the opportunity to do a great service to their state by finding such a leader and calling him to the presidency. They responded to this opportunity by choosing a politician who was entirely out of touch with educational methods, and who has given no promise whatsoever of educational leadership.

In these and many other states the coming of the university into its true place must wait upon the development of a virile and sensitive public opinion which will hold trustees to a strict account. There is no more concrete test of the stage of civilization of an American state than a state university controlled by the state, but free of partisan politics; and there is no surer mark of a high order of civic efficiency in a state than its ability to produce a competent board of trustees for a great university.

The nearness of the state university to the political life of the people is at once its danger and its opportunity. The older colleges of the Eastern states — Harvard, Columbia, Dartmouth —

started as quasi state institutions. They threw off the connection later, partly on account of denominational influence, but mainly because of their distrust of any government directly from the people,—a phenomenon not uncommon in a democracy. It is the great glory of the stronger state universities that they have met this issue and won. Every decade has seen a growing public opinion in every state which holds the university above partisan politics and still keeps it in close relation to the whole body of the people. Every decade sees these universities stronger forces in democratic leadership. And notwithstanding such disappointments as those to which I have referred, the stronger state universities are to-day independent of partisan political pressure, and in every state — it may be slowly and with discouragement — the state university is finding its way to a leadership of the intellectual and moral forces of the state. In no section of our country has this progress been so marked in the last decade as in the Southern states. To-day in all these states the state university and the system of public schools are going forward at an astonishing pace. There is no more inspiring movement in our nation than this educational renaissance throughout the South.

During its fifty years of history the state university has also suffered, as to its standards and ideals, from the same causes which have affected other universities — the prevailing American superficiality and the rage for numbers. Very slowly are we coming to admit, whether in tax-supported colleges or in those on private foundation, that bigness and greatness are not synonymous terms. Success has not yet come to be a function of educational righteousness in the mind of the people.

In this matter the state institutions have sometimes found themselves un-

der stronger temptations than even the privately endowed colleges. The strongest appeal to the legislator has hitherto been on the score of numbers. When the member of the legislature has been told that the state university, or the state school of agriculture and mechanic arts, was overcrowded by the hundreds of students who thronged its halls, he has not generally given any thought to the methods by which these students were brought there; still less has he appreciated that in many cases they were obtained by the rankest advertising and by openly robbing the high schools. For the purpose of impressing the legislature, a student is a student, whether he happens to be studying elementary arithmetic in the sub-freshman classes, or scientific agriculture in the college. The registration-lists of students in some of these colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts remind one of the inventory of the Kansas farmer, who, in advertisement of an auction sale, announced thirty-two head of stock. When the stock came to be sold, the thirty-two head were found to embrace two horses, one mule, one cow, and twenty-eight hens. No institution which approaches a legislature with such an argument can reasonably object when the politicians seek to play the same game with the college.

The most serious result of this unlimited competition for students has been that in many states the state university has been led into a betrayal of its duty to the secondary-school system. There is no obligation which in a state-supported university is more clear and more important than that of nurturing and developing the secondary schools. The only method by which the state university can do this is to maintain for itself honest and reasonable standards of admission, and to respect the field of the high school, not to trench

upon it. The state university which itself undertakes to conduct secondary-school work — unless as a temporary measure in a period of educational adjustment — is hindering the development of a true secondary-school system. The university helps the secondary school best when it sets up fair standards and enforces them, when it holds the high schools responsible for good results, — not when it undertakes to do the high schools' work for them; when it gives the secondary-school system a wise, fair, and sympathetic scrutiny, and leads it to increasing thoroughness and efficiency. One decent high school at a county seat is worth more to that county in the way of intellectual stimulus than a few scattered students sent up to a secondary school maintained by a weak-kneed university.

In the effort to maintain such standards, and to lead the high schools to uniform and reasonable standards, the state universities of many states have been embarrassed by the pressure of a large number of weak colleges which, while bearing the name college, are in effect secondary schools, and in many cases very poor secondary schools. It is no exaggeration to say that in many cases the entire educational progress of a state is delayed by the overmultiplication of weak colleges — set in motion by state, denominational, or personal initiative. Particularly is this true in the South, where some of the weakest and most demoralizing educational ventures, with high-sounding names, are maintained by the help of sympathetic givers in New England and New York, who have given no thought to the educational effect of the enterprise they are supporting. There is a singular fallacy current that all colleges are desirable agents in civilization, and should be helped; that all colleges are good colleges; and that the men who conduct them are in some mysterious

way altruistic and unselfish beyond the ordinary standard of intelligent men in other vocations.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The standards of morals vary between the best and the worst colleges as widely as between the best and the worst business enterprises. A very large number of the so-called colleges are in fact business enterprises, started without reference to educational needs and possibilities. Even when a large measure of devotion goes into the enterprise, it is in many cases accompanied by no real study as to what the institution can and ought to attempt. To give money indiscriminately to such agencies is comparable to that form of personal charity which would stand on the street-corner and give gold-pieces to any passer-by who was willing to ask for them.

It would be far from my purpose to give the impression that the state university is the only institution whose academic virtue is virile. Human nature is not materially different in state, denominational, or independent colleges. In some states a strong college has forced the state university to some sort of decent standards; in others, the colleges have been led by the state university; in still others, the state university and a small group of strong colleges working together have brought up simultaneously the standards of the colleges and of the secondary schools; for no college and no university can maintain such standards without first developing to a reasonable status the secondary-school system.

The state university, being the visible head of the public-school system, has generally felt more distinctly its obligation to these secondary schools than have the colleges on private foundation. There is, however, a growing recognition on the part of all the better colleges and universities on private foundation

that they are public institutions. There are no private colleges, and the endowed college, no less than the tax-supported college, is under obligation to respect the integrity of the high school and to relate itself intelligently to it.

As might have been anticipated, the greatest weaknesses in the maintenance of good standards by the state universities have been exhibited in those states where the state institutions of higher learning are conducted in two or more colleges instead of being united into a single institution. In such cases it has almost inevitably happened that an unwise competition has sprung up, demoralizing alike to the institutions themselves and to the public-school system. Generally, the rivalry appears in the form of a competition between the state university and the state school of agriculture and mechanic arts. Duplicate courses are established at the two institutions, and low standards of admission, and log-rolling with the legislature, are the natural outcome.

For example, in states like Kansas, Washington, and Oregon, the state university and the competing colleges of agriculture conduct rival schools of engineering. In each of these cases the college of agriculture obtains numbers by conducting a large secondary school, a practical lowering of college standards. Pupils are thus brought from the high schools and enrolled as 'students' in the state college. In Oregon, for example, a considerable number of high-school pupils leave the well-equipped high schools of Portland to attend the secondary school of the State College of Agriculture at Corvallis. This whole process of competition between state colleges is demoralizing. It means low standards, political log-rolling, and waste of the state's money. Could anything be more unjustifiable, for example, than two schools of mines, in a sparsely settled state like Oregon, in

two state-supported institutions thirty-five miles apart. The common sense and patriotism of those who direct the state governments, and of those who direct education in the state, should join to do away with such a situation.

From this temptation the University of California is happily delivered. When the law-makers of 1863 provided for a state institution to crown its public-school system, they wisely made the school of agriculture and the school of mines parts of a single institution. It may be that California virtue is so high that it might have dealt successfully with a divided university. But if the history of other states points any moral, one may suspect, at least, that, had the wise law-makers of that period established a state university at Berkeley and a college of agriculture and mechanic arts at Los Angeles, the state would by this time have upon its hands two weak competing institutions instead of a single strong university which stands to-day in the very first rank of American institutions of the higher learning.

Perhaps there is no other state in the Union in which the unlimited competition between denominational, state, and local institutions has so fully done its perfect work as Ohio. Ohio is said to have the most fertile soil for statesmen to be found in the Union. All forms of politics and of religion abound within its borders. There is a tradition that any twig of doctrine transplanted to the Western Reserve will flourish like a green bay tree. However that may be, it is certainly true that Ohio is the most becolleged state in the Union. Over fifty institutions have been chartered by that generous commonwealth with the power to confer the learned and professional degrees; and I am told that a man may get more kinds of college degrees in Ohio for less money than in any other region, unless it be in

Chicago, Illinois, or Washington, D. C. The state itself helps along in this matter by sustaining three state universities, which carry on a three-cornered campaign for students and for appropriations. Under such conditions it is not to be wondered at that the public-school system of the state is inferior to that of nearby states, and the facilities for the training of public-school teachers are inadequate.

The relations between the state universities and the privately endowed colleges for years involved a certain amount of uncomfortable rivalry. It was not easy for the older college, dependent on tuitions, to admit the presence of a state-supported institution offering free tuition. The adjustment between the two groups of institutions of higher learning has now been in many states well effected. Where the state university is strong, and the system of public schools well developed, the colleges find their greatest opportunity. The feeling between the privately endowed college and the tax-supported university arises in almost every case from the desire for numbers, and the failure of one or the other, in the search for students, to maintain decent standards and to respect the integrity of the public school.

In this respect once more the great State of California has had a singular good fortune. The privately endowed institutions of this state are led by a strong university with high ideals and abundant facilities. The relations between the state university and its rich and vigorous neighbor have been conducted upon a high plane, above the petty form of rivalry which has characterized this stage of education elsewhere. It is the chief function of a university, whether supported by taxation or by endowment, to set before the eyes of the people right standards, — not only standards of scholarship, but

standards of intellectual sincerity, of civic honesty, of spiritual aspiration. It is the good fortune of this young and rich commonwealth that in its educational firmament glow two stars of the first magnitude.

It must be clear to any student of American education that the debt which the country owes to the detached colleges is beyond estimate. They were the pioneers. They served their day with full faith and devotion. They were founded generally under the individualistic conception of education. To-day they find themselves confronted with a conception of education as the duty of the state. If they are to live, they must intelligently relate themselves to the state system of schools. They cannot much longer cut below the standards set up by the state system of education. For many of the older, weakly endowed colleges which served education in an older generation, one cannot but feel a sincere sympathy. It is clear, however, that the duty of such institutions is to meet the issue squarely. There is only one honest course, and that is to do sincerely the work which is feasible. If that is the work of a secondary school, then the institution should frankly call itself by the right name. The people of this country are rapidly learning to estimate at their real value the colleges which affect to be universities, and the academics which pretend to be colleges.

I visited not very long ago an institution whose total income was less than twenty thousand dollars a year. After meeting the Dean of the College, and the Dean of the Scientific School, I was introduced in rapid succession to the Dean of the School of Education, and finally to the Dean of the Graduate School. With some hesitation I inquired of this last functionary what the duties of Dean of the Graduate School in such an institution might be.

The Dean spoke up like a man. He said that he taught elementary Latin to those beginning that study. The next morning, as I took leave of a hard-headed member of the Board of Trade of that fair city, he said to me, 'Colonel' (it was in a latitude where the conferring of a military title was merely a mark of confidence and affection), 'Colonel,' said he, 'how much of the stock of our university is on a dividend basis, and how much of it is water?'

That is not a bad question to put to any university.

I have ventured to allude in some detail to the weaknesses and the difficulties in which our state universities are at present involved, for the reason that the picture of the state university of to-day which does not include these problems of its environment, is no true picture; and because, in addition, the great and immediate need is to face courageously these difficulties. That man is the best friend of the state university who, believing sincerely in its mission and in its future, insists that the weaknesses of the present shall be dealt with frankly, — not covered up. And those who direct the purpose of these great enterprises of the democracy cannot be too often reminded that the highest function of a university is to furnish standards for a democracy, and that the standards which a democracy most needs are not merely the intellectual tests which govern the entrance to college. A democracy demands first of all of its university standards of honesty, simplicity, sincerity, and thoroughness.

Notwithstanding the failings which all students of education admit; notwithstanding the lack of a virile public opinion in many states, without which a true university cannot exist; notwithstanding the fact that a governor and a board of trustees now and again play politics with a state university,

it is still true that the rise of these great universities is the most epoch-making feature of our American civilization, and they are to become more and more the leaders, and the makers of our civilization. They are of the people. When a state university has gained solid ground, it means that the people of a whole state have turned their faces toward the light, it means that the whole system of state schools has been welded into an effective agent for civilization. The rise of a great college on private foundation means for its state the growth of institutional loyalty. The rise of a great state university, of the people and by the people and for the people, means the birth of an educational patriotism.

The American people have accepted this view of the mission of the state university. They believe in it as they believe in themselves. There is to-day only one serious note of question concerning the ultimate achievement of the American state university, and this has to do with its spiritual and religious life. I do not refer to that crude criticism of twenty years ago which called those universities godless institutions, nor do I refer to the occasional expressions of some denominational schools. The great body of Christian people of all denominations have risen above such appeals. They send their sons and daughters in increasing numbers to the state university. The expression to which I refer comes from a very different group of men, and it is directed rather against the modern American conception of a university than against any group of institutions — against Harvard and Chicago no less than against Wisconsin and California.

No institution, it is urged, can in the long run touch the imaginations and fulfill the aspirations of a great people which does not nurture faith, as well as

science and art and literature. A university, it is said, is a great piece of machinery. It can accomplish much, but it does not warm the heart and touch the emotions and kindle the imagination. Therefore, it will not lead the civilization of the democracy. That can be done only by inspiring the youth of the democracy with a true, vibrant, living faith. Only in the fellowship of such a faith do art and poetry and religion live; and these make civilization.

I believe that there will be no difference of opinion as to the part which faith plays in human progress. We speak sometimes of the age of faith. All ages which are creative are ages of faith. Faith always will be the motive-spring of our best humanity, for the substance of things hoped for is always fairer than that of the things attained, the evidence of things not seen is always more inviting than the evidence of those things which we hold in our hands. It has always been so. If by faith the men of old subdued kingdoms, quenched the violence of fire, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, by faith no less Charles Darwin and Louis Pasteur wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, and gave to women their dead raised to life again. To-day, as always, faith leads men on, and the university which is without such a living faith is dead. I believe the American university to be the home of a living, triumphant faith, a faith which in the largest and truest sense is also a Christian faith. I venture to give the grounds for this belief.

The last generation has seen an epoch-making change in the attitude of men, not toward faith itself, but toward the traditional forms of faith. It has seen a transformation in the social and industrial relations of mankind such as the world has never experienced before in a thousand years. Coincident with this, the intellectual processes of

civilized men have been changed. Their point of view with respect to the past is new. They only to-day, after the lapse of a generation, are orienting themselves with respect to it. The new conception of truth at first puzzled and confused more than it helped. Old landmarks and old standards in science, history, and religious faith, were swept away. Faith was not lost, but it was puzzled and confused, and knew not whither to look.

Perhaps no other epoch in the world's history has presented in so short a period such remarkable changes in men's ideals, unless it be that which came in with Julius Caesar. The old religions of the Roman world were dead, and the very principles upon which human society had been constructed were dead also. A new industrial civilization and a new faith had to grow up together. In the interval of uncertainty there remained in the world only a minimum of moral and spiritual conviction. Civilization concerned itself with little else for a time except the meagre provisions under which wealth and luxury, and the right to work, were offered to men's ambitions. In time, faith again rose to triumph over the commonplace.

In the last generation, notwithstanding our marvelous progress in material advances, the world has passed through another period of the commonplace. The faith of humanity has hesitated and wavered, not altogether sure of the past, not yet confident of the future. To-day, faith is once more assuming its rightful place in human consciousness, and with it appears the dawn of a broader, richer, and nobler civilization. That faith is the faith of science; it is a Christian faith, and its home is in the university.

What is science, and what is the faith of science?

To-day, science is a word to conjure

with, and yet there is perhaps no other subject of men's talk over which there is more confusion, or concerning which there is more credulity; for, as Lecky has well pointed out, scientific credulity is quite as common among men as religious credulity.

The common misconception is that which confuses the term 'scientific' with the term 'technical,' notwithstanding the brilliant efforts of Clifford and Huxley to state in simple terms the distinction.

A bright boy was recently asked, 'Who won the battle of New Orleans?'

'Corbett,' answered the well-informed youth.

'Why did he win?'

'Because he had more science.'

This sounds crude enough, and yet it is not much more crude than the conception of scientific research which one sees in many of our colleges and universities. We Americans have shown great technical proficiency; we have been almost pitifully deficient in true scientific work.

The science which has remade our philosophy of life, and which is rekindling the faith of men, is not a process of technical skill, but it is rather an attitude and process of the mind with respect to all truth. It is no new way, but the old way by which mankind has always found whatever truth it has gained. Our age is scientific, only because the attitude and the method of science have become the attitude and method of mankind; for truth and the ways of seeking truth, as the leaders of mankind know them, inevitably permeate the great mass of mankind. The mass of men to-day unconsciously view the universe from the standpoint of science.

That standpoint and that attitude are nothing more than this: Truth is the property of no party, of no creed, of no source of authority; it is to be

seen only by him who looks at it with the open mind; it is to be reached only by squarely facing all the facts and following patiently whithersoever the facts lead. There has never been any other way to truth than this of the open mind, and the patient, reverent, and persistent search. The revolution in the way we look at the universe which has come with this generation is due, not to the newness of the conception, but to the fact that it has become the general possession of mankind.

The first effect of the general adoption of the scientific method upon the faith of the last generation was to raise up, not faith, but doubt. It has taken us a generation to realize that doubt was the vestibule to a sure faith, and to understand the profound significance of the philosophy contained in Tennyson's lines: —

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,

And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!

Humanity had grown to believe that the forms of faith were faith itself. Slowly the minds of men have grown accustomed to the new light, and the science which a generation ago was called the destroyer of faith is to-day the inspirer of a new faith which is filling the hearts and the minds of men.

And what does science offer to inspire a true human faith?

Science standing before the mystery of human life pretends to no other knowledge than can be gained by way of the open mind and the patient search. Whence life came, and whither it goes, science knows not; and frankly admits a mystery which it does not understand, and which perhaps it can never understand.

Looking clear-eyed upon the universe, science sees, however, the working of universal law. The stone which falls to the earth, the planet revolving about the sun, the stellar systems so distant that the light-beams from them

consume years in coming to our eyes, move in obedience to the same universal, simple laws.

When we search with our spectroscopes the most distant stars, we find exactly the same physical elements as those which exist upon our earth and in our sun, and no others. The physical unity of the universe, and its obedience to universal law, points science inevitably to the faith that back of all matter and of all force stands an omnipresent power, in whom we live and move and have our being. Faith in God, not as a magnified human being, but as the maker of the universe, is a part of the faith of science.

Looking back over the history of our race under the governance of the laws which its author has set up, science shows a sure and continuing progress upward. Man rising out of his brute inheritance has, in the slow passing of the ages, gone steadily forward in the development of social, intellectual, and spiritual powers. Notwithstanding the presence of brute qualities, notwithstanding the crime, the selfishness, the inertia of the human inheritance, science points ever hopefully to the fact that progress of the great mass of mankind has been steadily upward. Slowly, century by century, the common people have come into a larger share in the general prosperity of the earth, a larger opportunity in its intellectual and spiritual attainments. The great function of science is not in the inventions which the physical sciences have contributed, not even in the mastery over disease and suffering which its study has developed. The great service of science to humanity is to search out the laws of the universe, and to point men to the consequences of their disobedience; to deliver men from fear, and to bring mankind into a larger and clearer faith.

That faith finds its highest inspira-

tion in the contemplation of the finest of human lives. The general progress of the race gives us belief that all is well, for the world grows better; but when that hope is illumined by the devotion, the courage, the wisdom, of the best exemplars of mankind, it glows with the fervor of a living faith and the inspiration of a divine call to the service of God and of humanity. More than all else, science has quickened the faith of men by uncovering once more to their eyes the simple figure and the simple words of Jesus Christ. The men of our day know him and his words as they have not been known since that first generation of Christians passed away, who had talked with him face to face. For nearly two thousand years his face and his words have been obscured by the traditions of credulous humanity, and by the dogmas of rival organizations. It is by way of the open mind and the honest search that science has taught us in these last decades to look upon the real Christ, to understand that he formulated no creed, that he founded no system of theology, that he organized no church, but that the Christianity he taught was summed up in love of God and service to man.

It is from this simple figure that the faith of science catches its warmest glow and its highest convictions. To this faith the words and the life of Jesus are their own best evidence. The Sermon on the Mount has for it more significance than the story of the virgin birth, or the account of the miraculous transfiguration. In these words, and exemplified in this life, science finds that typical man who is the hope of the world, our elder brother, conquering the weaknesses of humanity and leading it to the highest plane of service and of devotion. It is this figure to which the faith of science turns lovingly to-day, a faith broad enough to welcome alike Jew and Gentile, Catholic

and Protestant, bond and free, wherever the light of truth shines into the hearts of men.

The American university is to-day the home of that faith. It is a faith which is real and vital, which takes hold upon the emotions as well as upon the minds of men, which stirs their hearts and their imagination. It is the

faith of humanity and in humanity. Under its inspiration great works are to be done. Science and art and literature shall become alive. And the American university, which embodies the intellectual aspirations of a free people, is becoming day by day the representative of their spiritual aspirations as well.

THE SECRET OF GOLF

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

'To succeed in keeping the eye unswervingly upon the ball is the one and only real secret of success in golf.' — So says J. H. Taylor, Professional, Champion, and Author of a big book on golf. This is a notable and an important utterance by a noted and a practical golfer. But here Taylor leaves us. *How* can we keep our eye on the ball? And *why* must we keep our eye on the ball? Whence arises the necessity? Wherein consists the peculiar efficacy of fixing the gaze on that humble little sphere at our feet — or at its top — or at its back — or at the turf behind, as the case may be? What happens if we do look? What happens if we do not look? These be important problems. (Such niceties as whether you should look rather at the grass behind your ball than at the ball, or at what particular part of your ball you should look for a particular kind of shot, I do not discuss here; are they not all written in the book of *The Complete Golfer*?)

I attempt here a brief analysis (1) of the 'How,' and (2) of the 'Why.'

I

This little puzzle, how to keep one's eye on the ball, may be said to possess a little psychology all its own. We 'perceive' an object, say the psychologists, when not only 'our attention is drawn' to that object, but when 'all the other impressions that are exciting sensations at the same moment fall into the field of inattention'; in plain words, when we are oblivious of everything but the thing perceived. It is this inattention or oblivion that the golfer has most carefully to practice. If, during that infinitesimal period of time which elapses between the beginning of the upward swing of the club and its impact with the ball, the golfer allows any one single sensation, or idea, to divert his attention — consciously or unconsciously — from the little round image on his retina, he does not properly 'perceive' that ball; and of course, by consequence, does not properly hit it. Unfortunately, always and in all circumstances, a multiplicity of sensations and feelings

and ideas are clamoring for attention. There are nerves all over the body, — and inside the body, — and the mind is ceaselessly, not only receiving impressions from these nerves, but issuing orders through other nerves. If, for example, I, at this moment, while trying to write this sentence, were to attend to, say, my paper, or my pen, or my ink, or even the feel of my clothes or my boots, or the temperature of the room, or the unsteadiness of the table, or the presence of my companions, why I should never get the sentence written — and the writing of it is child's play compared with keeping one's eye on the ball. Luckily, I could re-write the sentence if I made a mess of it. But alas, the golfer can never re-hit his ball. And he, poor soul, the while he is addressing himself to that exacting task, is beset with as many sensations as am I. So it comes to this, that to play golf well, to play golf at all, one must school one's self to be absolutely blind to unnumbered sensations and impressions, and to concentrate one's whole undivided attention on that meek little object at one's feet.

There is one simple anatomical reason for this inability to see your ball when you are thinking of something else instead of looking. Everybody has heard the phrase 'a vacant stare.' When one's thoughts are absorbed in something other than the object looked at, the eyes lose their convergence; that is to say, instead of the two eyeballs being turned inwards and focused on the thing, they look straight outwards into space; with the result, of course, that the thing looked at is seen indistinctly. 'We must will to see,' says the great psychologist Höffding, without the remotest cognizance of the extreme applicability of this maxim to the game of golf, — and without apparently, we may add, the remotest cognizance of the extreme corrobora-

tion which the game of golf gives to this maxim, 'We must will to see, in order to see aright.' As a matter of fact, golf is the most rigid tester of will-power in the world. It is this that makes it so interesting. It is this that makes it so important. It is this that makes it so educative, so edifying. For it does edify: that is, build up; it builds up character, because it strengthens will-power; for will-power is the foundation of character.

Which little fact leads to another curious little fact. Often I have heard a man say, 'There! I was afraid I should do that.' Precisely. He was not 'perceiving' his ball, his mind was in reality wandering; and, such are the intricacies and profundities of the human mind, — so little do we seem to be masters of our own minds, — that this, that, or the other little, vague, inchoate, and recondite notion or suggestion, of the very existence of which the mind is not aware, rises to the surface, proclaims itself supreme, and dominates and tyrannizes over the entire man. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and the physiological and psychological structure of the so-called rational human being is past finding out. The whole thing seems so childishly simple; yet the achievement of that whole thing is so abominably difficult. No wonder we make mistakes in golf. We make mistakes in every department of life: we bet on the wrong horse, or the wrong cards; we buy the wrong stock; we back the wrong friend; we marry the wrong wife. Is it any wonder we make the wrong stroke? And golf is more exacting than racing, cards, speculation, or matrimony. Golf gives no margin: either you win or you fail. You cannot hedge; you cannot bluff; you cannot give a stop-order; you cannot jilt. One chance is given you, and you hit or miss. There is nothing more rigid in life. And it is

just this ultra and extreme rigidity that makes golf so intensely interesting.

But 'interesting' is hardly the word by which to describe the lure of golf. The human masculine mind loves to assert itself, to show itself supreme, to prove to itself—and to others—its mastery over circumstance, its domination over the things or persons by which or by whom it is opposed. Well, here on the links it is opposed by a quiet little ball lying within a known distance of a quiet little hole, and the thing to be done is to put one into other. You have not to pore over turf news, or remember long or short suits, or scan the city article, or make yourself agreeable at afternoon teas. You have to hit. But ah, that hit! that one precise and particular hit! How it taxes the human soul!

What takes place, or what ought to take place, in the human soul at every stroke, is, I imagine, a seven-fold process:—

1. *Sensation*—a clear image of the ball on the retina;

2. *Perception*—the cerebral reception and recognition of that image;

3. *Cognition*—a clear understanding of what you wish to do;

4. *Imagination*—a picturing to yourself of how to do it;

5. *Attention*—the concentration of the whole self on the ball;

6. *Volition*—the issuance of the orders to strike; and lastly,

7. *Action*—the resulting movements of the arms, legs, and trunk.

Now, the most important of these seven processes is Attention; for, unless you *attend*, (1) the image is blurred; (2) the mental recognition dim; (3) the understanding vague; (4) the imagined movements obscure; (5) the attention diverted; (6) the orders to the motor-centres confused; and (7) the stroke ineffective.

Attention!—I do not know whether

you are aware of the fact, my dear reader, but it may console you to know that if this little question of how to attend has puzzled us unlearned and untechnical golfers, it has puzzled a great many very learned and very technical men also. To the problem of 'attention' psychologists without number have of late been devoting *their* attention—and, if all accounts are true, not with much avail: Ach and Bair; Külpe and Kaes; Kohn and Kraepelin and Kelchner; Fick and Féré and Fechner; Czermak and Ziehen; Gürber and Goltz and Geissler and Geiger; Pilzecker, Pentschew, Pflaum; Henrich and Henri and Hammer; Müller, Münsterberg, and Meumann; Wiersma, Kafka, Munk, Wundt, Stumpf (you must not laugh: these are real names of real people); all these and hosts of others have been doing their best to find out what 'attention' is, and what the laws by which it works; and, if all accounts are true, they differ not a little among themselves both as to one and as to other.

What, then, is this thing called 'attention,' a thing to which whole big books have been devoted? It is very difficult to find anywhere a clear, precise, coherent, and adequate definition. 'Attention,' says Mr. Pillsbury, 'means largely that some one element of consciousness is picked out from the others, and given an advantage over them.' How many elements are there? Who or what picks one out? And what sort of advantage is bestowed upon this one? In its way, we might say that attention was the concentration of the whole mind upon the particular thing that one wishes to do. But here again, what is the 'whole mind'? and if there are several particular things that one wishes to do, all at one and the same time, how and on which is that whole mind to be concentrated? Who or what is it that

'wishes' to do this, that, or the other; and how does this 'who' or 'what' differ from the 'whole mind'? Is not my 'whole mind' just *me*? Why cannot I do what I wish to do? How is it that I cannot compel myself to keep my head steady, to keep my eye on my ball, to follow through?

Pillsbury does his best to be definite and precise. Listen —

1. 'The conditions of any act of attention are to be found in the present environment (objective conditions) and in the past experience of the individual (subjective conditions).'

2. 'The main objective conditions are the intensity, extent, and duration of the stimulus'

3. 'The subjective conditions are to be found in the idea in mind at the time, in the mood of the moment, the education, previous social environment, and heredity of the individual.'

This is a large order! But every golfer has found himself compelled to book and ship this order at every stroke in the course

Professor Edward Bradford Titchener, in his *Lectures on the Elementary Psychology of Feeling and Attention*, points out 'the labile, instable character of attention.' In plain language, it is extremely difficult to keep the mind from wandering. 'I have caught myself,' says Titchener, 'time and again, slipping from the proscribed object of attention to some secondary circumstance.' It needed no learned psychologist to tell any golfer that! Lastly he asks, almost in desperation, 'Is attention intrinsically intermittent, and is it impossible to hold a single, simple content [he means a thing that the mind knows has to be done or attended to] steadily in the focus of consciousness?'

But let us try to come to close quarters with the thing.

Mr. James Sully has pointed out

that there are two kinds of attention: (1) that which is turned to outside objects; (2) that which is turned to the processes inside the mind. The division, I think, is legitimate, even obvious. For example, when one is reading proof-sheets, one's attention is concentrated upon the printed words and one pays little heed to the meaning of the words; but when one is reading an interesting novel, one pays little or no heed to spelling or punctuation, but very much heed to the story and the characters. Now, golf, it seems to me, makes demands upon both kinds of attention at one and the same moment of time. it calls upon you to concentrate your faculties on that little external object, your ball; but it also calls upon you then and there to concentrate all your faculties upon how the stroke shall be played. It is here that the difficulty lies. Every proof-reader knows that it is next to impossible to follow the thread of the author's argument when he is attending to commas and semi-colons, and few novel-readers could pass an examination in the peculiarities of their author's punctuation and spelling. And yet the golfer is expected to do both! He simply cannot hit if he does not attend to his ball; and yet also he simply cannot hit unless he pays attention to his stroke! This is *the* difficulty in golf. But I doubt very much whether this thing called 'attention' can be exercised upon more than one thing at a time. It is probably just because you try to make your consciousness exercise itself upon two, three, four, or five things at one and the same time that you fail to do one or other of them.

But if only one thing can be 'attended' to at a time, what precisely ought we to attend to at the moment of impact of club with ball? Well, if you ask me, I say, *the image of the ball*. I firmly believe that what is necessary

is the external, not the internal, the sensorial, not the ideational, form of attention. I firmly believe that if you can keep your eye on the ball — keep it there, mind you — and ‘attend’ to that one thing alone at the moment that you hit, the hit will ‘coom aff’ as a Scotchman said to me once. Indeed a noted psychologist bears me out in this: “‘Keep your eye on the ball’ in golf,” says Mr. Pillsbury, ‘is a familiar statement of the fact that the movement of the arms is controlled immediately by attention to some object in the field of vision. There is little or no thought of the movements to be made, or of anything else except the place upon which the blow is to be delivered.’ All of which merely means that the attention to ‘the movements to be made’ must be finished and done with before the attention is fixed upon ‘the place upon which the blow is to be delivered.’

And now to sum up on this problem of attention. I suspect that to concentrate the attention is a natural gift. Some men can do it; some men cannot. If you cannot be utterly absorbed in what you are doing, be it only looking at your ball — well, I can only recommend you to go out day after day — day after day — and attend to nothing else whatsoever but the look at your ball. When you have persuaded some cerebral centre to do that automatically, you can begin to train other centres to do other things.

But apart from all these anatomical, physiological, and psychological theories, I have sometimes thought that there are two simple and especial reasons for this difficulty of keeping one’s eye on the ball: first, because there is nothing to stimulate the attention; secondly, because one has to attend so long. In cricket, tennis, racquets, the stimulus is extreme: by consequence your eye follows the ball like a hawk.

In billiards there is no stimulus, but you never or rarely take your eye off your ball in billiards. Why? I think because (1) the ball is much nearer to your eye, and therefore the image is clearer and the stimulus stronger, and (2) because the period of time requisite for the stroke is so short. In golf the stimulus is weaker and the period longer. In all probability the intensity of the attention very soon tires the delicate cerebral cells so attending. I imagine these cells to be in a state of tremendous tension, and that this tremendous tension can be kept up for only a very short period of time. No doubt the tension depends upon the blood-supply. Well, there are about seventy-two pulse-beats in the minute. One fraction of a second, therefore, may alter the character and the intensity of the tension.

‘But what will *make* me attend?’ you ask. Ah! now we strike real difficulty. Difficult as the psychological analysis of the stroke has been, it is child’s play compared with the problem, how to make one’s self attend. One has to put a force upon one’s self. One has to be determined. And how is this to be done? Well, Aristotle held that virtue was a *ἕξις*, a habit; that we became virtuous by practicing virtue, as we learned to play on the kithara by playing on the kithara. There is a profound truth in this. *Nemo*, says an old Latin adage, *repente fuit turpissimus*: no man is a blackguard all at once. Neither is a man a saint all at once. Neither is a man a good attender all at once. To attend, one must practice attention. It is not a thing to be come at in a day, or a week, or a month. Some men are more moral than others. Some men have more ‘will-power.’ Attention is a virtue. To be acquired, it must be cultivated. So culpable an entity is the mind of man that only by constant and rigorous practice and discipline can it

be brought under subjection and made to attend to one thing only when many things claim attention.

How culpable an entity the mind is, and how often it disobeys the simplest of injunctions, the following narrative will show. I had a little conversation recently with one of the most scrupulously careful of players, a gentleman who, during his pupilage at all events, read book upon book on golf, and laboriously endeavored to carry out the precepts therein contained; who at every tee spent an interminable period of valuable time in planting his feet, measuring his distance, making sure of the grip of each particular digit of each particular hand; in wagging, and considering, and taking thought with himself before actually making his stroke. (There really ought to be a time-limit for the address.) I had a little conversation with this gentleman. He had been last year somewhat off his game, and had been taking lessons. 'And what,' said I, 'does your Professional say is the matter?' 'Well,' was the answer, somewhat hesitatingly enunciated, 'he says I am taking my eye off the ball.' If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?

And this leads to yet another point. My friend Mr. Kenyon-Stow, in an interesting conversation I had with him, averred (and I partly agree with him) that the whole and sole virtue of the follow-through depends upon the fact that that follow-through is the result of keeping your eye on the ball. If you *don't* keep your eye on the ball, your stroke is cut short the moment you take your eye off, and you do not follow-through; if you *do* keep your eye on the ball, your stroke is not cut short and you do follow-through. I think that this is incontestable, though I very much doubt whether that immortal genius who crystallized this

diamantine axiom into a sexiverbal maxim quite understood what portentous though elemental truths he was consolidating into a single sentence.

Mr. Kenyon-Stow's theory seems to throw a light and to be an advance upon the theory of Braid. Braid thinks the optic nerve works faster than the arms, and that therefore the eyes look up before the arms have finished their business. The fact probably is that if the mind is really attending to the retinal image of the ball, the orders issued to the motor-centres of the arms will continue just so long as the image of the ball upon the retina continues; and as the retinal image remains for about one-fortieth of a second after the object has departed, the stroke is continued for that one-fortieth of a second, and the follow-through is established. This, at all events, is indisputable. any photograph showing a good follow-through shows the player looking at the spot where the ball was, long after the ball had left it.

But above all, you must address the ball in the imperative mood, not in the subjunctive or interrogative. Remember this. You must say to yourself, 'Do it'; not, 'How shall I do it?' or 'I wonder whether I can do it.' That way failure lies; for it proves that you are not sure of yourself, and never upon this earth was anything done by any one who was not sure of himself. In fact, your theorist is not apt to make a good golfer. He has not enough steadiness of purpose, his temperament is not equable enough. I would back Horatio against Hamlet on the links. Perhaps of all the *dramatis personæ* of *Hamlet* the best golfer would be the First Grave-digger, that absolute knave, so precise, so sure, so slow, so careful; and the worst assuredly would be that water-fly Osric.

Nor does even this exhaust the list of obstacles to be overcome if one

wishes to look properly at one's ball. A host of psychological experimenters have tried to find out how long the act of attention can be kept up without fatigue. We must remember that the act of attention is performed by a cell or cells in the brain, situated somewhere in the frontal lobes, I believe. Of course these cells, like muscles, easily tire. Well, if the novice or the duffer knew that these psychological experimenters had come to the conclusion that 'the duration of a single act of attention is from three to twenty-four seconds; most usually five to eight seconds,' he would be extremely careful not to tire out those cells in his frontal lobes by prolonged and futile fidgeting before he strikes. The fact is, as Stout has pointed out, 'attention is mental activity.' Of course. The mind never stands still, never stops working — except in sleep. All consciousness, all thought, is a flux of ideas or feelings. We cannot hold any one single isolated idea in the field of consciousness for any length of time. Yet this is precisely what the golfer, when he sets himself to keep his eye on the ball, is called upon to do.

If I am right in this, we may say, not that the optic nerve works faster than the arms, but that the flux of ideas in the mind is more rapid than the swing. This, you see, is why that slow, sure, careful, absolute knave, the First Grave-digger, would play well, and that volatile, shallow-pated, feather-brained water-fly Osric would not. Archimedes would have been a good attender (and, therefore, looker-at-the-ball), he who — so the legend goes — was, in the siege of Syracuse, slain by a soldier while intent on a mathematical problem. Socrates would have been a good attender, he who — so Plato tells us through the mouth of Alcibiades — could stand fixed in thought from dawn till dawn. Izaak Walton

would have made a good attender, he who studied to be quiet, and angled and wrote of angling while England was torn with the conflict between Royalist and Roundhead. Hegel would have been a good attender, he who composed the concluding pages of his *Die Phaenomenologie des Geistes* while the artillery of Napoleon thundered on the field of Jena.

So much for the 'How.' Let us now discuss the 'Why.'

II

It was left to Mr. Walter J. Travis to hit the nail of the 'Why' on the head. 'The time-honored injunction laid down by all writers and teachers to "keep your eye on the ball" — which eye, by-the-way? — would be more aptly expressed by insisting upon the head being kept absolutely still and in the same position as in the address until the ball is struck — or even a moment after. . . . If the head is kept in the same position throughout the swing, the player may even go so far as to absolutely shut his eyes and be reasonably certain of getting the ball well away, provided no jerk is introduced.' So says Mr. Travis. Mrs. Gordon Robertson, Golf Professional at Princes' Ladies' Golf Club, Mitcham, England, goes, indeed, further still: 'Before a beginner attempts to handle her clubs there is one thing which she is always told, and that is, "Keep your eye on the ball." In the course of my teaching I have noticed something which, in my opinion, is even still more important. . . . It is this: "Keep your head still." By doing this it is impossible to take your eye off the ball.' (But Mrs. Gordon Robertson will permit me to point out that one could, by rolling the eyeballs, keep the eyes on the ball, yet move the head.)

Both would be absolutely right if it

were not that, to ensure that steadiness, and to ensure the proper swing of the arms, it seems necessary to look. This, with great deference to such eminent authorities, I believe to be the case. Ophthalmologists tell us that it is through the two organs of vision chiefly that we form an idea of solidity, of distance, of the spaces between things, and of the number of inches, feet, or yards at which objects are situated from our bodies. They say that the image of an object in one eye is slightly different from the image in the other eye; and that it is somehow owing to this difference that we get an idea of distance. To look at a small object near you, the eyeballs have to converge or point inwards. If you look at your nose, the right eye sees the right-hand side of the nose, and the left eye sees the left-hand side — and you conclude that your nose is very near your eyes. Well, when you look at your ball, your right eye sees more of the right side of it, the left more of the left — and you conclude that the ball is just so far away — how far, only long and persistent practice will tell you.

Now, I hold that unless the eyes are accurately taking note of this difference, are accurately measuring distance, not only at the moment of impact of club with ball, but during the whole swing of the arms, during the whole stroke — the arms will fail to swing accurately. The arms do not judge distance (save when we are actually touching something), nor does the body, nor does the head. The judging is done by the eyes, and the judging must be done during the whole act of striking, otherwise the arms will strike, literally, blindly. The muscles obey the eyes. If the eyes look up before the ball is hit, the muscles do not receive the proper orders to hit, and the most important part of the stroke is done blindly.

But surely almost every movement of our bodies proves that the muscles are obedient to the eyes, cannot act properly unless guided by the eyes. Why, at this very moment I may be said to have taken my stance and be 'addressing' my ink-pot. (I address it for hours every day.) I know exactly where it is, and I am keeping my head steady. Yet every time I want ink I *have* to look at that ink-pot. Could one even light a pipe blindfolded? ¹

However, it matters precious little *why* one must keep one's eye on the ball: the golfer who does not keep it there soon enough finds out, empirically as the philosophers say, that unless he can and does, the ball never goes right. It is extraordinary how extremely difficult to many men this extremely easy thing is. The novice, of course, knows nothing about the difficulty. He is so intensely interested in the business — so new to him — that he stares hard at the ball, and very often, accordingly, plays (for a time) remarkably well. When he arrives at that dangerous stage of the game at which he begins to be anxious about his stance, and his grip, and his stroke, when he wonders what he ought to do and how he is going to do it — ah! then to fix his attention on fixing his eyes (or his head) becomes not so easy a matter. Then perhaps he will think upon this, otherwise, I admit, intolerable, disquisition. As to the layman, he to whom golf appears to be a pastime most puerile, he will consider that this disquisition is a waste-time most pitiful.

It is a pity that so many literary elucidators and explicators of the game of golf devote so many pages to the subsidiary circumstances connected

¹ Not, I think, unless one hand helps to guide the other by holding the bowl, however steady the head. — Try it, reader.

with the game. They descant, most learnedly and delightfully I admit, on how you should stand and how you should strike, on the kind of club you should use and on the kind you should not. I wonder if they would pardon me if I said that, as a matter of simple fact, if one *attended to the game* (with all that that means), almost one could stand and strike as one chose, and almost with any kind of club. If one never, never transgressed any of the primary rules of golf, almost one could play with a pole-axe!

But, after all, are psychological analyses such as these of any practical avail on the links? Probably not, unless they impress upon the reader thereof the necessity of looking at his ball. But if they do impress upon him that necessity — with all that it entails — it is quite possible that these analyses will be of use to him. But, I beg of you, golfer, think on these things when you are dressing, when you are shaving, when you are putting on your

boots. Think not on them when you are on the links. On the links you must *will*, not think. But will-power is either a natural gift, or an intellectual trait, or a moral attribute, or a mental habit, or an inherited temperament. It is probably all five. Whatever it is, in golf it is necessary and supreme.

What a piece of work is man! And how golf intensifies our amazement at that piece of work! Extraordinary, indeed, it is to think that a natural gift, an intellectual trait, a moral attribute, a mental habit, an inherited temperament, will determine the nature of the game you play. In a sense, of course, a man's character will always determine the manner in which he will play any game; or, to put it conversely, the way a man plays any game will always be an index to his character. Well, is there any game so indicative of character as is golf? At bottom, perhaps, the secret of golf lies somewhere imbedded in character.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY E. S. BATES

It is a most unsatisfactory thing — reading about what you would like to see; but if seeing sixteenth-century Europe implied spending the nights in sixteenth-century inns, there is much to be said for preferring the experience in print only. Luxury of a kind certainly was to be had. At the *Vasa d'Oro* at Rome were gorgeous beds, hung with silk and cloth-of-gold, worth four hundred to five hundred crowns each; at the *Ecu* at Chalons, silken bedding, too; and Germany occasionally provided sheets trimmed with lace four-fingers'-breadth wide, in paneled rooms. By 1652 Amsterdam possessed a hotel reckoned the best in Europe, every room in which was floored with black and white marble and hung with pictures, with one room containing an organ and decorated with gilded leather in place of tapestries. But these superfluities did not imply that a comfortable abiding-place was easily found. In any case, accommodation divided itself into bedroom and dining-room; of anything approaching a sitting-room there is rarely a word. The chief exception to this is the five or six halls, decorated and furnished like those of a rich gentleman, at the inn outside Sinigaglia. This was the finest hotel in Italy when, shortly before 1578, it was built by the Duke of Urbino, who allowed no other in the neighborhood. Its forty bedrooms, with no more than two beds in each, all opened by separate doors on one long gallery.

Often before the inn came in sight, the traveler would see his Italian host.

Sometimes the host would have touts as far away as seven or eight leagues, to buttonhole foreigners, carry their luggage, promise anything, and behave with the utmost servility — till the morning of departure. But with all this, to expect them to provide clean sheets was to expect too much, and as the nation was grievously afflicted with the itch, it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding. In many cases, we find the tourist sleeping on a table in his clothes to avoid the dirtiness or the vermin of the bed. Still, in Italy, as a rule, you shared your bed with these permanent occupants only. In Spain you were sure to do so, one man, one bed, was the custom there. In Germany the custom was just the reverse; in fact, if the tourist did not find a companion for himself, the host chose for him, and his bed-fellow might be a gentleman, or he might be a cart-er; all that could safely be prophesied about him was that when he came to bed he would be drunk. The bed would be one of several in a room; the covering, a quilt warm enough to be too warm for summer, and narrow enough to leave one side of each person exposed in winter. That is, supposing there were beds.

In northern Germany, rest for the night would be on a bench in a 'stove,' — as they called the room, because the stove was so invariably part of the furniture that the words 'room' and 'stove' became synonymous. To retain the heat, windows were never opened at night; all the travelers, women and

men, gentlemen and 'rammish clowns,' lay as near the stove as they could manage. The heat was such that the effect on one unaccustomed to it was 'as if a snake was twining about his legs.' Further, 'if several met together,' says a Frenchman, 'one might as well try to sleep in the market-place on market-day.' In upper Germany, the bedrooms were separate, without fire or the means of making one. As many beds were put in a room as the room could hold; fairly clean ones, however, as the Germans treated them with some disinfectant. In Saxony, there were no beds, no benches, not even a stove. The guests lay in the straw among the cows, the chief advantage of this state of affairs being that one's pillow was liable to be eaten in the night. In Poland, the same conditions prevailed, and meant a cold and dangerous night, in the rural districts, at least, for any one who did not adapt himself to the custom of the country by using the long coat lined with wolf-skins which served the Pole as cloak by day and bedding by night.

As a relief from the general statements, a particular instance may be quoted to exemplify a night by the way in Poland. The sleeping-room struck the writer as something between a stable and a subterranean furnace. Six soldiers lay on the ground as if dead; the peasant-tenant, his wife, children, and servants, lay on benches round the walls, with coverings of straw and feathers; in one corner slept a Calvinist, a baron's secretary; in another, on the peasant's straw pallet, an ambassador's chaplain, a Roman Catholic; and between the two, to save each, it seemed, from the heels of the other, was lying a huge Tartar, a captain in the Polish army, who had made up a bed of hay for himself. About the room were dogs, geese, pigs, fowls; while the corner by the oven was conceded to a woman who

had just given birth to a child. The baby cried, the mother moaned, the tired servants and soldiers snored, and early in the morning the writer rose from the shelf he was sharing with some leggings, spurs, and muskets, and escaped.

Speaking generally, there were no beds to be found in the North. In Muscovy everything must be taken along; without a hatchet, tinder-box, and kettle, there was no hot food for the wayfarer till he reached a monastery or a town; nor was there shelter to be had unless he happened to come across somebody's one-story cabin, which had no outlet for the smoke except the door, and accommodation below the level of the average stable. One room shared between the family, visitors, and live stock. When Sir Jerome Horsey was at Arensburg, in the island of Oesel, near the Gulf of Riga, in 1580, snakes crept about bed and table, and the hens came and pecked at them in the flour and the milk.

The German host was too apt to think that a heavy meal and honesty were all that could be expected from him. The honesty was indeed remarkable: more than one stranger was astonished by the recovery of property mislaid, — sent after him, sometimes, before he had discovered his loss, and no reward taken; but, indirectly, it was dearly paid for through the insolence born of virtue in a class that is naturally below the standard of the ten commandments. The customer was made to feel that the favor was to, not from, him. An exception to this is the experience of Van Buchell, the antiquary, who found German hosts sending hot water up to a traveler's bedroom, if it were noticed he was tired; and there were herbs in the water, such as camomile, for strengthening the feet; and this even at Frankfurt-am-Main in Fair-time, as well as elsewhere. But

there was no such thing as hastening on or delaying a meal-time, and no use in expressing dissatisfaction with the food: the bill must be paid without question, not a farthing abated.

And generally, indeed, the help of the law did not seem to avail against the innkeeper. Tourists speak of successful appeals to the law on other points and curse the inns without ceasing, but a successful tourist's lawsuit against his host remains to be found. In the Tyrol, in fact, the plaintiff would find the defendant not only on, but controlling, the bench; and in Spain most innkeepers were officers of the 'Santa Hermandad,' — a 'Holy Brotherhood' whose *raison d'être* was to act as country police, with the result that the complainant would probably be arrested at the next stopping-place on some trumped-up charge. In short, when the bill came to a hundred per cent too much in Spain, the cheapest way was to pay it.

Of all the ill-feeling that the tourists harbored against Spain, the bitterest was on account of the inns. From Andrew Boorde, in the middle of the century, we learn that 'hogs shall be under your feet at the table, and lice in your beds'; while another traveler tells how he preferred to hire three Moors to hold him in their arms while he slept. Those who come later tell the same tale: at Galleretta, on the border of Castile, a German finds the stable, the bedroom, the kitchen, the dining-room, the pig-sty, one and the same room; and a Papal envoy sleeps on straw one snowy night without a fire. And from a traveler at the end of the century we learn that the sight of the inns was more than enough. There was but one way to reconcile one's self to the wayside inn of Spain, and that was — to try those of Portugal.

Over all these inns the Turkish 'khan' had this advantage, that there

was no host. A khan was a building which some compare to a barn, and one to a tennis-court, with a platform running round inside the walls about four feet broad and usually from three to four feet high, but sometimes ten. At intervals of about eight feet were chimneys. The platform was for the travelers, the inner space for their beasts, while the chimneys enabled each party to cook its food. Such was the normal form of the khan, seeming to an un-instructed traveler just a stable, in which idea he would be confirmed by the scents in the early morning. The average Christian found that the noises and the lights prevented sleep; but the Turk carried a rug to sleep on, used his saddle as a pillow, and his great rain-cloak as a covering, and found it comfortable enough till daybreak, when (greatly to the disgust of the Christians present) he thought it suitable to get up. Or, if the moon were very bright, he might arise earlier by mistake, for he carried no watch, nor believed one when he saw it.

But as time went on, far more magnificent places arose, capable of holding nearly a thousand travelers and their belongings, — with many rooms, and covered ways leading to mosques across the road. The finest of all lay along the road leading from Constantinople to Christendom. The fact that the term 'khan' is applied indiscriminately by most Franks to all inns, is evidence that they were not on speaking terms with the natives, to whom many of these rest-houses were known as 'imaret,' — those, that is, which provided food free. Among the richer Turks, all lodgings were a form of good works, a practical attempt to disarm the customary suspicions of the Grand Signor or the well-justified wrath of Allah; and free food was an extension of this appeal. The food was mostly barley porridge, or porridge of some other

grain, with meat in it, and bread, and sometimes honey, nor was there any idea of poverty associated with taking it; Jew and viceroy were alike recipients. There is no need to dwell on the marvelous provision for travelers, and even for the care of stray animals, in Constantinople: the free food, free lodging, free medical attendance for men of all creeds, as unfolded in detail by the Turk traveler, Awliyâî Effendî, since the Frank knew of its existence but dimly and by hearsay only, for he would be lodging over the water at Pera with his nation's ambassador.

The Turk himself never traveled alone. Had he done so, he would have found the non-existence of the inn-keeper a nuisance. Near Constantinople there was a khan for each stage of every journey; but not so, farther away: from Aleppo to Damascus was a nine days' journey, and there were only five khans on the way. But the traveler who accompanied a caravan was well taken care of. At the end of the day's journey, a quadrangle was formed, the travelers inside among the wagons; the lines of the square were formed by the beasts, their heads tethered inwards, and at night there was an outer line of fire; by the side of the fires, the watch; outside the fires, the patrol. Thus the night was spent until the three loud strokes on the drum which gave the signal for starting.

And so we return to the inns, leaving the bedroom, to consider the fare; and, since, in nine cases out of ten, a sign-board spells a drink, let us consider drinks first. Spaniards and Turks drank water; the rest of Europe thought it unhealthy; in fact, as often as not, people cleaned their teeth with wine. Still, drinking-fountains were not unknown; for we have a record of one German at Paris who sampled sixteen.

The consumption of cider, wines, and

light and heavy beer, seems to have been localized, even as to-day. The Turks alone had coffee and sherbet, and only the Spaniards chocolate, the drinking of which, however, was a fashion recently introduced on account of its supposed medicinal results; but in the sixteenth century chocolate was to be had only where the most expensive kind of business was done. Among spirits, Irish was reckoned the best whiskey, but was seldom found outside Ireland, where it was known as the 'King of Spain's daughter.' In Muscovy, *aqua vitæ* was the favorite drink: every meal began and ended with it; but for quantity consumed, hydromel came first, with mead second. Besides being consumed neat, hydromel was often mixed with water in which cherries, strawberries, mulberries, or raspberries had been soaked for twenty-four hours or more; with *aqua vitæ* substituted for water, with raspberries, the drink is recommended as marvelous.

Drunkenness — especially in Germany — was infinitely more common than to-day. More stringent laws had, it is true, been passed, during the past century, as a result of the victories of the teetotal Turks; but there was no one to enforce them. Every German's conversation was punctuated with 'I drink to you,' 'as regularly,' says Fynes Moryson, 'as every psalm ends in a "Gloria"'; and among a number of princes whom he saw at a funeral feast, not one was sober. 'What would they have done at a wedding?' he queries; adding that during the year and a half he spent in Germany, though he attended church regularly, he never heard a clergyman say a word against intemperance. When abroad they lived up to their reputation. We read that once when some Germans halted at a village in Spain, there was a riot; the peasants were really afraid, before-

hand, that the price of wine would go up!

Turning our attention to meals, we find breakfast less of an established custom than it is at present. In France it was more, in Germany less, usual than elsewhere. In Germany, indeed, breakfast was not taken at the inn, but bought in the shape of 'branntwein' and gingerbread at shops, existing partly for that purpose, at the town gates. French customs generally were more considerate toward the new-comer; something to eat would often be brought him as he dismounted, and water for a wash; just as in Flanders a bright-faced girl would frequently be ready at the door with beer or wine, very ready to drink at the traveler's expense and to start first; elsewhere he would be expected to wait till dinner, as dusty, inside and outside, as when he came in. A French breakfast consisted of a glass of wine and just a mouthful of bread; sometimes, as in Normandy, buttered toast, sometimes even meat, was kept ready; but the sole instance of a traveler finding himself expected to eat a substantial meal the first thing in the morning was at the inn of St. Sebastian, — 'the best inn on the Paris-Lyons road,' says Golnitz, — kept by a mother and two daughters.

The English custom of taking for granted that the guest saved some of his supper to serve as breakfast next morning, does not seem to have been in use abroad. In Italy it was customary to begin the day at a wine-tavern where boys waited to serve cakes as well as wine, on which foundation the economical Italian would very often last till supper.

Practically, eating resolved itself into two meals a day, and this was in general what the travelers were used to at home. Very fortunate it was that they were used to it; to us it seems like alternately starving and over-eating. In

Germany the starving was the more common; in fact, it is not easy to see how the second meal was fitted into the day. At Berne there was a law against sitting at table more than five hours; at Bâle, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. was the maximum permitted; but the town council was unable to practice its own counsels of perfection, and on great occasions finished in private. In Saxony the innkeeper was forbidden to serve more than four dishes at one meal; and there public opinion was some check, inasmuch as it was common to compare the Saxon dishes, served as they were, one by one, to the tyrants of Sicily, each one of whom was a more fearful monster than his predecessor.

The neighbors of the Saxons, on the contrary, set everything on the table at once in a 'two-decker' on three iron feet, in the top-story was the inevitable sauerkraut, and beneath, roast meat, poultry, puddings, and whatever else was to be had, a collection which an Englishman likened to Noah's ark, as containing all kinds of creatures. As to these German 'puddings,' there is no hard-and-fast rule to be drawn between them and sausages; and accordingly one cannot be sure whether it was pudding or sausage which Fynes Moryson had for supper one night near Erfurt; but the ingredients are of little importance compared with the size, for it was as big as a man's leg, conforming to the phrase in which the German expressed his idea of happiness, *Lange Würsten, kurz Predigen* (long sausages and short sermons). One who journeyed through Hessen describes his diet as 'mostly cole-worts'; but a Saxony dinner ordinarily began with stewed cherries or prunes, continued with poultry or meat, the pot for which was set on the fire but once a week, and concluded with bacon to fill up the corners, a consideration as important for the host as

for his guests, as there was no greater reproach to hurl at an inn than *Ich hab' mich da nicht satt gefressen* (I did n't eat my belly-full there).

Bacon was of great account in Germany, so great that the owners were wont to bless their pigs when the latter trotted out of a morning, to ensure their safe return; and a servant was told off to wash them as they passed the fountain on their way home. But while a well-fattened sow commanded a fancy price (as much as the equivalent of fifty pounds was paid at Heidelberg in 1593 for one which had become unable to eat a whole raw egg at a meal), sucking pigs were unknown as eatables; an Englishman who bought one for food was forced to kill and prepare it himself on account of the unwillingness of the servants to touch it. What Saxony really lacked was everything dependent on the yield of a cow; throughout Germany there was little cheese except that made from goat's milk.

A common *hors d'œuvre* was what were called *Neun Augen* — little lampreys that had nine eyes. Birds other than poultry were unusual; of veal and beef there was a moderate supply, of dried venison rather too much, as was the case at Hamburg with salmon. Dried fish one might expect, with many sauces, all designed to create thirst. Fresh fish was commonly on view alive beforehand in the kitchen; no German inn lacked a wooden fish-tank, kept under lock and key and supplied with running water. In case the sauces failed of their effect, the desired thirst was sure to come at the end of the meal by the help of little bits of bread, sprinkled with pepper and salt. Fruits were habitually preserved, especially apples and pears, which were halved, dried in the oven, and served up with cinnamon and butter. Black cherries were put in a brass pot, mixed with the best pears cut into small pieces and boiled

and stirred till the contents were thick; then pressure was applied which sent the juice through holes in the bottom of the pot. This juice cooled solid, kept well, and after it had been liquefied again, was in every-day use as sauce for meat.

In France, for some reason, Normandy seems to have made foreigners more comfortable than other localities; yet Picardy, so little distant, did just the opposite. At this time, however, Picardy was stamped with the character of the border-country more disastrously than any other district of France. To the country as a whole, indeed, nothing remained, as regards cooking, but a reputation for entrées, or, as they were called then, *quelques-choses*. 'A hard bed and an empty kitchen' was a common experience in different districts; a party arrived at Antibes, on the Riviera, in 1606, to find one melon constituting all the provisions of the only inn.

Comparison of the fare in the various countries of Europe shows striking variations in the butter-supply. In Poland, butter was so plentiful as to be used for greasing cart-wheels; in France, so scarce and so bad that English ambassadors used to import theirs from home. In Spain, it was still scarcer, except in cow-breeding Estremadura. A German who wanted to buy butter was directed to an apothecary. This man produced a small and very rancid supply, preserved in a she-goat's bladder for use as an ingredient in salves; and informed his customer that there was not such another quantity in all Castile.

England was a land of plenty in those days; Poland no less so. The sum of the experience of those who had first-hand means of comparison suggests that Poland was as great an importer of luxuries as any country in Europe. Muscovy did not import, but was well off

nevertheless, with plenty of beef, mutton, pork, and veal, and there was all the more of these good things for foreigners, since, on account of the numerous fast-days, the natives had become so used to salt fish that they ate little meat, although the salt fish, insufficiently salted, was often in a state like that of the fish which the good angel provided for Tobit to protect him from a demon, the scent whereof was so terrible that it drove the fiend into the uttermost parts of Egypt. During Lent, butter was replaced by caviare. An ambassador's secretary has a pleasant picture to draw of wayside fare: whenever his party reached a village, the local priest would appear with gooseberries, or fish, or a hen, or some eggs, as a present. The good Father was rewarded with *aqua vitae*, and generally went home drunk.

At sea, the food-question was complicated, for on small boats no fires were allowed. In the Mediterranean, one was limited to biscuit, onions, garlic, and dried fish. On the bigger ships there was garlic again, to roast which and call it 'pigeon' was a stock joke with the Greek sailors. On an Italian ship of nine hundred tons one traveler of whom we have record fared well. There were two *table-d'hôte* rates; he chose the higher one. Knife, spoon, fork, and a glass to himself, were provided. Fresh bread was furnished for three days after leaving a harbor, fresh meat at first and afterwards salt meat, and on fast-days, eggs, fish, vegetables, and fruit. An English idea of victualing a ship included wheat, rice, currants, sugar, prunes, cinnamon, ginger, pepper, cloves, oil, old cheese, wine, vinegar, canary sack, *aqua vitae*, water, lemon juice, biscuit, oatmeal, bacon, dried neats' tongues, roast beef preserved in vinegar, and legs of mutton minced and stewed and packed in butter, in earthen pots; together with a few luxuries, such as marmalade and almonds.

Finally, there is the food to be met with in Ireland, concerning which it is enough to quote: 'Your diet shall be more welcome and plentiful than cleanly and handsome, for although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheer their country yieldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor.'

Except in Italy, fingers invariably did the work of forks, and often of knives, too. The French were the only people in the habit of washing before they sat down to table; but this is by no means so much to their credit as it seems at first sight, for it was the result of their previously getting themselves into such a state as to render them intolerable even to themselves. Except for the effects of drunkenness, the Germans appear to have been the pleasantest table-companions, in spite of all sitting at one round table, or rather, because of it: for men were the more careful to behave in such fashion that they would have no objection if their neighbors imitated their own table-manners. Moreover, Germans made a practice of having a bath every Saturday night. From this common table no one in Germany was excluded except the hangman, for whose exclusive use a separate table was reserved. The rest of the dining-room furniture consisted of a leather-covered couch for those who were too drunk to do anything but lie down.

As to plates and vessels, no general statement would serve, even for a single country, owing to the rapidity with which the supply of silver increased during these centuries. In 1517 an Italian notes of the Flemish that all their vessels, of the church, the kitchen, and the bedroom, were of English brass; but that statement is confirmed by no later traveler. Wood was common in proportion to the unpretentiousness of the inn, except in Muscovy, where it was

almost invariably made use of through the frequency of the destructive fires, which necessitated the use of the most easily replaceable material; the few silver tankards possessed by the Muscovites were rendered unattractive by the custom of cleaning drinking-vessels but once a year.

Inseparable from the inns are the bathing-places. In most cases the baths formed part of the premises of the inn. At Abano, near Padua, the chief bathing-resort of Italy, were private rooms with a *guardaroba* adjoining, through which latter a stream of the water could be turned on. Baden, in Switzerland, was exceptional in having baths under public control, for poor as well as for rich, besides those in private hands.

The inn at which Montaigne stayed had eleven kitchens; three hundred persons were catered for each day, one hundred and seventy-seven beds were made, and every one could reach his room without passing through any one's else. Montaigne's party engaged four rooms, containing no more than nine beds; two of the rooms had stoves; and a private bath adjoined. Swiss Baden possessed sixty baths, German Baden three hundred. Spa was much visited, but most of the watering-places have been practically forgotten, so far as the water is concerned: for instance, Pougues-les-Eaux, the chief centre in France; and Aachen, where there existed forty baths outside the town, although the chief ones were within.

The object of the visitors was nominally medicinal, but we read that 'Many come thither with no disease but that of love; and many times find remedy.'

Quite apart from bathing customs, however, decidedly free-and-easy as they were, the position of the lady traveler must frequently have been embarrassing. Many a husband, perhaps,

may disbelieve that ladies ever did travel, in the days when no hot-water bottles existed, but that would be a mistake; there is record of at least two substitutes one, a bag of heated semolina, or millet; the second, a dog. A more serious objection was that the privacy of the bedroom was not respected. Even in France, a murderer was lodged in Gölnitz's room for the night, together with the six guardians who were escorting him to the place of trial; and in Picardy, bedrooms were merely partitioned off, doors and windows lying open all night with no means of fastening them. But a permanently open window would have been welcome on occasion: as when, in 1652, Mademoiselle de Montpensier lodged at an inn in Franche-Comté with no window at all in her room, and consequently had to do her hair at the door.

Again, respectable women would not be traveling alone, and as bedrooms were so few, they would always have to be prepared to share the room with their escort, even if no other man were admitted; a condition which persisted up to far more recent times. In 1762, a lawyer, traveling through Périgord with a lady who was a client of his, her son, and a girl, had to put up at an inn which owned but two beds, and those both in one room. This room, by the way, possessed two doors, one opening upon a meadow and with joinery so imperfect that a dog could have crept in underneath; no dog took the chance, it is true, but the wind did.

Of lodgings and *pensions* and houses for hire, it is unnecessary to speak, because, apart from the conditions of living that have already been indicated, there is nothing to distinguish them from those of to-day. *Pensions* are doubtless still to be found in the same variety now, as two hundred and fifty years ago, at Blois — 'dainty, magni-

ficent, dirty, pretty fair, and stinking.'

Supervision over the inns was far stricter than at present, especially in Italy. At Lucca and at Florence all the inns were in a single street; and in many towns the new arrival was taken before the authorities by the guard at the gates before he was allowed to choose his inn, to which he would be conducted by a soldier. At Lucca, too, was a department of the judiciary, called *della Loggia*, which was specially concerned with strangers, and to this the innkeepers had to send a daily report of each guest. Yet to judge by the tourists' accounts, the supervision might well have been carried further, and reports upon the innkeepers required from the tourists. Such a system of double reports would have been a check on the murdering innkeeper, to whom there are occasional references. A landlord at Poitiers was detected, in the middle of the seventeenth century; and at Stralsund, so runs another tale, eight hundred (!) persons had disappeared at one inn. They had reappeared, it is true — but pickled. Another variety of innkeeper, who ran less risk but was equally dangerous, was

he who was in league with robbers; it was common enough, if travelers may be believed, for robbers to have spies at the inns. At Acciaiuolo, near Naples, another device was practiced by the keeper of an atrocious inn. He had an understanding with the captains of coasting-vessels, the result of which was that the latter found it impossible to get any farther that night and would not allow the passengers to sleep in the boat.

But what a one-sided account this is — and must remain. The travelers may have suffered then, but those few who have thought fit to leave us record of their sufferings have not a man to answer them now. Dead are their persecutors, and dead the jolly host, and the even jollier hostess, and the ladies-in-waiting, and the willing 'boots,' who so rarely get a word of recognition in these yellow pages; dead without a word. And rare are the tourists who give themselves away like Benvenuto Cellini, the blackguard! who admits that he ripped up forty crowns' worth of bedding because he was asked to pay his bill overnight instead of in the morning; and then ran for his life.

THE CLAM-FARM:

A CASE OF CONSERVATION

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

OUR hunger for clams, and their present scarcity, have not been the chief factors in the new national movement for the conservation of our natural resources; nor are the rising prices of pork and lumber and wheat immediate causes, although they have served to give point and application to the movement. Ours is still a lavishly rich country. We have long had a greed for land, but we have not felt a pang yet of the Old World's land-hunger. Thousands of acres, the stay for thousands of human lives, are lying to-day as waste places on the very borders of our Eastern cities. There is plenty of land yet, plenty of lumber, plenty of food, but there is a very great and growing scarcity of clams.

Of course, the clam might vanish utterly from the earth and be forgotten; our memory of its juicy, salty, sea-fat flavor might vanish with it; and we, ignorant of our loss, be none the poorer. We should live on, — the eyeless fish in the Mammoth Cave live on, — but life, nevertheless, would not be so well worth living. For it would be flatter, with less of wave-wet freshness and briny gusto. No kitchen-mixed seasoning can supply the wild, natural flavors of life; no factory-made sensations the joy of being the normal, elemental, primitive animal that we are.

The clam is one of the natural flavors of life, and no longer ago than when I was a freshman was considered one of

life's necessities. Part of the ceremony of my admission to college was a clam-bake down the Providence River — such a clam-bake as never was down any other river, and as never shall be again down the Providence River, unless and until the Rhode Island clam-diggers take up the barren flats and begin to farm.

This they will do; our new and general alarm would assure us of that, even if the Massachusetts clam-diggers were not already leading the way. The clam shall not perish from our tidal flats. Gone from long reaches where once it was abundant, small and scattering in its present scanty beds, the clam (the long-neck clam) shall again flourish, and all of New England shall again rejoice and be glad.

We are beginning, as a nation, while still the years are fat with plenty, to be troubled lest those of the future come hungry and lean. Up to the present time our industrial ethics have been like our evangelical religion, intensely, narrowly individualistic, — *my* salvation at all costs. 'Dress-goods, yarns, and tops' has been our industrial hymn and prayer. And religiously, even yet, I sing of my own salvation: —

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue.
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu;

—a most un-Christian sentiment truly, and all too common in both religion and

business, yet far from representing, to-day, the guiding spirit of either business or religion. For the growing conception of human brotherhood is mightily expanding our narrow religious selfishness; and the dawning revelation of industrial solidarity is not only making men careful for the present prosperity of the ends of the earth, but is making them concerned also for the future prosperity of the Farther-Off.

Priests and prophets we have had heretofore. 'Woodman, woodman, spare that tree,' they have wailed. And the flying chips were the woodman's swift response. The woodman has not heard the poet's prayer. But he is hearing the American public's command to let the sapling alone; and he is beginning to heed. It is a new appeal, this for the sapling; there is sound scientific sense in it, and good business sense, too. We shall save our forests, our water-sheds, and rivers; we shall conserve for time to come our ores and rich deposits; we shall reclaim the last of our Western deserts, adopt the most forlorn of our Eastern farms; we shall herd our whales of the Atlantic, our seals of the Pacific, number and multiply our truant schools of mackerel that range the waters of the sea; just as we shall restock with clams the waste, sandy shores of the sea, shores which in the days of Massasoit were as fruitful as Eden, but which through years of digging and no planting have become as barren as the bloodless sands of the Sahara.

It is a solemn saying that one will reap, in the course of time, what one sows — even clams if one sows clams; but it is a more solemn saying that one shall cease to reap, after a time, and for all eternity, what one has not sown — even clams out of the exhausted flats of the New England coast, and the sandy shores of her rivers that run brackish to the sea.

Hitherto we have reaped where we have not sown, and gathered where we have not strawed. But that was during the days of our industrial pilgrimage. Now our way no longer threads the wilderness, where manna and quails and clams are to be had fresh for the gathering. Only barberries, in my half-wild uplands, are to be had nowadays for the gathering. There are still enough barberries to go round without planting or trespassing, for the simple, serious reason that the barberries do not carry their sugar on their bushes with them, as the clams carry their salt. The Sugar Trust carries the barberries' sugar. But soon or late every member of that trust shall leave his bag of sweet outside the gate of Eden. Let him hasten to drop it now, lest once inside he find no manner of fruit, for his eternal feeding, but barberries!

We have not sown the clam hitherto: we have only digged; so that now, for all practical purposes, that is to say, for the old-time, twenty-five-cent, rock-weed clam-bake, the native, uncultivated clam has had its day; as the unenterprising, unbelieving clammers themselves are beginning to see.

The Providence River fishermen are seeking distant flats for the matchless Providence River clams, bringing them overland from afar by train. So, too, in Massachusetts, the distinguished Duxbury clams come out of flats that reach all the way from the mouth of the St. Johns, on the down-cast coast, to the beds of the Chesapeake. And this, while eight hundred acres of superb clam-lands lie barren in Duxbury town, which might be producing yearly, for the joy of man, eighty thousand bushels of real Duxbury clams!

What a clam-bake Duxbury does not have each year! A multitude of twice eighty thousand might sit down about the steaming stones and be filled. The thought undoes one. And all the

more, that Duxbury does not hunger thus alone. For this is the story of fifty other towns in Massachusetts, from Salisbury down around the Cape to Dighton — a tale with a minus total of over two million bushels of clams, and an annual minus of nearly two millions of dollars to the clammers.

Nor is this the story of Massachusetts alone, nor of the tide-flats alone. It is the story of the whole of New England, inland as well as coast. The New England farm was cleared, worked, exhausted, and abandoned. The farmer was as exhausted as his farm, and preferring the hazard of new fortunes to the certain tragedy of the old, went West. But that tale is told. The tide from New England to the West is at slack ebb. There is still a stream flowing out into the extreme West; rising in the Middle Western States, however, not in the East. The present New England farmers are staying on their farms, except where the city buyer wants an abandoned farm, and insists upon its being abandoned at any price. So will the clammer stay on his shore acres, for his clams shall no more run out, causing him to turn cod-fisher, or cranberry-picker, or to make worse shift. The New England clam-digger of to-day shall be a clam-farmer a dozen years hence; and his exhausted acres along shore, planted, cultivated, and protected by law, shall yield him a good living. A living for him, and clams for us; and not the long-neck clams of the Providence River and Duxbury flats only: they shall yield also the little-neck clams and the quahaug, the scallop, too, the oyster, and, from farther-off shore, the green-clawed lobster in abundance, and of a length the law allows.

Our children's children may run short of coal and kerosene; but they need never want for clams. We are going to try to save them some coal, for

there are mighty bins of it still in the earth, while here, besides, are the peat-bogs — bunkers of fuel beyond the fires of our imaginations to burn up. We may, who knows? save them a little kerosene. No one has measured the capacity of the tank; it has been tapped only here and there, the plant that manufactured it, moreover, is still in operation, and is doubtless making more. But whether so or not, we still may trust in future oil, for the saving spirit of our new movement watches the pipes that carry it to our cans. There is no brand of economy known to us at present that is more assuring than our kerosene economy. The Standard Oil Company, begotten by Destiny, it would seem, as distributor of oil, is not one to burn even its paraffine candles at both ends. There was, perhaps, a wise and beneficent Providence in its organization, that we might have five gallons for fifty-five cents for our children's sake — a price to preserve the precious fluid for the lamps of coming generations.

But should the coal and kerosene give out, the clam, I say, need not. The making of Franklin coal and Standard Oil, like the making of perfect human character, may be a process requiring all eternity, — longer than we can wait, — so that the present deposits may sometime fail; whereas the clam comes to perfection within a summer or two. The coal is a dead deposit; the clam is like the herb, yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth. All that the clam requires for an endless and an abundant existence is planting and protection, is — conservation.

Except for the North Pole, the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, or the cost of things, the vast smallness of our navy (I have a Japanese student in a class of mine!), 'and one thing more that may not be' (which, probably, is the 'woman ques-

tion') — except, I say, for a few of such things, I were wholly glad that my lines have fallen unto me in these days, when there are so many long-distant movements on foot, glad though I can only sit at the roadside and watch the show go by. I can applaud from the roadside. I can watch and dream. To this procession of Conservators, however (and to the anti-tariff crowd), I should like to join myself, should like to take a hand in saving things by planting a sapling along my roadside, at least, or by sowing a few 'spats' in a garden of clams. For here in the opposite direction moves another procession, an endless, countless number that go tramping away toward the desert Future without a bag of needments at their backs, without a staff to stay them in their hands.

The day of the abandoned farm is past; the time of the adopted, of the *adapted*, farm has come. We are not going to abandon anything any more, because we are not going to work anything to death any more. We shall not abandon even the empty coal-mines hereafter, but turn them into mushroom cellars, or to uses yet undreamed. We have found a way to utilize the arid land of the West — a hundred and fifty thousand acres of it at a single stroke, as President Taft turns the waters of the Gunnison River from their ancient channel into a man-made tunnel, and sends them spreading out

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks
and the low-lying lanes,

And the *desert* is meshed with a million veins, —

in order that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by the prophet, saying, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

We are utilizing these arid lands, re-

claiming the desert for a garden, with an effort of hands and a daring of soul, that fall hardly short of the original creative work which made the world — as if the divine fiat had been: 'In our image, to have dominion; to subdue the earth; and to finish the work we leave undone.' And while we are finishing these acres and planting them with fruit at so lavish a cost, shall we continue stupidly and criminally to rob, despoil, and leave for dead these eleven thousand acres of natural clam-garden on the Massachusetts coast? If a vast irrigating work is the divine in man, by the same token are the barren mountain-slopes, the polluted and shrunk rivers, the ravished and abandoned plough-lands, and these lifeless flats of the shore, the devils in him — here where no reclaiming is necessary, where the rain cometh down from heaven, and twice a day the tides flow in from the hills of the sea!

There are none of us here along the Atlantic coast who do not think with joy of that two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre garden new-made yonder in the distant West. It means more, and cheaper, and still fairer, fruit for us of the East; more musk-melons, too, we hope; but we know that it cannot mean more clams. Yet the clam, also, is good. Man cannot live on irrigated fruit alone. He craves clams — clams as juicy as a Redlands Bartlett, but fresh with the salty savor of wind-blown spray.

And he shall have them, for the clam-farm — the restocked, restored flat of earlier times — has passed the stage of theory and experiment, being now in operation on the Massachusetts shore, a producing and very paying property.

The clam-farm is not strictly a new venture, however, but up to the present it has been a failure, because, in the first place, the times were not ripe for it; the public mind lacked the necessary education. Even yet the state

and the local town authorities give the clam-farmer no protection. He can obtain the state's written grant to plant the land to clams, but he can get no legal protection against his neighbor's digging the clams he plants. And the farm has failed, because, in the second place, the clam-farmer has lacked the necessary energy and imagination. A man who for years has made his bread and butter and rubber boots out of land belonging to everybody and to nobody, by simply digging in it, is the last man to build a fence about a piece of land and *work* it. Digging is only half as hard as 'working'; besides, in promiscuous digging one is getting clams that one's neighbor might have got, and there is something better than mere clams in that.

But who will plant and wait for a crop that anybody, when one's back is turned, and, indeed, when one's back is n't turned, can harvest as his own? Yet this the fishing-laws of Massachusetts still allow. Twenty years ago, in 1889, grants were made for clam-farms in and around the town of Essex, but no legal rights were given with the grants. Any native of Essex, by these old barnacled laws, is free to help himself to clams from any town flat. Of course the farm failed.

Meantime the cry for clams has grown louder; the specialists in the new national college of conservators have been studying the subject; 'extension courses,' inter-flat conventions, and laboratory demonstrations, have been had up and down the coast; and as a result, the clam-farm in Essex, since the reissue of the grants in 1906, has been put upon a hopeful, upon a safe and paying basis.

It is an interesting example of education, — a local public sentiment refined into an actual, dependable public conscience; in this case largely through the efforts of a state's Fish and

Game Commission, whose biologists, working with the accuracy, patience, and disinterestedness of the scientist, and with the practical good sense of the farmer, made their trial clam-gardens pay, demonstrating convincingly that a clam-flat will respond to scientific care as readily, and as profitably, as a Danvers onion-bed, or the cantaloupe-fields at Rocky Ford.

This must be the direction of the new movement for the saving of our natural resources — this roundabout road of education. Few laws can be enacted, fewer still enforced, without the help of an awakened public conscience; and a public conscience, for legislative purposes, is nothing more than a thorough understanding of the facts. As a nation, we need a popular and a thorough education in ornithology, entomology, forestry, and farming; and we want sectionally, by belts or states, a scientific training for our specialty, as the shell-fish farmer of the Massachusetts coast is being scientifically trained in clams. These state biologists have brought the clam-men from the ends of the shore together; they have plotted and mapped the mollusk territory; they have made a science of clam-culture; they have made an industry of clam-digging; and to the clam-digger they are giving dignity and a sense of security that make him respect himself and his neighbor's clams — this last item being a most important change in the clam-farm outlook.

With so much done, the next work — framing new laws to take the place of the old fishing-laws — should be a simple matter. Such a procedure will be slow, yet it is still the only logical and effective one. Let the clam-digger know that he can raise clams; let New England know that the forests on her mountains must be saved, and within a twelvemonth the necessary bills would

be passed. So with the birds, the fish, and every other asset of our national wealth. The nation-wide work of this saving movement will first be educative. We shall hasten very slowly to Congress and the legislatures with our laws. The clam-flat is typical of all our multitudinous wealth; the clam-digger is typical of all of us who cut, or mine, or reap, or take our livings, in any way, directly from the hands of Nature, and the lesson of the clam-farm will apply the country over.

We have been a nation of wasters, spoiled and made prodigal by over-easy riches; we have demanded our inheritance all at once, spent it, and as a result we are already beginning to want — at least for clams. At this moment there are not enough clams to go round, so that the market-man sticks the end of a rubber hose into his tub of dark, salty, fresh-shucked clams, and soaks them; soaks them with fresh water out of rusty iron pipes, soaks them, and swells them, whitens them, bloats them, sells them — ghastly corpses, husks, that we would fain fill our soup-bowls with; for we are hungry, and must be fed, and there are not enough of the unsoaked clams for a bowl around.

But there shall be. With the coming of the clam-farm there shall be clams enough, and oysters and scallops, for the whole mollusk industry, in every flat and bar and cove of the country, shall take to itself a new interest, and vastly larger proportions. Then shall a measure of scallops be sold for a quarter, and two measures of clams for a quarter, and nothing, any more, be soaked.

For there is nothing difficult about growing clams, nothing half so difficult and expensive as growing corn or cabbage. In fact, the clam-farm offers most remarkable opportunities, although the bid, it must be confessed, is pretty plainly to one's love of ease and one's

willing dependence. To begin with, the clam-farm is self-working, ploughed, harrowed, rolled, and fertilized by the tides of the sea; the farmer only sowing the seed and digging the crop. Sometimes even the seed is sown for him by the hands of the tide, but only on those flats that lie close to some natural breeding-bar, where the currents, gathering up the tiny floating 'spats,' and carrying them swiftly on the flood, broadcast them over the sand as the tide recedes. While this cannot happen generally, still the clam-farmer has a second distinct advantage in having his seed, if not actually sown for him, at least grown, and caught for him on these natural breeding-bars, in such quantities that he need only sweep it up and cradle it, as he might winnow grain from a threshing-floor. In Plum Island Sound there is such a bar, where it seems that Nature, in expectation of the coming clam-farm, had arranged the soil of the bar and the tidal currents for a natural set of clam-spats to supply the entire state with its yearly stock of seed.

With all of this there is little of romance about a clam-farm, and nothing at all spectacular about its financial returns. For clams are clams, whereas cobalt and rubber and wheat, and even squabs and ginseng roots, are different, — according to the advertisements. The inducements of the clam-farm are not sufficient to cause the prosperous Middle-West farmer to sell out and come East, as he has been selling out and going on to the farther West, for its larger, cheaper farms, and bigger crops. Farming, mining, lumbering, whatever we have had to do, in fact, directly with Nature, has been for us, thus far, a speculation and a gamble. Earnings have been out of all proportion to investments, excessive, abnormal. We do not earn, we *strike* it rich; and we have struck it rich so

long in this vast rich land, that the strike has lost its element of luck, being now the expected thing, which, failing to happen, we sell out and move on to the farthest West, where there is still a land of chance. But that land is passing, and with it is passing the lucky strike. The day is approaching when a man will pay for a Western farm what he now pays for an Eastern farm — the actual market value, based upon what the land, in expert hands, can be made yearly to yield. Values will rise to an even, normal level, earnings will settle to the same level; and the clam-farm of the coast, and the stock-farm of the prairie, will yield alike—a living; and if, when that day comes, there is no more 'Promised Land' for the American, it will be because we have crossed over, and possessed the land, and divided it among us for an inheritance.

When life shall mean a living, and not a dress-parade, or an automobile, or a flying-machine, then the clam-farm with its two or three acres of flats will be farm enough, and its average maximum yield of four hundred and fifty dollars an acre, profits enough. For the clammer's outfit is simple—a small boat, two clam-diggers, four clam-baskets, and his hip-boots, the total costing thirty dollars.

The old milk-farm here under the hill below me, with its tumbling barn and its ninety acres of desolation, was sold not long ago for six thousand dollars. The milkman will make more money than the clam-man, but he will have no more. The milk-farm is a larger undertaking, calling for a larger type of man, and developing larger qualities of soul, perhaps, than could ever be dug up with a piddling clam-hoe out of the soft sea-fattened flats. But that is a question of men, not of farms. We must have clams; somebody must dig clams;

and matters of the spirit all aside, reckoned simply as a small business, clam-farming offers a sure living, a free, independent, healthful, out-door living—and hence an ample living—to thousands of men who may lack the capital, or the capabilities, or, indeed, the time, for the larger undertakings. And viewed as the least part of the coming shell-fish industry, and this in turn as a smallest part of the coming national industry, due to our reclaiming, restocking, and conserving, the clam-farm becomes a type, a promise; it becomes the shore of a new country, a larger, richer, longer-lasting country than our pioneer fathers found here.

For behold the clam crop, how it grows!—precisely like any other crop, in the summer, or more exactly, from about the first of May to the first of December; and the growth is very rapid, a seed-clam an inch long at the May planting, developing in some localities (as in the Essex and Ipswich rivers) into a marketable clam, three inches long, by December. This is an increase in volume of about nine hundred per cent. The little spats, scattered broadcast over the flat, burrow with the first tide into the sand, where with each returning tide they open their mouths, like young birds, for their meal of diatoms brought in by the never-failing sea. Thus they feed twice a day, with never too much water, with never a fear of drouth, until they are grown fat for the clammer's basket.

If, heretofore, John Burroughs among the uncertainties of his vineyard could sing, —

Serene, I fold my hands and wait, —
surely now the clammer in his cottage by
the sea can sing, and all of us with him,

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me

THE TURBINE

BY HARRIET MONROE

Look at her — there she sits upon her throne
As ladylike and quiet as a nun!
But if you cross her — whew! her thunderbolts
Will shake the earth! She's proud as any queen,
The beauty — knows her royal business too,
To light the world, and does it night by night
When her gay lord, the sun, gives up his job.
I am her slave; I wake and watch and run
From dark till dawn beside her. All the while
She hums there softly, purring with delight
Because men bring the riches of the earth
To feed her yearning fires. I do her will
And dare not disobey, for her right hand
Is power, her left is terror, and her anger
Is havoc. Look — if I but lay a wire
Across the terminals of yonder switch
She'll burst her windings, rip her casings off,
And shriek till envious Hell shoots up its flames,
Shattering her very throne. And all her people,
The laboring, trampling, dreaming crowds out there —
Fools and the wise who look to her for light —
Will walk in darkness through the liquid night,
Submerged.

Sometimes I wonder why she stoops
To be my friend — oh yes, who talks to me
And sings away my loneliness; my friend,
Though I am trivial and she sublime.
Hard-hearted? — No, tender and pitiful,
As all the great are. Every arrogant grief
She comforts quietly, and all my joys
Dance to her measures through the tolerant night.
She talks to me, tells me her troubles too,
Just as I tell her mine. Perhaps she feels
An ache deep down — that agonizing stab

Of grit grating her bearings; then her voice
 Changes its tune, it wails and calls to me
 To soothe her anguish, and I run, her slave,
 Probe like a surgeon and relieve the pain.

But there are moments — hush! — when my turn comes,
 Times when her slave commands, becomes her master,
 Conquering her he serves. For she's a woman,
 Gets bored there on her throne, tired of herself,
 Tingles with power that turns to wantonness
 Suddenly something's wrong — she laughs at me,
 Bedevils the frail wires with some mad caress
 That thrills blind space, calls down ten thousand lightnings
 To shatter her world and set her spirit free.
 Then with this puny hand, swift as her threat,
 Must I beat back the chaos, hold in leash
 Destructive furies, rescue her — even her —
 From the fierce rashness of her truant mood,
 And make me lord of far and near a moment,
 Startling the mystery Last night I did it —
 Alone here with my hand upon her heart
 I faced the mounting fiends and whipped them down;
 And never a wink from the long file of lamps
 Betrayed her to the world.

So there she sits,
 Mounted on all the ages, at the peak
 Of time. The first man dreamed of light, and dug
 The sodden ignorance away, and cursed
 The darkness; young primeval races dragged
 Foundation stones, and piled into the void
 Rage and desire; the Greek mounted and sang
 Promethean songs and lit a signal fire;
 The Roman bent his iron will to forge
 Deep furnaces; slow epochs riveted
 With hope the secret chambers: till at last
 We, you and I, this living age of ours,
 A new-winged Mercury, out of the skies
 Filch the wild spirit of light, and chain him there
 To do her will forever.

Look, my friend,
 Behold a sign! What is this crystal sphere —
 This little bulb of glass I lightly lift,

THE PLEASURES OF A BOOK-MAN

This iridescent bubble a child might blow
 Out of its brazen pipe to hold the sun —
 What strange toy is it? In my hand it lies
 Cold and inert, its puny artery —
 That curling cobweb film — ashen and dead.
 But see — a twist or two — let it but touch
 The hem, far trailing, of my lady's robe,
 And lo, the burning life-blood of the stars
 Leaps to its heart, that glows against the dark,
 Kindling the world.

Even so I touch her garment,
 Her servant through the quiet night. Even thus
 I lay my hand upon the Pleiades
 And feel their throb of fire. Grandly she gives
 To me unworthy; woman inscrutable,
 Scatters her splendors through my darkness, leads me
 Far out into the workshop of the worlds.
 There I can feel those infinite energies
 Our little earth just gnaws at through the ether,
 And see the light our sunshine hides. Out there
 Close to the heart of life I am at peace.

THE PLEASURES OF A BOOK-MAN

BY H. BUXTON FORMAN

THE pleasures of a book-man, like those of any pursuer of hobbies or other fallow deer, may be divided into several classes: there are the pleasures of the chase, the pleasures of possession, the pleasures of creation, the pleasures of association, and the pleasures of contemplation.

The crude zest of making a collection of books for any the most elementary purpose is clearly a pleasure of the chase. But if, behind the object

of self-education by means of books which shall be always at one's disposal, there is some definite aim such as most book-men have, the chase is more exciting than that of merely finding means to get and to house the books you want to read and re-read. If you collect in order to illustrate a period, or a department of literature, there will always be books enough of a rare or elusive kind to stimulate the huntsman's appetite for pursuit; but it is perhaps when rar-

ity itself really adds to the charms of a book a sort of beauty which is certainly in the eye of the gazer, that the spirit of Nimrod enters most completely into the book-man. When one has bought as a boy for fourpence a large-paper *Poems by Two Brothers*, turned it out in a subsequent clearance of rubbish at about the same price, and then, suddenly learning it was by the Tennysons, has run the same copy to earth a second time, one feels a glow of triumph; and when, after years of patient insistence, one has got an idle old bookseller, whose stock should, if there be any virtue in reasoning, include Shelley's *Swellfoot the Tyrant*, to search his loft and produce a copy of that pamphlet, spotless and not even cut open, — price one shilling, — then indeed one feels that one is worthy to be called 'a mighty hunter'; and for me the pleasures of the chase have included these and many other such incidents.

In the subsequent enjoyment of a few triumphs of that class, and many minor ones of like kind, I have experienced the pleasures of possession in an acute form; and I take my own case to be typical, although book-men are divided on the question whether you actually love more the books which have cost you much or those which have cost you little. The pleasures of possession are not connected with the most amiable of our qualities; and yet there is much to justify them. The knowledge that our treasures cannot reasonably be alienated from us, or abused by others, is a perfectly justifiable source of satisfaction if we do anything with our books beyond putting them on our shelves, as any money-pig can do. But I will not dwell upon the pleasures of possession, because I am not disposed to risk the charge of hypocrisy in pleading among those pleasures that of lending one's most cher-

ished books to other people. Frankly, I hate lending any books that are not, expressly, lending copies; I have lent in my time hundreds of volumes, and have had scores returned damaged, and dozens never returned at all. Whose the lost ones shall be in the Kingdom of Heaven, I know not, — whose the spoiled ones, I care not, but here on earth I get no satisfaction out of them.

The pleasures of creation are not for all book-men. And yet, I think, most book-men deserving of the name must have moments when sparks of the divine fire fly off in the course of their proceedings. Just as the coherent arrangement of building-materials may become architecture and highly creative, so the arrangement of a library may readily present a creative side; and the moment the book-man employs his or another's library for the purposes of some work in literature, science, or philosophy which is a real contribution to the world's intellectual wealth, then that book-man has a right to say that he has tasted of the highest pleasure allowed to his kind — the pleasure of creation. It is my belief that the poet is the book-man of all book-men — perhaps the man of all men — who tastes most fully that supreme pleasure, and confers on the world the highest and most lasting delight. He is the ideal creative book-man; and it is not to be imputed to him for anything but righteousness that, when he has gone through the several phases of creation and has his poem down in black and white, in its final form of words, he cannot put aside the desire that it also shall increase and multiply by means of the press, so that others may share the pleasure of those impressions which have clamored in his soul for creation.

The pleasures of association even in their cruder form are far from mean. Why is it that the rational first-edition man among collectors wants to have

the first edition rather than the best? It is because he desires to associate the creative personality of the author with the visible, tangible thing created. The invisible, intangible thing which is the true creation — the conception embodied, with spiritual stress and conflict, in imperishable combinations of words — he can only associate with the author in his mind, by spiritual touch and psychic vision. But after all there was a form in which the author first saw his work embodied and made communicable to his fellow men; and that is the visible, tangible thing created which the book-man may hope to possess for the satisfaction of his craving after some common ground on which his soul and the artist's soul may stand.

If the book-man is also an autograph collector he can get closer yet to the author: the soul of the Shelley-man — *crede experto* — is closer to the soul of Shelley when he reads *Julian and Maddalo* in the tiny holograph manuscript written at Este in 1818, than when he reads it as first printed by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824, — or even than when he reads *Adonais* or *The Cenci* as printed in Italy under the poet's supervision. The pleasures of association grow with the book-man's growth, and change with his knowledge; the time comes when he will no longer be content with the author's first issues preserved in sumptuous, adventitious bindings, and changed in form to suit some other's taste; he must have them in the very clothing which they first wore, — paper boards or cloth covers, printed labels or blocked designs; and if he can get copies written upon by the author, whether for presentation or for correction, or for both, he will obtain a still more intimate association with the author than he had dreamed possible when he started years before on the quest. This

is no far-fetched *apologia pro vita Philobibli*: it is all literally true, and the pleasures of association on which I have touched are mainly, though not wholly, spiritual.

Having said thus much in our mutual defense, I will admit that by comparison with the best and holiest pleasures of a book-man, even the spiritual pleasures at which I have been glancing, and certainly all the grosser ones, can but be classed as the frivolities of a book-man. In the pleasures of contemplation are to be found the highest synthesis of joyful impressions to be experienced in the book-man's Paradise. All those who have read much have carried away from the printed pages, not only some impression of what the author was talking about, but also some impression of the author's personality. If you have known him, you have his face, his form, his voice, his action, and his garb, and maybe something of his character; all of which you inevitably contemplate as your mind dwells upon his work. But in any case your soul is in communion with his soul when you read or think about his works, whether he be Sophocles, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Burns, Shelley, whom on the one hand you cannot have seen; or Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Rossetti, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, whom on the other hand you may perchance have seen or known.

When I am asked why I love to walk out alone and lose myself in woods and solitudes, I answer, 'Because I am such good company,' — and this not in any arrogance of egotism, but because in virtue of half a century of commune with the great of many lands and ages, the words and records they have left have become a part of me; and when I am alone I am free to summon up from that part of me just which mighty 'spirit from the vasty deep' of all time I may choose to commune with and

make the subject of my contemplation. It is in my mind, as I think, that the older we grow, the less we shall love our visible tangible books, and the more we shall love the fellow book-men who created them. It is in my mind that there will come for all of us who are spared from foundering in the eclipse of those final tortures which, alas! usher so many of us through what should be for all the stately and comfortable portals of death, a time when we shall still care greatly for the great makers of books, but very little for the books themselves. For me that time has not yet come; but the thought of what others may do to my library when I need it no more, has no terrors for me, I have pleased myself in the matter of collecting it; let my executors e'en please themselves in the matter of dispersing it or keeping it whole.

To-day I have 'the mania of owning things' acutely enough; and the books I most love are treasures which no money would induce me to give up. But I can believe that such wielders of the book-man's rake as I am, if spared from any of the more poignant and protracted horrors through which this mortality is dissolved, — if permitted to pass into a serene and sane old age, — will not at last be greatly moved with solicitude as to their possessions. I can believe that, although wild horses may be wholly incompetent to-day to tear my bibliographical treasures from my grasp, I shall not, in that serene and sane old age that I am figuring to myself, greatly care what is to be the ultimate (or say the next) resting-place of the things I have taken so much pleasurable trouble to get together.

So long as Shelley, still and forever only twenty-nine years old, walks about with all his coruscating splendors behind this wrinkled forehead and steadily-calcifying skull, what shall it be

to me — when I can see and handle them no more — who is to own Shelley's copies of *Laon and Cythna* and *Queen Mab*, altered in his own affluent handwriting into *The Revolt of Islam* and *The Dæmon of the World*? So long as the pathetic figure of Keats, dead of passion and phthisis at twenty-five, and whom yet 'no hungry generations' shall ever 'tread down,' still chants his haunting melodies within them, what shall I care whether student or millionaire, national librarian or dainty blue-stockinged maiden, shall be the custodian, after me, of his own books given by his own hand to Fanny Brawne, his own pocket Dante carried in his knapsack through Scotland, or the copy of *Foliage* given to him by Leigh Hunt and by him to her who was in some sort his undoing? With Byron's tremendous if not wholly lovable personality to ramp through my brain and quicken my flagging pulses with those masculine strokes in which he was wont in his intellectual maturity to 'paint your world exactly as it goes,' how should I be preoccupied with solicitude as to who shall next pluck from the burning that peccant little quarto volume of his young lordship's wild oats which the Reverend Mr. Becher saved for himself from the holocaust of 1806 — the holocaust which he himself forced upon the budding poet?

Perhaps my readers will say, 'How the old leaven sticks!' if I hark back one moment on the pleasures of the chase, and recall a little sacred volume of verse — sacred in more senses than one — of which I know no extant copy save that in my own library, acquired in circumstances of a most exhilarating kind. It is the *Divine Poems of Edmund Waller, Esq.*, — a little collection of what may be called devotional poetry issued by the old poet, politician, and reprieved traitor to his country, in the year 1685, when he was already over eighty years

old. Not a hundred miles from my parish church, the Church of St Mary-lebone, I bought this treasurable tract a few years ago, bound-up with a bundle of those base reprints of 1708 and 1709 with which most of us are familiar. With great joy I paid prompt cash for my acquisition: no less a sum than three shillings and sixpence in good and lawful money of my late sovereign lady, Queen Victoria; and I have never yet repented or regretted that I did not offer a bonus to the dear innocent man who sold me that jewel of gold in a swine's snout. The snout is gone the way of all such flesh; but the *Divine Poems*, in a suitable morocco binding, perennially rejoice my bookish soul. I read them on Sundays till I come to the end of the 'Reflections upon the several Petitions in the Lord's Prayer' with which the tract closes; and as I put down the book, I feel that the old man whose intellect and creative energy still lived on to such result when he was so far gone in general decay that he must needs dictate to an amanuensis this beautiful copy of verses, was a spectacle for the envy and emulation of all good book-men.

In the next year, as we know from another copy of verses appended to the reprint of the *Divine Poems* in the fifth edition of his works, the old man still possessed his intellectual and creative faculty, however sparingly used. The 'Reflections on the Lord's Prayer' are followed by a poem (also dictated) 'On the Last Verse, in the Book,'—a poem which opens thus:—

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite.

In this noble couplet lies the thought to which I have been endeavoring to wade, through the clogging medium of the book-man's grosser pleasures. What can be a happier aspiration than that of the old book-man whose visible,

tangible possessions are no longer of moment to him? He can neither read nor write, but his thoughts, the thoughts of the great men who have come and gone before him, rise up still in his mind, and he can even lay them out in new combinations for his own satisfaction, and peradventure for the delight of future ages.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their Eternal home
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New

Those splendid verses are absolutely the last of Waller's that have come down to us, though who shall say what melodious thoughts sang in that unique brain even as he crossed the Threshold, with no breath to dictate withal?

Some of us live in the conviction that, when our turn comes to cross that threshold, we shall meet Waller and the rest of the men who have built up the glories of English literature. Others hold that

There is no God found stronger than death,
and death is a sleep

If we are to meet again the book-men we have known, and become acquainted with those whom we have not known, so much the better. I for one am equal to either fortune—ready when my time comes to wake or sleep as it may be. If to wake, well! If to sleep, well also; but not so well. In either case, I shall have no further use for my books; and I am convinced that that is the frame of mind in which best to enjoy while still able the pleasures—even the more frivolous pleasures—on which I have been touching.

The ideal book-man's old age and death are those recorded of Edmund Waller; and in utter seriousness I wish for every one such 'a happy issue out of all the afflictions' which are inseparable from our present mainly pleasurable pursuits.

THE ROMAN LADY

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

All men rule over women, we Romans rule over all men, and our wives rule over us —
CATO THE CENSOR

I

THE Romans, who were notoriously willing to consider their genius for conquest as compensation for some sorts of genius that were denied them, were nevertheless unable completely to conquer their women. With the best will in the world, they never succeeded in simplifying the problem as the Greeks had done. Though the Roman lady was theoretically in the same position as the Greek lady, she was in practice a different species. Ordinary usage speaks of 'the women of Greece and Rome' as if they were interchangeable. In this regard, as in too many others, it is popular to dwell on certain formal points of likeness between the two great rival races rather than on essential points of difference. Greece and Rome have in fact suffered the fate that, according to Madame Cardinal, has overtaken Voltaire and Rousseau: 'Il paraît que, de leur vivant, ils ne pouvaient pas se sentir, qu'ils ont passé leur existence à se dire des sottises. Ce n'est que depuis leur mort que les deux font la paire.'

In regard to the present question, the formal likeness which they have in common with other patriarchal societies is that both held women to be perpetual minors. In Rome as in Athens, a woman was subject to her father or his representative until she became subject to her husband. But

while at Athens the spirit of the law prevailed and harmonized with the general social sentiment, in Rome it was in opposition to social sentiment, and was gradually modified by legal fictions and other compromises until it bloomed into one of those complete anomalies that make us feel how similar ancient society was to our own.

This feeling is much more frequently evoked by the history of Rome than by that of Greece. The Greek is, after all, too exceptional and too uncompromising to be quite companionable. But with the Roman there come into history many of the limitations, the cross-purposes, the makeshift substitutes for high intelligence; the feeling, for instance, that it is more gentlemanly to be able to buy pictures than to be able to paint them; the Philistinism, in a word, that makes the world seem homelike.

Apart from the tendency to blend her with the Greek lady, another historical fallacy has been at work to obscure the features of the lady of Rome. She has suffered more than most from representation by types. In thinking of her one recalls chiefly extreme cases. The imagination flits bewildered from Lucretia to Messalina; from Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, to Agrippina, mother of Nero. Tradition and the partisan have done their best to fix upon her a rather inhuman character, whether for virtue or for vice. It is a study of some interest to try to discover the human meaning of her various representations, and to form a picture of her

out of more reconcilable elements than mere antitheses

Although the documents for early Greek history carry us much further back in time than do those for Roman history, the rising curtain nevertheless reveals the Roman in an earlier social stage than the Greek, for he is apparently still marrying by capture. While women have to be stolen by a community, their numbers will be relatively small; there will probably not be enough to go around. Among the Romans the natural results seem to have comprised a certain social importance for women, and a strict monogamy for men as well as for women. Under these conditions it was apparently not necessary to seclude a wife; at any rate the Roman matron of all periods enjoyed personal freedom, entertained her husband's guests, had a voice in his affairs, managed his house, and came and went as she pleased. In early days she shared the labors and the dangers of the insecure life of a weak people among hostile neighbors. It may not be fanciful to say that the liberty of the Roman woman of classical times was the inherited reward of the prowess of her pioneer ancestress, in the same way as the social freedom of the American woman to-day comes to her from the brave colonial housemother, able to work and, when need was, to fight. It would have been as difficult to find the lady in early Italy as in early Massachusetts. There were no courtesans for her to be distinguished from, and there were relatively but few slaves; nor was there so much wealth as to fix a gulf between rich and poor.

There is nothing in Roman traditions that corresponds in the least with Homer's lady. The lady came fast enough upon the Roman with all his other troubles, but before that time the strong woman of the plain old days had become a fixed tradition,

endowed with heroic attributes, and invoked to shame the singular product of wealth and cosmopolitanism that took her place. The historic Roman idealized the virtues of early society as shown by his ancestors, precisely as he idealized them when he encountered them again among the Germans. The reverence for women, their chastity, and their physical courage, seemed in each case a wonderful deviation from human nature as he knew it. The conditions that produced the lady, as well as most of the other complexities of his life, were in general the result of his contact with alien civilizations.

One creative act, however, which he accomplished independently, helped to produce the lady: the early organization, namely, of Roman society on an aristocratic basis. As the group of tribal elders hardened into the Roman senate, it gave rise to the patrician class with the characteristic of hereditary privilege. Thus the Roman introduced pride of birth as a social motive. While he was still poor and illiterate he became 'noble,' and his wife became, in the most artificial sense possible, a lady. We see her, of course, through the softening medium of literary treatment; her industry, her physical courage, her self-devotion to the family and the clan, her appreciation of honor from the man's point of view, were traits that grouped themselves harmoniously about the great names of Hersilia and Lucretia and Valeria and Volumnia. Shakespeare's vision of her is hardly more enthusiastic than Plutarch's, - from which indeed it was derived. Plutarch roundly declared that he could not subscribe to Thucydides' famous definition of the virtue of women - that it should consist in their being spoken of as little as possible, whether for praise or blame. 'The Roman practice is best,' he said, 'by which the funeral eulogy is publicly pronounced

over a dead woman as freely as over a dead man.' And his pages are full of references to the excellences of the dead women of old.

This early Roman lady, shining with tribal virtues, survived only sporadically in history. We may almost say that Cornelia supports unaided the weight of the majestic tradition. The fragments of her letters to her surviving son after the murder of his brother, may easily be genuine; and they bear out the view of her character taken by posterity. Unquestionably Cornelia proves something for the existence of the old type, but it must not be forgotten that she would be an exceptional person in any age. Single episodes are reported in which other ladies behaved as the theoretical *domina* should; Porcia and Arria hand on the torch. But they excite among their contemporaries the wonder always roused by an anachronism. Just as the Western world stood aghast at the prodigies of Japanese warfare, in which the most modern science was used as the weapon of a tribal psychology long outgrown elsewhere, so the Rome of Claudius's time marveled at Arria's smoking dagger. In general, it must be confessed that when the Roman lady comes upon the historic stage she has already developed some of the characteristics that were to make her a perplexing element of society. Her force of character, and the freedom to which she had been accustomed, were certain to play havoc with the patriarchal system as soon as circumstances should give opportunity, — and opportunity was given almost as soon as history begins.

From the beginning of Roman expansion in the third century before Christ, the Roman husband was frequently and for long periods away from home. The wars with Carthage, the wars in the East and in Spain, the wars

in northern Europe, drew the patrician abroad as systematically as the Crusades drew the knights of later Europe. In each case profound changes resulted in the character, or at any rate in the demeanor, of the lady. The first breaking down of her old social status seems to have been in the direction of allowing her to hold property. The marriage ceremony, which passed her as a ward from the hand of her father to that of her husband, was so modified as to leave a married woman theoretically subject to the *patria potestas*, and therefore to prevent her property from passing to her husband. The effect of this arrangement appears on the whole to have been her financial independence. She could evidently receive legacies, for special legislation was needed at the end of the Punic wars to prevent women of the wealthiest class from doing so.

The feeling of patriarchal society is always strongly against the economic independence of women. Aristotle believed its prevalence in Sparta to be one of the causes of decadence. The ancient lady could in no wise create property for herself, and the men who had acquired it by labor or conquest felt the unfairness of allowing it to be controlled by a parasite. Just after the close of the Second Punic War, in which Rome's economic sufferings were very great, the Roman ladies rebelled against certain sumptuary legislation which specifically curtailed their expenditure. The famous speech of Cato, opposing the repeal of the Oppian law, is, as reported by Livy, an expression of the ever-recurrent uneasiness of the male in the presence of the insurgent female, and in particular of the dislike of women, which we shall find a pretty constant factor in the Roman's temperament.

'If, Romans,' said he, 'every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and author-

ity of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. It was not without painful emotions of shame that I just now made my way into the Forum through a crowd of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, I should have said to them, "What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request to her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seductive in public than in private, and with other women's husbands than your own?"

'Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should transact any, even private business, without a director. We, it seems, suffer them now to interfere in the management of state affairs. Will you give the reins to their untractable nature and their uncontrolled passions? This is the smallest of the injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all of which women bear with impatience, they long for liberty, or rather for license. What will they not attempt if they win this victory? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will become your superiors.'

The love of excitement, which was a temperamental trait of the Roman lady of history, became a dangerous matter. It was natural that strong-willed women, exceedingly like the men of their race in body and mind, should seek for some equivalent of the adventures their husbands were engaged in, the world over. They had not been tamed, as had the ladies of Athens, by the slow action of long ages of masculine encroachment. They were much nearer the soil and freedom. The men had not had time to bring them thoroughly into subjection, and yet were

both unable and unwilling to set them free.

Both sexes were in a false position, and overt acts of warfare became common. Livy reports three cases of husband-murder in noble families in thirty years. Divorce became a general practice. Not only the frivolous used it, but the staid. Men had to be persuaded into matrimony as a duty. The excellent Metellus Macedonicus started a propaganda of marriage on patriotic grounds, and his pessimistic argument became a classic: 'If we could get along without wives,' he is reported to have said, 'we should all dispense with the nuisance. But since Nature has decreed that we can neither live very comfortably with them, nor at all without them, we should consult rather our permanent good than our temporary happiness.'

All these things were table-talk while Cornelia was still living. All about her was a welter of feminine discontent. Gradual amelioration of the marriage law was accompanied by an invention whereby even an unmarried woman might hold property and control it; she could contract a fictitious marriage, dissolve it at once, choose a guardian to suit herself, and through him as a dummy administer her own estate. These changes, however, while enlarging the lady's power, gave her nothing to satisfy her ambition and keep her out of mischief. Ethically, her situation was a dangerous one, and many elements of safety were withdrawn when wealth, culture, exciting new religions, diseases, slaves, and philosophy, were brought to Rome as spoils of war.

II

The unfortunate reaction upon the Romans of their achievements is a commonplace of history. The best of them were reduced in numbers by cen-

turies of constant warfare, and the survivors were assailed by those bacilli of civilization which always ravage a fresh race with a virulence unknown among the peoples that have become adapted to them. And the conditions that proved in the long run fatal to the noble Roman worked rapidly and perniciously upon his wife. With the introduction of slavery, what occupation the lady had was gone. She resigned the care of her house, the care of her children, the care of her person, to Greek slaves who understood all these matters a great deal better than she did. The time that was left on her hands she filled with the pseudo-activities of the *nouveau riche*. Through her efforts, 'society' was organized for the first time in Europe. What people wore, what they ate and drank, what sort of furniture they had, and how much their horses cost, were questions that then for the first time acquired the importance they have ever since retained.

The Greeks, who, to be sure, had nothing in their dwellings that was not beautiful, had still supposed that great works of art were for public places. With the Romans began the private collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* in its most snobbish aspect. The parts played by the sexes in this enterprise sometimes showed the same division of labor that prevails very largely in a certain great nation of our own day that shall be nameless: the husband paid for the best art that money could buy, and the wife learned to talk about it and to entertain the artist. It is true that the Roman lady began also to improve her mind. She studied Greek, and hired Greek masters to teach her history and philosophy. Ladies flocked to hear lectures on all sorts of subjects, originating the odd connection between scholarship and fashion which still persists. Their annexation of the field of letters was exceedingly annoying to their hus-

bands. 'I hate the woman,' says Juvenal, 'who is always turning back to the grammatical rules of Palæmon and consulting them; the feminine antiquary who recalls verses unknown to me, and corrects the words of an unpolished friend which even a man would not observe. Let a husband be allowed to make a solecism in peace.' A husband naturally preferred in woman the kind of culture attained by the amiable Calpurnia, Pliny's wife. He says of her that she delighted to read and read again her husband's works, having no other schoolmaster than love. Like Rousseau's Sophie, the Roman lady should have had 'du goût sans étude, des talents sans art, du jugement sans connoissance.'

A woman of fashion, we are told, reckoned it among her ornaments if it were said of her that she was well-read and a thinker, and that she wrote lyrics almost worthy of Sappho. She too must have her hired escort of teachers, and listen to them now and then, at table or while she was having her hair dressed, — at other times she was too busy. And often while the philosopher was discussing high ethical themes her maid would come in with a love-letter, and the argument must wait till it was answered.

Nothing very important in the way of production resulted from all the lady's literary activity. The verses of Sulpicia, if Sulpicia's they be, are the sole surviving evidence of creative effort among her kind; and, respectable as they are, they need not disturb Sappho's repose. It was indirectly that the Roman lady affected literature, since kinds began to be produced to her special taste; for it is hardly an accident that the *vers de société* should expand, and the novel originate, in periods when for the first time women were a large element in the reading public. If, however, we consider the main

body of Latin literature with an eye to the reflection in it of the lady, we find at once one of the profound differences that contrast it with the literature of Greece. The feminism of the Greek is not here.

Beyond any other literature we have, that of Rome is masculine. As Cornelia is pretty nearly an isolated case in Roman history, selected for a type because she is so far from typical, so Dido stands practically alone in Latin literature as a woman sympathetically drawn. Virgil, the most Hellenized of Romans, owes a very considerable part of his great prestige to the fact that he achieved the solitary love-story of Latin poetry. But even Virgil did not venture to make his heroine a Roman lady; and her regrettable lack of self-control served but to emphasize the hard core of Roman temperament in the hero. Lavinia was what a Roman always felt a woman should be: a somewhat cold embodiment of the virtues most serviceable to men, and devoid of that charm which he deemed in early days unnecessary, and in later days pernicious. Apart from Dido, there is nothing in Latin letters that corresponds with the women of Greek tragedy, or even with Homer's women. The comedians, beginning where Greek comedy left off, deal with 'little' women; the few ladies of their scenes are but indifferently rendered. The lyrists sing of light loves, humorous and sensual loves, and of disillusion and fatigue. The husband appears as the conventional *maritus* of literature, the somewhat fatuous government against which the wife and the lover are perpetually in brilliant opposition.

The smouldering hostility between male and female of this strong-willed race breaks now and then into flame. Juvenal's nerves are set on edge by the 'new woman' of his day, just as Cato's had been three hundred years before.

His indictment of her vices loses its effect by including her foibles, and even her good points. He couples homicide with a taste for literature, superstition with an interest in public affairs, as alike reprehensible. Cicero's attack on Clodia, Catullus's simultaneous love and hate, Martial's sinister epigrams, are the most powerful expressions the Roman knew of his feelings toward woman. Imaginatively, she did not touch him, practically she was a disturbing element.

The writers of Rome have defamed the Roman lady as the French novelists have defamed the lady of France. Just as honest Frenchmen to-day tell an incredulous Anglo-Saxon world that there are French ladies of high degree who are pure and devoted, so the careful historian of Rome must constantly remind his reader that the city never lacked for blameless ladies. The two true inferences to be made from the prevailing literary tone are that the women of Rome were active-minded, impulsive, and passionate; and that the men of Rome had a certain hardness of fibre that made them very generally anti-feminist.

Cicero was a kindly man, cultivated and thoughtful; his modest fortune and social position excused him from many of the faults of greater men, while the respect justly entertained for his talents and for his character (since all things are relative) gave him a wide range of acquaintance. It is interesting to note in the letters of such a man his reaction against feminism. Cicero was no contemner of women. He disapproved the seclusion of the Greek lady, and had no wish to see it introduced at Rome, but he would have been glad to see a censor established who should teach men how to govern their wives properly. His own wife, Terentia, presented few problems. She seems to have been a rather uninter-

esting person with a fortune of her own, and uncertain health. The bulk of her husband's letters to her, however, are full of confidence and pet-names. He lived with her without substantial difference for nearly thirty years, and then his tone began to change. The later letters are merely formal notes, and the last of them is such, it has been said, as no gentleman would write to his house-keeper. His next step was to divorce his old wife, on what ground we do not know, and to marry the youthful Publilia, to whom he was not much more civil.

There was at no time at Rome anything that could be called a feminist movement. No solidarity existed in a sex split by caste into classes that had no motive in common. The ladies from time to time organized to obtain legislation in their interests; but so far as we know, such legislation dealt only with pecuniary questions. We have no record of any attempt on their part to improve the lot of women in general. Women in general were in fact submerged. An inspection of the literature and the inscriptions of the late Republic and the early Empire gives the odd impression that the Roman women of the lower classes had pretty nearly ceased to exist. The professional woman, if we may so call her, the doctor, the *acconcheuse*, the *masseuse*, the actress, the dancer, the courtesan, the dressmaker, was almost always a Greek. In trade and industry, the same was true; according to the inscriptions, Greek women were the fishmongers, the barmaids, and the laundresses of Rome. No one can doubt that hundreds of thousands of hard-working, god-fearing Roman women lived silent, unrecorded lives, and bore children to carry on the state. But the lady had nothing to do with them. Her struggles were directed to the strengthening of her own position. It was to

this end that Hortensia and her ladies came down to the Forum to argue that taxation without representation is tyranny.

When the Second Triumvirate were driven to every expedient to find money for the war with Brutus and Cassius, they published an edict requiring fourteen hundred of the richest women to make a valuation of their property, and to furnish for the war such portion as the triumvirs should require from each. A body of the women concerned forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirs in the Forum, a thing no man durst do in those days. Hortensia (daughter of the great Hortensius, a leader of the bar, Cicero's rival, Verres's counsel) was their spokesman. Appian gives us her speech:—

'As is befitting women of our rank addressing a petition to you, we had recourse to your female relatives. Having suffered unseemly treatment on the part of Fulvia, we have been compelled to visit the Forum. You have deprived us of our fathers, our sons, our husbands and our brothers, whom you accuse of having wronged you. If you take away our property also, you reduce us to a condition unbecoming our birth. If we women have not voted you public enemies, have not torn down your houses or led an army against you, why do you visit upon us the same punishment as upon the guilty, whose offenses we have not shared? Why should we pay taxes when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the statecraft, for which you contend? "Because this is a time of war," do you say? Let war with the Gauls or the Parthians come, and we shall not be inferior to our mothers in zeal for the common safety; but for civil wars may we never contribute.'

'When Hortensia had thus spoken,' says Appian, 'the triumvirs were angry that women should dare to hold

a public meeting when the men were silent. They ordered the lictors to drive them away from the tribunal, which they proceeded to do until cries were raised by the multitude outside, when the lictors desisted, and the triumvirs said they would postpone till the next day the consideration of the matter. On the following day they reduced the number of women from fourteen hundred to four hundred.'

Public speaking had no terrors for the Roman lady. We read of women of litigious temperament who were constantly at law, and argued their own cases in the prætor's court and in the Forum. The practice was prevalent enough to need an edict to suppress it. Business on a large scale sometimes provided an outlet for the energies of the restless, able, and idle *domina*. The manufacture of bricks seems to have been largely in her hands, for almost every Roman brick is stamped with the name of its maker, and the names of many great ladies, including even empresses, are handed down to us on the remnants of their product.

III

The great field, however, for the activity of the Roman lady was the exertion of her personal influence, and the development of her power in political and social intrigue. The amorous intrigue, for which she is perhaps most famous, should be subordinated to the other two, for it was apparently in many cases their handmaid. Like the male of her kind, the Roman lady was possessed of great sexual excitability, and she indulged it as freely as he. In her case as in his, love turned easily to hate, and even more easily to ennui. Like him, while indulging passion she despised its object. Like him, she judged power and money to be the great goods. Clodia and Sempronia are men in petti-

coats; they have the hot blood and the cool heads of men; their loveliness is the poisoned weapon with which they carry on the sex war.

The tendency toward concentration of power in the hands of two or three men gave the Roman lady a more dazzling opportunity. Nero wished that the people had but one neck; the lady's more reasonable desire was attained when the governing power had but one heart. The women of the Triumvirates are hardly less striking figures than the men. The Empire saw a succession of masterful women, indistinguishable psychologically from the male. Augustus caused public honors to be accorded to his wife and to his sister. Tacitus was struck by the significant novelty of a woman enthroned, when Agrippina was seated near Claudius to review a Roman army. With the Antonines, titles for women began to develop: 'mother of the legions,' 'mother of the senate and the people.' It was debated in the senate whether magistrates sent to govern the provinces should be permitted to take their wives with them, and in the course of the discussion conservative opinion declared that the official ladies were altogether too active in political matters. The governor's wife was a force. All the intrigues of the province centred in her; she had her finger in every pie; even military discipline got into her department. She would appear on horseback beside her husband, inspect, drill, and harangue the troops. Many a sturdy Roman seems to have felt toward this efficient lady as the Rev. Mr. Crawley felt toward Mrs. Proudly, and to have said, as he did, 'Woman, the distaff were more fitting for you!'

The great lady of the Empire was aware that the splendor of her position placed her above criticism, or at any rate above any painful results from it; and this consciousness reinforced the

tendency she had always had to let herself go. Very far indeed she went. As in the case of the man of her kind, very brutal pleasures and very crude vice were necessary to stimulate her nerves. It was an extraordinary age, and produced many phenomena that belong to the department of pathology. Its moralists delighted to paint its blackness; but in more cases than one the moralists knew by hearsay only of the wickedness of great ladies, being themselves surrounded by pure and gentle women.

It is very plain that the Roman resented and dreaded the development, in his womankind, of the desire to please. The old Roman lady, according to tradition, had entertained no such desire. She rested, like a man, on her sterling qualities. To be charming was, in Roman eyes, an admission both of weakness and of ambition. Unless a woman wanted something she ought not to have, she had no need of charm; and if she stooped to its use, it must be because she had not the force of brains and character to reach her end by more manly means. Why did an honest woman wish to be attractive? Whom should she attract but her husband, who, by hypothesis, was sufficiently attracted already? Tacitus says of Livia that she was 'more gracious in manners than would have been approved in a woman of the olden time.' The rhetor Porcius Latro declared that a lady who wished to be safe from insulting advances should bestow only so much care on her toilet as not to be dirty. She should be accompanied by elderly maid-servants whose respectability would warn off the enterprising. She should walk with downcast eyes, and if she met a pertinacious admirer, she should be rude rather than encouraging. But such (said he) was not the conduct of women of the world. They ran to meet temptation. Their faces

were arranged for seduction, their bodies were just covered and that was all, their talk was charming and witty and their manner was so caressing that any man dared approach them.

The Roman lady had in fact discovered the smokeless powder that put her on a somewhat less unequal military footing with the enemy. Social changes in Rome had brought her from the privacy of her own house into the world of society. She found herself at the head of a great establishment, with town-house and country-house, with a round of magnificent entertainments to offer and to receive, and with more money to spend than Europe had ever seen collected before, or would see again for many centuries. Supposing her to be singly devoted to her husband, she found that she could be of immense assistance to his career. Often, too, she found that she must compete with other women for his admiration. An attractive *demi-monde*, chiefly Greek, had become an institution in Rome. It behooved a wife to be as charming and intelligent as the ladies without the pale. The art of fascination once learned, it was difficult not to keep it in practice at the expense of the first comer.

And when a woman had discovered that she counted for something in her husband's career, she not unnaturally aspired to a career of her own. Seneca expressed succinctly the dilemma in which the Roman found himself: it is hard, said he, to keep a wife whom every one admires; and if no one admires her it is hard to have to live with her yourself.

We have a great deal of detailed information about the ladies of Rome. Many are known to us by name, and we are aware of the impression they made on their contemporaries. We should not be helped in differentiating them from other ladies by opening a

ledger and setting down the good against the bad, Calpurnia against Faustina, and Alcmene against Trimalchio's wife. The trait that is interesting for our purpose is present in good and bad alike. The Roman lady was a person; indeed, she was often what we call a 'character.' She is distinguished from the Athenian lady as a statue in the round is distinguished from a relief. Once for all, she was detached from the

background of family life and, not supported throughout her height by the fabric of society, must see to it that her personal centre of gravity should not lie without her base. She committed her own sins and bore her own punishment. Her virtues were her own, and did not often take the direction of self-effacement. The strong men among whom she lived, who broke everything else, could not break her.

SOME TEDIUMS OF CONVERSATION

BY HOMER H. HARBOUR

I COUNT it among those mercies for which I should be daily more thankful, that I am not easily bored. Plebeian though my immunity may be, I announce it with pride rather than confess it with humiliation, for I hold that man whom most things bore to be as one subject to so many diseases shutting him out from the enjoyment of life.

But, not to give a false impression, I should add without delay that my own comparative freedom from *ennui* is an acquired, and not an innate, virtue. Perhaps the truth is, after all, that I am more than usually sensitive to boredom, and suffer so acutely in its clutches that I struggle desperately to keep out of them, usually with success.

If, for example, I were obliged to confess that I am very frequently bored in a conversation, I should have every reason to be heartily ashamed of myself. The admission would be a damaging one, not only in revealing me

incapable of real friendship, but in exposing my total lack of imagination. Aided by a lively imagination and an adroit use of questions, no man need despair in almost the most arid of conversations. Of course, if one is too stupid, or too proud, or too willful, or merely too lazy, to exert his imagination, he has no one but himself to blame if he is bored well-nigh to death. Like a quarrel, it takes two to make a complete state of boredom.

I allowed myself the loophole of an 'almost' in saying that one never need be bored in a conversation, for I must frankly allow that there are some few subjects of talk, not altogether uncommon, that have hitherto resisted all my efforts to extract profit or amusement from them. Unfortunately, these are not subjects peculiar to natural or professional bores. The wittiest and most charming of talkers occasionally so far forget themselves as to launch into them. If this mild remonstrance should fall under the eyes of any such,

I hope that it may not be altogether offensive and profitless.

The first tedium of conversation that I wish to deplore is the common habit of retailing at more or less length a summary of the plot of a novel or play. The trouble is, the making of a clear synopsis of an involved story is a very difficult thing to do, even for a professional author, yet very few hesitate about jauntily setting out on the enterprise. How often have I suffered from such a summarizing! All goes well for the first minute or two. Then in the full flood of narration some such statement as this comes out:—

‘So you see this common sailor turned out to be the count she met in Venice’

‘But what count do you mean?’ I interpose mildly.

‘Oh, don’t you remember? I told you all about him, did n’t I?—the one she met on the yacht, you know,’ replies the narrator, with a shade of irritation in his voice.

Now, in nine cases out of ten it will prove that he has not so much as mentioned the count or the yacht before. Or if he has, it has been in such a casual way, and in the midst of such a hodge-podge of names and incidents, that they have merely gone in at one ear and out at the other.

Of course, my friend has in his own mind all the time the full course of the story as he saw it unfolded, on the stage, let us say, and he seems to expect me to carry along this background, too, in order to supply the gaps in his narration. But, as a matter of fact, the whole long remainder of the story after this (to me) inexplicable sailor-count transformation is a mere welter of meaningless names and incidents. I venture no further questions, but keep up a politely hypocritical nodding of, ‘Yes,’ and, ‘I see,’ when what I mean is, ‘No,’ and, ‘I don’t see at all.’

Or, in recounting the plot of a novel,

the narrator will make an impressive pause, and then come out with,—

‘And the long-lost letter, telling who the woman really is, he had kept hidden in that very tobacco-jar all those years!’

‘Well, you don’t seem so very much surprised,’ he will add, a bit pettishly, seeing that I do not go off into a transport of amazement. But in Heaven’s name what is there to be amazed at! My impressions of what the letter is, or ‘who the woman really is,’ or of why the tobacco-jar should be called ‘that very’ one, are of the haziest description. It has all been a mere flux of names to me.

My protest applies with diminished force to summarizers of the arguments of books of philosophy, social ethics, and the like. But here the task is easier, there are not so many cumbering details. Yet, often enough, my informer manages to leave out an important hinge of the argument, an omission that leaves me groping for the rest of the summary.

I am inclined to believe that it is by no accident that so large a proportion of the tediums of conversation occur in talks about books. Books are at best but second-hand versions of life, and become but third-hand ones when criticized in their turn. I would not for a moment be understood as saying that all talk about books tends toward the tedious. Some of the best talk in life is about them. It is merely this summarizing and synopsis of them, without illuminating criticism, that I object to.

I usually find that when incidents of real life are being narrated, there is more chance for a saving exercise of the imagination. The hearer has real events to fall back upon, and re-create for himself, independently of the narrator’s version. And, with all but the most hopeless talkers, one can accomplish much by a judicious questioning,

which serves the double purpose of showing one's own interest in the talk, and eliciting details which are more interesting than any which the narrator would give us of himself. The experience becomes a sort of unequal contest between a desire to be profited and an inclination to bore, and the very battle is diverting.

It is for this reason that I withdraw from the damning category of boredom some of the subjects usually counted most tedious. I am never bored by mothers talking about the virtues of their children, for instance. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, no two mothers, especially if questioned properly, talk about their children in quite the same way. Wonders of enlightening details on the ways of mothers and children may be drawn forth by the right sort of interrogation. So also the returned traveler, often accounted such a bore, may be turned into a fount of information if occasionally turned aside from his flood of enthusiastic platitudes.

But, unfortunately, my theme is of the hopeless tediums of talk, not of the possible modes of extracting interest. Two other themes of conversation occur, which have hitherto been hopeless wastes to me. One of these is money considered in and for itself, made the pivot round which all incidents turn. I have in mind a certain man, a globe-trotter, whose tale is always of what he paid at such a hotel, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, candles, bath, and fees to boots, waiters, and chambermaids, with interminable comparisons with those found in other places, and

so on and on to insufferable weariness. It is almost impossible to turn the flow of his talk from dollars and pounds, francs and thalers. I remember I once asked him in desperation what the peasant children looked like in a certain town in Brittany, of which he had only detailed to me the impositions of the innkeeper.

'Oh, they were beautiful little tots,' he said, with momentary enthusiasm, and I thought I was saved, until he added, 'I got a number of pictures of them, had to pay a franc apiece for them, while in Italy —' And he was off again.

Just one other theme I wish to enter in my black list, and I am done. This is the detailed recounting of dreams, — of some dreams, I had better say, for in my time I have heard dreams narrated in consummately fascinating fashion. But the average dream told in the average way is only a confused upturning of life, a welter of incidents without reason, connection, or sequence, leading nowhere. Here again the listener has no real events to fall back upon, while the narrator has the color and vividness of the dream as he experienced it poignantly in his mind.

By this time I fear that some reader of the *Atlantic* may feel moved to interrupt me and ask if I regard my friends and acquaintances as so many entertainers, and purveyors of information to please my royal pleasure. But though I may have given the impression of deserving this condemnation, I really do not, for as I said in the beginning, I am one of the hardest persons in the world to bore.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

THE American medical school is now well along in the second century of its history. It began, and for many years continued to exist, as a supplement to the apprenticeship system still in vogue during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The likely youth of that period, destined to a medical career, was at an early age indentured to some reputable practitioner, to whom his service was successively menial, pharmaceutical, and professional; he ran his master's errands, washed the bottles, mixed the drugs, spread the plasters, and finally, as the stipulated term drew toward its close, actually took part in the daily practice of his preceptor, — bleeding his patients, pulling their teeth, and obeying a hurried summons in the night. The quality of the training varied within large limits with the capacity and conscientiousness of the master. Ambitious spirits sought, therefore, a more assured and inspiring discipline. Beginning early in the eighteenth century, having served their time at home, they resorted in rapidly increasing numbers to the hospitals and lecture-halls of Leyden, Paris, London, and Edinburgh. The difficulty of the undertaking proved admirably selective; for the students who crossed the Atlantic gave a good account of themselves. Returning to their native land, they sought opportunities to share with their less fortunate or less adventurous fellows the rich experience gained as they 'walked the hospitals' of the old world. The voices of the great masters of that day thus reëchoed in the recent

western wilderness. High scientific and professional ideals impelled the youthful enthusiasts, who bore their lighted torches safely back across the waters.

Out of these early essays in medical teaching, the American medical school developed. As far back as 1750 informal classes and demonstrations, mainly in anatomy, are matters of record. Philadelphia was then the chief centre of medical interest. There, in 1762, William Shippen the younger, after a sojourn of five years abroad, began, in the very year of his return home, a course of lectures on midwifery. In the following autumn he announced a series of anatomical lectures 'for the advantage of the young gentlemen now engaged in the study of physic in this and the neighboring provinces, whose circumstances and connections will not admit of their going abroad for improvement to the anatomical schools in Europe; and also for the entertainment of any gentlemen who may have the curiosity to understand the anatomy of the Human Frame.'

From these detached courses the step to an organized medical school was taken at the instigation of Shippen's friend and fellow student abroad, John Morgan, who in 1765 proposed to the trustees of the College of Philadelphia the creation of a professorship in the theory and practice of medicine. At the ensuing Commencement, Morgan delivered a noble and prophetic discourse, still pertinent, upon the institution of medical schools in America. The trustees were favorable

to the suggestion; the chair was established, and Morgan himself was its first occupant. Soon afterwards Shippen became professor of anatomy and surgery. Thirteen years previously the Pennsylvania Hospital, conceived by Thomas Bond, had been established through the joint efforts of Bond himself and Benjamin Franklin. Realizing that the student 'must Join Examples with Study, before he can be sufficiently qualified to prescribe for the sick, for Language and Books alone can never give him Adequate Ideas of Diseases and the best methods of Treating them,' Bond now argued successfully in behalf of bedside training for the medical students. 'There the Clinical professor comes in to the Aid of Speculation and demonstrates the Truth of Theory by Facts,' he declared in words that a century and a half later still warrant repetition; 'he meets his pupils at stated times in the Hospital, and when a case presents adapted to his purpose, he asks all those Questions which lead to a certain knowledge of the Disease and parts Affected, and if the Disease baffles the power of Art and the Patient falls a Sacrifice to it, he then brings his Knowledge to the Test, and fixes Honour or discredit on his Reputation by exposing all the Morbid parts to View, and Demonstrates by what means it produced Death, and if perchance he find something unexpected, which Betrays an Error in Judgement, he like a great and good man immediately acknowledges the mistake, and, for the benefit of survivors, points out other methods by which it might have been more happily treated.'

The writer of these sensible words fitly became our first professor of clinical medicine, with unobstructed access to the one hundred and thirty patients then in the hospital wards. Subsequently, the faculty of the new school was increased and greatly strengthened when

Adam Kuhn, trained by Linnæus, was made professor of *materia medica*, and Benjamin Rush, already at twenty-four on the threshold of his brilliant career, became professor of chemistry.

Our first medical school was thus soundly conceived as organically part of an institution of learning and intimately connected with a large public hospital. The instruction aimed, as already pointed out, not to supplant but to supplement apprenticeship. A year's additional training, carrying the bachelor's degree, was offered to students who, having demonstrated a competent knowledge of Latin, mathematics, natural and experimental philosophy, and having served a sufficient apprenticeship to some reputable practitioner in physic, now completed a prescribed lecture curriculum, with attendance upon the practice of the Pennsylvania Hospital for one year. This course was well calculated to round off the young doctor's preparation, reviewing and systematizing his theoretical acquisitions, while considerably extending his practical experience.

Before the outbreak of the Revolution, the young medical school was prosperously started on its career. The war of course brought interruption and confusion. More unfortunate still, for the time being, was the local rivalry — ominous as the first of its kind — of the newly established medical department of the University of Pennsylvania; but wise counsels averted disaster, and in 1791 the two institutions joined to form a single faculty, bearing, as it still bears, the name of the university, — the earliest of a long and yet incomplete series of medical-school mergers. Before the close of the century three more 'medical institutes,' similar in style, had been started: one in 1768 in New York, as the medical department of King's College, which, however, temporarily collapsed on the British

occupation, and was only indirectly restored to vigor by union in 1814 with the College of Physicians and Surgeons begun by the Regents in 1807; another, the medical department of Harvard College, opened in Cambridge in 1783, and twenty-seven years later removed to Boston, to gain access to the hospitals there; last of the group, the medical department of Dartmouth College, started in 1798 by a Harvard graduate, Dr. Nathan Smith, who was himself for twelve years practically its entire faculty—and a very able faculty at that!

The sound start of these early schools was not long maintained. Their scholarly ideals were soon compromised and then forgotten. True enough, from time to time seats of learning continued to create medical departments, — Yale in 1810, Transylvania in 1817, among others. But with the foundation early in the nineteenth century, at Baltimore, of a proprietary school, the so-called medical department of the so-called University of Maryland, a harmful precedent was established. Before that, a college of medicine had been a branch growing out of the living university trunk. This organic connection guaranteed certain standards and ideals, modest enough at that time, but destined to a development which medical education could, as experience proved, ill afford to forego. Even had the university relation been preserved, the precise requirements of the Philadelphia College would not indeed have been permanently tenable. The rapid expansion of the country, with the inevitable decay of the apprenticeship system in consequence, must necessarily have lowered the terms of entrance upon the study. But for a time only: the requirements of medical education would then have slowly risen with the general increase in our educational resources. Medical education would have been part of the entire movement, instead of

an exception to it. The number of schools would have been well within the number of actual universities, in whose development as respects endowments, laboratories, and libraries they would have partaken; and the country would have been spared the demoralizing experience from which it is but now painfully awakening.

Quite aside from the history, achievements, or present merits, of any particular independent medical school, the creation of the type was the fertile source of unforeseen harm to medical education and to medical practice. Since that day medical colleges have multiplied without restraint, now by fission, now by sheer spontaneous generation. Between 1810 and 1840, twenty-six new medical schools sprang up; between 1840 and 1876, forty-seven more, and the number actually surviving in 1876 has been since then much more than doubled. First and last, the United States and Canada have in little more than a century produced four hundred and forty-seven medical schools, many, of course, short-lived, and perhaps fifty still-born. One hundred and fifty-six survive to-day. Of these, Illinois, prolific mother of thirty-nine medical colleges, still harbors in the city of Chicago fourteen; forty-two sprang from the fertile soil of Missouri, ten of them still 'going' concerns; the Empire State produced forty-three, with eleven survivors; Indiana, twenty-seven, with two survivors; Pennsylvania, twenty, with eight survivors; Tennessee, eighteen, with eleven survivors. The city of Cincinnati brought forth about twenty, the city of Louisville eleven.

These enterprises — for the most part, they can be called schools or institutions only by courtesy — were frequently set up regardless of opportunity or need, in small towns as readily as in large, and at times, almost in the heart of the wilderness. No field,

however limited, was ever effectually preëmpted. Wherever and whenever the roster of untitled practitioners rose above half a dozen, a medical school was likely at any moment to be precipitated. Nothing was really essential but professors. The laboratory movement is comparatively recent; and Thomas Bond's wise words about clinical teaching were long since out of print. Little or no investment was therefore involved. A hall could be cheaply rented, and rude benches were inexpensive. Janitor service was unknown and is even now relatively rare. Occasional dissections in time supplied a skeleton — in whole or in part — and a box of odd bones. Other equipment there was practically none.

The teaching was, except for a little anatomy, wholly didactic. The schools were essentially private ventures, money-making in spirit and object. Income was simply divided among the lecturers, who reaped a rich harvest besides, through the consultations which the loyalty of their former students threw into their hands. 'Chairs' were therefore valuable pieces of property, their prices varying with what was termed their 'reflex' value; only recently a professor in a now defunct Louisville school, who had agreed to pay three thousand dollars for the combined chair of physiology and gynecology, objected strenuously to a division of the professorship assigning him physiology, on the ground of 'failure of consideration'; for the 'reflex' which constituted the inducement to purchase went obviously with the other subject. No applicant for instruction who could pay his fees or sign his note was turned down. State boards were not as yet in existence. The school diploma was itself a license to practice. The examinations — brief, oral, and secret — plucked almost none at all; even at Harvard, a student for whom a majority of nine professors

'voted' was passed. The man who had settled his tuition bill was thus practically assured of his degree, whether he had regularly attended lectures or not. Accordingly, the business thrived.

Rivalry between different so-called medical centres was ludicrously bitter. Still more acrid were, and occasionally are, the local animosities bound to arise in dividing or endeavoring to monopolize the spoils. Sudden and violent feuds thus frequently disrupted the faculties. A split, however, was rarely fatal: it was more likely to result in one more school. Occasionally, a single too masterful individual became the strategic object of a hostile faculty combination. Daniel Drake, indomitable pioneer in medical education up and down the Ohio Valley, thus tasted the ingratitude of his colleagues. As presiding officer of the faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati, cornered by a cabal of men only a year since indebted to him for their professorial titles and profits, he was compelled to put a motion for his own expulsion and to announce to his enemies a large majority in its favor. It is pleasant to record that the indefatigable man was not daunted. He continued from time to time to found schools and to fill professorships — at Lexington, at Philadelphia, at Oxford in Ohio, at Louisville, and finally again in that beloved Cincinnati, where he had been so hardly served. In the course of a busy and fruitful career, he had occupied eleven different chairs in six different schools, several of which he had himself founded; and had traversed the whole country, as it then was, from Canada and the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and as far west as Iowa, collecting material for his great work, historically a classic, *The Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America*.

In the wave of commercial exploitation which swept the entire profession, so far as medical education is concern-

ed, the original university departments were practically torn from their moorings. The medical schools of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, became, as they expanded, virtually independent of the institutions with which they were legally united, and have had in our own day to be painfully won back to their former status. For years they managed their own affairs, disposing of professorships by common agreement, segregating and dividing fees, along proprietary lines. In general, these indiscriminate and irresponsible conditions continued at their worst until well into the eighties. To this day it is as easy to establish a medical school as a business college, though the inducement and tendency to do so have greatly weakened.

Meanwhile, the entire situation had fundamentally altered. The preceptorial system, soon moribund, had become nominal. The student registered in the office of a physician whom he never saw again. He no longer read his master's books, submitted to his quizzing, or rode with him the countryside in the enjoyment of valuable bedside opportunities. All the training that a young doctor got before beginning his practice had now to be procured within the medical school. The school was no longer a supplement; it was everything. Meanwhile, the practice of medicine was itself becoming quite another thing. Progress in chemical, biological, and physical science was increasing the physician's resources, both diagnostic and remedial. Medicine, hitherto empirical, was beginning to develop a scientific basis and method. The medical schools had thus a different function to perform; it took them upwards of half a century to wake up to the fact. The stethoscope had been in use for over thirty years before its first mention in the catalogue of the Harvard Medical School in 1868-69; the microscope is first mentioned the following year.

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The schools simply had not noticed at all when the vital features of the apprentice system dropped out. They continued along the old channel, their ancient methods aggravated by rapid growth in the number of students, and by the lowering in the general level of their education and intelligence. Didactic lectures were given in huge, badly-lighted amphitheatres, and in these discourses the instruction almost wholly consisted. Personal contact between teacher and student, between student and patient, was lost. No consistent effort was made to adapt medical training to changed circumstances. Many of the schools had no clinical facilities whatsoever, and the absence of adequate clinical facilities is to this day not prohibitive. The school session had indeed been lengthened to two sessions; but they were of only sixteen to twenty weeks each. Moreover, the course was not graded, and the two classes were not separated. A student had two chances to hear one set of lectures — and for the privilege paid two sets of fees. To this traffic many of the ablest practitioners in the country were parties, and with little or no realization of its enormity at that! 'It is safe to say,' said Henry J. Bigelow, professor of surgery at Harvard, in 1871, 'that no successful school has thought proper to risk large existing classes and large receipts in attempting a more thorough education.'

A minority successfully wrung a measure of good from the vicious system which they were powerless to destroy. They contrived to reach and to inspire the most capable of their hearers. The best products of the system are thus hard to reconcile with the system itself. Competent and humane physicians the country came to have, — at whose and at what cost, one shudders to reflect; for the early patients of the rapidly-made doctors must have played

an unduly large part in their practical training. An annual and increasing exodus to Europe also did much to repair the deficiencies of students who would not have neglected better opportunities at home. The Edinburgh and London tradition, maintained by John Bell, Abernethy, and Sir Astley Cooper, persisted well into the century. In the thirties, Paris became the medical student's Mecca, and the statistical and analytical study of disease, which is the discriminating mark of modern scientific medicine, was thence introduced into America by the pupils of Louis, — the younger Jackson, 'dead ere his prime,' Gerhard, and their successors. With the generation succeeding the war, the tide turned decisively toward Germany, and thither continues to set. These men subsequently became teachers in the colleges at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Charleston, and elsewhere; and from them the really capable and energetic students got much. One of the latter, who has in recent years wielded perhaps the greatest single influence in the country toward the reconstruction of medical education, says of his own school, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, in the early seventies:

'One can deery the system of those days, the inadequate preliminary requirements, the short courses, the dominance of the didactic lecture, the meagre appliances for demonstrative and practical instruction, but the results were better than the system. Our teachers were men of fine character, devoted to the duties of their chairs; they inspired us to enthusiasm, interest in our studies, and hard work, and they imparted to us sound traditions of our profession; nor did they send us forth so utterly ignorant and unfitted for professional work as those born of the present greatly improved methods of training and opportunities for prac-

tical studies are sometimes wont to suppose. Clinical and demonstrative teaching for undergraduates already existed. Of laboratory training there was none.'

As much could perhaps be said of a half-dozen other institutions. The century was therefore never without brilliant names in anatomy, medicine, and surgery; but they can hardly be cited in extenuation of conditions over which unusual gifts and perseverance alone could triumph. Those conditions made uniform and thorough teaching impossible, and they utterly forbade the conscientious elimination of the incompetent and the unfit.

From time to time, of course, the voice of protest was heard, but it was for years a voice crying in the wilderness. Delegates from medical schools and societies met at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827, and agreed upon certain recommendations, lengthening the term of medical study, and establishing a knowledge of Latin and natural philosophy as preliminary thereto. The Yale Medical School actually went so far as to procure legislation to this end. But it subsequently beat a retreat when it found itself isolated in its advanced position, its quondam allies having failed to march. As far back as 1835, the Medical College of Georgia had vainly suggested concerted action looking to more decent methods; but no step was taken until, eleven years later, an agitation set up by Nathan Smith Davis resulted in the formation of the American Medical Association, committed to two propositions, namely, that it is desirable 'that young men received as students of medicine should have acquired a suitable preliminary education,' and 'that a uniform elevated standard of requirements for the degree of M.D. should be adopted by all the medical schools in the United States.' This was in 1846; much water has flowed under

the bridge since then, and though neither of these propositions has even yet been realized, there is no denying that, especially in the last fifteen years, substantial progress has been made.

In the first place, the course has now at length been generally graded and extended to four years, still varying, however, from six to nine months each in duration. Didactic teaching has been much mitigated. Almost without exception, the schools furnish some clinical teaching; many of them provide a fair amount, though it is still only rarely used to the best teaching advantage, a few are quite adequately equipped in this respect. Relatively quicker and greater progress has been made on the laboratory side since, in 1878, Dr Francis Delafield took charge of the newly established laboratory of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, in the same autumn, Dr. William H. Welch opened the pathological laboratory of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, from which, six years later, he was called to organize the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore. It is at length everywhere conceded that the prospective student of medicine should prove his fitness for the undertaking. Not a few schools rest on a substantial admission basis; the others have not yet abandoned the impossible endeavor at one and the same time to pay their own way, and to live up to standards whose reasonableness they cannot deny. Finally, the creation of state boards has compelled a greater degree of conscientiousness in teaching, though in many far too largely the conscientiousness of the drillmaster.

In consequence of the various changes thus briefly recounted, the number of medical schools has latterly declined. Within a twelvemonth a dozen have closed their doors. Many more are obviously gasping for breath. Practical-

ly without exception, the independent schools are scanning the horizon in search of an unoccupied university harbor. It has, in fact, become virtually impossible for a medical school to comply even in a perfunctory manner with statutory, not to say scientific, requirements, and show a profit. The medical school that distributes a dividend to its professors, or pays for buildings out of fees, must cut far below the standards which its own catalogue probably alleges. Nothing has perhaps done more to complete the discredit of commercialism than the fact that it has ceased to pay. It is but a short step from an annual deficit to the conclusion that the whole thing is wrong anyway.

In the first place, however, the motive power towards better conditions came from genuine professional and scientific conviction. The credit for the actual initiative belongs thus fairly to the institutions that had the courage and the virtue to make the start. The first of these was the Chicago school, which is now the medical department of Northwestern University, and which in 1859 initiated a three-year graded course. Early in the seventies the new president of Harvard College startled the bewildered faculty of its medical school into the first of a series of reforms that began with the grading of the existing course, and ended in 1901 with the requirement of an academic degree for admission. In the process, the university obtained the same sort of control over its medical department that it exercises elsewhere. Toward this consummation President Eliot had aimed from the start; but he was destined to be anticipated by the establishment in 1893 of the Johns Hopkins Medical School on the basis of a bachelor's degree, from which with quite unprecedented academic virtue no single exception has ever been made. This was the first medical school in America

of genuine university type, with something approaching adequate endowment, well-equipped laboratories conducted by modern teachers, devoting themselves unreservedly to medical investigation and instruction, and with its own hospital, in which the training of physicians and the healing of the sick harmoniously combine to the immense advantage of both.

The influence of this new foundation can hardly be overstated. It has finally cleared up the problem of standards and ideals; and its graduates have gone forth in small bands to found new establishments or to reconstruct old ones. In the sixteen years that have since elapsed, fourteen more institutions have actually advanced to the basis of two or more years of college work; others have undertaken shortly to do so. Besides these, there are perhaps a dozen other more or less efficient schools whose entrance requirements hover hazily about high-school graduation. In point of organization, the thirty-odd schools now supplying the distinctly better quality of medical training are not as yet all of university type. Thither they are unquestionably tending; for the moment, however, the very best, and some of the very worst, are alike known as university departments.

Not a few so-called university medical departments are such in name only. They are practically independent enterprises, to which some university has good-naturedly lent its prestige. The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago is the medical department of the University of Illinois; but the relation between them is purely contractual; the state university contributes nothing to its support. The Southwestern University of Texas possesses a medical department at Dallas, but the university is legally protected against all responsibility for its debts. These fictitious alignments retard the readjustment of

medical education through further reduction in the number of schools, because the institutions involved are enabled to live on hope for perhaps another decade or more. It is important that our universities realize that medical education is a serious and costly venture, and that they should reject or terminate all connection with a medical school unless prepared to foot its bills and to pitch its instruction on a university plane. In Canada, conditions have never become so badly demoralized as in this country. There the best features of English clinical teaching had never been wholly forgotten. Convalescence from a relatively mild over-indulgence in commercial medical schools set in earlier, and is more nearly completed.

With the creation of the heterogeneous situation thus bequeathed to us, it is clear that consideration for the public good has had on the whole little to do; nor is it to be expected that this situation will very readily readjust itself in response to public need. A powerful and profitable vested interest tenaciously resists criticism from that point of view; not, of course, openly. It is too obvious that if the sick are to reap the full benefit of recent progress in medicine, a more uniformly arduous and expensive medical education is demanded. But it is speciously argued that improvements thus accomplished will do more harm than good; for whatever makes medical education more difficult and more costly will deplete the profession, and thus deprive large numbers of all medical attention whatsoever, in order that a fortunate minority may get the best possible care. Any one, however, who has taken the trouble to examine the statistical aspects of medical education in America knows very well that the enormous over-production of doctors in this country precludes any present possibility of such a danger.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

V. THE PRESIDENT 'SWINGS ROUND THE CIRCLE'

[Shortly after the adjournment of Congress a riot occurred in New Orleans in which thirty-seven Negroes were killed and one hundred and nineteen were wounded, while of their white assailants, supposed to have been protected by the local ex-Confederate authorities, only one was killed and but a handful were wounded. Sheridan, in military charge of the Department, in a despatch to Grant referred to the riot as 'an absolute massacre.' The affair made an impression upon the North most harmful to the President's conciliatory policy.]

Tuesday, August 7, 1866

The President submitted two long telegrams, one from himself to General Sheridan enquiring as to the difficulties at New Orleans, and Sheridan's reply, which was no answer.

Seward and Stanbery had much to say. The latter was very earnest to have the President send immediately to Sheridan, telling him the police must be dismissed. There was, he said, great excitement in the country and the President must at once respond.

I enquired to what he was to respond. On Friday he had directed Sheridan to keep the peace and pursue his investigations. Since that, enquiries had been made which had provoked a feeble and confused response, concluding with a request or suggestion that

the Governor of the State and the Mayor of New Orleans be displaced. Sheridan might be told that the President had no authority to displace these officers, but I expressed a hope that he would not at this distance undertake to give detailed instructions to his generals or agents.

I asked who General Baird¹ was, that he should be charged with this important matter, and how it came about that such a man as was now described, happened to be at such a place at this juncture. As for Sheridan I considered him an honest, bold, impulsive officer, without much knowledge of civil government, or administrative ability, who obeyed orders; but I apprehended him badly prompted after his first telegram, and regretted that we had not men of different calibre there at this time.

Seward said my estimate of Sheridan he thought correct. As for Baird, he knew nothing of him.

The President expressed dissatisfaction with what he heard of Baird. Stanton kept silent.

Stanbery was persistent that the President should instruct Sheridan in regard to the police of the city.

Stanton said application had been made to him for bunting for the building at Philadelphia where the convention was to meet, but he had none for

¹ In immediate command at New Orleans

them, and said, with a sneer, he would turn them over to the navy. I told him that my bunting had always been promptly shown, and it would be well were he now to let us have a sight of his.

Stanton, who had skulked, was taken aback, colored, and remarked he had no bunting for them.

'Oh,' said I, 'show your flag.'

'You mean the convention,' said he. 'I am against it.'

'I am sorry to hear it, but glad to know your opinion,' said I.

'Yes, I am opposed to the convention,' he continued.

'I did n't know it. You did not answer the enquiry like the rest of us.'

'No,' said he, 'I did not choose to have Doolittle and every other little fellow draw an answer from me.'

The conversation amused the others, as it did me. Seward looked troubled. Whether he knew Stanton's position, I am in doubt. It is, I am satisfied, very recent that he has concluded to avow himself, although I have never doubted that he was as much opposed as any radical to the union movement. I think he would rather have the government overthrown than that the real Unionists should come in power. He seems to have personal apprehensions.

I called on the President this evening to advise caution in his communications with New Orleans, expressed my regret that he had not better officers for the business required at this time in that quarter. He concurred with me, and said Baird, so far as he could learn, had caused the trouble or might have prevented it.

Who, inquired I, placed Baird there? Was it not part of the radical scheme to bring this difficulty upon us? It certainly is unfortunate that we have these men there.

He said he believed Baird was attached to the Freedmen's Bureau.

[The 'National Union' Convention held in Philadelphia August 14, heartily supported President Johnson's policy.]

Friday, August 17, 1866

Doolittle and Browning called on me this evening fresh from the convention, and overflowing with their success and the achievements of that assemblage. They insisted that I should go with them to the President and hear their verbal, friendly, social report. It was made very gratifying and the President enjoyed it. On our way to the President both gentlemen insisted that Stanton must leave the Cabinet, and said it was the strong and emphatic voice of the convention; that there were committees to communicate with the President on the subject. I told them I would leave that matter with them and the Committee. While we were with the President the subject was alluded to by Browning, but Doolittle immediately took it up and said it would be proper for him, not being a member of the Cabinet, to make known to the President the sentiment of the Convention and the country, etc.

Thursday, August 23, 1866.

Seward is full, arranging for the excursion to Chicago. Wants General Grant and Admiral Farragut should be of the party, especially through Philadelphia, where he apprehends there may be trouble. I have little apprehensions of mischief in Philadelphia, but in these reckless and violent times some rash and ruffianly partisans may place obstruction on the railroad track in the more sparsely populated districts. I therefore suggested to the President several days since that it would be well to take Stanton along, who is in favor of the excursion and has urged it, as he is a favorite with the radicals who would not endanger or hurt him. Seward proposed some other

naval officer than Farragut also, and I named Radford to him and also to the President, provided another was desired. The President was indifferent, — thought we should have plenty of company.

[The President's famous electioneering journey, 'swinging round the circle' as he called it, from which he expected very favorable results, proved highly injurious to his cause.]

Monday, September 17, 1866.

Returned on Saturday, the 15th, from excursion with the President. Our route was via Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, West Point, Albany, Niagara Falls (where we spent our first Sunday), Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago (where we remained Thursday the 6th inst.), Springfield, Ill., Alton, St. Louis (where we spent our second Sunday), Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Baltimore, home.

We only travelled by daylight, excepting when coming from Louisville to Cincinnati by steamer. I have not enumerated the intermediate places of our visit, but having special train, no stops were made except at places of importance.

The newspapers of the day give detailed statements of our journey, the places at which we stopped, the introductions that were made, and caricature statements of speeches which were delivered. Our party consisted of Secretary Seward and myself of the Cabinet. P. M. General Randall was with us part of the time. General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Admiral Radford, Generals Rousseau, Custer, Steadman, Stoneman, Crook, E. T. Welles, J. A. Welles, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Farragut, Judge Patterson, Colonel Moore, and others.

The President made brief remarks

at nearly every stopping-place to the crowds which assembled to meet and welcome him. In some instances party malignity showed itself, but it was rare, and the guilty few in numbers. It was evident in most of the cases, not exceeding half a dozen in all, that the hostile partisan manifestations were prearranged and prompted by sneaking leaders. The authorities in some of the cities — Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Pittsburgh — declined to extend courtesies or participate in the reception, but the people in all these cases took the matter in hand and were almost unanimous in the expression of their favorable regard and respect for the chief magistrate. The governors of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, and Pennsylvania were all absent. In Ohio and Pennsylvania the Secretary of State appeared, and each apologized for the absence of the executive, but extended formal courtesies.

Only one radical congressional representative, Mr. Blow of Missouri, called upon the President. Mr. Spaulding of Cleveland was boarding at the house where we stopped and we, therefore, saw him. But along the whole line of travel of over two thousand miles, and through, perhaps, thirty or forty congressional districts, the radical members absented themselves, evidently by pre-concert, and the radical state and municipal authorities acted in almost every case in concert with them.

The President spoke freely, frankly, and plainly. For the first three or four days, I apprehended he would, if he did not forbear, break down, for it seemed as though no one possessed the physical power to go through such extraordinary labor day after day for two or three weeks. I, therefore, remonstrated with and cautioned him, but he best knew his own system and

powers of endurance. He felt moreover that he was performing a service and a duty in his appeals to his countrymen, and desired to address them face to face on the great issues before the country. It was the method to which he had been accustomed in Tennessee and the Southwest, and he believed it would be effective in the North.

I was apprehensive that the effect would be different, that his much talking would be misapprehended and misrepresented, that the partisan press and partisan leaders would avail themselves of it and decry him. I am still apprehensive that he may have injured his cause by many speeches; but it is undeniably true that his remarks were effective among his hearers, and that within that circle he won supporters.

To a great extent the radicals are opposed to him and his policy; yet when the true issue was stated the people were and are obviously with him. The President himself has sanguine belief that he has so aroused his countrymen that they will sanction his measures for re-establishing the Union on the constitutional lines, and oppose the radicals' revolutionary measures. I have no doubt that the honest sentiments of the people are for the Union, but the radicals have the party organizations and have labored to make those organizations effective for almost a year, while the President has done comparatively nothing.

Speeches to a few crowds, or the same speech essentially to many crowds, are not in themselves, I fear, sufficient. In the meantime there is want of sagacity, judgment, and good common sense in managing the party which supports him. Candidates who are copperheads, *i.e.* who opposed the government during the war, cannot become earnestly engaged or really enthusiastic supporters, yet the radical Republicans hold

back while this class is pushed forward. There is a kinder feeling among Republicans towards beaten rebels than towards copperheads. But these last pay court to the President in the absence of the greater part of the Republicans who have become radicals. It is not strange, while the radicals conspire against him, that he assimilates with those who, if they opposed his election, now doubtfully sustain his policy. It is out of sympathy and charity to them. They, however, are still selfish partisans, and are unpatriotic and in adherence to mere party policy and to a President they did not elect.

Seward, who during the whole session of Congress held off and gave the radical leaders full room for intrigue, yielded to their aggressive conduct and was unwilling to give up his party organization until that party had so fortified itself as to set him at defiance, appears to have finally come to the conclusion that it is not best to repel the Democrats, for the administration must rely upon them. He has throughout the excursion generally seconded the President, assented to all his positions and rather encouraged his frequent speeches, which I opposed, for it was the same speech, sometimes slightly modified.

General Grant, whom the radicals have striven to use and to offset against the President, who generally received louder cheers and called out more attention than even the President himself, behaved on the whole discreetly. Of course he saw, as did all others, the partisan design and schemes of the radicals, but he did not, so far as I could perceive, permit it to move him from his propriety, at least during the first week or ten days. He gave me to understand in one or two conversations which we had that our views corresponded. He agreed with me that he is for re-establishing the Union at once

in all its primitive vigor, is for immediate representation by all the states, etc ; but while he would forgive much to the rebels, he is unsparing towards those whom he denounces as copperheads. Mr. Hogan, the representative of the St. Louis district, accompanied us, by invitation of the President, on our way from St. Louis to Washington. He is a warm, earnest, zealous Democrat, an Irishman by birth, and a devoted friend and admirer of the President. It gave him pleasure with his strong lungs to introduce the President and his associates to the crowds at the stopping-places. General Grant told me in Cincinnati that it was extremely distasteful to him to be introduced to the crowds assembled at the stations by Hogan, who was a copperhead, he said, and rebel sympathizer during the war. He had, he remarked to me, no desire for fellowship with such a man. A rebel he could forgive, but not a copperhead.

The reception was everywhere enthusiastic, and the demonstrations, especially at the principal cities, were in numbers most extraordinary and overwhelming. In Philadelphia, where the radical authorities would not participate, the people filled the streets so that it was difficult to get through them. This proceeding at Philadelphia was the beginning of a series of [manifestations of] petty spite on the part of the radical managers, which was advised and determined upon before we left Washington, and of which, I became satisfied, Stanton was cognizant. Between him and Grant there was, at that time, very little sympathy or friendly feeling, and until we had completed more than half of our journey, Grant clung to the President. Though usually reticent, he did not conceal from me his dislike of Seward. But, first at Detroit, then at Chicago, St. Louis, and finally at Cincinnati, it be-

came obvious he had begun to listen to the seductive appeals of the radical conspirators. The influence of his father, who was by his special request my companion and associate at Cincinnati in the procession, finally carried him into the radical ranks.

The Senate of New York, in session at Albany, deliberately struck Mr. Seward's name from the list of those who were welcomed, and Governor Fenton, in the spirit of a narrow mind, undertook to overslaugh the Secretary of State when we were introduced at the capitol. When ushered through the crowd into the executive rooms, which were filled, Governor F[enton] introduced the President to the senators and the throng. Passing by Secretary Seward, who stood beside the President, he called for General Grant, who was in the rear, and presented him, and was then addressing himself to me; but Seward, who was aware of the action of the senate and Governor, felt the intentional discourtesy most keenly, waited for no further action of the Governor, but stepped to the table and said, 'I am here among old friends and familiar scenes and require no introduction from any one. Here are men and objects that I have known in other days, and have honored and been honored here.' Taking one and another by the hand, with 'How do you do,' he exchanged courtesies with several. Governor F[enton] then introduced me and Admiral Farragut.

At Auburn, Seward's home, where we were to remain overnight, there were little neighborhood bickerings and jealousies. Mr. Pomeroy, the representative of the district, was intensely radical, and had broken away from his old friend and neighbor in his party course. Naturally he carried many with him. There was also a jealous feeling of Mr. Seward himself on the part of the village aristocracy.

At Cleveland there was evidently a concerted plan to prevent the President from speaking, or to embarrass him in his remarks. Grant, I think, had been advised of this and it affected him unfavorably. They did not succeed, but I regretted that he continued to address these crowds. Although it is consistent with his practice in Tennessee, I would rather the chief magistrate would be more reserved, and both Governor Tod and myself suggested to Seward that it was impolitic and injudicious, but Seward did not concur. He said the President was doing good, and was the best stump speaker in the country. The President should not be a stump speaker.

At Chicago and at St. Louis the reception was magnificent. There was in that of the latter place a cordiality and sincerity unsurpassed. We were met at Alton by thirty-six steamers crowded with people, and were escorted by them to St. Louis.

There was turbulence and premeditated violence at Indianapolis more than at any other and all other places. At Indianapolis I became convinced of what I had for some days suspected, that there was an extreme radical conspiracy to treat the President with disrespect and indignity, and to avoid him. Morton, who had early been obsequious to him and was opposed to Negro suffrage and radical demands, had become a radical convert. He fled from us as we entered Indiana, — so too the little governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania, who were purposely absent when we arrived at Columbus and Harrisburg.

Louisville gave us a grand reception.

Mr. Seward had an attack of the cholera on the steamboat after we left Louisville, and was unable thereafter to participate with us. He had a car and a bed to himself from Cincinnati. At Pittsburg we parted, he going with the regular train in a car by himself,

while we had a special train in advance. After reaching Harrisburg and while at supper, we were in a whisper informed that Mr. Seward was in a car at the depot, unable to be moved, and that Doctor Norris was apprehensive he might not survive the night. The President and myself immediately but quietly withdrew from the table and went to the depot, where we found Mr. Seward very low and weak. On the following morning he was little, if any, better, and was certainly weaker than on the preceding evening. He was evidently apprehensive he should not survive, and I feared it was our last interview. His voice was gone and he spoke in whispers. Taking the President's hand he said, 'My mind is clear, and I wish to say at this time that your course is right, that I have felt it my duty to sustain you in it, and if my life is spared I shall continue to do so. Pursue it for the sake of the country; it is correct.' His family, which had been sent for, arrived and joined him at Harrisburg, soon after, and he proceeded to Washington in advance of us and arrived there Saturday p. m.

At Columbus we were reviewed by a large assemblage. Not only the residents of the place, but of the surrounding country, gathered to meet us. Ex-Postmaster-General Dennison, who called upon us in the evening, was in good health, though he says he has been unwell most of the time since he left Washington. One or two of his neighbors say that he was ill in consequence of his resignation and [its] acceptance.

There was here, as I had noted at some other places, some scheming to antagonize General Grant and the President, and make it appear that the interest was specially for the former. Great pains have been taken by partisans to misrepresent the President and misstate facts, and to deceive and pre-

judice the people against him. There is special vindictiveness and disregard of truth by members of Congress everywhere. Hate of the South and the whole people of the South is inculcated, constitutional obligations are wholly disregarded, a new constitution [is promulgated], or such changes in the present as will give us essentially a new central government which shall operate especially against the states and people of the South, while the people there are denied all representation or participation in these changes.

The Democrats of the North and almost the whole South, who might benefit themselves and the country by taking advantage of these errors and follies of the radicals, are themselves demented and absurd in their action. They are devoted to party, regardless of country. Instead of openly and boldly supporting the President and the policy of the administration, showing moderation and wisdom in the selection of candidates, they are pressing forward men whom good unionists, remembering and feeling the recent calamities of the war, cannot willingly support. In this way they have put in jeopardy the success of the cause of the administration, which in most of the states is their own. Prudent and judicious management would have given us a different congress even in the free states, but I think it can scarcely be expected in view of the great mistakes committed in the nominations which have been made. It is to the Democrats and the South a lost opportunity.

Thursday, September 27, 1866

Sam J. Tilden and De Wolf of Oswego spent the evening with me. Tilden has good sense, intelligence, and honesty, but is a strong party man, sees everything with partisan eyes, yet understandingly. In 1848 and for a time thereafter he was a 'barn-burner,'

going with the Van Burens, but very soon was homesick, sighed for the old organization, and continued to long for the 'leeks and onions' of his political Egypt, until he got once more into the regular Democratic fold. From that time he has clung to the horns of party with undying tenacity. During the war he did not side with the rebels, but he disliked and abjured the administration.

At this time he supports the President, but I perceive he aims to do it as a Democrat rather than as a patriot, and that he is striving to identify the President with the Democratic party organization. I regret that he and other New York extremists should pursue this course. It will be likely to give strength to the radicals and defeat the administration in the coming elections. Tilden speaks of success, which I am confident he cannot feel. He and his party have, it appears to me, alienated, instead of recruiting, men who would have united with them, and thereby given victory to the radicals.

The people of the North are not ready to place the government in the hands of the copperheads, or even of the Democrats who were cold and reserved during the war. This hostility to those who sympathized with the rebels is national. It is an honest feeling which Stevens, Boutwell, Butler, and other reckless partisans, are abusing and striving to work into frenzy. Had the Democrats given up their distinctive organization and worked in with the real Union men against the radical exclusionists, the President and his policy would have been triumphantly vindicated and sustained.

Saturday, November 17, 1866.

Several weeks have elapsed and many interesting incidents have gone which I wished to note, but, employed through the days and until late at night. [1]

have not had the time. The fall elections have passed and the radicals retain their strength in Congress. False issues have prevailed. Nowhere have the real political questions been discussed. Passion, prejudice, hate of the South, the whole South, were the radical element and aliment for re-establishing the Union. Equal political rights among the States is scouted; so is toleration to the people of the South. The papers and orators appealed to the Northern public to know if they would consent to have the rebels who had killed their fathers, brothers, sons, etc., brought into power. President Johnson was and is denounced as a traitor, because he does not repel and persecute the beaten rebels. The passions of the people are influenced to war heat against the whole South indiscriminately, while kindness, toleration, and reason are discarded, and the constitutional changes and all real political questions are ignored.

The Democrats, with equal folly and selfishness, strove to install their old party organization in force, regardless of the true interest of the country. They saw the weakness and wickedness of the radical majority in Congress and believed that they had committed suicide. The public was dissatisfied with the course pursued by Congress and rejoiced that the Philadelphia convention was called. In that convention, so unfortunately mismanaged from its inception, and in subsequent meetings, the Democrats predominated, and they narrowed the contest down to an attempt to fortify and entrench their old organization, not aware that the once proud party had made itself odious by its anti-war conduct and record. The consequence has been that instead of reinstating themselves they have established the radicals more strongly in power.

Never was a political campaign so

poorly managed. When the call was preparing for the Philadelphia convention, I urged that the real issues should be embraced, for otherwise the administration would be placed at disadvantage, and charged (in the absence of avowed principles) with a coalition with rebels for power; we were, I told them, throwing away an opportunity. We could, on the proposed revolutionary constitution changes, meet and whip the radical faction, whereas if we omitted any allusion to them and evaded the true test there would be a general scramble in which the radicals would have the advantage, for they had been organizing and preparing for the contest. But P[ost] M[aster] G[eneral] Randall and others, secretly prompted by Seward, were unwilling to take an open, bold stand. They wanted to satisfy Raymond and the calculating party trimmers, and so let themselves down.

We have, therefore, had elections without any test, statement, or advocacy of principles, except the false one that the radicals have forced, that the administration had united with rebels. It was a contention of partisans, striving for the ascendancy. The President's friends were willing to support him and sustain his policy in the elections if they could get at the question, but a large portion of them would not vote to restore the old obnoxious Democrats to power on old issues.

Thursday, November 29, 1866.

A number of members of Congress have arrived. Thad Stevens and some of the ranting radicals are on the ground early, to block out work for their followers when they assemble on Monday next. Thad is a very domineering and exacting leader and has great control over the radicals, though many of them are unwilling to admit it, and in a cowardly way deny it. Lacking well-

grounded political principles, they want moral courage in the peculiar condition of affairs. Fearing Stevens, they shrink from the avowal of an honest policy. Stevens has genius and audacity, but not wisdom; imagination, but not sagacity; cunning, but not principle. Will ruin his party or country; doubtless injure both.

The threat of impeachment is less loud for the last few days, but the extreme radicals will press it if they have a shadow of hope that they can succeed. It is a deliberate conspiracy which should send the leaders to the penitentiary. If Thad Stevens can get his caucus machinery at work he will grind out the refractory and make the timid guilty participants.

Forney¹ with his 'two papers, both daily,' and a scrub committee which he and the radical leaders have fixed, are trying to get up a great reception for the members of Congress. It is one of the revolutionary demonstrations, and the conspirators have been counting on tens of thousands to be present, but the people are not all fools. These attempts to crowd forward extreme radicalism, embolden it and make it despotic, but do not strengthen them or inspire confidence. Still, after the last long session and its works, the late wretched elections, the weak men of this Congress are not to be relied on for wise, patriotic and judicious legislation.

In the meantime the President is passive, leaning on Seward and Stanton, who are his weakness. Seward has no influence. Stanton has with the radicals, but with no others. Of course, the Executive grows weaker instead of stronger, with such friends.

As Congress has, by excluding two

¹ John W. Forney was a prominent Pennsylvania politician. Combining business with politics, it was his habit frequently to refer, in his public utterances, to 'my two papers, both daily,'—thus advertising the *Philadelphia Press* and the *Washington Chronicle*.

states, a sufficient majority to override any veto, there will, under the law of Stevens, Boutwell, Kelly, etc., be strange and extraordinary legislation. The power and rights of the Executive will be infringed upon, and every effort will be made to subordinate that department of the government, subject it to the legislative branch and deprive the Executive of its legitimate authority. Seward does not manage but will assist them. Stanton, though subtle, is a sly radical prompter and adviser. Yet there are no men in whom the President confides more than in those two men. I shall not be surprised, but disappointed, if Congress proceeds immediately to tie up the hands of the President in every conceivable way, taking from the President the appointments conferred by the Constitution and essential to an efficient executive, passing laws regardless of the Constitution, and in other ways turning down the government.

This is Thanksgiving Day. A fast, if either observance is religious and proper, would be more appropriate. We may thank Providence for His mercies and goodness, but we should fast, and lament the follies and wickedness of partisans and speculators who are afflicting and destroying the country.

I have given my annual report its final proof-reading. In it I have stated facts and expressed opinions which I might have avoided, indicating, unmistakably, my position and views. It would have been politic, in the usual acceptance of the term, to have omitted these passages; but I feel it a duty to my country, to the Constitution, to truth, to the President, to shrink from no honest expression of my opinion in times like these.

Friday, November 30, 1866.

At the Cabinet meeting the President had his message read by Colonel

with him to Westville, a fourth-rate manufacturing town some ten miles removed from Dunbridge topographically, while socially it was looked upon as quite the antipodes of that genteel suburb.

Jane's mother, destined later to be known as Old Lady Pratt, had strenuously opposed the match, whereby she had made one of the few blunders of her career; for no one knew better than she that Jane was not to be 'druv.' The wisest have their lapses, however, and when once the keen-witted little monitor had been betrayed into speaking her whole mind, the die was cast.

'No, Jane,' she had declared, "'tain't because this new beau o' yours is a poor man, 'n' ain't got any folks to speak of, — that ain't why I'm so sot ag'in him. It's because you'd think you was doin' him a kindness in marryin' him; 'n' wuss still, he'd think so too. 'N' that would be the plain ruination o' you.'

'I'd like to know why,' Jane flouted, setting her neck at an ominous angle.

'You'd like to know why? Well, I'll tell ye why. Ef you was to marry a man foolish enough to look up to you, you'd git to be so self-satisfied, that instid o' broadenin' out, you'd jest narrier down; 'n' you'd stay narrier down till doomsday.'

Many persons affirmed that Jane was the 'livin' image' of her mother, and never was the resemblance more pronounced than when the two were most at odds. To-day, as Jane straightened her back, while her black eyes flashed defiance, the very look and attitude of her seemed a usurpation, and as such it was regarded.

'You're a smart, likely enough girl,' the mother persisted, with stinging emphasis, 'but what you're in cryin' need of is a master!'

At that moment, had he but known it, Henry Bennett's suit was won.

'A master!' cried Jane, now in open and jubilant revolt. 'I'd like to see myself knucklin' down to a master.'

'So should I!' The retort came back like a whip-lash. 'I'm glad we kin agree on that.'

All this was ancient history now. Both Old Lady Pratt and Henry Bennett, aggressor and *casus belli* in that memorable engagement, had passed beyond the clash of arms, and only Jane, duly 'narried down,' and sharply acidulated in the process, remained, a living witness to its enduring consequences. Thanks to a liberal endowment of 'spunk,' she had kept a 'stiff upper lip' through many a depressing experience in the dingy little town where her husband plied his trade of optician, and where, after his death, she and her son, Anson, continued to dwell in obscurity, not to say indigence. Yet, if her relatives had thus been spared the mortification of seeing one of their number grow shabbier and thinner under their very eyes, they had been nevertheless poignantly aware of the circumstance.

Not that the Pratts were peculiarly sensitive to the sufferings of other folks. They were doubtless quite as philosophical as the rest of us when it came to resigning themselves to their neighbors' misfortunes. Only where the family credit was involved were they disposed to take things hard. And that an own daughter of Old Lady Pratt should 'want for anything,' that a near relative, an aunt in fact, of the wealthy banker, William Spencer, should be reduced to doing her own work in her declining years, — it was even whispered that she bought her coal in small quantities! — that did touch them sorely.

Various overtures made from time to time, looking to the amelioration of Jane's condition, had formed a chronicle of failure, in the grim humor of

which the intended beneficiary had found such satisfaction as a well-seasoned family skeleton may be supposed to derive from the embarrassment it causes. And when at last Anson too had passed away (a characteristically spiritless procedure), leaving his mother in still more straitened circumstances, with neither chick nor child to look after her, the situation was felt to reflect grave discredit upon the whole connection.

Perhaps humor is too genial a word to apply to Jane's relish of the general discomfiture. The quality of her perceptions, which were as keen as they were limited, had a tendency to turn things sour; while humor, as we know, is the prime sweetener. Whether or not her grocer was correct in his surmise that 'the Widder Bennett' lived mainly on pickles, — the cheap brand, — morally at least such had been the case now these many years. She lived on pickles, — the cheap brand. What wonder that her sharp little teeth were set on edge?

But Jane was not the only one of Old Lady Pratt's descendants who had a mind of her own, and when, a few months after Anson's death, her sister Harriet went the way of many a less dignified mortal, the heirs, as they were quite justified in styling themselves, determined upon heroic measures.

'It's agreed, then,' said James the executor, in family conclave, 'that we make Aunt Jane a regular allowance.'

'In mother's name,' Lucy threw in. 'She would n't touch it otherwise.'

'Of course, in mother's name,' Arabella declared authoritatively. 'We all know she'd rather starve than be beholden to live folks.'

'She's grown more peaked every year since Henry Bennett died,' James remarked testily.

'Yes,' was his brother Pratt's sardonic comment. 'That's just the

plague of it, — her *looking* starved. We could make out to put up with it if she only had the sense to look as if she had enough to eat and wear.'

'Who's going to see her about it?' asked Lucy, the peacemaker.

'Why not you?' her husband suggested. 'You're a great hand at getting round folks.'

'Nonsense, Frank!' But although she scouted the notion, she did so with her brightest smile; and Lucy's smiles were jewels of the first water.

'The proper person to interview Aunt Jane is undoubtedly the executor,' Arabella adjudicated unhesitatingly.

'What are you thinking of?' cried Susan. 'James could n't keep his temper two minutes.'

'Could n't keep my temper?' James thundered.

'Pratt's the man,' Stephen interposed. 'He understands Aunt Jane better than anybody. He never riles her'

'Nor he don't try any palaver,' James growled vindictively, and with considerable acumen too. For, in view of the skeleton's eccentricities, — and they were anatomically well-defined, — the diplomatic Stephen was scarcely less disqualified for this particular mission than the explosive James himself.

Pratt, on the other hand, being an avowed misanthrope, might be considered more akin to his aunt than any of the others. His tongue was caustic but never hasty, his temperament bleak, but equable. Furthermore, although he was a lawyer, and a clever one too, he had never made money enough to incur an imputation of that smug self-complacency which Jane was so quick at ferreting out. People said he was too clever to take his clients seriously; they felt that he saw through them, and that made them restive. What they were paying him for was to see through the other fellow. It may also

be mentioned, though he himself would never have owned it, that he was not infrequently handicapped by a sneaking sympathy for the under-dog.

When, a day or two later, the chosen emissary presented himself before his aunt in her dreary little sitting-room, where the winter's chill still lingered, though April was setting things sprouting and simmering outside, — she struck him as looking more than ever like a small, elderly kobold on short rations. The hue and texture of her skin, the cut of her wizened features, all bore out the impression, which was still further accentuated by a certain elfish alertness of glance and gesture, as of a creature not quite domesticated. Jane's hair, which she wore pulled straight back, and fastened in a tight little knob at the nape of her neck, was, like her widow's weeds, of a rusty black. But neither years nor reverses had availed to tarnish the sparkling jet of her eyes, nor to modify the acrid tang of her speech. Touching the latter, indeed, Pratt Spencer used to declare that her waspishness was so purely automatic that no one had any business to take it amiss.

'Well, Pratt,' was her tart greeting. 'This is the second time since Christmas. Ain't you gettin' to be quite a society man?'

'Oh, this is not a duty call,' he returned cheerfully. 'I've come for pleasure.'

'You hev, hev you?'

'Yes; I've come to make myself disagreeable.'

'Hm! Could n't you do that nearer home?'

'Not this time. I'm depending on your coöperation.'

'Hopin' to raise a loan, perhaps?'

The masterly sarcasm of this sally was enough to put even Jane into a good humor. Perceiving which, he made haste to follow it up.

'How did you guess?' he inquired, in simulated wonderment.

'Well, I thought you was lookin' kind o' sheepish.'

'You'll not make it too hard for me, will you, Aunt Jane?' he wheedled, unreeling his line, as it were, to give free play to her caprice.

'Dunno 'bout that,' she returned, with a quite piscatorial whisk of fancy. 'Never did approve o' young folks runnin' in debt.'

Young folks, indeed! As if she didn't know her nephew's age to a day!

'We might call it a gift,' he grinned, with a crafty turn on the reel.

'A gift!' It was a very polysyllable of misprision, — the sinuous protest of the trout as the line tightened.

'Why not?' And he turned upon her a pair of inquisitorial glasses Goggle-eyed as he called himself, Pratt managed to make those glasses of his do a power of execution.

'Well, I never seen a Pratt yet that I'd offer money to, did you?'

This was by good rights a poser.

'Not my own, perhaps,' he admitted, 'but, look here, Aunt Jane,' — unblushingly sacrificing syntax to rhetoric, — 'how about when they're gone where they've no more use for their money?'

But she had him, there.

'Then of course you could n't offer it to 'em,' she retorted, with the ready logic of perversity.

Whereupon, conceiving that he had given her line enough, he dropped his angling, and came straight to the point. Yet, although he put the matter clearly and persuasively, and with entire sincerity, such was the force of skepticism bristling in every line of that gritty little face and figure, that he could n't for the life of him keep from feeling the hypocrite; especially when it came to the peroration.

'You must know better than any

one,' he urged, beshrewing the inevitable platitude, 'how glad mother would always have been to see you enjoying the comforts you were born to.'

It is painful to record that at this point Jane sniffed.

'Oh, yes,' was her astute comment. 'You can't expect folks to be exactly proud o' their poor relations.'

'Have it so, for all me,' he acquiesced cordially. 'I should be the last to deny that we're a parcel of egotists. But all the same,' taking quick toll of his acquiescence, 'mother did want to see her own sister comfortable. And now's the time for carrying out her wishes.'

'No, 'tain't,' Jane objected, shrewdly. 'The time for kerryin' out her wishes was when she was makin' her will.'

But this was overstepping, and he promptly called a halt.

'You're out, there,' he said with decision. 'Right or wrong, mother had her own ideas about the family property. She would not have felt justified in —'

'Well, then,' she broke in, 'that settles it. I should n't think of crossin' her, now she's dead 'n' gone.' Then, with one of those quick movements with which she was wont to punctuate an ultimatum, 'S'posin' we hev a taste o' raspberry vinegar, — seein' 's you've come so fur for nothin',' she added maliciously.

'Not for me,' he gave back, in frank tit-for-tat. 'That would be too much of a good thing.'

'Well,' she snapped, 'if you don't relish what's offered, you're free to refuse it. We ain't any of us so poor but we kin do that!'

Brisk as the retort was, she looked fagged, not, as usual, stimulated, by the fray. He marked the strain in the little pinched face, and straightway the under-dog began pulling at his sympathies.

'Come, come, Aunt Jane,' he pleaded, with gruff kindness. 'You're out of sorts, and no wonder, — living here all by yourself, without so much as a kitchen-maid to plague you. I suppose your mind gets running on Anson, and it wears on you.'

Well though he knew her, he half expected to see her soften. But he was reckoning without the innermost core of his fierce little antagonist. A hard glitter in those jet-black eyes warned him that he had trespassed.

'Anson was never much company,' she averred harshly. 'I ain't missin' him particularly.' And Anson, her own son, scarce six months dead!

Pratt Spencer was sharply on the alert. A new element had entered into the case. Here was no thrust and parry of small arms; it was a cry of distress from a starving garrison. Not temper, but heart-ache had forced that cry, — plain, grinding heart-ache. Hateful word, that, hateful thing, too. And the man's mind jerked backward, twenty-five years, to the day when Clara Dudley threw him over for a light-weight fellow who sang tenor.

How that tenor voice had rankled, all these years! And he, the lean six-footer, encumbered with a portentous bass that flatted from sheer force of gravity, had behaved then exactly as Jane was behaving now. He too had lied, doggedly, bitterly. He had lied to his people, he had lied to Clara, he had lied to himself. He too had sworn that he did n't care. And in course of time, when he considered himself cured of what he was now pleased to characterize as an acute cerebral dyspepsia, he had clinched the argument by marrying another girl, — a capital girl too, and one who had no ear for music. Yet, on the day, two scant years after Clara's untimely death, when her husband had consoled himself with a new wife, Pratt Spencer had carried flowers to the grave

of the girl who had jilted him. And always after that, on the anniversary of her husband's second marriage, he had deliberately, punctiliously, carried flowers to her grave. Another man in his case might have kept her birthday, or the anniversary of her death. He chose to mark the day on which her husband had consoled himself. Thus he clearly demonstrated that it was an affair, not of sentiment, but of homely justice. She too merited consolation on that day, and he would see that she got it. For he could be judicial, since he did n't care.

And Jane did n't care. She was n't missing Anson particularly; he was never much company. Had she too been jilted, he wondered, — jilted by her own son? And — for whom?

'Aunt Jane,' he asked abruptly, 'was Anson ever great friends with anybody?'

'I dunno's he was — unless 't was with that old foggy, Dr. Morse, over to East Burnham,' she added grudgingly.

'Him! That was where he practiced medicine, was n't it?'

'Yes; 'n' Dr. Morse took good care that he did n't practice medicine long!'

Pratt had heard, years ago, and with cold disapproval, of his cousin's fiasco. How, beguiled by the apparent simplicity of homœopathy, then just coming into vogue, — pushed into the practice of it indeed by the rash little martinet who was his mother, — he had suddenly turned doctor, much as he might have turned haberdasher, with no professional training, no conception of the need of it. How he had made a surprising success of the thing for a few months, and then had suddenly turned his back on fortune, and come home to sell spectacles over his father's counter. A bitter pill that must have been for Jane. And now, in the stark impoverishment of her lonely life, what more natural than that she should

ruminate upon it till it played the mischief with her constitution? Plainly an antidote must be found, and who more likely to know the formula than that East Burnham doctor whom Anson had been so thick with? Indeed, where was the good of being a doctor at all, if you could n't cure folks? With which somewhat revolutionary dictum, Pratt elected to pronounce the question closed.

Certainly it could do no harm to step over to East Burnham and have a word with the 'old foggy.' To-morrow was Sunday, the weather seemed promising for a country jaunt, — an important desideratum, by the way. For as often as Pratt Spencer contemplated any enterprise which could be remotely construed into a good deed, he was at pains to convince himself that he was acting in obedience to a whim of his own. Yes, a trip to East Burnham was the very thing for an April Sunday, and if it turned out that the old doctor really did have that antidote up his sleeve, why, all the better. That affair of the allowance, a confounded bore at the best, could go over to a more favorable moment. He'd have his country jaunt at any rate.

'Well, Aunt Jane,' he said, as he took her hard little hand in parting, — how many years of poverty and toil had gone to make callous that little hand, — and that little soul too as far as that went! — 'Well, Aunt Jane, I guess you and I are a good deal alike, and fight shy of our feelings. But we all know what a devoted son Anson was.' And now he was too much in earnest to bother about platitudes. 'He loved his mother, if he was not much company.'

Again she sniffed.

He had got to the door and his hand was on the knob, when a sharp, strained voice arrested him.

'Pratt Spencer, you come back!'

He turned, and stood, waiting for her to speak.

'You appear to think you know pretty much all there is to know 'bout other folks' affairs,' she rasped. 'I should like to hev you tell me when Anson ever poured out his heart to you.'

'Can't say he ever did.'

'Hm! Thought as much. To hear you talk, a body'd think he'd been in the habit of t.t'llin' you *what store he set by his mother!*'

The words were scornful, but there was an eager light in the eyes, and a sharp catch in the breath, as she waited his reply. Pratt Spencer, for all his pride of misanthropy, would have given much to answer in the affirmative. Being, however, but an indifferent liar at best, he found himself constrained to say, lamely enough, —

'I never knew Anson very well, Aunt Jane, but he had the name of being a devoted son.'

The eager light went out like a candle, — not blown out by the wind, but guttering in the socket from lack of nourishment. There was no more catching of the breath as she rejoined, dully,

'Well, I dunno's anybody's ever denied it.'

And now the door had closed upon her visitor, and Jane stood, a forlorn little wilted figure, in the middle of the room, wondering what on earth she had been thinking of. Why had she said that foolish thing that did n't deceive anybody, least of all herself? She did not miss Anson particularly? — did not miss him? No; because he was ever with her, — right there before her eyes, — *his face turned away!*

With a hard, dry sob, she dropped upon the nearest chair, and sat there, clutching the arm of it, and staring at the wall. There had been smirking shepherdesses on that wall six months ago. Here, in this room, the operation had taken place, — the operation which Anson had undergone at the hands of

a rising young surgeon, James Ellery by name, whom Dr. Morse had summoned to the case. Here, right here, she had sat for hours afterward, watching for a look, a movement, any smallest token that the patient was thinking of his mother. But no, he had thoughts only for the doctors, only for the operation. When they told him that he could n't pull through, 'That's no account,' he had protested feebly. 'The operation's the thing. That's all we care about.'

Ah, but the irony of that had struck home, — the sheer irony of it after all these years. For a long, dragging quarter of a century he had quietly, stubbornly held out against her, — quietly, stubbornly, he had gone his ways, oblivious apparently to the profession he had willfully renounced, the profession on which she had staked her all of motherly pride, — and now at last, when it could profit nothing, so alive to the appeal of it that he had never a word of good-by for her. Not wounded pride, not thwarted ambition — the master-grievance of her life hitherto — was wringing her heart in that hour, but just the primitive, indomitable mother-instinct, clamoring for its own.

'Why, mother! You up so late? Why don't you go to bed?'

She might have been the merest stranger intruding upon the scene, — one of those smirking shepherdesses that seemed to come alive and mock at her. The mocking shepherdesses had since been pasted over with a cheap sprawling wall-paper which her own hands had applied, but in imagination she could still see their smirking faces, their silly frills and furbelows, through the sprawling pattern. And so, under the stiff crust of indifference she so jealously guarded, that hidden wound had festered, unacknowledged, and when the chance probe of her nephew's words pricked through, she could only

cry out in a blind, senseless repudiation of that primitive instinct which had been mercilessly prying upon her for months past. Anson was never much company! She was n't missing him particularly! Poor little undisciplined soul, caught in the tangle of its own tragic waywardness!

There was a timid rap at the kitchen door. A neighbor's child stood outside. Jane's neighbors were very small-fry nowadays; those who could afford it had long since moved uptown.

'Please, Mis' Bennett,' came a whining voice, 'ma thought p'raps you'd accommodate us with a few eggs. It's Saturday night, and she's all run out.'

'It's Saturday night over here too,' Jane observed dryly.

The Dannings were arrant beggars, but Jane was never averse to playing the Lady Bountiful.

She stepped to the pantry. There were just three eggs there. She put them in a paper bag and handed them to the child.

'Tell your ma that's all I can spare to-day,' she said. 'I'm kind o' short myself.'

And with a hasty 'Thankee' the child trotted off.

Jane returned to the sitting-room much cheered. She understood that certain of her well-to-do relatives had theories about encouraging mendicancy. She for her part would like to know how you could expect your inferiors to look up to you if you did n't assert yourself.

She was crossing the room in quest of her work-basket, when she noticed that Pratt had left the evening paper behind him. She glanced at it in quick suspicion. Did he know she could n't afford a paper? She had half a mind to mail it to him, — to put the price of it into a stamp. But, no. She liked Pratt. She did n't mind accepting that much from him.

She picked up the paper and, seating herself, began reading it, diligently, systematically, as a person does to whom the daily paper is a luxury. Suddenly her heart contracted sharply. What was this about Dr. James Ellery and the amazing operation he had performed? She glanced furtively across the room to where the bed had stood. There was no bed there, and the shepherdesses that might have witnessed to it were pasted over.

With a sense of relief she returned to the perusal of the paper. Hastily, eagerly now, she ran her eye down the column, — a whole column, more than a column, all about that young man who had been Anson's doctor. An odd movement of pride in the fact had succeeded to that first twinge of pain. She could not make out much about the operation itself, the technical language puzzled her, but there followed a sketch of the young surgeon's career, and that was easily intelligible. He had been a poor boy, orphaned son of an East Burnham mechanic, and had owed his education to an unknown benefactor, one who had never, to this day, revealed his identity, even to the beneficiary himself.

She liked that about the unknown benefactor. It would have been her own way of doing if she had had the means. Old Martin Crapp had not guessed where that five-dollar bill came from the time he broke his leg; and little Miss Elson, dying of consumption, had eaten her oranges with never a suspicion. No, Jane had never been one to ask for thanks. Willing as she was that her inferiors should look up to her, upon really self-respecting folks she would not impose that sense of obligation which she herself refused to tolerate.

Suddenly, by an oblique association of ideas, her mind reverted to a certain paper which she had found in Anson's

meagre collection. He had carefully destroyed everything which could give a clue to his interests and preoccupations. Not a letter had she found, not the smallest jotting of a personal nature. Only a few files of receipted bills, his old high-school diploma, and this life-insurance policy, — this sop to conscience, as she resentfully termed it, with which he had sought to condone his lack of filial feeling. In a fierce revolt of spirit, she had thrust the paper out of sight, not so much as breaking the seal.

To-night, as she read the account of James Ellery's career, as her mind dwelt upon the excellence of unacknowledged benefactions, she perceived for the first time that this legacy of her son's was no after-thought, no perfunctory quit-claim. It came to her as a revelation, that such an offering as this represented foresight, sacrifice, — that it was in the nature of a secret benefaction. He had never hinted at what he was doing. That same reticence which had been the chief sting of his quiet, persistent insubordination, had governed him in his care for her welfare. She found herself wondering how far back the instrument dated. Perhaps some day she would break the seal; but not now, not yet. She would not even draw the paper from its hiding-place and examine the superscription. In truth, there was no need of that; it was as clearly engraved upon her memory as upon the long white envelope:—

‘Life-insurance policy, in favor of Mrs. Jane Bennett.’

The very wording of it, in Anson's familiar hand, had been an offense. ‘In favor of Mrs. Jane Bennett.’ His last written message, like his last spoken word, had held her at arm's length. And yet, — that policy stood for foresight, for sacrifice. What was that Pratt Spencer had said? Anson had

the name of being a devoted son? She liked Pratt. If you could n't fool him, at least he never tried to fool you. That was why you trusted him.

The dusk was already gathering. She laid the paper down and, fetching her work-basket, lighted the drop-light. It was well past supper-time, but Jane did n't mind that. She would have a bite on her way to bed. She would n't have to bother with cooking an egg to-night, — nor to-morrow either, for that matter!

As she adjusted her glasses, she recalled, with a sore, teasing compunction, the pains Anson had taken to fit her eyes precisely, and his rather fussy solicitude lest she should strain them. He *had* been a dutiful son, in many ways. He had tried to spare her where he could. Nor had he ever doubted that he was contributing handsomely to the household expenses; for, noting how penurious he was grown, she had scorned to tell him that the cost of living had increased. And all that time, while denying himself the smallest luxury or diversion, he had been making careful provision for his mother. Queer that she had never thought of it in that way before. Well, now at last, she would know how to value his gift.

And yet, strange as it may seem, she did not feel the slightest inclination to examine the document. For Jane's crabbed nature, within its own hard-and-fast limitations, was not devoid of a curious, twisted streak of ideality. It was really a fact that she cared not at all for things, for possessions, as compared with what they stood for. That was why she would have elected to scrimp and shiver and toil to the end of the chapter, rather than accept aid which could be accounted a charity. And that same idiosyncrasy of disposition, that same twisted streak of ideality, still determined her attitude toward the policy. As she had rejected the

offering when it seemed to her but a perfunctory quit-claim, so now that she had an intimation of its essential meaning, she felt no immediate impulse to investigate further. It simply did not strike her—yet—as having any direct bearing upon her own degree of personal solvency. What she would have liked to do about it was to show it to Pratt Spencer, in confirmation of his estimate of Anson's devotion.

Yet when, the very next day, her nephew came again, — came, by the way, in a pouring rain that made ducks and drakes of his theories touching April Sundays and country jaunts, — she expressed neither surprise nor pleasure at seeing him.

'Did you come back for your paper?' was the cynical inquiry, as he laid his hat down on the table, cheek by jowl with the printed sheet.

'To be sure,' he returned complacently. 'I could n't sleep a wink all night, for worrying about it.'

'Speakin' of that paper,' Jane threw in, glancing keenly at him, as he took his seat beside the table, 'I don't s'pose you happened to notice quite a piece about young Dr. Ellery, and the remarkable operation he's been performin'.'

'No; I had n't noticed it, but Dr. Morse was telling me about it.'

'Dr. Morse? I did n't know's you knew Dr. Morse.'

'Never did till this morning.'

'Where'd you make his acquaintance?'

'In his own office.'

'You went 'way over to East Burnham in all this rain?'

'Yes,' with a deprecatory shrug. 'Why the dickens must the weather man play him a trick like that?'

'What for?' she queried peremptorily.

'I wanted to have a talk with him about Anson.'

All unconsciously she was managing the case for him. He had but to follow her lead.

'About Anson?'

'Yes,' and he settled back in his chair as if for prolonged deliberation. 'The truth is, Aunt Jane, I've been feeling that there was something about Anson's later years that perhaps we did n't altogether understand. And it occurred to me that Dr. Morse might be in a position to clear things up for us.'

Jane bridled.

'I guess there wa'n't much that Dr. Morse could tell me about my own son,' she scoffed.

'I wouldn't be so sure of that. Anson was very reserved, but you never can tell where one of those close-mouthed fellows will break out.'

The storm had suddenly gathered energy; a great gust of rain struck the window-panes. There was something petulant about it, something not unlike Jane's own nervous vehemence.

'Pratt Spencer, what are you drivin' at?' she demanded.

'The truth,' he returned, quietly picking up the gauntlet. 'Will you hear it?'

She sat, for a moment, rigid, yet shrinking.

'If that man over to East Burnham's been sayin' anything to Anson's discredit,' she declared at last, 'tain't the truth, 'n' I won't hear it.'

'I've a notion that the whole truth about any one of us would be partly to our discredit,' he opined. 'But I don't believe many men could strike a better balance than Anson, when all was told.'

She had laid hold of the arms of her chair, bracing herself against them, while her eyes transfixed his face. In spite of herself she was solemnized, as he meant she should be. For it was a critical moment with Jane. That cheap

defiance of hers must be held in check at any cost. He took off his glasses and fell to polishing them. She was not to feel herself under scrutiny.

'I wonder how much Anson himself ever divulged, of his reasons for giving up practice,' he speculated thoughtfully.

Upon that, she let go her hold on the chair-arms; the spirit of contradiction might be trusted to sustain her.

'He said he did n't know enough,' she flung out, 'but I'd like to know how he could hev made such a success of it if —'

She had caught Pratt's unspectacled gaze bent questioningly upon her, and she broke short off.

'Aunt Jane, he did n't know anything, and he *found it out*.'

'Through Dr. Morse?' But the gibe was pure bravado, and she knew it.

'Through being guilty of malpractice.'

There was no use in mincing matters; it could only serve to confuse the issue.

'Who accused him of malpractice?'

'The facts in the case.'

'Well?'

'He lost a patient.'

'You ain't claimin' that he was the first doctor that ever lost a patient?'

'No'; for again she had given him his cue. 'And he was not the first doctor to do so through malpractice. But he was the first doctor I ever happened to hear of who devoted his life to making good his — error.'

He had resumed his glasses, which were now turned full upon her.

'Aunt Jane, Anson lost a patient because he was too ignorant,' — she winced visibly, but there was no help for it, — 'he was too ignorant to recognize pneumonia when he saw it.'

But once more she rallied her forces.

'That man has prejudiced you, Pratt Spencer. He was always jealous of Anson.'

'You think so?'

'I know it. It was he that made him give up practice, — it was he that —'

'Would you like to hear what Dr. Morse had to say about Anson?' he interposed quietly.

'I ain't very particular.'

'But I am. He is an old-fashioned man, the old doctor, and he expresses himself in an old-fashioned way. But I am convinced that he meant it with all his heart when he said that he had come to love Anson as a son, and to revere him as a saint.'

She made a half-hearted attempt to sniff.

'Aunt Jane,' he proceeded, gravely and firmly, 'Anson gave his whole life to making good the wrong. Secretly, and with the connivance of Dr. Morse, he supported his patient's widow out of his slender means. He educated one of her boys, still in secret, mind you, to be a doctor. And that boy was — can't you guess?'

Her lips were parted, and now she was leaning forward, avid for the truth.

'The boy Anson educated was James Ellery, the young doctor who was in charge of his case at the end, — the doctor whose name to-day is known to half the profession. And your Anson made all this possible for him. Whatever that young man achieves, the world owes it primarily to Anson.'

On that, he paused, conscious of an awkward access of emotion. The rain had subsided to a gentle, conciliatory patter; there was already a streak of light in the west.

'Does n't this clear up some things that you had n't quite understood?' he asked presently. There was an indescribable gentleness and forbearance in his tone.

She sat for some seconds so still that it was impossible to conjecture her mood, her eyes fixed — though he could not know it — upon that corner of the

room where she had chafed and hungered for the word that never came. At last she spoke, musingly, and with a curious tranquillity, foreign to her stormy spirit.

'I see now,' she said, 'why Anson did n't think to say good-by. He had more important things on his mind.'

So here was the key to that ghastly speech of hers! He had n't thought to say good-by, poor chap, quite taken up no doubt with watching that substitute recruit of his under fire. Rather stupid of Anson, certainly. But, after all, who could have guessed that the incorrigible little outlaw would have been such a stickler for signs and tokens? And now she understood: Anson had had more important things on his mind. Well, well! There *was* a vein of nobility in the little aunt. And this concession to something bigger, more 'important' than herself, — why, it was like the breaking of an evil spell. For the first time in her nephew's recollection, she seemed a perfectly normal human being.

'You're not hurt, then,' he ventured. 'You're not hurt, because Anson made such a secret of it?'

'Hurt? Not a mite. It's exactly the way I should have acted, myself. Anson and I were more alike than you'd think for.' There spoke the old Jane, promptly self-assertive. And yet — the motherly pride of it was good to witness — 'He was always more Pratt than Bennett.'

'That's certainly something for us Pratts to be proud of,' was the hearty response. Upon which, with an adroit turn, and almost in the same breath, — 'And now, Aunt Jane,' he urged, 'you're going to let us treat you as *one of us*?'

Her black eyes snapped enigmatically.

'Oh, yes, if you're a mind to,' she answered with suspicious alacrity.

She was already on her feet and stepping briskly across the room to the old mahogany secretary where Anson had kept his papers.

'There!' she exclaimed, as she drew a long white envelope from the top drawer and handed it to her nephew, who had also risen, and was standing, tall and watchful, beside her. 'You're a lawyer, 'n' I dunno's there's any need o' goin' out o' the family to hev your business affairs attended to. You might see to this for me.'

'But it has n't been opened,' he demurred, turning the paper in his hand. 'How did that happen? Have you only just discovered it?'

'Well — rightly speakin' I discovered it last evenin' after you'd left. I'd seen it before, but I *had n't understood its value*.'

Pratt paused, his finger on the seal, looking down upon the taut little figure in which suppressed excitement was straining at the leash.

'No, Aunt Jane,' he said. 'I can't open this.'

She hesitated an instant. Then, with a forced laugh and observing, — 'Then you ain't so smart as you're cracked up to be,' — she snatched the paper, and with nervous, trembling fingers, broke the seal. Inside was a further inclosure, unsealed, bearing also a superscription. Without a glance at the document itself she handed that to her nephew, retaining, however, the second envelope.

'I guess I'll keep this,' she said under her breath, while a slow color tinged the scared old cheek, and something dimmed the brightness of the eyes. 'T ain't exactly business.'

Nor was it exactly business. For, written in Anson's own hand, and speaking to her in Anson's own quiet voice, were the words, —

'For mother, with love and good-by from Anson.'

AN OPTIMIST'S VIEW OF THE IRON-ORE SUPPLY

BY HENRY M. HOWE

ARE iron and steel about to go out of use? or is the impending exhaustion of our iron-ore supply about to oppress us severely by causing a sudden and enormous increase in the cost of iron? That some such calamity is close upon us might easily be inferred from much that has been written lately. For instance, if the consumption of iron were to increase hereafter as fast as it did between 1893 and 1906, the ten billion tons of ore with which Professor Tornebohm credits the world in his report to the Swedish government, would be used up in about forty years. This seems to mean that, in the lifetime of the young people of to-day, mankind will be confronted with the stupendous task of replacing iron with some other material, not only for machinery of all kinds, but also for such important objects as railroad rails and wheels, ships, high buildings, roof-trusses, springs, cutting-tools, and magnets, which are the basis of all commercial electricity, of the telegraph, and of the telephone. We may almost say that the materials with which iron can be replaced are yet to be discovered. The other metals and their known alloys come nearest to being promising substitutes, but even apart from their far higher cost, they are much less fitted than iron for making most of these objects, and almost wholly unfit for making some of them, for instance, magnets. What is far worse, the very exuberance of our activity, which at first sight seems to threaten us with an iron famine, is likely to exhaust the supply of the other

metals at about the same time. At such a picture we may well say with Burns, —

And forward, though I canna see,
I guess, an' fear

Nevertheless I believe that the cost of iron will not begin to oppress us within many hundreds, yes, thousands of years, if indeed it ever does.

How can this belief be justified? Not by pointing out how greatly Professor Tornebohm has underestimated our own iron-ore supply, which, according to Mr. Eckels of the United States Geological Survey, is at least ten, if not twenty, times as great as that with which the learned Swede credits us. Not by the consideration that only certain parts of Europe and a relatively small part of North America have thus far been explored carefully, and that the rest of these two continents, together with South America, Asia, Africa, and Australia, may reasonably be expected to have, collectively, enormous quantities of ore. Nor yet by pointing out that one of the richest and most abundant of ores, pyrite, is not included in any of our current estimates. These considerations are important; they increase the expected life of our iron-ore supply from decades to centuries; but they are much less important than the fact that there is an incalculable quantity of material which, though not ore to-day, will become ore as soon as it is needed.

What is iron ore? At any given time it is simply rock rich enough, in large enough masses, and near enough

to the surface, to be treated with profit in competition with the other iron-bearing rocks which man is then working. Rock with two and one-half per cent of gold is an extraordinarily rich gold ore, rock with two and one-half per cent of copper is copper ore to-day; rock with two and one-half per cent of iron is not iron ore to-day, for the sole reason that it cannot be worked at a profit in competition with existing richer rocks. It will become ore just as soon as the exhaustion of the richer rocks shall have enabled its owners to treat it with profit. Whether a given ferruginous rock is or is not ore, then, is purely a question of existing demand and supply. Most iron ores mined to-day contain at least twenty-five per cent of iron, and some contain more than sixty per cent. As these richer ores are exhausted, poorer and poorer ones will come into use, until, to the eye of the prophet, a large bed of four per cent ore, perhaps even of two and one-half per cent ore, becomes a veritable bonanza.

This does not mean that iron will then be a semi-precious metal, because the cost of the other metals will rise like that of iron. It means only that iron may cost then as much as copper costs now. Our scale of cost will advance as a whole. Then we shall protect iron from theft, corrosion, and abrasion, as we now protect copper; and for that matter we shall then guard our copper as we now guard our gold, and watch our platinum as we now watch our diamonds. As the ranch is now, so will the four-acre lot be then.

Between these limits, the rich ores of to-day and the two and one-half per cent ores of that possible non-distant time, there is an incalculably great quantity of potential ore, for as we descend in the scale of richness we ascend much faster in the scale of quantity stored for our use. How very rapid the

ascent is may be inferred from the fact that the igneous rocks, which form a very large fraction of the entire crust of the earth, contain on an average about four and one-half per cent of iron, according to late estimates.

As with the workable richness, so with the workable depth. We think and speak to-day as if deposits of ore could in the nature of things be worked only to a very moderate depth, a few thousand feet. But this is an error. What is true is that the cost of working increases rapidly with the depth at which the work is carried on, so that at any given time the profitable depth of working is limited by the competition of ore from shallower mines. But, like the richness which makes an ore profitable, the profitable working-depth is purely a question of demand and supply. The whole crust of the earth is ours. We will first take the richest ores, those in the largest masses, and those nearest the surface, in short the most profitable ores; but we shall later take poorer and deeper ones. To this process there is hardly a limit.

Thus it is not a real iron famine that awaits us, but only the need of mining at greater depths and of handling more tons of ore and barren rock for each ton of metallic iron ready for man's use. This handling will in general have to include crushing the ore, and separating by mechanical process its scattered particles of minerals rich in iron from the great mass of barren minerals with which they are usually mixed.

Here it may interest and perhaps profit us to speculate a little, adopting the plausible belief that the earth itself is a huge iron meteor, with a relatively thin crust of rocks, and attempting to confer on future generations some fraction of the powers which they will surely develop. To any such speculation it is essential that we should remember the extreme crudity of our

present civilization. Here we are but a few centuries past the beginning of the historic period, while before us lie untold millions on millions of years during which the world may remain inhabitable. Let us conceive that the Middle Ages, which in our vanity we put some centuries behind us, in fact lie millions of years before us; that we have hardly yet advanced well into the dawn of history; that the mechanical powers of our successors will exceed ours a thousand-fold more than ours exceed those of the cave-dwellers. This should be our attitude if we would have any approach to true perspective. We must remember that things which to-day seem impossible, are impossible only because of our present crudity and dense ignorance; that, if man's power over nature increases in the next million years at the rate at which it has increased in the few years since Watt gave us the steam engine, almost the only things mechanically impossible will be those which to-day are unthinkable and self-contradictory. From this point of view we can see the shaft of some bold syndicate piercing its way through the thin crust of rocks to the iron core. Impossible and inconceivable, most men will say! Inconceivable if we base our conceptions solely on our present development; conceivable if we take into account the probable development of man's mastery over nature. I do not attempt to spell out the exact mechanism of this exploitation. I simply say that, if man shall some day come to need that iron, he will, if he becomes the master that I picture him, make a way to use this mass which God has given him. I am looking forward, not hundreds, but thousands and millions of years.

Once the core of the globe is reached, we shall have iron enough to last until the secular cooling of the globe shall have gradually crowded to nothing

the area warm enough for vegetation, and thus shall have killed the last man by depriving him at once of his food and of his oxygen; or until our water or our oxygen has been dissipated into space. The end of vegetation means not only starvation but suffocation, because it is vegetation alone that regenerates the oxygen which we breathe. Long after we have begun to regain from the ocean the matter of which our present mountains are formed; beyond the vast ages in which we nestle ever deeper into the bosom of our great mother, where is stored for us that heat which, though squandered to-day, will then be as the breath of our nostrils; when the polar ice-caps slowly creeping outwards at last meet at the equator; when Mother Earth, exhausted, draws together those icy curtains for her endless sleep; this vast store of iron will remain unlesened to mock the last of our race.

But may we not put off the day of death? May we not make up for the paling of our sunshine by devices for raising our food, and generating our oxygen, by means of the energy of waterfalls, wind, waves, tides, sunshine, and the enormous momentum of the earth itself? Grant it: it is but a postponement: we should exhaust these sources of energy in turn; yet even then the store of iron would remain, because it is not destroyed by use but only dissolved or worn to powder, to re-precipitate and re-concentrate.

We often speak as if the momentum of the earth could not be utilized by those standing upon it, forgetful that the ether through which it is plunging is a fulcrum, — not the most convenient one possible, but yet a fulcrum, — whence it may be pried. A man on a cannon-ball rising through the air might utilize the momentum of the ball itself, by means of a windmill driven by the friction of the air through which he

passed. Thus man, living on our earth as it rushes through the ether, may some day learn how to utilize the earth's momentum by means of an ether mill, a mechanism driven by the friction of the ether through which he is moving. In doing this he would retard the earth's speed, be it ever so gradually, and cause it the sooner to run down, and come to rest upon the sun. Indeed, as the sun cools, we may purposely delay the earth's cooling, and thus prolong the age through which it will remain warm enough to support life, by retarding its velocity, and thus bringing it nearer to its source of heat. Thus may man one day modify the climate of our planet. Who shall say that he may not in time modify the seasons themselves, — improving nature's scheme in this grand way?

We know too little about the properties of the ether to speculate to advantage about the mechanism of an ether-driven mill. But however strikingly it may differ from all other forms of matter, it is after all only matter, to be harnessed in due time by the race which has in its infancy already learned to speak by the lightning.

If we form a picture of man's beginning his drafts on this iron core; of his putting successive lots of this iron into use; and of the gradual rusting and wearing to powder of lot after lot, till those drafts shall have amounted to any considerable fraction of the core itself; if we remember that this iron rust and powder will be spread out over the face of the earth, or at most be carried by solution into the earth's crust; and if we bear in mind that this crust is probably but a few hundred miles deep, whereas the iron core is thousands of miles thick; we find it hard to escape the conviction that this vast quantity of iron-rust and powder must in itself form reconcentrations upon which man may draw for his use. Indeed, if all this

iron were distributed evenly throughout the earth's crust, that whole crust would thereby become a tolerably rich iron ore. The essential thing to recognize here is that, although iron disappears from sight as dust or rust, it is not destroyed, but is ever accumulating. Thus the supply of iron is not simply relatively, but absolutely, inexhaustible. From this point of view it is indeed possible that, even before we shall have used up the accessible iron in the earth's crust, these reconcentrations will form rapidly enough to supply with iron a population greater than that which the growth of vegetation can support.

Argument is hardly needed to show how impossible it would be for man to put into simultaneous use any large fraction of the huge mass of iron contained in the earth's core. As we attempt to conceive our successive drafts on this vast fund, looking at them first from one standpoint and then from another, we see limiting conditions which would arrest us before we had drawn and used any large fraction of the supply stored to our credit. For instance, if we consider the conversion of iron into frame buildings, set side by side in actual contact one with another all over the earth, and if we imagine that some marvelous engineer, some giant, outstripping Napoleon in genius ten times as far as he outstripped the commonest dullard, could raise these buildings untold miles above the level at which his workmen could breathe; before even such an enterprise could use up any significant fraction of the iron of the earth, those buildings would stretch far above the upper surge of all the majestic billows of thinnest air which may tower and rage at the surface of our atmosphere.

Then, again, before any large fraction of our iron could be put into use, the incidental rusting of successive

masses of it which meanwhile had done their work and disappeared from sight, would so far rob the atmosphere of its oxygen as to make it unbreathable.

Pondering thus, the Martian would smile incredulously if told that man, living as he does on an iron-cored globe, was fretting about the exhaustion of the most exhaustless of his supplies.

Oxygen and food can be had only so long as energy remains. The store of terrestrial and solar energy is finite; its passing is but a day in the life of the universe; and when it is exhausted life must cease. But the earth cannot get rid of the iron of which so great a fraction of its very self is formed.

It is of more immediate interest to consider whether man is likely to be oppressed by the increased cost of iron in the early centuries of the period between the present and that immeasurably, yes, inconceivably distant day when we shall gain access to the earth's central mass of iron. Two questions suggest themselves:—

First, how rapidly will the increase in the cost of ore raise the cost of the iron made from that ore?

Second, will this prick be so much sharper than the others which must accompany it, that it will be felt as a hardship different in kind from the rest?

As regards the first question, let us remember that the cost of iron in the ore is only a fraction of the cost of the finished iron articles themselves, hardly a quarter of the cost of even such crude products as rails, and an insignificant part of the cost of many of the important finished articles, such as springs, cutting-tools, wire, etc., now made of iron, and less readily made from animal or vegetable matter. If, through the necessity of using ores much poorer than our present ones, the cost of a ton of iron in the ore, concentrated and ready for smelting, were to

double, the cost of a ton of rails would increase by only one-quarter, and the cost of a table-knife by a trifling fraction. Indeed, by increasing the cost of the fuel needed for treating our ores, the rapid exhaustion of our coal-fields may do more than the growing poverty of those ores themselves to increase the cost of iron.

You may ask whether the cost of iron to each of us is going to be raised seriously by the continuous and irresistible rise in wages. Probably not. Given a world of men nearly all of whom work in one way or another, the chief permanent element of cost of each product to each consumer is the number of days of labor and of care which its production requires. Note clearly that this is the true measure for our present purpose. The fact that our future ores will be poorer and deeper-seated than our present ones may raise the cost of iron thus measured, but the rise of wages should not, as we can readily see on reflection.

Measured as they should be by their purchasing power, wages have risen with the secular rise in the scale of living which has given the almshouse pauper what would have been fabulous luxury to Siegfried, Achilles, or Noah. But though this rise should certainly continue, it does not imply an increase in the cost of iron or other products, measured by the true scale—days of labor. This increase in the quantity of goods which society, or mankind collectively, returns to each worker for each day's work, is of course possible only because of the greater quantity of goods which, thanks to improvement in the processes of manufacture and distribution, society gets from each day's labor. What all men collectively can distribute to all individual workers severally, is nothing more than the sum of what all men collectively have received from those individual workers,

be they laborers, superintendents, presidents, or financiers. Practically speaking, all but an insignificant fraction of us are workers in one way or another. If we each get more for our sweat, or for our thought, than our peers did in Noah's day, it is possible only because as a whole we create more with a day's work. The increased purchasing power of a day's wages simply reflects the increased producing power of a day's labor. A hundred years hence society, as represented by the shopkeepers, will give the workman who makes iron more goods in return for a day's wages than it gives him to-day. But with the labor which he gives for those wages he will then make proportionally more iron than now for society, as represented immediately by his employer, and ultimately by you and me, his employer's ultimate customers; so that society, you and I, will give him no more goods for his pound of iron than we give him to-day. He will get, and we shall give, more goods for a day's labor, but not more for each pound of iron that he makes.

Turning to our second question, the cost of iron and of the other metals, indeed of all mineral substances, seems likely to increase relatively to the cost of food, wool, cotton, leather, and other vegetable and animal products, because though our present rich and superficial ore bodies are not re-creatable, and though we must turn ever to poorer and deeper-seated ones, the supply of vegetation seems to be not only re-creatable at will, but susceptible of enormous increase. I do not here consider the very distant time when the natural reconcentration of the metals worn out and rusted away in use shall have begun to form useful ore deposits. We may assume that we shall soon cease to squander our little store of phosphates, potash, and other mineral matter necessary for plant-life by washing

them away with the waste products of city life, out through the sewers into the rivers, and thence to the ocean; and that, within a measurable time, we shall treat all sewage so as to recover these mineral matters, and return them to the land. This we shall certainly do, for if we do not, we die. These precious substances are no more re-creatable than iron ore, but fortunately they are recoverable by simple means.

Yet even so, one cannot feel quite sure that vegetation will continue indefinitely to be abundant. It is possible that the cultivation of the land by civilization necessarily implies that the spring floods must, century by century, wash away into the ocean the thin layer of plant-sustaining top-soil which long ages have accumulated, and wash it away faster than it can be regenerated. Even if we impound the precious mud which is now heedlessly wasted, and dredge or hold it back from every ocean, even then will it not slip from us faster than it can be renewed by the decay of rocks? This is conceivable.

But will the increase in the cost of iron ore be felt more sharply than that of other mineral matter—gold, copper, and the other metals, coal, lime, cement, and the precious stones?

It will be felt more than the increase in the cost of most other metals, not through its being more rapid, but because we are more dependent on iron than on any other metal, indeed probably more than on all the others put together.

The increase in the cost of iron will be quicker and will be felt more sharply than in that of lime and cement, because the stores of limestone and cement-yielding rock are so vast. In the same way, it may be much quicker than the increase in the cost of aluminum, because of the great quantity of this latter metal which our clays and crystalline rocks contain.

As the cost of iron increases relatively to the cost of the vegetable products, or of those mineral products of which such vast stores are at hand, and as this relative increase begins to be felt, it will retard itself by checking our present waste of iron, and by checking also the demand for iron, which will be replaced by those other and cheaper substances. Indeed, concrete has already replaced iron for certain purposes, because it has become so cheap.

But the increase in the cost of iron will be only a pin-prick beside the loss of our coal; first, because coal is much more important than iron—indeed the money value of the coal which we use is five times that of the iron ore; next, because, in the nature of the case, dearthness of coal, which is our fuel for heating and cooking, pinches the individual much more sharply than dearthness of iron can; and finally, because coal will advance in cost incomparably faster than iron, indeed at an ever-accelerating rate.

For this there are two chief reasons. First, the fact that most coal exists in the carboniferous formation has led to the systematic exploration of that formation in many countries, so that we already have a rough knowledge of how much coal there is in Europe and North America, though we cannot even guess at the quantity of iron ore, because iron ore may exist in any geological formation.

Second, because it is only in the relatively thin layers of rocks which represent the short period since vegetable life began on the globe that we can hope to find coal, while iron we may confidently expect to discover throughout the enormously greater mass of rocks underlying them, and reaching the iron core itself. Indeed, the deeper we go the richer should those rocks be in so heavy a substance as iron.

Of coal it is a true famine that lies

ahead; of iron, it is merely a gradual increase in cost, for, whereas there is only a trifling stock of coal, and this is absolutely destroyed in use, the exhaustless stores of the indestructible metal of Mars are even now renewing themselves, so that before the immeasurably distant future when any large fraction of our iron shall have been in service, new masses of it will have re-concentrated ready to our hands. Then iron will indeed have grown dearer, like horses, cotton, Greek vases, and land; but coal will have vanished forever, like the *ichthyosaurus*, to be replaced by energy from waves, wind, sun, and ether.

Let me sum up my argument. When we come to consider the effect which the drafts on our iron-ore resources will have in increasing the cost of iron as measured in days of labor, we see that this effect will not be felt oppressively until after an incalculable age, if indeed it ever is: first and chiefly because of the inconceivable immensity of the stores of potential poor and deep-seated ores: second, because the cost of the iron in the ore is only a fraction, often only an insignificant fraction, of the cost of the iron articles of our actual use, so that a considerable percentage of increase in the cost of the former causes only an inconsiderable increase in the cost of the latter; and third, because our sense of this increase will be dulled by the simultaneous rise in the cost of almost all other tangible things. To the hardship of this general rise, even to the total disappearance of that most precious deodand, our coal, we shall certainly learn to accommodate ourselves. And though the fraction of this hardship which consists of the increase in the cost of iron may be greater than some of the other fractions of discomfort, such as those formed by the advance in the cost of the other metals, and of certain animal and vegetable pro-

ducts, yet it will not differ from the accompanying fractions taken severally, and certainly not from their sum, in such a way as to be felt oppressively and apart from the rest.

Let us husband our iron ore, like every other gift of God. But when we cry out to others to join in the husbandry, let our appeal square with the facts, that those who hear may heed.

PORTULACA CORNER

BY WINIFRED P. BALLARD BLAKE

As I am a boarder, and can have no garden of my own, I have to content my spirit with looking at other people's gardens, and fortunately my windows have usually given on some pretty spot of earth unwittingly made beautiful for my delight.

As I write now, I can glance from the window by my desk upon a green lawn bounded by a wooden picket fence, left in the soft, silvery gray-brown of native wood, and riotously covered by a thick, well-clipped grape-vine with its purpling clusters, through which the pickets peep out here and there. Beyond the fence is a charming, dim vista of lawn and shrubbery and old trees, the leaves rustling in the wind, and, by dint of sunshine and deep shade, running every tint in the gamut of green, — the whole, though in no great space, hinting of a sylvan charm, half revealed and half concealed. Amid the glancing shrubbery I see a bevy of fluttering, white-robed nymphs, beckoning me from between the trees. That I know them to be but some snowy linen blowing on a hidden line, makes the illusion no less exquisite; and what indeed were the world without illusions, which by a sweet paradox are the truest things we know.

Last month my seat at table commanded a view of the riotous old-fashioned garden of a neighbor, — a perfect delight of color and of informality. Woodbine ran thickly up the outside brick chimney nearly to the top; trumpet vines covered wall and latticed porch; heavy clusters of ripening blue grapes hung amid their serrate leaves over an old arbor; along the fence-line and against the white and green of the house, stood those tall, regal sentinels, the gay hollyhocks; and great bushes of single wild roses, beds of cool fern, and feathery clouds of high asparagus, only half hid the dear child-blossoms, who in white frocks and gay sashes were playing in the sunshine.

One of the greatest effects in a garden is that of vista, and it can be had in a surprisingly small space, by the use of shrubbery and trees, — a winding in and out, a leading of the eye along from mystery to mystery of enchanting foliage, — the brilliant borders of blossoms just a hint here, just showing there, and defying you to make them out angular or straight or definite. Yes, even a small plot of ground can be made to appear as if there were depths and lengths and heights for your exploring!

But there is one special garden-plot

that I came upon only yesterday, which is the real spur to my writing. Like the vistaed garden, I fetch a devious compass to come by degrees to the chief beauty.

If ever any one came upon a sudden glad surprise where one could be least expected, I did! And if I can make others who have similar small plots create such glad surprise for weary travelers on life's highway, I shall be satisfied. Ever since I saw them they have been flashing

upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude

Only, my heart has been dancing, not with the daffodils, but with the portulacas, — nothing but plain, ordinary portulacas.

I was riding on an electric car in a noisy, brick-walled, stone-floored city, and was obliged to get a transfer from the conductor in order to take another car-line at a certain corner. Here the trolleys were running in all directions every minute; high buildings were on every side, hard sidewalks and dusty pavements under foot, and yet, as I got off the car, I almost cried out and rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not a-dream. The charm of the unexpected enhanced the intrinsic charm of the happy inspiration that had led some householder to bring a bit of sweet, untrammelled nature into the heart of those city streets.

On this corner was a high brown-stone dwelling. In front was a bit of ground perhaps fifteen feet wide, from the house to the inner edge of the sidewalk, and about thirty feet long, the length of the house-front. Other bits of ground like it, in front of other houses, were either walled areas or bare ground, or at most a turf of grass. A stone curb-

ing edged this plot along the inner edge of the sidewalk, and a light, open-work black-iron fence was set in the curb.

The whole of this ground thus inclosed, this precious fifteen by thirty feet, had been sown with portulaca as one would sow grass. And lo! there was a little meadow in the midst of the hard iron city, — a little meadow literally filled with a natural riot of blossoms blowing and rippling in the wind, — not ever a clover-field in the open country-side so pretty! They were not sown in grass, but sown thick, thick, *instead of grass*; and the succulent, spriggy stems, with their small, thick leaves, formed the delicate green setting for these little jewel-like, flame-like flowers. They ran a gamut of color, from deep crimson to pure white, in all shades of reds and paler reds and pinkish whites; and scattered throughout were the same sweet blossoms in pure topaz and clear lemon-yellow and pale amber, — a vivid, living carpet of blending hues.

I had never found portulacas set in a bed or in a hanging-basket especially attractive, but here they were transformed to things of beauty. Hundreds of these little roselets blowing and bending in the light breeze, and a-burn in the brilliant sunshine, made a thrill of joyance run through every beholder.

Every one who got off a car at that city corner went to the railing as if it were a magnet, and looked and smiled, and could not look enough, and smiled at every one else — cold strangers in a noisy city street.

They simply had to smile back at such a loving, unexpected smile from out great Nature's heart, — so true it is that 'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.'

SOCIALISM AND SACRIFICE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

IN the year 1871, an interesting discussion, recorded in the pages of a quaint old pamphlet, was carried on between Giuseppe Mazzini and Michael Bakunin. Mazzini—noble old champion, arch-conspirator in Europe for the past quarter-century, identified with all political audacities and radical ideals—had protested in bewilderment and anger against the new radicalism gathering under the leadership of Marx. The time had not come for that definite break between Marx and Bakunin which was to dissolve the International; and the future leader of the anarchist party in the socialist camp was, at this point, the chosen defender of Marxian doctrines.

The scoffer might watch for a certain unconscious jealousy to color the pained feeling with which Mazzini saw a new school of independent origin superseding his influence with the European youth. He might expect the impatient hunger for novelty of a rising generation to creep into the utterances of Bakunin. But the records on either side are free from any lower strain. In the brilliant Russian, reverence and tenderness are evidently unfeigned; and no one can fail to feel in all the words of Mazzini that unfaltering devotion to the pure Idea which, whatever lapses his great character may have known, is the essential trait that gives him place in the noble army of Truth's martyrs.

The idea which he is defending is

assuredly important; it is no less than the sanctity and the operative power in social advance of moral passion. The socialists were crying in full pack their new-found slogan, -- the materialistic interpretation of history. 'Class-conscious, revolutionary socialism' was in its vigorous youth, expressing itself more crudely and uncompromisingly than to-day. The religious conceptions of the past were bitterly repudiated, and with them all belief in disinterested motives as a factor in the actual life of the world. Marx's *Capital* had been out less than a decade, but it had already rallied an army of followers, in whose minds the conviction was crystallizing that the class-interest of the rising proletariat was the only driving force with sufficient impetus to count in improving social conditions, since all seemingly moral impulses were the product of an inevitable, economic order.

'Mazzini reproaches us with not believing in God!' cries Bakunin. 'We in our turn reproach him with believing. Who is found under the banner of God nowadays? Napoleon III to Bismarck; the Empress Eugénie to Queen Isabella, with the Pope between them gallantly presenting the mystic rose to each in turn. All the emperors, all the kings, all the official and noble world of Europe, all the great teachers of industry, commerce, banking; all patented professors and state functionaries; all the police force, including the priests, — those black policemen of souls who guard the profits of the state; all the

generals, pure defenders of public order, and all editors of the venal press, pure representatives of official virtue. There is the army of God.

'And in the opposite camp? Revolution! The audacious men who deny God, a divine order, and the principle of authority, but who on that very account are believers in humanity, affirmers of a human order and of human liberty.'

Discussing the accusation brought against his school, of materialism, he heartily accepts it, but explains matter as including the whole range of known phenomena. A luminous definition follows:—

'As in the world rightly called material, inorganic matter is the determining base of organic, so in the social sphere, which can only be considered the last phase of the material, the advance of economic forces has always been, and is still, the determining base of all advance, religious, philosophic, political, and social.

'Mazzini since he began his propaganda has kept on saying to the proletariat: Moralize yourselves, accept the moral law I teach, and you will have glory and power, prosperity, liberty, and equality.

'Socialism says on the contrary: that the economic slavery of the worker is the source of all his servitude, and of all social misery: and that therefore economic emancipation of the working classes is the primary end of all social agitation.'

And so, with hard clang of word on word, with infinite relish and the ardor of a great consecration, Bakunin puts the central thought which he and his comrades were presenting to the working classes of Europe.

With certain points in this thought Mazzini must have sympathized. His had been the chief voice to appeal to the workingmen as the leaders of the

future. He had deplored and denounced 'that deep social inequality that insults the Cross of Christ.' 'It is clear that you ought to labor less and to gain more than you do now,' he said to workmen. 'The remedy for your suffering is to be found in the union of labor and capital in the same hands. You were once slaves, then serfs, then hirelings. You need but to will it, in order shortly to become free producers and brothers through association.'

If the writer of words like these viewed the rising movement to rouse the proletariat as an early Christian might have viewed Antichrist, the reason must be sought in the materialistic trend of the words of Bakunin.

Neither opponent converted the other, for they represented contrary assumptions: on the one hand, the deliberate theory, shocking then, familiar to-day, that the economic system is the 'base' of all moral and spiritual passion; on the other, the diametrically opposed assertion that—in Wordsworth's phrase—'by the soul only the nations shall be great and free'; that 'all material progress,' to use Mazzini's own words, 'is the infallible result of moral progress.'

Were the controversy finished, our interest in it would be purely academic. But it is not. During the forty years since its occurrence the two attitudes, here crisply presented by picturesque opponents, have been struggling to win control. Year by year the struggle intensifies; under our eyes the adversaries are closing for what may well be the final grapple. To refuse to face the issue is to lose our chance to play a part in the most far-reaching and practical controversy which the twentieth century is called upon to settle.

As we look back, one fact must strike us. Mazzini lived and died alone; gathering around him, indeed, during his lifetime many a disciple, by virtue of

his exalted ideas and magnetic personality; but founding no fruitful tradition. His reader to-day is baffled and saddened by the mingling of philosophic breadth with much that is arrogant and fantastic, — the product of an arbitrary mind that imposes its own inventions on the universe. In Mazzini's eloquent, broken, tingling prose, intuitions startlingly creative and justified by time, concerning the necessity of supplanting a political by a social and industrial conception of democracy, jostle wild notions concerning the mystic destiny of Rome, and false classifications of historical ages after the style of Saint-Simon or Comte. We are dealing with a glorious nature in unstable equilibrium: treading too often, not the *terra firma* of the actual, but a tight-rope gossamer spun spider-like from within. Here is a great man; here is no founder of a great or living school.

And Mazzini's opponents have succeeded where he failed. Over-great reliance on his own mind led this noble genius, consecrated to the service of the People, astray into a vaporous region where he too often mistook the mirage of glories long left behind for a smiling land of promise. Marx, on the other hand, a nature far less sympathetic, deduced from his keen scrutiny of the actual sweep of economic history a synthetic conception of the laws governing social advance, which, whether or no it end by commending itself, colors to-day every contribution to social thought. He and his followers have *fait école*. We may not say that this is due to superior method in organization: Mazzini too organized inveterately from youth to age. In the avowedly scientific analysis of Marx and his successors there has proved to be something more vitally competent to hold men together than in the pure moral ideals of Mazzini. The appeal to class-

interests, the fresh analysis of economic history, the resultant hope of a new social order, — no mere expression of a lofty idealism floating in cloud-land, but a city of industrial peace related in comprehensible ways to actual society, — these ideas, reinforced by the absence of sentimentality or didacticism in their exponents, have been inwardly operative among the working classes during the last fifty years, creating a movement which, whatever be our judgment on it, we must recognize as everywhere a rising power.

But if in one sense Bakunin and his colleagues had the future on their side, we may not say that the exponents of idealism are routed. The accents of Carlyle, of Victor Hugo, of Ruskin, of Tolstoi, still echo down the decades. Matthew Arnold utters a sharp, concise warning: 'Moral causes govern the standing and the falling of men and nations. They save or destroy them by a silent, inexorable fatality.' The Church reiterates a similar conviction as a platitude which she does not even stop to prove. Still, passing from the fertile literature of the theologian, philosopher, poet, to the arid books of the socialists, one is shocked by a change of atmosphere as sudden as that encountered by the traveler from the plains of Lombardy to the Alpine heights. It is noteworthy that the latter school, whether it speak through popular organs like *The Clarion*, or *The New York Call*, through the moderate voice of Mr. Hillquit or the powerful intellects of Europeans like Kautsky or Jaurès, makes its appeal to the workers, expressing not indeed a majority, but an intensely convinced minority, of that vast proletariat. One fears; on the other hand, that Matthew Arnold and the theologians are perused by the privileged alone; and the conviction is forced upon one that in the midst of a remarkable and growing uniform-

ity as to the need of deep social change, we are confronted by a radical cleavage as to fundamental diagnosis and practical method of attack, which tends roughly to correspond to the cleavage between classes.

Will the idealists, with their balance of fine feeling and cultured instinct, and the age-long tradition behind them, win the day and rout the economic determinist? Or will the latter gain his somewhat tragic triumph, and manifest in the highest psychical activity of the world only a blossoming lovely to see, but worthless for practical purposes?

Many a man will simply adhere to one or the other school, dub the opposite folly or knavery, and rest content. But there are others who feel that no doctrine was ever intensely believed by a number of men without having some value: to whom the effort to find the abiding truth in opposed attitudes seems, not only an entertaining, but a fruitful pursuit. The moments when two ideas, thought to be irreconcilable, are perceived to be supplementary, are the most radiant in history. Let the hope of gaining even a glimpse of such a reconciling light incite us to our quest.

II

The questions involved cut deep. If the Marxian be right, the call to sacrifice and service which rings so clearly in rising volume through the modern world is delusion. The change involved in the necessary progress of economic evolution is destined by itself to destroy classes and to insure a general welfare based on the elimination of wealth-producing property from the range of private ownership. The only effective aid we can render is to stimulate the passions of the working class, through whom alone the great result can be achieved, and thus to hasten the process.

But in the eyes of the older idealist the Paradise which these thinkers hold out is a fools' Paradise indeed. The root of the antagonism and distrust felt by large sections of the religious world for socialism is not, consciously at least, the dread of upheaval, or the dislike for losing the perquisites secured to individual or corporation under the present system. It is the honest belief that socialism is identified with a materialistic conception of life; that it proposes a mechanical solution for spiritual ills; and that the only passions which it thinks worth while to utilize are those springing from the lower ranges of self-assertion and greed, rather than from the higher ranges of self-sacrifice and magnanimity. At bottom, the religious revolt from socialist views is an assertion of the supremacy of spiritual forces. And let us confess at the outset that it would be an evil day when the cruder socialist view should triumph: a day when the deepest intuitions won by the travail of the past must be lightly tossed on the waste-heap, and the feet of humanity set in a grim new path looking toward an unilluminated future.

'Scientific' socialism is of course not the only enemy of a spiritual interpretation of the universe. It is but one phase of the more general movement that crystallized in modern form during the last century. Certainly no bogey of materialism ever terrified the thinking public more effectively than that evoked by the earlier phases of evolutionary thought. Long before Darwin, as early as 1830, Carlyle was quoting with scorn, not untouched by fear, the pregnant old phrase: 'The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile.' It needed only the transference of such ideas from the fields of natural science and of psychology, to the field of sociology, for the alarmist circle to be complete. All through the century, the relentless onward march of democratic

industrialism had been routing the older semi-religious ideals of social order. Marx, the Darwin of economics, simply interpreted sociological history in terms of natural law as strict as those in which the life of nature and of the individual had been already presented; and thought in every department was confronted by an evolving universe, governed by inexorable law rather than by special sporadic activity on the part either of God or man.

Now, the sociological application of these theories, though neither the widest nor the most intimate, has an importance all its own. For our human policy in its broadest aspect depends upon it. And from the determinist attitude in economics most of us shrink with repulsion. We are conscious that the comfort of the whole race could not repay the loss of that light of spiritual purpose which, however flickering and unstable, would, if extinguished, leave a universe in gloom. Yet if we face facts as the 'scientific' school bids us face them, if we enter their camp and bravely see with their eyes, it is hard to avoid partial assent to their theses. For instantly we see perforce the failure, feebleness, and folly, of much that is most appealing in the usual run of idealist talk and action. The older history, that assumed the important moving forces in social progress to consist in the passions of princes, is hardly more outlawed than the school of transition which sought, with Carlyle, to find such forces exclusively in the personality of the hero, or those later writers who look chiefly to collective passions and desires unrelated to the 'determining economic base.'

As we scan the great crises of historic change, the part of the free individual dwindles, and a Necessity, usually economic in origin, stands forth as the protagonist to whose secret will all must conform. At the time of

the centenary of Lincoln and Darwin, a New York paper had some true and pertinent comments. After a warm tribute, it continued: 'Nothing can be more certain to the thoughtful student of history than that even if these two individuals had died in their infancy the course of events would have been essentially the same. Had Seward or Chase been elected to the presidency, the South would have seceded just the same; the national government would have been forced to use its power; it would have triumphed just the same because it had a more efficient economic system as well as a stronger moral incentive on its side; and it would have been compelled, whether it liked or not, to use its powers to do away with chattel slavery. — Had Darwin not lived to maturity, or had he turned his powers in other directions, the illuminating and revolutionizing idea of the origin of species and the survival of the fittest would have been developed and accepted almost if not quite as soon, and in much the same form.'

Things are done through individuals, not by them. Look at history with open eyes: do we not look in vain for men who have achieved anything, unless they were in harmony with a larger movement of which they have been but half aware? The effort to impose a personal view on the world fails as completely as that to revive a dying tradition. How melancholy, how disconcerting, if we are to speak with candor, is the perception of the great mass of social idealism which through the long human story has simply gone to waste from the days of that master of all dreamers, Plato! During the last hundred years ideals of social regeneration have steadily multiplied: they have expressed themselves with exquisite power in literature, with sacrificial passion in life. They have inspired the dreams and dominated the actions of

those whom we most delight to honor, and whom alone the modern world can claim as spiritual leaders. And what have they achieved, from the days of those earlier socialist schools which are such excellent instances in point, even to our own time? Listen to the pleadings of Hugo, Carlyle, Tolstoi, Ruskin, — tragic voices uttering a summons that few indeed follow and that when obeyed leads too often to no country of social salvation, but to solitary and erratic paths, where personal satisfaction may perhaps be won, but where social utility, in the broader sense, is wholly dubious.

It must be with a deep disappointment that any thoughtful man to-day seeks to appraise the real value of the social teachings of the last hundred years. What is the trouble? Why have these guides of ours so failed to lead us aright? The reason is not far to seek, — our idealists are too often ideologists. Heirs of preëvolutionary sociology, they endeavored, as Carlyle would have said, to view the universe as it is not. One and all, they have started out with theories derived from the heaven of moral abstractions, not from the actual facts of progress on this life-giving, even if unsatisfactory, earth.

Take, for instance, the work of Ruskin. Full appreciation has never yet been given to this greatest of the Victorian idealists; yet his wisdom mingles repeatedly with obstinate theories which the advance of the race must quietly lay aside. *Fors Clavigera* and *Unto this Last* are weak in the underpinning. Ruskin's sensitive intelligence wavers, to be sure, between fact and dream. At times he discerns reality with singular clearness; at others he is capable of seriously picturing a class of benevolent landowners, living in poverty and devoting themselves to the interests of a docile peasantry oc-

cupied with handicraft. Even the best in him, his stirring appeal to the conscience of the privileged, takes scant account of actual class-psychology, — and 'the most analytical mind in Europe,' as Mazzini not untruly called it, gets persistently off the track because it never gives itself to the study of what, in the social organism, happens really to occur. His followers are left in a perpetual *impasse*, wistfully admiring, seeking blindly to follow. Is it not the same with the whole appeal to social chivalry in which was focused the imaginative and ethical passion of the noblest nineteenth-century writers, — whether in France, Italy, Germany, Russia, England, or the United States? If we consider the matter bravely, apart from all delight in eloquent phrasing or fine feeling, if we abandon the love of good literature for that practical point of view which these men all sweat blood to press upon us, are we not obliged to recognize that between their ideal teaching and the main lines of social and economic progress the connection is cut, the wires are down?

Turn from literature to life: is the case much better? Do we not here also find heroic effort, pathetically vitiated by hidden failure? What has it all come to, — the application of disinterested moral force to social reform? So far as social salvation on a large scale is concerned, mighty little! True, the words of the great teachers have not been unheeded. Social compunction is becoming more and more poignant, driving increasing numbers from mere discomfort to active service. True, even that much-scouted agency, the Church, plays a modest but growing part in quickening such compunction and diverting some human energy into selfless channels. So here are organized charities, standing for intelligent care of our social victims; and attempts at fellowship, ending in that most significant

expression of social chivalry, the settlement movement; and slowly other more constructive activities, initiated and administered by those children of privilege who respond to moral stimuli, begin to crystallize. New every morning, fresh every evening, leagues are formed, committees appointed, for fighting salient evils; for protecting childhood, cleansing politics, eliminating disease, for regulating in myriad ways the unbridled passions of self-interest and greed that have created our unlovely civilization. A new crusade gathers to fight the serried forces of industrial and social wrong; a fellowship gaining in numbers and vigor with every passing day, of militant spirits, bright and valiant, happiest of modern men and women, on pilgrimage to the Holy City of social freedom.

It is splendid, it is inspiring; it is by all odds the best thing that the modern world has to show. But what is it achieving? What have they DONE— all the laborious committees? Their appeals load our breakfast-tables, seeking in the name of most essential causes to squeeze a little more reluctant money from those comfortable classes who groan and give and, meantime, change not a iota, whether nominal Christians or no, the source of their incomes or their standard in life. Do the reforms get accomplished? Improvement can be found here and there in detail: many individuals among the poor live happier and better lives, thanks to the friendship that has reached them. Yet the hard laws of industry go on unchecked, or checked, when check occurs, less by the efforts of enlightened philanthropy than by the outraged self-interest of the general public. Placed in the balance against the ugly facts of modern civilization, the total results of our philanthropy and our social compunction make a pretty pitiful show.

It is easy to say, the work of faith is

secret, sacrifice must not count results. But we live in a world where labor should not spend itself in the void. Efficiency is the distinctive modern contribution to the ideal of sanctity. We are working, not for our own salvation or satisfaction, but for the effective help of those who suffer. We labor for a cleaner and more decent world, a world where industrial slavery shall press less heavily, where childhood shall have chance and manhood scope, and if, in the long run, we achieve little toward this end visible to the naked eye, it is plain duty to pause and inquire whether possibly we are on the wrong tack. In a less rapid sketch discrimination would be more in order. Disinterested activity does have certain detailed results— usually more or less unstable— to present, but stand off, scrutinize the landscape of modern life in its great masses of light and shade, and say honestly whether the scene has been brightened perceptibly by the efforts of all our social artists.

The answer is plain. The great mass of misery, corruption, and injustice remains practically unaffected by our efforts. The appeal to purely moral incentives, while it brings blessing to many individuals, is helpless to attain, unaided, the decent society which, to our shame, two thousand years of Christianity have failed to reach.

If we are quieted, we are not cheered by extending our horizon toward the past. Where, in historic progress, can we point to social sacrifice on a scale sufficiently large radically to affect the sweep of events? Rather, we see principles of individual interest or class-expediency, — deep, basal, creative; advance achieved through the struggle and the press alone, through the indomitable demand for life, and we are forced, with Bakunin, reluctantly to face the truth that economic necessity is the determining base of change. Not

the idealist who seeks to impose his gracious theories on a stubborn world, but the scientist who can reveal and expedite a natural process, is the person we need. Tolstoi, Ruskin, and the others are on the wrong tack, except in so far as, being men of their own times, they have half unconsciously been forced to think in terms of reality. Close these gentlemen! Open your Engels, your Jaurès, your Bebel; and realize with refreshment and repose that here at last we are in the presence of minds free from sentimentality, and at grip with the actual facts of social progress.

III

That they succeed, would be an unwarrantable assumption. The point is that they try. It is not necessary to agree with the doctrines these thinkers expound to experience the relief afforded by their method and attitude. Who can deny that the great socialist and labor parties of the twentieth century are achieving results beside which all the fastidiously chosen social service rendered by the privileged classes dwindles into insignificance? A large number of those multitudinous works of reform and relief born of social compunction have the feebleness of reflex action. They spring, not from life itself, but from the pitying contemplation of life, which is a very different thing. They are noble, they are essential, to a limited degree they are operative; yet we can never look to them adequately to regenerate society. Economic determinism, and the materialistic interpretation of history, are unpleasant phrases; taken, however, not metaphysically but practically, they imply an illuminating fact. For they teach us that those moral forces which, from sweep and mass, count the most in progress, are not generated apart from life, in the heart or conscience of the excep-

tional individual, but out of the very conditions of life itself. The determinist has perceived, what the idealist has too often ignored, that the most effective type of spiritual power always arises as the natural product of a concrete situation.

All history shows us the truth of this principle. Moral forces, if fruitful, are not static; they are related to the economic necessities of their respective periods. Obedience, for instance, so inoperative to-day, was rightly the chief virtue of mediæval society. Reactionary virtues existed; they always exist. Men died unseasonably, and all but uselessly, for freedom; but the men who were on the right side were those who accepted the necessity of authority and found in obedience the path of life. There are always inconvenient persons who wish to stress a virtue at the wrong time, but their efforts, though picturesque, are barren. The valuable people are those docile in the school of life, yet sufficiently sensitive to ideals to discern and aid the trend of their own times in its noblest aspects. Let Dante rightly bear high though late witness to the need of centralized authority; while Thomas Jefferson, also rightly, stands for the widest decentralization of power. Let Mohammed stress the glory of military force as a religious discipline, to the immense gain of the Orient of his time; while the Pilgrim Fathers make their stern way across the sea, pioneers, however inconsistent, of a civilization founded on religious liberty.

The most stirring times are of course those of transition, when it is hardest to distinguish the trend of living forces from the notes of the passing age. Mistaken loyalties to causes of extinguished glory trail their mournful light across the pages of history, as the rays of dead stars wander forever through space. Who would dare so to pry into the se-

cret of law as to say that they are wasted utterly?—who refuse to their adherents a place among those remembered and beloved? But he is the strong man, the wise man, the leader of power, whose humility in the presence of facts has bestowed on him the gift to read the mind of his age aright and to co-operate with its true purpose.

What will this strong and wise man discern to be the notes of social evolution to-day? One need be no specialist to answer. The chief economic phenomenon of the nineteenth century was the rise of the great working class, joint product of the political and of the industrial revolution. The chief fact of the twentieth century is bound to be the advance of this class into conscious power. As democracy extends from the political sphere in which it made its first tentative way, and reaches out for an industrial and ultimately for a social application, this vast class must in the nature of things develop a psychology distinctive as that of the priest or of the feudal baron. From its rising protest against its conditions must spring the great driving force in social change. We may like the fact or dislike it: our liking or disliking matters not one whit. In vain we stand apart, arrogating to ourselves a judicial attitude. Class-consciousness is growing with fierce rapidity from the soil of our economic order; one of those living forces, necessary products, which have a majesty allied to the movement of tides or planets. If the only sound basis for social action be the study of the forces naturally engendered by economic progress, the great blunder of modern philanthropy, and too often of modern reform, is the frequent failure to enter the psychical life of the people whose conditions we seek to improve. The new class is evoked; the rôle it has to play is not yet fully accepted, but that rôle will be a deter-

mining one. This is a stern saying, but 'God wills it,' as the old cry ran.

Yet there is truth in the ancient riddle, that out of the strong comes forth sweetness. In this advance of the workers, moral forces are sure to play a part. The discomfiture of the idealist, at least on the practical levels of life, is only apparent; and responsibility is no illusion. Moral forces, like natural, are out of our power to create; but within our power to control. Man's function on this planet is not to make, but to reshape. The strictest Marxian is no fatalist in practice; every word of his propaganda is a tribute to the free power of moral passion. He differs from the ideologist simply in perceiving that the forces to which he can make most effective appeal are those confusedly presented to him by the Great Master, Life. In his turn, he too often ignores the important fact that it is within our province not only to accelerate, but to modify a process. Wise men do not destroy their natural impulses; they moralize them. The advance of the People is as truly a natural product as the passion for reproducing the species. That too may be left a natural rage; or it may be transfigured till it shines with a light from Heaven in the eyes of consecrated motherhood. The Magdalen became the woman who still loved much, but purely. So the awakening demand of the working people for power, freedom, and well-being can be translated into life in terms either of crude self-assertion or of the achievement of a common good; the proletarian experience of depletion and denial can be turned into a force either for barren revolt or for healthful growth. What must not be done is to seek to suppress these rising passions; for the sacred hunger for life speaks in them. Passively to ignore them and to allow the race to drift on an unregulated current of impulse, is folly; actively to re-

pudiate them, is worse than folly: it is the unpardonable sin, — blasphemy against life itself.

Why hesitate, why shrink, before this rising power? Why resent the summons to the cultured, the easeful, to follow the lead of the poor? This was what democracy planned in the beginning, from the time when it set forth on its great unfinished adventure. May it not also be exactly what Christianity means, when translated into plain terms and given a modern application? This is hard to deny if we agree that Jesus meant what He said. He did not bid his followers to patronize the poor, nor to minister to the poor; but to identify themselves with the poor. Poverty of spirit was the rich term that he used. Whether this identification was to be literal has always been subject of debate; that it was not to be purely sentimental is less rarely asserted than it might be. No one who thinks can question that it was to be in a searching and revolutionary sense, spiritual and intellectual. Yet many are ready to rhapsodize over St. Francis embracing Holy Poverty in the outward life, who would shrink from following the leaders of the working classes in the holy task of social regeneration. We have not yet begun to fathom the full meaning of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Democracy, imperfect though it be, has taught us a little. Possibly there is even now in the world a power, natural heir of democracy, that can teach us still more.

IV

We shall then be more Christian as well as more scientific if, instead of forming our social programme out of our own heads, or from superficial observation, we study how to direct aright the great forces arising from life. Identification of ourselves with the People must be the key-note of sound social

advance; it affords the only hope of checking the habitual waste of social effort. Let us hasten to say how often the principle is accepted and practiced, with fine and fruitful results. But let us also not shrink from confessing how large a proportion of philanthropic and social work, occasionally at least, violates it. Here is the settlement movement, — at its best the highest expression of social compunction. How often it draws naively on that very class-psychology it seeks to transcend! What is the usual procedure in establishing a settlement? An up-town committee; funds raised, a plant prepared, by up-town money; a salaried staff, drawn certainly not from the neighborhood itself, which proceeds with devotion and energy to 'uplift' that neighborhood by a cheerful application of up-town art, music, hygiene, morals, and manners. Often the workers act as if they were dealing with an inert mass; nor indeed is it easy to learn to work 'with' instead of 'for.' Yet every district pulsates with a life of its own. What failure to profit by forces for good stronger than we can furnish, when festivities are put on the date of a Mission at the Roman Catholic Church round the corner! What folly to seek to please a mass of homesick Italians fresh from the land of Garibaldi, with an illustrated lecture on Bunker Hill! The wisest leaders well know that the first aim should be, less the initiation of accredited lines of social service than the close study of forces already at work. The apathetic boy who responds so dully to the Club may be a political leader out on the street. Too often the real life of a neighborhood is sealed from the contact of even the social expert, who may live there for years, administering pure milk to the babies, and enticing people to save their pennies in the stamp-bank, ignorant of the somewhat significant fact that the same

region is a hot-bed of anarchism from which are directed transactions that stir Europe to horror.

If social workers need to identify themselves more deeply with forces of popular birth, working people should have a share, through their representatives, in all movements of reform and relief. The movements of real value will usually be found to be those most readily indorsed or initiated by the workers. Trades-unions have done more to remove the shame of child-labor than all other agitation to that end has yet to show. If the privileged classes have their consumers' league, the unions have their labor leagues, a little deeper democracy, and the two could be fused. Not till working men serve on our organized charities and our diverse reform associations more freely than now, will these agencies take their due and right place in social advance.

To speak plainly, is it not over-true that the first instinct among the philanthropically-disposed is distrust of any movement of truly popular origin? Three great forces—not imposed from without, but born from within—are to-day affecting the intellectual and emotional life of the working people: trades-unions, socialism, and the Roman Catholic Church. These forces do not agree among themselves any more than the forces which affect the upper classes agree; but they all operate with power, they seek in one sense no support from without or from above. In all, there is the note of genuine democracy. And to all three alike the attitude of the world of privilege—academic, commercial, religious—is one of distaste and suspicion. It is no wonder that the socialists claim that class-psychology dominates the situation, for all the stirring of our social compunction and our administration of Morrison's Pills. Our salvation, as we have contended, is to accept and utilize all

movements of truly popular origin; instead of this we habitually distrust and oppose. We repudiate these living powers, and our futility is our punishment.

A salient instance is the reluctant acceptance of trades-unions. No one can claim that the unions, to use their own pet phrase, do their work in kid gloves, but they have the immense advantage of being, not an invention, but a natural growth, born of sheer necessity from the exigencies of economic pressure. Twenty-five years ago they were fighting for recognition; the run of literature, and preaching, showed clearly the general animus against them. To-day, they are accepted by the public, though still fought, as is natural, by the interests to which they are opposed. One strong trade-union is worth more as a force in moral education in a given city than all the settlements and people's institutes combined. Tardily, and surprised at their own temerity, the churches are recognizing the fact and appointing 'fraternal delegates.' Had they acted more promptly they, and possibly organized labor also, would have been saved from some mistakes.

The Roman Church presents problems of its own, apart from the line of our discussion. But what shall we say of this third force, socialism,—young still,—making its way with difficulty in our country, owing to special conditions, but offering a wider solution of our social ills than can anywhere else be found? We can of course repudiate it if we like. Or we can patronize it in an expurgated edition. Or, identifying ourselves with the passion and the purpose whence it emerges, we may divest our minds of prejudice and give it in its entirety a fair, full hearing.

An increasing number of thinkers—including men like G. Lowes Dickinson and H. G. Wells—become warm

